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A Collection of Quotations from British and American Authors, with Many Thousands of Proverbs, Familiar Phrases and Sayings, from All Sources, including Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other Languages

BY

W. GURNEY BENHAM

F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S.

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PREFACE

Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface.

DRYDEN. *Georgics, Book 2.*

THE first edition of this Book of Quotations—which had been the result of twenty years of continuous research—was issued in 1907. It was kindly received by the Press and by the public, and secured a world-wide sale. Since that date several further editions have appeared, with certain additions and minor improvements, these, however, being restricted by the necessity for utilizing the original plates (with adjustments), in order to avoid the delay and the heavy cost of an entire re-setting of the type. In the present edition the book has been completely revised and entirely re-set, and some 10,000 additional quotations and proverbs have been introduced. Thanks to the typographical methods now adopted, greater economy of space has been attained, and by this means the very substantial enlargement of the contents has been effected without any inconvenient addition to the bulk of the volume.

The index has been entirely re-cast and considerably enlarged. It has been improved by the introduction of Subject headings in addition to the full verbal index. To facilitate reference each page of the text of the book has been divided into two portions (*a* and *b*).

It will be noted that in the text the dates of the more important works quoted are given. This information, in conjunction with the index, will assist students who desire to elucidate the origin of quotations or sayings.

The method of arrangement in this collection—under authors' names rather than under subject classification—will be approved, I believe, by all literary people. At the same time it must be admitted that there are obvious conveniences in a subject classification, and this desideratum is secured, in the present volume, by the very ample Subject Groups which will be found in the index.

From time to time many correspondents in Great Britain and in the United States have favoured me with valuable suggestions, additions, and emendations. I shall be most grateful for such assistance, in the form of additional references, notes, corrections, or improvements generally, for use in future editions.

W. GURNEY BENHAM.

COLCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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BENHAM'S BOOK OF QUOTATIONS.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS.

ABBOTT, Wenonah Stevens (b. 1865)

Behind is life and its longing,
  Its trial, its trouble, its sorrow:
Beyond is the Infinite Morning
  Of a day without a to-morrow.
A Soul's Soliloquy.

ADAMS, Chas. Follett (d. 1918)

But ven he vash asleep in ped,
  So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
  But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."
Yawcob Strauss.

ADAMS, John, President U.S.A. (1735–1826)

The declaration that our people are hostile to a government made by themselves, and for themselves, and conducted by themselves, is an insult.
Address (1798). *Westmoreland Co., Virginia.*

ADAMS, Sarah Flower (1805–1848)

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me.

ADDISON, Joseph (1672–1719)

The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.
Cato (1713). *Act i. 1.*

Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy. *Ib.*

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty and Rome. *Ib.*

Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost,
In high ambition and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul. *Ib.*

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it. *Act i. 2.*

Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn out trick; would'st thou be thought in earnest?
Clothe thy feigned zeal in rage, in fire, in fury! *Act i. 3.*

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
Act i. 4.

And if, the following day, he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury. *Ib.*

The pale unripened beauties of the north.
Ib.

My voice is still for war. *Act ii. 1.*

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Ib.*

When Liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Act ii. 3.

Chains or conquest, liberty or death.
Act ii. 4.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts:
Old age is slow in both. *Act ii. 5.*

When love's well timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
Act iii. 1.

Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope.
Act iii. 2.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.
Act iv. 1.

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country;
Such popular humanity is treason.
Act iv. 4.

Falsehood and fraud shoot up on every soil,
The product of all climes. *Ib.*

When vice prevails, and impious men bear
sway,
The post of honour is a private station. *Ib.*

Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore. *Ib.*

It must be so,—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond
desire,
This longing after immortality? *Act v. 1.*

Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought.
Ib.

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crash of worlds.
Ib.

He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.
Act v. 4.

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain. *Ib.*

The best may err. *Ib.*

From hence, let fierce contending nations
know
What dire effects from civil discord flow. *Ib.*

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air.
To Sir Godfrey Kneller.

That is well said, John, an honest man, that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear.
The Drummer (1715). *Act i. 1.*

I should think myself a very bad woman if I had done what I do for a farthing less.
Ib.

We are growing serious, and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull.*
Act iv. 6.

There is nothing more requisite in business than despatch. *Act v. 1.*

Critics in rust. **Dialogue.—Ancient Medals.**

To have a relish for ancient coins, it is necessary to have a contempt for the modern.
Ib.

They are all of them men of concealed fire, that doth not break out with noise and heat in the ordinary circumstances of life, but shows itself sufficiently in all great enterprises that require it.
The Present State of the War (1707).

He more had pleased us had he pleased us
less. **English Poets.**
(*Referring to Cowley.*)

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.
Letter from Italy (1704).

How has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
Ib.

A painted meadow, or a purling stream. *Ib.*

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
The Campaign (1704).

Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the
storm. *Ib.*

Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turned and finished for the camp or
court! *Ib.*

And those who paint them truest, praise them
most.* *Ib.*

Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Song for St. Cecilia's Day. *St. 3.*

Nothing is capable of being well set to music that is not nonsense.
The Spectator (1711–1714). *Vol. 1, No. 18.*
March 21, 1711.

A perfect Tragedy is the noblest production of human nature. *No. 39.*

The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius. *No. 61.*

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant
fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen
about thee,
There is no living with thee or without thee.
No. 68. Tr. of Martial, Epig., Bk. 12, 47.
See "Difficilis, facilis."

There is not so variable a thing in Nature as a lady's head-dress. *Vol. 2, No. 98* (1711).

Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which, whilst he lived, his friends were too profuse and his enemies too sparing.
No. 101.

Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week. *No. 112.*

Sir Roger told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides.
No. 122.

The knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town. *No. 126.*

Softly speak and sweetly smile.
Vol. 3, No. 229 (*Tr. from Boileau*).

There is nothing in Nature so irksome as general discourses. *Vol. 4, No. 267* (1712).

---

* Borrowed from Congreve, q.v.

* *Cf.* Pope, "He best can paint them who can feel them most."

I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. *No. 269.*

These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. *Vol. 5, No. 335.*

Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. *No. 387.*

For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.
Vol 6, No. 453. Hymn, "When all thy mercies."

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Ode. No. 465.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth. *Ib.*

And spread the truth from pole to pole. *Ib.*

For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine." *Ib.*

A woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes.
Vol 7, No. 475.

He dances like an angel . . . He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit.
Ib.

Our disputants put me in mind of the scuttle-fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens the water about him till he becomes invisible.
The Spectator. *Vol. 7, No. 476.*

I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than of cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. *No. 477.*

There is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour.
The Tatler (1709–11). *No 97.*

I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were very good against an earthquake. *No. 240.*

AKENSIDE, Mark (1721–1770)

Where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Pleasures of the Imagination (1744). *Book 1, 23.*

Such and so various are the tastes of men.
Book 3, 567.

Milton's golden lyre.
Ode *on a Sermon against Glory.*

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.
Epistle to Curio. *197.*

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.
The Virtuoso. *10.*

Youth calls for Pleasure, Pleasure calls for
Love. **Love: An Elegy.**

ALBERY, James (1838–1889)

He slept beneath the moon,
He basked beneath the sun;
He lived a life of going-to-do,
And died with nothing done.
Epitaph. *Said to have been written for himself.*

ALDRICH, James (1810–1856)

Her suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.*
A Death-bed.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise. *Ib.*

ALDRICH, Thos. Bailey (1836–1907)

Somewhere in desolate, wind-swept space,
In shadow-land, in no man's land,
Two hurrying forms met face to face,
And bade each other stand.
"And who are you?" said one agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light:
"I know not," said the other shape,
"I only died last night." **Identity.**

ALDRIDGE, Henry (or ALDRICH), Dean of Christchurch (1647–1710)

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink—
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.†

ALEXANDER, Sir William, Earl of Stirling (*see* Stirling)

ALISON, Richard (fl. c. 1606)

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow.
An Hour's Recreation in Music.

There cherries grow that none can buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry. *Ib.*

ALLINGHAM, William (1824–1889)

Now autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt.
Autumnal Sonnet.

---

* *See* Hood.

† Translated from a Latin epigram said to be by Père Sirmond (Sixteenth Century):—
Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi
Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis atque futura;
Et vini bonitas, aut quælibet altera causa.
Given in Isaac J. Reeve's *Wild Garland*, v. 2.

His blissful soul was in Heaven, though a breathing man was he:
He was out of time's dominion, so far as the living may be.
Poems.

ALLSTON, Washington. (1779–1843)

Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"
America to Great Britain.

ANSTEY, Christopher (1724–1805)

If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dreamed of the Devil, and waked in a fright.
The New Bath Guide (1766).
Letter 4.—A Consultation of the Physicians.

Granta, sweet Granta, where, studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.
Epilogue.

ARBLAY, Madame d' (*see* Burney, F.)

ARBUTHNOT, John, M.D. (1667–1735)

Law is a bottomless Pit.
Title of Pamphlet (1712).

ARMSTRONG, John, M.D. (1710–1779)

Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heaven denied
Of soul, is well compensated in limbs.
Art of Preserving Health (1744).
Bk. 3, l. 206.

For want of timely care
Millions have died of medicable wounds.
l. 519.

Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remembered that he once was young.
Bk. 4, l. 226.

Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perused mankind.
l. 231.

Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave.
l. 456.

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and of plague.
l. 510.

ARNE, Thos. Augustine (1710–1778)

Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.
Britain's Best Bulwarks.

ARNOLD, Sir Edwin (1832–1904)

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.
The Deva's Song to Prince Siddârtha.

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue: nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all.
The Light of Asia (1879). *Bk. 6.*

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind?
Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.
Bk. 8.

Nor ever once ashamed,
So we be named
Press-men; Slaves of the Lamp; Servants of Light.
The Tenth Muse. *St. 18.*

One can be a soldier without dying, and a lover without sighing.
Adzuma (1893). *Act ii. 5.*

ARNOLD, Matthew (1822–1888)

The barren optimistic sophistries
Of comfortable moles.
To a Republican Friend.

France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme.
Ib., Continued.

Time, so complained of,
Who to no one man
Shows partiality,
Brings round to all men
Some undimmed hours.
Consolation.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask; thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge.
Shakespeare.

The seeds of godlike power are in us still:
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will.
Written in Emerson's Essays.

But so many books thou readest,
But so many schemes thou breedest,
But so many wishes feedest,
That thy poor head almost turns.
The Second Best.

Yet they, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquered fate.
Resignation.

Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words.
Sohrab and Rustum (1853).

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men. *Ib.*

Their ineffectual feuds and feeble hates—
Shadows of hates, but they distress them still.
Balder Dead.

To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost,
Which blamed the living man.
Growing Old.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
The Last Word.

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.
To a Friend (*referring to Sophocles*).

Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the white wild horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
The Forsaken Merman.

Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be grey.
Faded Leaves. *4. On the Rhine.*

Wandering between two worlds—one dead,
The other powerless to be born.
Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse. *St. 15.*

The kings of modern thought are dumb.
St. 20.

Years hence, perhaps, may dawn an age
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity. *St. 27.*

Children of men! the Unseen Power, whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully,
That men did ever find. **Progress.**

Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
Still standing for some false impossible shore.
A Summer Night.

The same heart beats in every human breast.
The Buried Life.

Not deep the poet sees, but wide.
Resignation.

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name. **A Wish.**

Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Rugby Chapel.

What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?
In Memory of the Author of "Obermann."

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harassed, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain. *Ib.*

For tyrants make man good beyond himself:
Hate to their rule, which else would die away,
Their daily-practised chafings keep alive.
Merope.

All this I bear, for, what I seek, I know:
Peace, peace is what I seek, and public calm,
Endless extinction of unhappy hates. *Ib.*

Old age is more suspicious than the free
And valiant heart of youth, or manhood's firm,
Unclouded reason. *Ib.*

How many noble thoughts,
How many precious feelings of man's heart,
How many loves, how many gratitudes,
Do twenty years wear out, and see expire!
Ib.

When a wretch
For private gain or hatred takes a life,
We call it murder, crush him, brand his name;
But when, for some great public cause, an arm
Is, without love or hate, austerely raised
Against a power exempt from common checks,
Dangerous to all, to be but thus annulled—
Ranks any man with murder such an act?
Ib.

With women the heart argues, not the mind.
Ib.

Give not thy heart to despair.
No lamentation can loose
Prisoners of death from the grave. *Ib.*

The man who to untimely death is doomed,
Vainly you hedge him from the assault of harm:
He bears the seed of ruin in himself. *Ib.*

For this is the true strength of guilty kings,
When they corrupt the souls of those they rule. *Ib.*

That even in thy victory thou show,
Mortal, the moderation of a man. *Ib.*

Be neither saint nor sophist led, but be a man. **Empedocles on Etna** (1852).

But we are all the same—the fools of our own woes! *Ib.*

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through. *Ib.*

The brave, impetuous heart yields everywhere
To the subtle, contriving head. *Ib.*

The weary Titan [England].
Heine's Grave.

And truly he who here,
Hath run his bright career,
And served men nobly, and acceptance found,
And borne to light and right his witness high,
What could he better wish than then to die,
And wait the issue, sleeping underground?
Westminster Abbey. *July 25, 1881.*

For this and that way swings
The flux of mortal things,
Though moving inly to one far-set goal.
Ib.

After light's term, a term of cecity. *Ib.*

Folly revived, re-furbished sophistries,
And pullulating rites externe and vain. *Ib.*

Thus sleeping in thine Abbey's friendly shade,
And the rough waves of life for ever laid!
I would not break thy rest, nor change thy doom.
Even as my father, thou,

Even as that loved, that well-recorded friend—
Hast thy commission done; ye both may now
Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end.
Ib.

Proud of port, though something squat.
Poor Matthias.

Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life, I know not where.
Geist's Grave.

Culture is "To know the best that has been said and thought in the world."
Literature and Dogma (1873). *Preface.*

Culture is the passion for sweetness and light, and (what is more) the passion for making them prevail.*

When we are asked further, what is conduct? let us answer, Three-fourths of life.
Ch. 1, Religion Given.

Conduct is three-fourths of our life and its largest concern. *Ib.*

The *not ourselves*, which is in us and all around us.† *Ib.*

The not ourselves which makes for righteousness. *Ib.*

The enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness. *Ib.*

Inwardness, mildness, and self-renouncement do make for man's happiness.
Ch. 3, Religion New-Given.

The eternal *not ourselves* which makes for happiness. *Ch. 8, Faith in Christ.*

The phantasmagorical world of novels and of opium.
Ch. 11, The True Greatness of the Old Testament.

In his poetry, as well as in his life, Shelley was indeed "a beautiful and *ineffectual* angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."
Essay on Shelley.

Sweet reasonableness.‡
St. Paul and Protestantism (1870). *Preface.*

ARNOLD, Thomas, D.D. (1795–1842)

First, religious and moral principles: secondly, gentlemanly conduct: thirdly, intellectual ability.
Address to his Scholars.

Preserve proportion in your reading. Keep your view of men and things extensive. *Ib.*

ASCHAM, Roger (1515–1568)

Some fresh new othe that is not stale, but will rin round in the mouth.
The Scholemaster (*pub. 1570*).

To laugh, to lie, to flatter, to face,
Foure waies in Court to win men's grace. *Ib.*

It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. *Ib.*

By experience we find out a short way by a long wandering. Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty. *Ib.*

AUSTEN, Jane (1775–1817)

"I am afraid," replied Elinor, "that the pleasantness of an employment does not always evince its propriety."
Sense and Sensibility (1811). *Ch. 13.*

To sit in the shade on a fine day and look upon verdure is the most perfect refreshment. **Mansfield Park** (1814). *Ch. 9.*

Where an opinion is general, it is usually correct.* *Ch. 11.*

It is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study?
Pride and Prejudice (1813). *Ch. 14.*

Nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me: I am cruelly used, nobody feels for my poor nerves. (Mrs. Bennet.)
Ch. 20.

Lizzy, I bear you no ill-will for being justified in your advice to me last May, which, considering the event, shows some greatness of mind. (Mr. Bennet.) *Ch. 48*

AUSTIN, Alfred (1835–1913)

Till the half-drunk lean over the half-dressed.
The Season (1861).

An earl by right, by courtesy a man. *Ib.*

I love the doubt, the dark, the fear,
That still surroundeth all things here.
Hymn to Death.

The time will come when men
Will be as free and equal as the waves,
That seem to jostle, but that never jar.
The Tower of Babel. *Act ii. 1.*

Every life, even the most selfish and the most frivolous, is a tragedy at last, because it ends with death. **Savonarola** (1881). *Preface.*

If Nature built by rule and square,
Than man what wiser would she be?
What wins us is her careless care,
And sweet unpunctuality.
Nature and the Book.

Here lies who, born a man, a grocer died.†
The Golden Age.

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* "Instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light."—*Dean Swift: Battle of the Books* (c. 1697; published 1704).

† "An unfathomable somewhat, which is *Not we.*"—*Carlyle: French Revolution*, Ch. 2 (1837).

‡ Repeated many times in *Literature and Dogma*, and other works.

* *See* the Proverb: "What every one says must be true."

† Translation of a French epitaph: *Né homme—mort épicier.*

And Clara dies that Claribel may dance.
Ib.

Lo, where huge London, huger day by day,
O'er six fair counties spreads its hideous sway!
Ib.

You want a seat? Then boldly sate your itch;
Be very radical, and very rich. *Ib.*

Now in the summit of love's topmost peak
Kiss we and part; no farther can we go.
Sonnet. *Love's Wisdom.*

AVELINE, Mrs. E. L. (d. c. 1850)

Call us not weeds—we are flowers of the sea.
Tales and Fables in Verse. *The Flowers of the Ocean.*

A swan swam in a silver lake,
And gracefully swam the swan.
A Mother's Fables. *The Vain Swan.*

AYTON, Sir Robert (1570–1638)

Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisseth everything it meets.
I do confess.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more:
Thine be the grief as is the blame:
Thou art not what thou wast before—
What reason I should be the same? *Ib.*

AYTOUN, Wm. Edmonstoune (1813–1865)

There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honour too.
Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. *The Island of the Scots, 3.*

They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep, unutterable woe
Which none save exiles feel. *Ib., 12.*

Woman's love is writ in water!
Woman's faith is traced on sand!
Charles Edward at Versailles.

Nowhere beats the heart so kindly
As beneath the tartan plaid. *Ib.*

Metaphysics I detested. The science appeared to me an elaborate, diabolical invention for mystifying what was clear, and confounding what was intelligible.
Norman Sinclair.

The earth is all the home I have,
The heavens my wide roof-tree.
The Wandering Jew.

BACON, Francis (Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans) (1561–1626)

Then grew the learning of the schoolmen to be utterly despised as barbarous.
Proficience and Advancement of Learning (1605). *Book 1.*

A credulous man is a deceiver. *Ib.*

Time which is the author of authors. *Ib.*

And to speak truly, "Antiquitas sæculi, juventus mundi." These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient.* *Ib.*

If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties. *Ib.*

[Knowledge,] a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate. *Ib.*

There is no power on earth which setteth up a throne, or chair of state, in the spirits and souls of men, and in their cogitations, imaginations, opinions, and beliefs, but knowledge and learning. *Ib.*

Libraries, which are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.
Book 2.

Of the nature of the sun, which passeth through pollutions, and itself remains as pure as before. *Ib.*

Antiquities are history defaced, or some remnants of history which have casually escaped the shipwreck of time. *Ib.*

Cæsar, in modesty mixed with greatness, did for his pleasure apply the name of a Commentary to the best history of the world. *Ib.*

And now last, this most happy and glorious event, that this island of Britain, divided from all the world, should be united in itself. *Ib.*

It is the true office of history to represent the events themselves, together with the counsels, and to leave the observations and conclusions thereupon to the liberty and faculty of every man's judgment. *Ib.*

It [poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.
Ib.

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing up from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation. *Ib.*

There was never miracle wrought by God to convert an atheist, because the light of nature might have led him to confess a God.† *Ib.*

Democritus said, "That the truth of nature lieth hid in certain deep mines and caves." *Ib.*

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* *See* Hobbes, Thos. (*The Leviathan*).

† Also in Bacon's *Essays*, under "Atheism." See p. 10*a*.

They are ill discoverers that think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea. *Ib.*

It being the nature of the mind of man, to the extreme prejudice of knowledge, to delight in the spacious liberty of generalities. *Ib.*

Medicine is a science which hath been, as we have said, more professed than laboured, and yet more laboured than advanced: the labour having been, in my judgment, rather in circle than in progression.
Proficience and Advancement of Learning. *Book 2.*

Words are but the current tokens or marks of popular notions of things. *Ib.*

The great sophism of all sophisms being equivocation or ambiguity of words and phrase. *Ib.*

Words, as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment. *Ib.*

Words are the tokens current and accepted for conceits, as moneys are for values. *Ib.*

So hath he [man] sought to come forth of the second general curse, which was the confusion of tongues, by the art of grammar. *Ib.*

A dance is a measured pace, as a verse is a measured speech. *Ib.*

There is no man but speaketh more honestly than he can do or think. *Ib.*

As Plato said elegantly, "That Virtue, if she could be seen, would move great love and affection." *Ib.*

As it hath been wisely noted, the most corrected copies are commonly the least correct. *Ib.*

It is one method to practise swimming with bladders, and another to practise dancing with heavy shoes. *Ib.*

We are much beholden to Machiavel and others, that write what men do, and not what they ought to do. *Ib.*

Men must pursue things which are just in present, and leave the future to the Divine Providence. *Ib.*

For as the ancient politicians in popular estates were wont to compare the people to the sea, and the orators to the winds; because as the sea would of itself be calm and quiet, if the winds did not move and trouble it, so the people would be peaceable and tractable, if the seditious orators did not set them in working and agitation. *Ib.*

Did not one of the fathers* in great indignation call poesy, vinum dæmonum? *Ib.*

All good moral philosophy, as was said, is but a handmaid to religion. *Ib.*

By aspiring to a similitude of God in goodness, or love, neither man nor angel ever trangressed, or shall transgress. *Ib.*

States, as great engines, move slowly, and are not so soon put out of frame. *Ib.*

Man seeketh in society comfort, use, and protection. *Ib.*

Many are wise in their own ways, that are weak for government or counsel. *Ib.*

It is as hard and severe a thing to be a true politician as to be truly moral. *Ib.*

No man's fortune can be an end worthy of his being. *Ib.*

Liberty of speech inviteth and provoketh liberty to be used again, and so bringeth much to a man's knowledge. *Ib.*

Nothing is more politic than to make the wheels of our mind concentric and voluble with the wheels of fortune. *Ib.*

Surely the continual habit of dissimulation is but a weak and sluggish cunning, and not greatly politic. *Ib.*

Fortunes . . . come tumbling into some men's laps. *Ib.*

That other principle of Lysander, "that children are to be deceived with comfits, and men with oaths." *Ib.*

It is in life, as it is in ways, the shortest way is commonly the foulest, and surely the fairer way is not much about. *Ib.*

Their discourses are as the stars, which give little light, because they are so high. *Ib.*

There are in nature certain fountains of justice, whence all civil laws are derived but as streams. *Ib.*

This writing seemeth to me . . . not much better than that noise or sound which musicians make while they are in tuning their instruments, which is nothing pleasant to hear, but yet is a cause why the music is sweeter afterwards. *Ib.*

The inseparable propriety of time,* which is ever more and more to disclose truth. *Ib.*

That ancient and patient request, "Verbera, sed audi" ("Strike, but hear"). *Ib.*

That which is imprinted upon the spirit of man by an inward instinct, according to the law of conscience, which is a sparkle of the purity of his first estate. *Ib.*

Those which have not sufficiently learned out of Solomon, that "the causeless curse shall not come." *Ib.*

Generally, music feedeth the disposition of spirit which it findeth.
Sylva Sylvarum (1626). ***Century 2, 114.***

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* St. Augustine. *See* Latin, "Poesis est," etc.

* "Inseparable propriety," *i.e.*, invariable property.

A dry March and a dry May portend a wholesome summer, if there be a showering April between. *9. 807.*

Their law of keeping out strangers is a law of pusillanimity and fear.
New Atlantis.

God's first creature, which was light. *Ib.*

The reverence of a man's self is, next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices. *Ib.*

The mind is the man.
Cogitationes de Scientia Humana.*

A man is but what he knoweth. *Ib.*

Is truth ever barren? *Ib.*

They learn nothing there [at the universities of Europe] but to believe; first, to believe that others know that which they know not; and after, that themselves know that which they know not. *Ib.*

The sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge; wherein many things are reserved that kings with their treasure cannot buy, nor with their force command. *Ib.*

It is no less true in this human kingdom of knowledge, than in God's kingdom of heaven, that no man shall enter into it, "except he become first as a little child."
Valerius Terminus of the Interpretation of Nature. *Ch. 1.**

A religion that is jealous of the variety of learning, discourse, opinions, and sects, as misdoubting it may shake the foundations, or that cherisheth devotion upon simplicity and ignorance, as ascribing ordinary effects to the immediate working of God, is adverse to knowledge. *Ch. 25.*

Universities incline wits to sophistry and affectation. *Ch. 26.*

Envy, which is proud weakness, and deserveth to be despised.
Filum Labyrinthi.†

In government change is suspected, though to the better. *Ib.*

What is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer.‡
Essays (*First series and edition, 1597*).
1. Of Truth.

A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. *Ib.*

It is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt. *Ib.*

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.* *Ib.*

Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark. *2. Of Death.*

It is as natural to die, as to be born. *Ib.*

Above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is "Nunc dimittis," when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also: that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy. *Ib.*

All colours will agree in the dark.
3. Of Unity in Religion.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice.
4. Revenge.

A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green. *Ib.*

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction. *5. Of Adversity.*

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed and crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue. *Ib.*

It is good that a man's face gives his tongue leave to speak.
6. Of Simulation and Dissimulation.

Children sweeten labours: but they make misfortunes more bitter.
7. Of Parents and Children.

He that hath a wife and children, hath given hostages to fortune.
8. Of Marriage and Single Life.

There are some other, that account wife and children but as bills of charges. *Ib.*

Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle-age; and old men's nurses. *Ib.*

He was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question, when a man should marry? "A young man not yet; an elder man not at all." *Ib.*

The speaking in perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. *10. Of Love.*

The arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self. *Ib.*

Men in great place are thrice servants.
Essays (*Edition of 1612*).
11. Of Great Place.

It is a strange desire, to seek power, and to lose liberty. *Ib.*

By pains men come to greater pains; . . . and by indignities men come to dignities. *Ib.*

Happy, as it were, by report. *Ib.*

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* Fragmentary works originally designed for parts of the *Instauratio* (1620) but abandoned or superseded; published posthumously.

† An English version (1734) of the *Cogitata et Visa* (1653).

‡ "Pilate asked, *Quid est veritas?* And then some other matter took him in the head, and so up he rose and went his way before he had his answer. He deserved never to find what truth was."—*Bishop Andrews: Sermon, Of the Resurrection,* 1613.

* Paraphrase of *Lucretius.* *See* Latin, "Sed nil dulcius est."

Set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents, as to follow them. *Ib.*

Ask counsel of both times: of the ancient time what is best; and of the latter time what is fittest. *Ib.*

Severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. *Ib.*

As in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place; so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. *Ib.*

He said it that knew it best. *12. Of Boldness.*

There is in human nature, generally, more of the fool than of the wise. *Ib.*

In civil business, what first?—Boldness. What second and third?—Boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness. *Ib.*

Boldness is an ill-keeper of promise. *Ib.*

In charity there is no excess. *13. Of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature.*

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world. *Ib.*

It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building, not in decay. *14. Of Nobility.*

New nobility is but the act of power, but ancient nobility is the act of time. *Ib.*

Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry. *Ib.*

The four pillars of government, . . . religion, justice, counsel, and treasure. *15. Of Seditions and Troubles.*

The surest way to prevent seditions, if the times do bear it, is to take away the matter of them. *Ib.*

Whatsoever is somewhere gotten is somewhere lost. *Ib.*

Money is like muck, not good except it be spread. *Ib.*

The remedy is worse than the disease. *Ib.*

God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. *16. Of Atheism.* (*See* page 7*b*.)

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. *Ib.*

Atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man. *Ib.*

There is a superstition in avoiding superstition. *17. Of Superstition.*

Let diaries therefore be brought in use. *18. Of Travel.*

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire, and many things to fear. *19. Of Empire.*

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times; and which have much veneration, but no rest. *Ib.*

Books will speak plain, when counsellors blanch. *20. Of Counsel.*

There is no secrecy comparable to celerity. *21. Of Delays.*

There are some that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well; so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men. *22. Of Cunning.*

I knew one that when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a bye-matter. *Ib.*

Nothing doth more hurt in a state, than that cunning men pass for wise. *Ib.*

Be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others. *23. Of Wisdom for a Man's Self.*

It is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs. *Ib.*

It is the wisdom of the crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. *Ib.*

He that will not apply new remedies, must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator. *24. Of Innovation.*

It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees scarce to be perceived. *Ib.*

I knew a wise man that had it for a byword, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner." *25. Of Despatch.*

To choose time, is to save time. *Ib.*

The French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are. *26. Of Seeming Wise.*

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together, in a few words, than in that speech: "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast, or a god." *27. Of Friendship.*

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures. *Ib.*

No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend. *Ib.*

It redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in halfs. *Ib.*

When all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. *Ib.*

Cure the disease, and kill the patient. *Ib.*

Riches are for spending. *28. Of Expense.*

A man ought warily to begin charges, which once begun will continue. *Ib.*

Neither is money the sinews of war, as it is trivially said. *Ib.*

No people overcharged with tribute is fit for empire. *Ib.*

Thus much is certain: that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will. *Ib.*

Age will not be defied.
30. Of Regiment of Health.

Suspicions, amongst thoughts, are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight.
31. Of Suspicion.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little. *Ib.*

Intermingle . . . jest with earnest.
32. Of Discourse.

He that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. *Ib.*

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.
Ib.

Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.* *34. Of Riches.*

[Dreams and predictions] ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside.
35. Of Prophecies.

He that plots to be the only figure among ciphers, is the decay of a whole age.
36. Of Ambition.

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.
38. Of Nature in Men.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds. *Ib.*

They come home to men's business and bosoms.
Essays (*Edition of 1625*). *Preface.*

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.
42. Of Youth and Age.

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon.
Ib.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.
43. Of Beauty.

Houses are built to live in, and not to look on. *45. Of Building.*

God Almighty first planted a garden: and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures.
46. Of Gardens.

It is generally better to deal by speech, than by letter. *47. Of Negotiating.*

There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals.
48. Of Followers and Friends.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. *50. Of Studies.*

To spend too much time in studies is sloth. *Ib.*

Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse: but to weigh and consider. *Ib.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. *Ib.*

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. *Ib.*

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Ib.*

Light gains make heavy purses.
52. Of Ceremonies and Respects.

Small matters win great commendation. *Ib.*

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds. *Ib.*

He that is too much in anything, so that he giveth another occasion of satiety, maketh himself cheap. *Ib.*

Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swoln, and drowns things weighty and solid. *Ib.*

The arch-flatterer, which is a man's self.
Ib. [*See No. 10* (*1597 ed.*).]

It was prettily devised of Æsop; The fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot-wheel, and said, What a dust do I raise!
54. Of Vain-Glory.

The place of justice is a hallowed place.
56. Of Judicature.

The true religion is built upon the rock; the rest are tossed upon the waves of time.
58. Of Vicissitude of Things.

He is the fountain of honour. *Of a King.*

They serve to be recited upon occasion of themselves. They serve if you take out the kernel of them, and make them your own.
A Collection of Apophthegms.
Preface.

Like strawberry wives, that laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot, and all the rest were little ones.
No. 19.
(*Related as a saying of Queen Elizabeth*).

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* *See* Prov. xxiii. 5.

Demosthenes, when he fled from the battle, and that it was reproached to him, said, "That he that flies might fight again." *No. 69.*

Thales, being asked when a man should marry, said: "Young men not yet, old men not at all." *No. 77.*

Hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper. *No. 95.*

Isabella of Spain used to say, "Whosoever hath a good presence and a good fashion, carries continual letters of recommendation." *No. 133.*

Sir Henry Savil was asked by my lord of Essex his opinion touching poets. He answered my lord: "That he thought them the best writers, next to them that writ prose." *No. 182.*

Chilon would say, "That gold was tried with the touchstone, and men with gold." *No. 247.*

One of the fathers saith . . . that old men go to death, and death comes to young men. *No. 270.*

Cato Major would say, "That wise men learned more by fools, than fools by wise men." *No. 274.*

"He had much rather men should ask and wonder why he had no statue, than why he had a statue." [Cato the elder's reply when asked why he had no statue.] *No. 286.*

"Marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme, whereas before it was neither rhyme nor reason." [Sir Thos. More, on a friend having versified an indifferent book which he had written.] *No. 287.*

One of the Seven was wont to say: "That laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught, and the great brake through." *No. 291.*

Anacharsis would say . . . "At Athens wise men did propose, and fools dispose." *No. 295.*

A bishop that was somewhat a delicate person, bathed twice a day. A friend of his said to him: "My lord, why do you bathe twice a day?" The bishop answered: "Because I cannot conveniently bathe thrice." **Apophthegms,** *contained in the Original Edition, but omitted in later copies. No. 42.*

Diogenes said of a young man that danced daintily, and was much commended: "The better, the worse." *No. 266.*

Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.
Certain Apophthegms of Lord Bacon. *First published in the Remains* (1734). *No. 4.* [*The remark is stated to have been made by Queen Elizabeth to "Sir Edward ——".*]

The rationalists are like the spiders; they spin all out of their own bowels. But give me a philosopher, who, like the bee, has a middle faculty, gathering from abroad, but digesting that which is gathered by his own virtue. *No. 19.*

I have often thought upon death, and I find it the least of all evils.
An Essay on Death.* *Sec. 1.*

What is more heavy than evil fame deserved? Or, likewise, who can see worse days than he that yet living doth follow at the funerals of his own reputation? *Sec. 11.*

It is hard in all causes, but especially in religion, when voices shall be numbered and not weighed. **Of Church Controversies** (1589; pub. 1640).

I am of his mind that said, "Better is it to live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful." *Ib.*

Why should there be such turmoil and such strife,
To spin in length this feeble line of life?
Translation of certain Psalms (1625) *Psalm 90.*

I have rather studied books than men.
Advice to Sir Geo. Villiers.

I hold every man a debtor to his profession.
The Elements of the Common Law. *Preface.*

It [Latin] is a language wherein a man shall not be enticed to hunt after words, but matter. *Ib.*

Merit is worthier than fame. **Letters.** *No. 48. A Letter of Advice to my Lord of Essex* (*1599*).

Books are the shrine where the saint is, or is believed to be.
No. 77. To Sir Thomas Bodley (*1605*).

They say late thanks are ever best.
To Robert, Lord Cecil (*July, 1603*).

I am too old, and the seas are too long, for me to double the Cape of Good Hope.
Memorial of Access (1622).

For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages.
Last Will (Dec. 19, 1625).

He that defers his charity until he is dead is, if a man weighs it rightly, rather liberal of another man's than of his own.
A Collection of Sentences. *No. 55.*

The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express. *No. 64.*

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books.
A Proposal for Amending the Laws of England.

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* The authenticity of this Essay is doubted.

[*The following are translated quotations from works written in Latin.*]

It is scarcely possible for authors to be admired and at the same time to excel.

Instauratio Magna. De Augmentis Scientiarum.*
Præfatio. De Statu Scientiarum.

Glory and honour serve as goads and spurs to virtue.
Part 1. Lib. 6, cap. 3, Soph. 10.

Deformed persons are wont to avenge themselves on nature.
Part 1. Lib. 6, cap. 3.
Exempla Antithetorum. 2. Forma.

Virtue, being a transcendent gem, is better set without much gold and ornament. *Ib.*

Old men fear all things, except the gods.
3. Juventus.

A healthy body is the guest-chamber of the soul; a sick, its prison.
4. Valetudo.

Wealth is a good servant, a very bad mistress. *6. Divitiæ.*

The voice of the people has about it something divine: for how otherwise can so many heads agree together as one?
9. Laus, Existimatio.

Do not wonder if the common people speak more truly than those of higher rank; for they speak with more safety. *Ib.*

We think according to nature; we speak according to rules; but we act according to custom. *10. Natura.*

One man's folly is another man's fortune.
11. Fortuna.

It is better to have no belief in the gods than a dishonouring belief. *13. Superstitio.*

Great hypocrites are the real atheists. *Ib.*

Envy has no holidays. *16. Invidia.*

It is due to justice that man shall be a God to man, and not a wolf.
20. Justitia.

Nothing is terrible except fear itself.
21. Fortitudo.

Constancy is the foundation of virtues.
23. Constantia.

To be wise by rule and by experience are utterly opposite principles; so that he who is used to the one is unfit for the other.
26. Literæ.

Prudence is of no service unless it be prompt. *27. Promptitudo.*

He who errs quickly is quick in correcting the error. *Ib.*

To worship the people is to be worshipped.
30. Popularitas.

Nothing moderate is pleasing to the crowd.
Ib.

Silence is the virtue of fools.
31. Loquacitas.

Dissimulation invites dissimulation.
32. Dissimulatio.

What action is to the orator, that is boldness to the public man; first, second, third.
33. Audacia.

The worst solitude is to have no true friendships. *37. Amicitia.*

Private revenge is wild justice.
39. Vindicta.

If the danger seems slight, then truly it is not slight.
43. Principiis Obstare.

Suspicion absolves faith.
45. Suspicio.

Superabundance of suspicion is a kind of political madness. *Ib.*

When he departs from the letter of the law, the judge transforms himself into a law-maker.
*46. Verba legis.**

It is a hard thing to torture the laws so that they torture men.
Part 1, Lib. 8, cap. 3. Aphor. 13.

If only men would be mad in the same fashion and conformably, they might manage to agree fairly well together.
Part 2. Lib. 1. Aphor. 27.

Man prefers to believe what he prefers to be true. *Aphor. 49.*

The middle times of the world,† so far as a rich or fruitful crop of sciences, were unfortunate. *Aphor. 78.*

That great mother of the sciences [natural philosophy]. *Aphor. 80.*

Nevertheless it is not to be denied that the alchemists invented not a few things, and presented men with useful inventions.
Aphor. 95.

Natural philosophy, next to the word of God, is the surest medicine for superstition. *Aphor. 89.*

The sun finds its way into palaces and sewers alike, yet is not polluted. *Aphor. 110.*

Nature is not governed except by obeying her. *Aphor. 129.*

It is rightly laid down: "To know truly is to know by causes."
Part 2, Lib. 2. Aphor. 1.

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* *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, an enlarged version, in Latin, of *The Advancement of Learning* (1605). Quotations already given from this book are not here repeated, though, for the most part, the passages extracted re-appear, in Latin, in *De Augmentis Scientiarum.*

* Slavish fidelity is out of date;
When exposition fails, interpolate.
Goethe (*tr.*).

† Used by Bacon apparently in reference to the middle ages, between the Roman period and the sixteenth century, but also to the period between the Greek and Roman civilizations.

About nature consult nature herself.*
Part 3, Introductio.

It is sufficiently clear that all things are changed, and nothing really perishes, and that the sum of matter remains absolutely the same.†
Cogitationes de Natura Rerum (pub. 1653).

Every wand or staff of empire is forsooth curved at top.‡
De Sapientia Veterum (1609). *6. Pan, sive Natura.*

Knowledge is power. *De Hæresibus.*

After the sacred volumes of God and the Scriptures, study, in the second place, that great volume of the works and creatures of God, strenuously, and before all books, which ought to be only regarded as commentaries.
Epistolæ. 6. *To Trinity College, Cambridge.*

BAILEY, Philip James (1816–1902)

Who can mistake great thoughts?
Great Thoughts.

Night brings out stars as sorrows show us truths. **Truth and Sorrows.**

The world is just as hollow as an eggshell.
Festus (1839).

We live in deeds, not years: in thoughts, not breaths:
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. *Ib.*

Where imperfection ceaseth, heaven begins. *Ib.*

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love. *Ib.*

A crown, if it hurt us, is hardly worth wearing. *Ib.*

A double error sometimes sets us right. *Ib.*

Envy's a coal comes hissing hot from Hell. *Ib.*

The worst men give oft the best advice. *Ib.*

Who never doubted, never half believed;
Where doubt, there truth is,—'tis her shadow. *Ib.*

BAILLIE, Joanna (1762–1851)

If thou hast any love or mercy in thee,
Turn me upon my face, that I may die.
Plays (1798–1836). *Ethwold. Part 2, Act ii. 2.*

Though duller thoughts succeed,
The bliss e'en of a moment still is bliss.
The Beacon. Act i. 2.

Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
It is our opening day. *Orra. Act iii. 1.*

He was not all a father's heart could wish;
But oh, he was my son!—my only son,
My child! *Ib., iii. 2.*

He is too much my pride to wake my envy. *Basil. Act i. 2.*

What custom hath endeared
We part with sadly, though we prize it not. *Ib.*

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from. *Ib., iii. 1.*

How like a hateful ape,
Detected, grinning, 'midst his pilfered hoard,
A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds
Are opened to the day! *Act v. 3.*

BALFOUR, Arthur James, Earl Balfour (b. 1848)

Kant, as we all know, compared moral law to the starry heavens, and found them both sublime. On the naturalistic hypothesis we should rather compare it to the protective blotches on a beetle's back, and find them both ingenious.
Foundations of Belief.

It is unfortunate, considering that enthusiasm moves the world, that so few enthusiasts can be trusted to speak the truth.
Letter (*To Mrs. Drew*).

BALLANTINE, James (1808–1877)

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony mighty men;
A wee thing maks us think, a sma' thing maks us stare;
There are mair folks than him biggin' castles in the air. **Castles in the Air.**

BAMPFYLDE, John Codrington (1754–1796)

Rugged the breast that music cannot tame.
Sonnet (1778).

BANKS, Geo. Linnæus (1821–1881)

For the cause that lacks assistance,
The wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.
What I live for.

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* Stated by Bacon to be "the sole and only way in which the foundations of true and active philosophy can be established."

† The first portion is from *Ovid*; v. Latin, "Omnia mutantur."

‡ Sometimes translated, "All sceptres are crooked atop." The context states that they are like the sheep-hook of Pan, and signify that government, if prudent, must be roundabout and indirect in its methods.

BARBAULD, Anna Letitia, née Aikin (1743–1825).

Of her scorn the maid repented,
And the shepherd of his love.
Leave me, simple Shepherd.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning;
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night"; but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."* **Life.**

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars. **Summer Evening Meditation.**

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.
The Invitation.

Society than solitude is worse,
And man to man is still the greatest curse.
Ovid to his Wife.

The world has little to bestow,
Where two fond hearts in equal love are joined. **Delia.**

Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love. **Song:** *Come here, fond youth.*

BARBOUR, John (1316?–1395)

Stories to rede ar delitabill,
Suppose that they be nocht but fabill.
The Bruce. *Prologue.*

Ah! freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes man to have liking!
Freedom all solace to man gives!
He lives at ease, that freely lives!
Book 1, 228.

For love is of sae mickle might,
That it all paines makis light. *Book 2, 520.*

BARHAM, Rev. Richard Harris (1788–1845)

And altogether it's very bad weather,
And an unpleasant sort of a night!
The Ingoldsby Legends.
The Nurse's Story.

Flowers of remarkable size and hue,
Flowers such as Eden never knew. *Ib.*

And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's.
Patty Morgan the Milkmaid's Story.

There, too, full many an Aldermanic nose,
Rolled its loud diapason after dinner.
The Ghost.

But woman, wakeful woman's never weary,
—Above all, when she waits to thump her deary. *Ib.*

Ghosts, like the ladies, never speak till spoke to. *Ib.*

And, talking of Epitaphs, much I admire his,
"Circumspice, si monumentum requiris";
Which an erudite verger translated to me,
"If you ask for his monument, Sir—come—spy—see!" *The Cynotaph.*

Not a *sou* had he got—not a guinea or note,
And he looked most confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.
Parody on the Death of Sir John Moore.

The sun had gone down fiery red;
And if, that evening, he laid his head
In Thetis's lap beneath the seas,
He must have scalded the goddess's knees.
The Witches' Frolic.

And six little singing boys—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles.
The Jackdaw of Rheims.

Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse! *Ib.*

Heedless of grammar, they all cried, "That's him"! *Ib.*

She asked him for stuffing, she asked him for gravy,
She asked him for gizzard:—but not for Grace! *A Lay of St. Nicholas.*

She pledged him once, and she pledged him twice,
And she drank as Lady ought not to drink.
Ib.

Her dove-like eyes turned to coals of fire,
Her beautiful nose to a terrible snout,
Her hands to paws, with nasty great claws,
And her bosom went in and her tail came out. *Ib.*

And out of the window he flew like a shot,
For the foot went up with a terrible thwack,
And caught the foul demon about the spot
Where his tail joins on to the small of his back. *Ib.*

She drank Prussic acid without any water,
And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter! *The Tragedy.*

Then the guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.
Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation.

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* Wordsworth said of this stanza: "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines."

And now I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry! *Ib.*

Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten.
Hon. Mr. Sucklethumbkin's Story.

Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do? *Ib.*

What *was* to be done? 'Twas perfectly plain
They could not well hang the man over again;
What *was* to be done? The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed.
Ib.

He was such a dear little cock-tailed pup.
Mr. Peters's Story.

Produced, rightly deeming he would not object to it,
An orbicular bulb with a very long neck to it. *Ib.*

And medical friction Is, past contradiction,
Much better performed by a She than a He.
The Black Mousquetaire.

A man whom they had, you see,
Marked as a Sadducee. *Ib.*

Thrice happy's the wooing That's not long a doing,
So much time is saved in the billing and cooing. *Sir Rupert the Fearless.*

I believe there are few
But have heard of a Jew
Named Shylock, of Venice, as arrant a screw
In money transactions as ever you knew.
The Merchant of Venice.

With a wink of his eye, His friend made reply
In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry,
"Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say 'die'!" *Ib.*

You never yet saw
Such an awfully marked elongation of jaw.
Ib.

Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,
With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail. *The Auto-da-Fé.*

There is not a nation in Europe but labours
To toady itself and to humbug its neighbours. *Ib. Canto 2.*

None of your rascally "*dips*"—but sound,
Round, ten-penny moulds of four to the pound. *The Ingoldsby Penance. Fytte 2.*

The Sacristan, he says no word that indicates a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose and spreads his fingers out! *Nell Cook.*

—I was between
A man and a boy, A hobble-de-hoy,*
A fat, little, punchy concern of sixteen.
Aunt Fanny.

But e'en when at college, I fairly acknowledge I
Never was very precise at chronology. *Ib.*

'Twas in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said "What make you here?"
Misadventures at Margate.

And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off." *Ib.*

He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose. *Ib.*

And now I'm here, from this here pier, it is my fixed intent
To jump as Mister Levi did from off the monument. *Ib.*

I could not see my little friend—because he was not there! *Ib.*

But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried, "O No!" *Ib.*

It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer—
And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use:
It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose. *Ib.*

He said, "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely "stowed the swag,"
—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag. *Ib.*

Be kind to those dear little folks,
When our toes are turned up to the daisies!
The Babes in the Wood.

The great Burlybumbo who sings double D.
A Row in an Omnibus (Box).

He would pore by the hour o'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower.
The Knight and the Lady.

Or great ugly things, All legs and wings,
With nasty long tails armed with nasty long stings. *Ib.*

Cob was the strongest, Mob was the wrongest,
Chittabob's tail was the finest and longest!
The Truants.

Alas! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
That thus on our labours stern Chronos should frown,
Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,
And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down. *The Poplar.*

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* The next, keep under Sir Hobbard de Hoy:
The next, a man, no longer a boy.—*Tusser: Hundred Points of Husbandry* (1557).

There's somewhat on my breast, father.
The Confession.

'Tis not *her* coldness, father,
That chills my labouring breast:
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate and can't digest.
Ib.

What Horace says is,
Eheu fugaces
Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!
Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!
Epigram.—Eheu fugaces.

BARING, Maurice (b. 1874)

Pale disease
Shall linger by thy side, and thou shalt know
Eternal autumn to thy day of death.
The Black Prince and the Astrologer.

BARNARD, Lady Anne, née Lindsay (1750–1825)

My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looket in my face till my heart was like to break.
Auld Robin Gray (1771).

They gied him my hand, though my heart was at the sea.
Ib.

BARNFIELD, Richard (1574–1627)

Remember age, and thou canst not be proud,
For age pulls down the pride of every man.
The Affectionate Shepherd (1594) *St. 31.*

Live ever you [Shakespeare], at least in fame live ever:
Well may the body die, but Fame lives ever.
A Remembrance of some English Poets (pub. 1598).

Nothing more certain than incertainties;
Fortune is full of fresh variety,
Constant in nothing but inconstancy.
The Shepherd's Content (1594) *St. 11.*

For who sings commonly so merry a note
As he that cannot chop or change a groat?
Ib. St. 29.

Thus every man is troubled with unrest,
From rich to poor, from high to low degree.
St. 16.

Love is a fiend, a fire, a heaven, a hell,
Where pleasure, pain, and sad repentance dwell.
Ib. St. 38.

He is a Gentleman, because his nature
Is kind and affable to every creature.
Ib. St. 41.

The waters were his winding-sheet, the sea was made his tomb,
Yet for his fame the Ocean sea was not sufficient room.
Epitaph on Hawkins (1595).

She [*i.e.* Money] is the Sovereign Queen of all delights;
For her the Lawyer pleads, the Soldier fights.
Praise of Lady Pecunia. *St. 16.*

'Tis not *Good words* that can a man maintain;
Words are but wind; and wind is all but vain.
The Complaint of Poetrie (1598).

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May.
An Ode * (*from "Poems: in divers humours,"* 1598).

Words are easy, like the wind:
Faithful friends are hard to find;
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
Ib.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need.
Ib.

If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
As they must needs (the sister and the brother),
Then must the Love be great, 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Sonnet 1. *To his friend Master R. L. (from the same volume).*

BARRETT, Eaton Stannard (1786–1820)

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.
Woman. *Part 1, Ed. 1822.*†

BARRIE, Sir Jas. Matthew (b. 1860)

Life is a long lesson in humility.
The Little Minister. *Ch. 3.*

It's a weary warld, and nobody bides in 't.
Ch. 4.

It's grand, and you canna expect to be baith grand and comfortable. *Ch. 10.*

Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own.
Rectorial Address. *St. Andrew's, May 3, 1922.*

Courage is the thing. All goes if courage goes. *Ib.*

You come of a race of men [Scotsmen] the very wind of whose name has swept the ultimate seas. *Ib.*

Whenever a child says "I don't believe in fairies," there's a little fairy somewhere that falls right down dead.
Peter Pan (1904).

Do you believe in fairies? If so, clap your hands. Don't let Tinker die. *Ib.*

To die would be an awfully big adventure. *Ib.*

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* This "Ode" is also attributed to Shakespeare.

† In the original edition (1810), the lines are:
Not she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung,
Not she denied Him with unfaithful tongue;
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.

That is ever the way. 'Tis all jealousy to the bride, and good wishes to the corpse.
Quality Street (1903). *Act i.*

He [the recruiting sergeant] closed one of his eyes at me and then suddenly opened it. I knew what he meant (*Miss Willoughby*). *Ib.*

It's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it [charm], you don't need to have anything else; if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have.
What Every Woman Knows (*Comedy*) (1908).

A young Scotsman of your ability, let loose upon the world with £300, what could he not do? It's almost appalling to think of; especially if he went among the English. *Ib.*

You've forgotten the grandest moral attribute of a Scotsman, Maggie, that he'll do nothing which might damage his career. *Ib.*

You see, dear, it is not true that woman was made from man's rib; she was really made from his funnybone. *Ib.*

Every man who is high up loves to think he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's only our joke. Every woman knows that. *Ib.*

Have you ever noticed, Harry, that many jewels make women either incredibly fat or incredibly thin? (*Kate to Sir Harry*).
The Twelve-pound Look.

But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness,
Are as nothing, Charles,
To the badness of her badness when she's bad.
Rosalind.

Life, Crichton, is like a cup of tea; the more heartily we drink the sooner we reach the dregs.
The Admirable Crichton (1903). *Act i.*

His lordship may compel us to be equal upstairs, but there will never be equality in the servants' hall (*Crichton to Lady Mary*). *Act i.*

I'm a second-eleven sort of chap (*Treherne*). *Act iii.*

The Elizabethan age might be better named the beginning of the smoking era.
My Lady Nicotine. *Ch. 14.*

Those hateful persons called Original Researchers. *Ib.*

I do loathe explanations. *Ch. 16.*

BARRINGTON, George[*] (1755–c. 1835)

True patriots we; for be it understood,
We left our country for your country's good,
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
What urged our travels was our country's weal.
Prologue *for the opening of the Playhouse, Sydney, New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796, when Dr. Young's tragedy "The Revenge," was played by convicts.*[†]

BARRY, Michael J. (19th Century)

But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van;
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.
Poem. *The Dublin Nation, Sept. 28, 1844.*

What rights the brave?
The sword!
What frees the slave?
The sword!
What cleaves in twain
The despot's chain,
And makes his gyves and dungeons vain?
The sword!
The Sword.

BARTON, Bernard (1784–1849)

Words, phrases, fashions pass away;
But truth and nature live through all.
Stanzas on Bloomfield.

BASSE, William (d. 1653?)

Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser to make room,
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.[*]
On Shakespeare.

BATH, Earl of (*see* Pulteney)

BAXTER, Richard (1615–1691)

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
Love breathing Thanks and Praise.

Dangers breed fears, and fears more dangers bring. *Ib.*

An aching tooth is better out than in,
To lose a rotten member is a gain.
Hypocrisy.

Of all beasts the man-beast is the worst:
To others, and himself, the cruellest foe. *Ib.*

He may love riches that wanteth them, as much as he that hath them.
Christian Ethics.

BAYLY, Thos. Haynes (1797–1839)

We met—'twas in a crowd—and I thought he would shun me. **Songs**: *We Met.*

The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me.
The Rose that all are Praising.

O pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep. *The Pilot.*

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower;
Where the roses and lilies and violets meet.
I'd be a Butterfly (1824).

It was a dream of perfect bliss,
Too beautiful to last. *It was a Dream.*

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[*] His real name was Waldron, *v. Dict. Nat. Biog.*

[†] *See* Farquhar: "'Twas for the good of my country," etc. In Fitzgeffray's *Life of Sir Francis Drake* (c. 1600) is the expression, "Leaving his country for his country's sake."

[*] *See* Jonson: "I will not lodge thee by Chaucer or Spenser," etc.

Oh ! no ! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard ;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
Oh ! No ! we never mention her.

Thus we're wound up alternately,
Like buckets in a well.
My Husband means extremely well.

Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose ?
Why don't the men propose ?

Absence makes the heart grow fonder ;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well !
Odes to Rosa—Isle of Beauty.

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met.
She wore a wreath of roses.

Gaily the troubadour
Touched his guitar. *Welcome me home.*

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
Long, long ago.

Poets, beware ! never compare
Women to aught in earth or in air.
Song, 1830.

BEATTIE, James, LL.D. (1735–1803)

Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ;
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war ;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown ? **The Minstrel** (1771). *Bk. 1, 1.*

His harp the sole companion of his way.
Bk. 1, 3.

And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.
Ib.

Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad. *Bk. 1, 16.*

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight.
Bk. 1, 22.

Even sad vicissitude amused his soul,
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control. *Ib.*

Old Age comes on apace to ravage all the time. *Bk. 1, 25.*

And much and oft, he warned him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might. *Bk. 1, 28.*

And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear !
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah ! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear ? *Bk. 1, 29.*

All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own. *Ib.*

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide.
Bk. 1, 38.

The linnet's lay of love. *Ib.*

Various and strange was the long-winded tale.
Bk. 1, 44.

Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend ?
Bk. 1, 49.

And much they grope for Truth, but never hit,
. . . . . .
Yet deem they darkness light and their vain blunders wit. *Bk. 1, 51.*

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn.
Bk. 1, 56.

And if for me no treasure be amassed,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast.
Bk. 2, 15.

The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Bk. 2, 16.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave. *Bk. 2, 17.*

Be ignorance thy choice where knowledge leads to woe. *Bk. 2, 30.*

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove.
The Hermit.

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.
Ib.

By the glare of false science betrayed
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.
Ib.

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.
Ib.

Squint-eyed Slander.
The Judgment of Paris (1765).

What is a law, if those who make it
Become the forwardest to break it ?
The Wolf and the Shepherds.

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.
—**Stanza** *added to Mickle's song, " There's nae luck about the house."*

BEAUMONT, Francis (1584–1616)
(*See* JOHN FLETCHER.)

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that everyone from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. *Letter to Ben Jonson.*

Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royalest seed.*
On Westminster Abbey.

BEAUMONT, Dr. J. (1616–1699)

Why slander we the times?
What crimes
Have days and years, that we
Thus charge them with iniquity?
If we would rightly scan,
It's not the times are bad, but man.
Original Poems.

BEECHING, Henry Chas. (b. 1859)

Not when the sense is dim,
But now, from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy. **Prayers.**

BEHN, Aphra (née Amis) (1640–1689)

Vows! dost think the gods regard the vows of lovers? They are things made in necessity, and ought not to be kept, nor punished when broken.
The Dutch Lover (1673), *v. 1.*

A brave world, sir, full of religion, knavery, and change! We shall shortly see better days.
The Roundheads (1682), *i. 1.*

If thou didst but know how little wit governs this mighty universe, thou wouldst not wonder men should set up at him [Fleetwood].
Ib., i. 2.

He that will live in this world must be endued with the three rare qualities of dissimulation, equivocation, and mental reservation.
Ib.

I owe a duty where I cannot love.
Abdelazer (1677), *iii. 3.*

She [Fame] was ever a notable wag at history. **The Young King** (c. 1670), *i. 1.*

This happy day to be enrolled
In rubric letters and in gold.
The City Heiress, *v. 3.*

Patience is a flatterer, sir—and an ass, sir.
The Feigned Courtezans (1679), *iii. 1.*

Come away! Poverty's catching.
The Rover (*Part 2*) (1681), *i. 1.*

See the virtue of a wager, that new philosophical way, lately found out, of deciding all hard questions. *Ib., iii. 1.*

I'll try to force Nature a little, and be civil.
The False Count (1682), *i. 2.*

She's as inconstant as the seas and winds,
Which ne'er are calm but to betray adventurers. **The Forced Marriage** (1670), *i. 1.*

All soft and sweet the maid appears,
With looks that know no art,
And though she yields with trembling fears,
She yields with all her heart.
The Emperor of the Moon (1687), *iii. 3.*

Love, like Reputation, once fled, never returns more.
History of the Nun (c. 1688).

He had a natural aversion to danger, and thought it below a man of wit or common sense to be guilty of that brutal thing called Courage, or Fighting. His philosophy told him, "It was safe sleeping in a whole skin."
The Lucky Mistake.

No man ever truly loved that was not generous. **The Unfortunate Bride.**

The soft, unhappy sex.
The Wandering Beauty.

Thus everybody meddled with what they had nothing to do; and, as in other places, thought themselves on the surer side if, in these doubtful times, they imagined the worst [of Prince Tarquin].
The Fair Jilt (*pub.* 1688).

Kings; that made laws, first broke them; and the Gods,
By teaching us religion first, first set the world at odds. **The Golden Age** (*from the French*), *st. 4.*

Who but the learned and dull moral fool
Could gravely have foreseen man ought to live by rule? *Ib., st. 7.*

I was entirely won and lost.
Ballad. *On Mr. J. H., to Amoret, asking why I was so sad.*

'Tis pity makes a Deity;
Ah, Silvia, deign to pity me,
And I will worship none but thee.
Dialogue for Entertainment at Court.

For superstition will survive,
Purer religion to perplex.
On Desire.

Love ceases to be a pleasure when it ceases to be a secret.
The Lover's Watch (*from the French*).

BELLOC, Hilaire (b. 1870)

It is the best of all trades to make songs, and the second best to sing them.
On Song.

From the towns all Inns have been driven: from the villages most. . . . Change your hearts, or you will lose your Inns and you will deserve to have lost them. But when you have lost your Inns, drown your empty selves, for you will have lost the last of England.
On Inns.

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* "There is an acre sown with royal seed."—Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying* (1650), chap. 1.

The Anti-Semite is a man so absorbed in his subject that he loses interest in any matter unless he can give it some association with his delusion, for delusion it is.
The Jews. *Ch. 7. The Anti-Semite.*

The existence and differentiation of the Jewish people, as a race ethnically, and as a nation politically, is as much a fact as the existence of coal or diamonds.
Ib., Ch. 14. Various Theories.

The Jew cannot help feeling superior, but he can help the expression of that superiority —at any rate he can modify such expression.
Ib., Ch. 15. Habit or Law?

BENJAMIN, Park (1809–1864)

Strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away.
A Great Name.

I know that they are happy
With their angel-plumage on.
The Departed.

BENNETT, Enoch] Arnold (b. 1867)

My general impression is that Englishmen act better than Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen better than Englishwomen.
The Crisis in the Theatre (*March*, 1908). *Preface to "Cupid and Commonsense."*

As you say, business is business. There are people in this town who say that bankruptcy is good business (*Willie Beach of Pursley*).
Cupid and Commonsense (1908). *Act i.*

There are some people who are only at their best when they are to be pitied. . . . But he's no longer miserable and so he's objectionable. There are a lot of people like that.
Ib., Act iv.

Half Bursley has a grudge against Ralph—because he's as straight as a die, and always knows what he wants and is always clever enough to get it. . . . People don't like it—naturally.
Ib.

She [the Church] must avoid scandal—particularly local scandal. London scandal is less deleterious (*Bishop of Colchester*).
The Honeymoon (1911). *Act ii.*

In an argument I always begin rather well, but in the end I'm apt to be beaten. So I just stop—especially when I know I'm right.
Ib.

Well, my deliberate opinion is—it's a jolly strange world (*John Culver*).
The Title (1918). *Act i.*

A cause may be inconvenient, but it's magnificent. It's like champagne or high shoes, and one must be prepared to suffer for it. *Ib.*

The first duty of a Government is to live. It has no right to be a Government at all unless it is convinced that if it fell the country would go to everlasting smash. *Ib.*

Examine the Honours List and you will know exactly how a Government feels in its inside. When the Honours List is full of rascals, millionaires, and—er—chumps, you may be quite sure that the Government is dangerously ill. *Ib.*

Being a husband is a whole-time job. That is why so many husbands fail. They cannot give their entire attention to it. *Ib.*

Journalists say a thing that they know isn't true, in the hope that if they keep on saying it long enough it *will* be true. *Ib.*

Don't begin to talk like that. I don't mind *reading* novels, but I won't have raw lumps of them thrown at me. *Ib., Act ii.*

Literature is always a good card to play for Honours. It makes people think that Cabinet ministers are educated. *Ib., Act iii.*

No enlightened and patriotic person wants the Government to fall. All enlightened and patriotic persons want the Government to be afraid of falling. There you have the whole of war politics in a nutshell. *Ib*

His opinion of himself, having once risen, remained at "set fair."
The Card (1911). *Ch. 1.*

"Ye can call it influenza if ye like," said Mrs. Machin. "There was no influenza in my young days. We called a cold a cold."
Ch. 8.

"And yet," demanded Councillor Barlow, . . . "what great cause is he identified with?" —"He is identified," said the speaker, "with the great cause of cheering us all up."
Ch. 12 (3).

They call Liverpool the slum of Europe, said Mynors.
Anna of the Five Towns (1902). *Ch. 10.*

Many artists have admittedly no aptitude for merchantry. **The Author's Craft.** *3.*

It is impossible to read properly without using all one's engine-power. If we are not tired after reading, common-sense is not in us.
Things that have interested me (1921). *Translating Literature into Life.*

No book of great and established reputation is read till it is read at least twice. *Ib.*

In the meantime alcohol produces a delightful social atmosphere that nothing else can produce. *Ib. For and against Prohibition.*

Pessimism, when you get used to it, is just as agreeable as optimism. Indeed, I think it must be more agreeable, must have a more real savour, than optimism—from the way in which pessimists abandon themselves to it.
Ib. Slump in Pessimism (July 27, 1918).

BENTHAM, Jeremy (1748–1832)

All punishment is mischief. All punishment in itself is evil. Upon the principle of utility, if it ought at all to be admitted, it ought only to be admitted in as far as it promises to exclude some greater evil.
Principles of Morals and Legislation. *Ch. 15, sec. 1.*

The sacred truth that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation.*
Works. *Vol. 10, p. 142.*

BENTLEY, Richard, D.D. (1662–1742)

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
Tongues, arts and arms, and history,
Must drudge, like Selden, days and nights,
And in the endless labour die.
Who strives to mount Parnassus' hill.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.†
Monk's Life of Bentley. *P. 90.*

The very dust of whose writings is gold.
Of Bishop Pearson. *Dissertation on Phalaris.*

BERKELEY, George, Bishop of Cloyne (1685–1753)

Westward the course of empire takes its way.
The first four acts already passed,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is his last.
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

(Tar water) is of a nature so mild and benign, and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.‡ **Siris.** *Par. 217.*

BICKERSTAFF, Isaac (c. 1735–1787)

What signifies me hear if me no understand?
Mungo in **The Paddock.**

Hope, thou nurse of young desire!
Love in a Village (1762). *Act i. 1.*

There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he. *Act i. 2.*

And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:—
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me. *Ib.*

Young fellows will be young fellows.
Act ii. 2.

We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.
Ib.

But if I'm content with a little
Enough is as good as a feast. *Act iii. 1.*

There's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it.
The Hypocrite.§ *Act i. 1.*

'Tis constitution governs us all. *Act ii. 1.*

Ay, do despise me. I'm the prouder for it; I likes to be despised. *Act v. 1.*

Let men say whate'er they will
Woman, woman, rules them still.
The Sultan. *Act ii. 1.*

'Tis a sure sign work goes on merrily, when folks sing at it.
The Maid of the Mill (1765). *Act i. 1.*

The true standard of quality is seated in the mind; those who think nobly are noble.
Act ii. 1.

We should marry to please ourselves, not other people. *Act iii. 4.*

BINYON, Laurence (b. 1869)

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.
For the Fallen. *Sept. 21, 1915.*

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning,
We will remember them. *Ib.*

BIRRELL, Augustine (b. 1850)

That great dust-heap called "history."
Obiter Dicta (*pub.* 1884 *and* 1887). *Carlyle.*

An illogical opinion only requires rope enough to hang itself. *The Via Media.*

The sun is not all spots. *John Milton.*

One whom it is easy to hate, but still easier to quote—Alexander Pope. *Pope.*

As bad as defacing a tombstone, or rewriting a collect. *Ib.*

Few men can afford to be angry.
Edmund Burke.

A politician who screams is never likely to occupy a commanding place in the House of Commons. *Ib.*

History is a pageant and not a philosophy.
The Muse of History.

As certain as the Correggiosity of Correggio.*
Emerson.

A novel, which, like a beggar, should always be kept "moving on." Nobody knew this better than Fielding, whose novels, like most good ones, are full of inns.
The Office of Literature.

Reading is not a duty, and has consequently no business to be made disagreeable. *Ib.*

BLACKIE, John Stuart (1809–1895)

Rocking on a lazy billow, with roaming eyes,
Cushioned on a dreamy pillow, thou art not wise. **Young Man, be wise.**

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* Bentham expresses doubt as to whether Priestley or Beccaria was the originator of this proposition, but the real author was Francis Hutcheson (*q.v.*).

† Emerson quotes thus: "No book was ever written down by any but itself." (Essay, *Spiritual Laws.*)

‡ *See* Cowper: "Cups that cheer," &c.

§ *The Hypocrite.* Adapted from Cibber's *Nonjuror.*

* Expression taken from Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (*q.v.*).

BLACKLOCK, Thos., D.D. (1721–1791)

Love and sorrow twins were born
On a shining showery morn. **The Graham.**

Life is a bumper filled by fate.
Epigram on Punch.

BLACKMORE, Sir Richard, M.D. (d. 1729)

A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.
Prince Arthur (1695).
(*Quoted by Maria Edgeworth as an example of a "bull" by an English writer.*)

BLACKSTONE, Sir Wm. (1723–1780)

Mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity.
Commentaries (1765–9). *1, 5.*

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength, the floating bulwark of our island. *1, 13.*

Man was formed for society.
Of the Nature of Laws in General.

BLAIR, Robert (1699–1746)

The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.*
The Grave (1743). *l. 58.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
l. 88.

The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
l. 185.

Great heights are hazardous to the weak head.
l. 293.

O cursèd lust of gold! when, for thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starved in this, then damned in that to come. *l. 347.*

Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost.
l. 586.

Its visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.
l. 588.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?

. . . . . .

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung. **Ode.**

BLAKE, William (1757–1827)

The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind. **Marriage of Heaven and Hell.**

Everything that lives,
Lives not alone, nor for itself.
The Book of Thel (1787). *2.*

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* *See* Dryden: "Whistling to keep myself from being afraid."

For a tear is an intellectual thing;
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king;
And the bitter groan of a martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.
The Grey Monk.

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.
Milton (1804).

For Commerce, though the child of Agriculture,
Fosters his parent, who else must sweat and toil
And gain but scanty fare
King Edward the Third (c. 1775).

The pure soul
Shall mount on native wings, disdaining little sport,
And cut a path into the heaven of glory,
Leaving a track of light for men to wonder at.
Ib.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night. **The Tiger.**

Did He who made the lamb make thee?
Ib.

A Robin Redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.
Ideas of Good and Evil. *Proverbs.*

The poison of the honey-bee
Is the artist's jealousy. *Ib.*

Man was made for joy and woe,
And when this we rightly know,
Safely through the world we go. *Ib.*

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise. **Proverbs of Hell.**

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.
Ib.

The fool shall not enter into heaven, let him be ever so holy.
Prose Fragments. *Why men enter Heaven.*

BLIND, Mathilde (1847–1896)

Sunlight runs a race with rain,
All the world grows young again.
The Street-Children's Dance (1881).

Children mothered by the street. *Ib.*

Blossoms of humanity!
Poor soiled blossoms in the dust! *Ib.*

The moon returns, and the spring; birds warble, trees burst into leaf,
But Love once gone, goes for ever, and all that endures is the grief.
Love Trilogy. *No. 3.*

BLOOMFIELD, Robert (1766–1823)

Enchanting spirit, dear Variety!
The Farmer's Boy. *Spring, l. 290.*

What trouble waits upon a casual frown!
Summer, l. 388.

The rude inelegance of poverty.
Autumn, l. 82.

If fields are prisons, where is Liberty?
l. 226.

Thine heart should feel what thou mays't
hourly see,
That Duty's basis is humanity.
Winter, l. 105.

BOLINGBROKE (*see* St. John)

BONAR, Horatius, D.D. (1808–1889)

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Hymns: *A few more years.*

All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Our One Life.

BOORDE, Andrew, Suffragan Bishop of Chichester (1490?–1549)

Trust yow no Skott.
Letter. *To Thos. Cromwell, April 1, 1536.*

The devellysche dysposicion of a Scottysh man, not to love nor favour an Englishe man.
Ib.

BOOTH, Barton (1681–1733)

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.
Song.

BORROW, George (1803–1881)

The author of "Amelia," the most singular genius which their island ever produced, whose works it has long been the fashion to abuse in public and to read in secret.
The Bible in Spain (1843), *Ch.* 1.

There is a peculiarity in the countenance, as everybody knows, which, though it cannot be described, is sure to betray the Englishman.
Ib., Ch. 2.

These gentry are invariably saying all they can in dispraise of their native land; and it is my opinion, grounded upon experience, that an individual who is capable of such baseness would not hesitate at the perpetration of any villainy, for next to the love of God, the love of country is the best preventive of crime.
Ib., Ch. 4.

My favourite, I might say my only study, is man.
Ib., Ch. 5.

Gipsy politics, . . . side with both parties so long as the fight is doubtful, promising success to each, and then, when the fight is done, invariably range themselves in the ranks of the victorious.
Ib., Ch. 14.

I am invariably of the politics of people at whose table I sit, or beneath whose roof I sleep.
Ib., Ch. 16.

The genuine spirit of localism.
Ib., Ch. 31.

There are no countries in the world less known by the British than these self-same British Islands. **Lavengro** (1851). *Preface.*

There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?
Ib., Ch. 25.

There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever.
Ib.

Good ale, the true and proper drink of Englishmen. He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who speaketh against ale, that is good ale.
Ib., Ch. 48.

BOWLES, Wm. Lisle, Canon (1762–1850)

Content, as random fancies might inspire,
If his weak harp at times or lonely lyre
He struck with desultory hand, and drew
Some softened tones, to Nature not untrue.
Sonnet.

The cause of freedom is the cause of God.
To Edmund Burke.

BOYLE, John, Earl of Cork and Orrery (1707–1762)

Let not one look of fortune cast you down;
She were not fortune, if she did not frown:
Such as do braveliest bear her scorns awhile,
Are those on whom, at last, she most will
smile.
Imitation of Horace.

BOYSE, Samuel (1708–1749)

From Thee all human actions take their
springs,
The rise of empires and the fall of kings.
The Deity.

Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then at Thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*The things have
been.*
Ib.

BRADSTREET, Anne, née Dudley (1614–1670)

And if the sun would ever shine, there would
I dwell.
Contemplations.

But he whose name is graved in the white
stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.
Ib.

BRAMSTON, Rev. James (1694?–1744)

What's not devoured by Time's devouring
hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in
the Strand?
Art of Politics.

So Britain's monarch once uncovered sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed
hat.
Men of Taste.

Without black velvet breeches, what is man?
Ib.

BRAITHWAITE, Richard (1588?–1673)

Should I sigh, because I see
Laws like spider-webs to be?
Lesser flies are quickly ta'en
While the great break out again.
Care's Cure.

If in your censure you prove sweet to me,
I little care, believe 't, how sowre you be.
A Boulster Lecture.* *Dedication (1640).*

BRETON, Nich. (1545?–1626?)

Much adoe there was, God wot;
He would love, and she would not.
England's Helicon. *Phyllida and Corydon.*

I wish my deadly foe no worse
Than want of friends, and empty purse.
A Farewell to Town.

BRIDGES, Robert (b. 1844)

O youth, whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire.
Song. *O youth whose hope is high.*

I knew you by your eyes,
That rest on nothing long,
And have forgot surprise.
Song. *I love my lady's eyes.*

When first we met we did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master.
Triolet. *Shorter Poems, Book I, 16.*

And country life I praise,
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways.
Ib., No. 8. Spring. Ode 1, st. 7.

With ecstacies so sweet
As none can even guess,
Who walk not with the feet
Of joy in idleness. *Ib. St. 10.*

And who loves Nature more
Than he, whose painful art
Has taught and skilled his heart
To read her skill and lore?
Ib. Ode 2, st. 4.

Could any sober man be proud to hold
A lease of common talk, or die consoled
For thinking that on lips of fools to come
He'll live with Pontius Pilate and Tom
Thumb? **La Gloire de Voltaire.**

Luther and Calvin, who, whate'er they taught,
Led folk from superstition to free thought.
Ib.

The fearless man is his own salvation.
The First Seven Divisions. *Dec. 5, 1917.*

Then was the bitterest weeping of the world
unwept:
The woman's heart was unbroken,
And praise in silence slept,
Of deeds too high to be spoken. *Ib.*

Sweet Hope,
Bearer of dreams, enchantress fond and kind,
Prometheus (1883), *l. 75.*

The very names of things beloved are dear,
And sounds will gather beauty from their
sense,
As many a face through love's long residence,
Groweth to fair instead of plain and sere.
The Growth of Love (1876). *St. 4.*

There's many a would-be poet at this hour
Rhymes of a love that he hath never wooed,
And o'er his lamplit desk in solitude
Deems that he sitteth in the Muses' bower.
Ib. St. 11.

O my uncared-for songs, what are ye worth,
That in my secret book, with so much care,
I write you, this one here and this one there,
Marking the time and order of your birth?
Ib. St. 51.

BRIGHT, John (1811–1889)

The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings.
Speeches: *House of Commons (Feb., 1855).*

The right hon. gentleman . . . has retired into what may be called his political cave of Adullam, and he has called about him everyone that was in distress and everyone that was discontented. *Ib. (March, 1866).*

This party of two reminds me of the Scotch terrier, which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head, and which was the tail of it. *Ib.*

Force is not a remedy.
Birmingham (Nov. 16, 1880).

England, the mother of Parliaments.
Rochdale (Jan. 18, 1865).

If all existing Greek and Latin books were destroyed, is there not in our English Classics sufficient material to build a future of which our successors need not be ashamed?
Letter. *To J. Churton Collins, 1886.*

The knowledge of the ancient languages is mainly a luxury. *Ib.*

BRINKELOW, Henry (d. 1546)

And nowadays the law is ended as a man is friended.*
Complaint of Roderyck Mors. *Ch. 11.*

BROME, Richard (d. 1652?)

I am a gentleman, though spoiled i' the breeding. The Buzzards are all gentlemen. We came in with the Conqueror.
The English Moor.
(Printed 1659.) Act 2, 4.

BROOKE, Lord (*see* Greville)

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* *A Curtaine Lecture* is the title of a book printed 1637.

* It is commonly and truly also said: "Matters be ended as they be friended."—*T. Starkey: England in the Reign of Henry VIII*, Book 1, ch. 3, 33.

BROOKE, Rupert (1887–1915)

They doubt, and sigh,
And do not love at all. Of these am I.
Sonnet. *I said I splendidly loved you.*

How can we find? how can we rest? how can
We, being gods, win joy; or peace, being man.
Sonnet.

Now, God be thanked who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping.
Peace.

And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.
Ib.

Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe, though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.
Safety.

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those that would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
The Dead.

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.
Ib.

If I should die think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.[*]
The Soldier.

Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.
Heaven.

But there's wisdom in women, of more than they have known,
And thoughts go blowing through them, are wiser than their own
There's wisdom in Women.

For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand.
The Old Vicarage, Grantchester.
(*May*, 1912).

For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile.
Ib.

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[*] *See under* Dryden: "I beg no pity for this mouldering clay"

BROOKS, Mary E. (19th Century)

But never be a tear-drop shed
For them, the pure, enfranchised dead.
Weep not for the Dead.

BROOME, Rev. Wm., LL.D. (1689–1745)

He most prevails who nobly dares.
Courage in Love.

What loss feels he that wots not what he loses? **The Merry Beggars.** *Act 1, 2.*

None are completely wretched but the great.
Superior woes superior stations bring;
A peasant sleeps, while cares awake a king.
Epistle to Mr. Fenton.

That pompous misery of being great.
On the Seat of the War in Flanders.

BROUGH, Robert Barnabas (1828–1860)

Of all the lunacies earth can boast,
The one that must please the devils the most
Is pride reduced to the whimsical terms
Of causing the slugs to despise the worms.
The Tent-Maker's Story.

BROUGHAM, Henry Peter, Lord Brougham (1778–1868)

The Schoolmaster is abroad! And I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.
Speech. *House of Commons.* (*Jan. 29, 1828.*)

He was guilty of no error . . . who once said that . . . the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the System, and its varied workings, end simply in bringing twelve good men into a box.
Present State of the Law. (*Feb. 7, 1828.*)

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.
Title, *given by Lord Brougham to a book published* 1830 *by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*

The great unwashed.[*]
Attributed to Lord Brougham.

The lawyer is a gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies—and keeps it to himself. *Id.*

BROWN, Rev. John (1715–1766)

Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win,
And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a grin. **Essay on Satire.** *Pt. 2, v. 224.*

BROWN, John, M.D. (1810–1882)

A true Philip, a lover of horses. [Phil-hippos.]
Horæ Subsecivæ (1858–1882).
Presence of Mind.

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[*] "Man has set man against man, Washed against Unwashed."—*T. Carlyle: French Revolution,* Pt. 2, Bk. 2, ch. 4.

Analysis kills love, as well as other things.
Ib. Oh, I'm Wat, Wat.

BROWN, Thomas (1663–1704)

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.*

BROWN, Thomas Edward (1830–1897)

My garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose pool,
Fringed pool,
Fern grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not.
Not God in gardens! When the sun is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign!
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.
My Garden.

It isn't every fool that's fit
To make a real good lie, that 'll sit
On her keel, and answer the helm.
The Doctor.

Money is honey, my little sonny,
And a rich man's joke is always funny. *Ib.*

BROWNE, Charles Farrer ("Artemus Ward") (1836–1868)

You could not well expect to go in without paying, but you may pay without going in.
Notice. *At the Door of the Tent.*

I now bid you a welcome adoo.
Artemus Ward His Book.
The Shakers.

Mister Ward, don't yur blud bile at the thawt that three million and a half of your culled brethren air a clanking their chains in the South?—Sez I, Not a bile! Let em clank. *Oberlin.*

The College has konfired upon me the honery title of T.K., of which I'm suffishuntly proud. *Ib.*

I wish there was winders to my Sole, sed I, so that you could see some of my feelins.
The Showman's Courtship.

If you mean gettin' hitched, I'm in! *Ib.*

My pollertics, like my religion, being of an exceedin' accommodatin' character.
The Crisis.

The fack can't be no longer disgised that a Krysis is onto us. *Ib.*

The Afrikan may be Our Brother . . . But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevral of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather and our grate-grandfather, & our aunt in the country. *Ib.*

Sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, "My frends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet.
Interview with President Lincoln.

By a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist.
Thrilling Scenes in Dixie.

The ground flew up and hit me in the hed.
Artemus Ward His Book.
Thrilling Scenes in Dixie.

I am not a politician, and my other habits air good. *Fourth of July Oration.*

Be virtoous & you'll be happy! *Ib.*

With considerbul licker koncealed about my persun. *Betsy-Jain Re-orgunised.*

Alas, she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am. *Artemus Ward's Lecture.*

Why these weeps? *Ib.*

One of the principal features of my Entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it. *Ib.*

I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am. *Ib.*

I prefer temperance hotels—although they sell worse liquor than any other kind of hotels. *Ib.*

Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? *Ib.*

N.B.—This is rote Sarcastikul.
A Visit to Brigham Young.

I girded up my Lions & fled the Seen. *Ib.*

Did you ever have the measels, and if so, how many? *The Census.*

They sed the Press was the Arkymedian Leaver which moved the world. *The Press.*

Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?—No, sez he. —Wall, sez I, I'd appint your funeral tomorrow arternoon & the *korps should be ready!* You're too smart to live on this yearth. *Edwin Forrest as Othello.*

Before he retired to his virtoous couch.
Ib.

The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste.
Woman's Rights.

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* An adaptation of Martial's "Non amo te, Sabide" (*q.v.*). Dr. Fell was Dean of Christchurch, and is said to have withheld a sentence of expulsion on Tom Brown, from Oxford, on account of his "impromptu translation," or adaptation, of Martial's epigram. A similar version had been written by Robert Rabutin, Count de Bussy (1618–1693):—

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;
Je n'en saurois dire la cause;
Je sais seulement une chose,
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.
—Epigram 33, Book 1.

For another earlier version (English) *see* Rowland Watkyns (1662).

It is rarely seldum that I seek consolation in the Flowin Bole. *On "Forts."*

She was born to make hash of men's buzzums. *Piccolomini.*

I made an effort to Swaller myself. *Ib.*

Do me eyes deceive me earsight? Is it some dreams? *Moses, the Sassy.*

He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life. *Ib.*

Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness? *Ib.*

They drink with impunity, or anybody who invites them. *Ib.* (*Programme*).

Let us all be happy and live within our means, even if we have to borrer the money to do it with.
Natural History. (*Punch, 1866.*)

One can get on very well without going to Waterbury. Indeed, there are millions of meritorious persons who were never there, and yet they are happy. **Pyrotechny.** *1.*

I am happiest when I am idle. I could live for months without performing any kind of labour, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months. *Ib., 3.*

Why care for grammar as long as we are good? *Ib., 5.*

BROWNE, Isaac Hawkins (1705–1760)

By thee[*] protected, and thy sister beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
The Oxford Sausage. *Imitation of Pope.*

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour.
Imitation of Ambrose Phillips.

Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the God of Wine. *Ib.*

BROWNE, Sir Thomas (1605–1682)

I dare without usurpation assume the honourable style of a Christian.
Religio Medici.
(*Published* 1642; *written* 1635 ?).
Part 1, sec. 1.

At my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand. *Sec. 3.*

A good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute. *Sec. 5.*

Many . . . have too rashly charged the troops of Error, and remains as trophies with the enemies of Truth. *Sec. 6.*

Every man's own reason is his best Œdipus. *Ib.*

Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an active faith. *Sec. 9.*

Who can speak of Eternity without a solecism? *Sec. 11.*

Rich with the spoils of Nature. *Sec. 13.*

Art is the perfection of Nature. *Sec. 16.*

Nature is the Art of God. *Ib.*

There are a set of heads that can credit the relations of Mariners. *Sec. 21.*

Obstinacy in a bad cause is but constancy in a good. *Sec. 25.*

There are many (questionless) canonised on earth, that shall never be Saints in Heaven. *Sec. 26.*

I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are Witches: they that are in doubt of these . . . are obliquely and upon consequence a sort, not of Infidels, but Atheists. *Sec. 30.*

Not pickt from the leaves of any Author, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of mine own brain. *Sec. 36.*

Thus we are men, and we know not how: there is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us; though it is strange that it hath no history what it was before us. *Sec. 36.*

He that unburied lies wants not his hearse,
For unto him a tomb's the Universe.[*]
Sec. 41.

To believe only possibilities is not Faith, but mere Philosophy. *Sec. 48.*

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no antipathy or, rather, Idiosyncrasy. *Part 2, sec. 1.*

That great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion, the Multitude, that numerous piece of monstrosity . . . more prodigious than Hydra. *Ib.*

In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose. *Sec. 3.*

No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. *Sec. 4.*

There are wonders in true affection: it is a body of enigmas, mysteries, and riddles; wherein two so become one, as they both become two. *Sec. 6.*

Sure there is music even in beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion: and thus far we may maintain the music of the Spheres; for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound to the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.[†] *Sec. 9.*

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[*] Tobacco.

[*] Tr. of Lucan's "Coelo tegitur," &c., *q.v.*

[Music] strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. There is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers. *Sec. 9.*

There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun. *Sec. 11.*

[Sleep is] in fine so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers. *Sec. 12.*

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture.
Hydriotaphia : or *Urn Burial. Ch. 5* (*ad init.*).

But the inequity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. *Ib.*

Sleep is a death : O make me try
By sleeping, what it is to die ;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed. *Ib.*

Thy will be done, though in my own undoing. *Sec. 15.*

If riches increase, let thy mind hold pace with them ; and think it not enough to be Liberal but Munificent. **Christian Morals.**
(*Published posthumously.*) *Part 1, Sec. 5.*

Let not Fortune, which hath no name in Scripture, have any in thy divinity. *Sec. 25.*

He who discommendeth others obliquely commendeth himself. *Sec. 34.*

Bright Thoughts, clear Deeds, Constancy, Fidelity, Bounty, and generous Honesty are the Gems of noble Minds : wherein (to derogate from none) the true Heroick English Gentleman hath no Peer. *Sec. 36.*

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave. *Ib., Ch. 5.*

BROWNE, Wm. (1590–1643 ?)

There are few such swains as he
Nowadays for harmonie.
The Shepherd's Pipe.

BROWNE, Sir Wm. (1692–1774)

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force ;

With equal care, to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.
Epigram. *In reply to Dr. Trapp* (*q.v.*).

BROWNING, Elizabeth M. (née Barrett) (1809–1861)

A quiet life, which was not life at all.
Aurora Leigh (1856). *Book 1.*

And hated, with the gall of gentle souls. *Ib.*

Some people always sigh in thanking God. *Ib.*

Look round, look up, and feel, a moment's space,
That carpet dusting, though a pretty trade,
Is not the imperative labour after all. *Ib.*

Young men, ay and maids,
Too often sow their wild oats in tame verse. *Ib.*

Near all the birds
Will sing at dawn—and yet we do not take
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark. *Ib.*

My heart beat in my brain. *Ib.*

I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God. *Book 2.*

" Poets needs must be
Or men or women—more's the pity "—" Ah,
But men, and still less women, happily,
Scarce need be poets." *Ib.*

A woman's always younger than a man
At equal years. *Ib.*

A child may say amen
To a bishop's prayer, and feel the way it goes. *Ib.*

I do not blame such women, though, for love,
They pick much oakum ; earth's fanatics make
Too frequently heaven's saints. *Ib.*

Perhaps a better woman after all,
With chubby children hanging on my neck
To keep me low and wise. *Ib.*

And fevered him with dreams of doing good
For good-for-nothing people. *Ib.*

You must not pump spring-water unawares
Upon a gracious public full of nerves. *Book 3.*

I worked with patience which means almost power :
I did some excellent things indifferently,
Some bad things excellently. Both were praised,
The latter loudest. *Ib.*

We have hearts within,
Warm, live, improvident, indecent hearts. *Ib.*

I said, " You must have been most miserable
To be so cruel." *Ib.*

I think it frets the saints in heaven to see
How many desolate creatures on the earth
Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship
And social comfort, in a hospital. *Ib.*

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[*] *See* Shakespeare : " There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest," &c. Also cf. *Chaucer : Parlement of Foules*, l. 61 :—

That cometh of thilke speres thryes three,
That welle is of musyke and melodye.

But *Cicero : Somnium Scipionis*, states that the harmony of the spheres is confined to eight out of the nine spheres or planets, and that two of these sound alike, so that only seven tones are made by their revolution.

For poets (bear the word)
Half-poets even, are still whole democrats.
Book 4.

Good critics, who have stamped out poet's hope,
Good statesmen, who pulled ruin on the state,
Good patriots, who for a theory risked a cause,

. . . . . .

Now may the good God pardon all good men!
Ib.

All actual heroes are essential men,
And all men possible heroes. *Book 5.*

Every age
Appears to souls who live in it (ask Carlyle)
Most unheroic. *Ib.*

Every age
Through being beheld too close, is ill discerned.
Ib.

I do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times. *Ib.*

Whoso loves
Believes the impossible. *Ib.*

If this be then success, 'tis dismaller
Than any failure. *Ib.*

And poets evermore are scant of gold. *Ib.*

Fair, fantastic Paris. *Book 6.*

Since when was genius found respectable?
Ib.

The devil's most devilish when respectable.
Book 7.

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees, takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries,
And daub their natural faces unaware
More and more from the first similitude. *Ib.*

Sweet the help
Of one we have helped. *Ib.*

When the prophet beats the ass,
The angel intercedes. *Book 8.*

He's just, your cousin, ay, abhorrently;
He'd wash his hands in blood, to keep them clean. *Book 9.*

The thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice.
Ib.

O eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time.
Ib. (*Shakespeare*).

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, sir, I say:
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.
The Lady's Yes.

"God bless all our gains," say we;
But "May God bless all our losses,"
Better suits with our degree.
The Lost Bower.

"There is no God," the foolish saith,
But none, "There is no sorrow";
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow.
Cry of the Human.

On that grave drop not a tear!
Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear
I shall feel it on my face.
Bertha in the Lane.

I could sit at rich men's tables—though the courtesies that raised me,
Still suggested clear between us the pale spectrum of the salt.
Lady Geraldine's Courtship.

Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear. *Ib.*

My life is read all backward, and the charm of life undone. *Ib.*

And the large musing eyes, neither joyous nor sorry,
Sing on like the angels, in separate glory,
Between clouds of amber.
Lay of the Brown Rosary.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this,—
"He giveth His belovèd, sleep?"
The Sleep.

A little faith all undisproved. *Ib*

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd, sleep. *Ib.*

Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth His belovèd, sleep." *Ib.*

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
The Cry of the Children (Aug., 1843).

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free. *Ib.*

I am sad-voiced as the turtle
Which Anacreon used to feed.
Wine of Cyprus.

And the rolling anapæstic
Curled like a vapour over shrines. *Ib.*

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected in death.
Vision of Poets.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart,
We press too close, in church and mart,
To keep a dream or grave apart.
Ib. (*Conclusion*).

God himself is the best Poet,
And the Real is His song.
The Dead Pan.

God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.
Sonnets from the Portuguese. *26.*

Two human loves make one divine.
Isobel's Child (1851).

BROWNING, Robert (1812–1889)

The past is in its grave,
Though its ghost haunts us. **Pauline** (1833).

And many a thought did I build up on thought.
As the wild bee hangs cell to cell. *Ib.*

Truth is within ourselves: it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness.
Paracelsus (1835). *Part 1.*

Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge?
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge. *Part 2.*

God is the perfect poet,
Who in His person acts His own creation.
Ib.

'Tis only when they spring to Heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you. *Part 5*

Progress is
The law of life; man is not man as yet. *Ib.*

The great beacon-light God sets in all,
The conscience of each bosom.
Strafford (1837). *Act iv., 2.*

Who will may hear
Sordello's story told. **Sordello** (1840), *Book 1.*

Would you have your songs endure?
Build on the human heart! *Book 2.*

Youth once gone is gone:
Deeds, let escape, are never to be done.
Book 3.

Only, do finish something! *Ib.*

Thought is the soul of act. *Book 5.*

Any nose
May ravage with impunity a rose. *Book 6.*

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!
Pippa Passes (1841). *Part 1.*

All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first. *Part 4.*

Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
And only parents' love can last our lives.
Ib.

For what are the voices of birds,
Ay, and of beasts—but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet? *Ib.*

Ever with the best desert goes diffidence.
A Blot in the 'Scutcheon (1843). *Act i. 2.*

Luitolfo was the proper
Friend-making, everywhere friend-finding soul,
Fit for the sunshine, so, it followed him.
A happy-tempered bringer of the best
Out of the worst.
A Soul's Tragedy (1846). *Act i.*

See how your words come from you in a crowd! *Ib.*

Love like mine must have return. *Ib.*

Now I'll say something to remember. *Ib.*

Born slaves, bred slaves,
Branded in the blood and bone slaves. *Ib.*

I judge people by what they might be—not are, nor will be. *Act ii.*

There is truth in falsehood, falsehood in truth.
Ib.

Man seeks his own good at the whole world's cost. **Luria** (1846). *Act i.*

Brute-force shall not rule Florence! Intellect
May rule her, bad or good as chance supplies,—
But intellect it shall be! *Ib.*

Our wearisome pedantic art of war,
By which we prove retreat may be success,
Delay best speed, half loss, at times, whole gain. *Ib.*

But a bird's weight can break the infant tree
Which after holds an aery in its arms.
Act iv.

Oppression makes the wise man mad. *Ib.*

That such a cloud should break, such trouble be,
Ere a man settle, soul and body, down
Into his true place and take rest for ever!
Act v.

No animal revenge
No brute-like punishment of bad by worse.
Ib.

A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one;
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all. *Ib.*

A certain squalid knot of alleys
Where the town's bad blood once slept corruptly.
Christmas Eve (1850). *Canto 1.*

The many-tattered,
Little old-faced peaking sister-turned-mother.
Canto 2.

You are the men, and wisdom shall die with you,
And none of the old Seven Churches vie with you. *Ib.*

The pig-of-lead-like pressure
Of the preaching man's immense stupidity.
Canto 3.

In the natural fog of the good man's mind.
Canto iv.

A tune was born in my head last week
Out of the thump-thump and shriek-shriek
Of the train, as I came by it, up from Manchester;
And when next week, I take it back again
My head will sing to the engine's clack again. *Ib.*

'Tis the taught already that profits by teaching. *Ib.*

He was there.
He himself with his human hair. *Canto 8.*

Our best is bad, nor bears Thy test;
Still, it should be our very best. *Ib.*

And because my heart I proffered,
With true love trembling at the brim,
He suffers me to follow him. *Canto 9.*

Earth breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven with its new day. *Canto 10.*

Though Rome's gross yoke
Drops off, no more to be endured,
Her teaching is not so obscured
By errors and perversities
That no truth shines athwart the lies. *Canto 11.*

Till, from its summit,
Judgment drops her damning plummet,
Pronouncing such a fatal space
Departed from the founder's base. *Ib.*

Love shut our eyes, and all seemed right.
True, the world's eyes are open now:
—Less need for me to disallow
Some few that keep Love's zone unbuckled,
Peevish as ever to be suckled,
Lulled by the same old baby-prattle,
With intermixture of the rattle. *Ib.*

The hawk-nosed, high-cheek-boned Professor. *Canto 14.*

The sallow, virgin-minded, studious
Martyr to mild enthusiasm. *Ib.*

Some thrilling view of the surplice question. *Ib.*

The exhausted air-bell of the Critic. *Canto 16.*

As I declare our Poet, him
Whose insight makes all others dim:
A thousand poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife
Rose to be Shakespeare. *Ib.*

That gift of his, from God descended.
Ah! friend, what gift of man's does not? *Ib.*

This man, continue to adore him,
Rather than all who went before him,
And all who ever followed after. *Canto 18.*

So sat I talking with my mind. *Ib.*

A mild indifferentism. *Canto 19.*

Where I may see saint, savage, sage,
Fuse their respective creeds in one,
Before the general Father's throne. *Ib.*

The raree-show of Peter's successor. *Canto 22.*

First, the preacher speaks through his nose:
Second, his gesture is too emphatic:
Thirdly, to waive what's pedagogic,
The subject matter itself lacks logic:
Fourthly, the English is ungrammatic. *Ib.*

And now that I know the very worst of him,
What was it I thought to obtain at first of him? *Ib.*

For the preacher's merit or demerit,
It were to be wished that the flaws were fewer
In the earthen vessel, holding treasure,
But the main thing is, does it hold good measure?
Heaven soon sets right all other matters! *Ib.*

I praise the heart, and pity the head of him,
And refer myself to Thee, instead of him. *Ib.*

'Tis well averred,
A scientific faith's absurd.
Easter Day (1850). *Canto 6.*

We shall start up, at last awake
From Life, that insane dream we take
For waking now, because it seems. *Canto 14.*

Let me not know that all is lost,
Though lost it be—leave me not tied
To this despair, this corpse-like bride. *Canto 31.*

It was roses, roses all the way.
The Patriot (1855).

When is man strong, until he feels alone?
Colombe's Birthday (1844). *Act iii.*

When a man's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure;
'Faith, and at leisure once is he?
Straightway he wants to be busy.
The Glove (1845).

Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long opened oyster.
The Pied Piper (1842). *Canto 4.*

A plate of turtle green and glutinous. *Ib.*

Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat! *Ib.*

In did come the strangest figure. *Canto 5.*

Such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air. *Canto 12.*

If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise. *Canto 15.*

More fault of those who had the hammering
Of prosody into me, and syntax,
And did it, not with hobnails but tintacks!
The Flight of the Duchess (1845). *Canto 15.*

You're my friend—
What a thing friendship is, world without end! *Canto 17.*

This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.
A Grammarian's Funeral (1855). *l. 27.*

He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever." *l. 83.*

God help all poor souls lost in the dark.
The Heretic's Tragedy (1855). *St. 10.*

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
The wren is he, with his maiden face.
A Light Woman (1855).

A man can have but one life, and one death,
One heaven, one hell. **In a Balcony.**

Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true! *Ib.*

All women love great men
If young or old; it is in all the tales. *Ib.*

Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve. *Ib.*

Stark-naked thought is in request enough.
Transcendentalism (1855).

His very serviceable suit of black
Was courtly once, and conscientious still.
How it Strikes a Contemporary (1855).

He took such cognisance of men and things. *Ib.*

We had among us, not so much a spy,
As a recording chief-inquisitor,
The town's true master, if the town but knew!
We merely kept a governor for form. *Ib.*

Ten, struck the church clock, straight to bed went he. *Ib.*

Ah thought which saddens while it soothes!
Pictor Ignotus (1845).

He's Judas to a title that man is,
Just such a face! **Fra Lippo Lippi** (1855).

Flower o' the rose,
If I've been merry, what matter who knows? *Ib.*

Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure waste! *Ib.*

He learns the look of things, and none the less
For admonition from the hunger-pinch. *Ib.*

If you get simple beauty, and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents. *Ib.*

You should not take a fellow eight years old
And make him swear to never kiss the girls. *Ib.*

This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink. *Ib.*

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
Andrea del Sarto (1855).

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's heaven for? *Ib.*

Good, strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke.
The Bishop orders his Tomb (1845).

Truth that peeps
Over the glass's edge when dinner's done,
And body gets its sop, and holds its noise,
And leaves the soul free a little.
Bishop Blougram's Apology (1855).

You, for example, clever to a fault,
The rough and ready man, who write apace,
Read somewhat seldomer, think perhaps even less. *Ib.*

Be a Napoleon, and yet disbelieve!
Why the man's mad, friend, take his light away. *Ib.*

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life;
Try to be Shakespeare, leave the rest to fate! *Ib.*

Geology, ethnology, what not?—
(Greek endings, each the little passing bell
That signifies some faith's about to die.) *Ib.*

And set you square with Genesis again. *Ib.*

Worldly in this world,
I take and like its way of life. *Ib.*

Men are not angels, neither are they brutes:
Something we may see, all we cannot see. *Ib.*

He said true things, but called them by wrong names. *Ib.*

Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving.
One Word More (1855).

Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture. *Ib.*

Other heights in other lives, God willing:
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, love! *Ib.*

Curving on a sky imbrued with colour,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight;
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato.
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded. *Ib.*

Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even! *Ib.*

God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides,—one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her! *Ib.*

The god in babe's disguise.
James Lee's Wife (1864). *6. Reading a Book.*

And my faith is torn to a thousand scraps,
And my heart feels ice while my words breathe flame. **The Worst of it** (1864).

I knew you once: but in Paradise,
If we meet, I will pass nor turn my face. *Ib.*

Reads verse, and thinks she understands.
Dis aliter visum (1864).

What's the earth
With all its art, verse, music, worth—
Compared with love, found, gained, and kept?
Ib.

Sure of the Fortieth spare Arm-chair
When gout and glory seat me there. *Ib.*

With loves and doves, at all events
With money in the Three per Cents. *Ib.*

How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!
Confessions (1864).

If such as came for wool, sir, went home shorn,
Where is the wrong I did them?
Mr. Sludge, "The Medium" (1864).

There's a real love of a lie,
Liars find ready made for lies they make.
Ib.

Solomon of saloons,
And philosophic diner-out. *Ib.*

This trade of mine—I don't know, can't be sure
But there was something in it, tricks and all!
Really, I want to light up my own mind.
Ib.

History
With the supernatural element,—you know.
Ib.

Because, however sad the truth may seem,
Sludge is of all-importance to himself. *Ib.*

Was it likelier, now,
That this our one out of all worlds beside,
The what-d'you-call-'em millions, should be just
Precisely chosen to make Adam for,
And the rest o' the tale? Yet the tale's true, you know. *Ib.*

I'm eyes, ears, mouth of me, one gaze and gape,
Nothing eludes me, everything's a hint,
Handle, and help. *Ib.*

We find great things are made of little things,
And little things go lessening, till at last
Comes God behind them. *Ib.*

This plain, plump fact. *Ib.*

Your poet who sings how Greeks
That never were, in Troy which never was,
Did this or the other impossible great thing.
Ib.

Boston's a hole, the herring-pond is wide,
V-notes are something, liberty still more.
Beside, is he the only fool in the world? *Ib.*

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
Apparent Failure.

Letting the rank tongue blossom into speech.
Caliban upon Setebos.

'Thinketh, He dwelleth i' the cold o' the moon.
'Thinketh He made it, with the sun to match,
But not the stars; the stars came otherwise.
Ib.

Green-dense and dim-delicious, bred o' the sun. *Ib.*

Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first.
Ib.

A bitter heart that bides its time and bites.
Ib.

Stung by the splendour of a sudden thought.
A Death in the Desert. *l. 59.*

Such ever was love's way; to rise, it stoops.
l. 134.

I seemed left alive
Like a sea-jelly weak on Patmos strand.
To tell dry sea-beach gazers how I fared
When there was mid-sea, and the mighty things. *l. 153.*

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—
Is just a chance o' the prize of learning love.
l. 245.

Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things. **Abt Vogler.** *St. 2.*

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before. *St. 9.*

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round. *Ib.*

But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know. *St. 11.*

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
And bade me creep past. **Prospice.**

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest. *Ib.*

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me.
Rabbi Ben Ezra. *7.*

All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall:
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure. *Ib. 27.*

He fixed thee, 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance. *Ib. 28.*

Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same! *Ib. 32.*

Why where's the need of Temple, when the walls
O' the world are that?
Epilogue. *Dramatis Personæ.*

Youth means love;
Vows can't change nature; priests are only men.
The Ring and the Book (1868–9). *1, 1056.*

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire!
1, 1391.

The story always old, and always new.
2, 214.

But facts are facts and flinch not. *2, 1049.*

Go practise if you please
With men and women: leave a child alone
For Christ's particular love's sake! *3, 88.*

The proper process of unsinning sin
Is to begin well doing. *4, 285.*

Oh, make us happy and you make us good.
4, 302.

Mothers, wives, and maids,
These be the tools wherewith priests manage men. *4, 503.*

Everyone, soon or late, comes round by Rome.
5, 296.

Saints, to do us good,
Must be in heaven. *6, 176.*

'Twas a thief said the last kind word to Christ:
Christ took the kindness and forgave the theft.
6, 869.

Such man, being but mere man ('twas all she knew),
Must be made sure by beauty's silken bond,
The weakness that subdues the strong, and bows
Wisdom alike and folly. *9, 440.*

Faultless to a fault. *9, 1177.*

What does the world, told truth, but lie the more? *10, 673.*

Life is probation, and the earth no goal
But starting-point of man. *10, 1436.*

There's a new tribunal now,
Higher than God's—the educated man's!
10, 1976.

Inscribe all human effort with one word,
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!
11, 1560.

You never know what life means till you die:
Even throughout life, 'tis death that makes life live,
Give it whatever the significance. *11, 2375.*

Planets of the pale populace of heaven.
Balaustion's Adventure (1871).

Who hears music, feels his solitude
Peopled at once. *Ib.*

Why waste a word, or let a tear escape.
While other sorrows wait you in the world?
Ib.

Genius has somewhat of the infantine:
But of the childish not a touch or taint.
Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau (1871).

God will estimate
Success one day. *Ib.*

The great mind knows the power of gentleness,
Only tries force because persuasion fails. *Ib.*

There's a further good conceivable
Beyond the utmost earth can realise. *Ib.*

Truth never hurts the teller.
Fifine at the Fair (1872). *32.*

The learned eye is still the loving one.
Red Cotton Nightcap Country (1873). *Bk. 1.*

For this did Paganini comb the fierce
Electric sparks, or to tenuity
Pull forth the inmost wailing of the wire—
No cat-gut could swoon out so much of soul.
Ib.

Infantine Art divinely artless. *Book 2.*

Why with old truth needs new truth disagree?
Ib.

Then his face grew one luminosity. *Book 4.*

Ignorance is not innocence, but sin.
The Inn Album (1875). *Canto 5.*

Womanliness means only motherhood;
All love begins and ends there. *Canto 7.*

Now your rater and debater
Is baulked by a mere spectator
Who simply stares and listens.
Of Pacchiarotto (1876). *7.*

Man's work is to labour and leaven—
As best he may—earth here with heaven;
'Tis work for work's sake that he's needing.
Ib. 21.

Then was called a council straight,
Brief and bitter the debate.
Hervé Riel (March, 1871). *St. 4.*

Praise is deeper than the lips. *St. 9.*

Work I may dispense
With talk about, since work in evidence,
Perhaps in history; who knows or cares?
A Forgiveness (1876).

The thing I pity most
In men is—action prompted by surprise
Of anger. *Ib.*

Who knows most, doubts not; entertaining hope
Means recognizing fear.
Two Poets of Croisic (1878). *l. 158.*

Needs there groan a world in anguish just to teach us sympathy? **La Saisiaz** (1878).

This world has been harsh and strange;
Something is wrong: there needeth a change.
Holy-Cross Day (1855).

Not a thought to be seen
On his steady brow and quiet mouth.
The Statue and the Bust.

The glory dropped from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream. *Ib.*

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin. *Ib.*

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat. . .
The Lost Leader (1845).

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die.
Ib.

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence. *Ib.*

What so wild as words are?
A Woman's Last Word (1855).

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
"De Gustibus—" (1855).

Chance cannot change my love, nor time impair. **Any Wife to any Husband.** *9.*

And yet thou art the nobler of us two:
What dare I dream of, that thou canst not do? *Ib. 148.*

Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they.
One Way of Love (1855). *3.*

What porridge had John Keats?
Popularity (1855).

Argument's hot to the close.
Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha (1855).

One says his say with a difference;
More of expounding, explaining;
All now is wrangle, abuse and vociferance.
Ib. 15.

Do I carry the moon in my pocket? *Ib. 29.*

Love is so different with us men.
In a Year (1855).

I find earth not grey but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
At the "Mermaid."

Oh, to be in England now that April's there!
Home Thoughts from Abroad (1845).

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture! *Ib.*

Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.
Home Thoughts from the Sea (1845).

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!
Memorabilia. *1.*

O world as God has made it! All is beauty.
The Guardian Angel.

God is seen God
~~In the~~ star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod. **Saul.** *St. 17.*

'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do. *St. 18.*

Oh woman country, wooed not wed,
Loved all the more by earth's male-lands,
Laid to their hearts instead.
By the Fireside. *St. 6.* (*Of Italy.*)

The place is silent and aware;
It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
But that is its own affair. *Ib., st. 20.*

We two stood there with never a third.
Ib., st. 38.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
Ib., st. 39.

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails.
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister (1842). *7.*

Joy which is crystallised for ever,
Or grief, an eternal petrifaction.
Old Pictures in Florence (1855). *18.*

'Tis old to you
As the story of Adam and Eve, and possibly quite as true.
Ivàn Ivànovitch (1879). *l. 16.*

A mother who boasts two boys was ever accounted rich. *l. 154.*

What youth deemed crystal, age finds out was dew.
Jocoseria (1883). *Jochanan Hakkadosh.*

On earth I confess an itch for the praise of fools—that's Vanity. *Solomon and Balkis.*

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!
Never the time and the place.

Providence cares for every hungry mouth.
Ferishtah's Fancies (1884). *The Eagle.*

What does Man see or feel or apprehend
Here, there, and everywhere, but faults to mend,
Omissions to supply,—one wide disease
Of things that are, which Man at once would ease,
Had will but power and knowledge?
Parleyings with Certain People (1887).
5. Francis Furini. St. 9.

There is no truer truth obtainable
By man, than comes of music.
7. Charles Avison. St. 6.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.
Asolando (1889). *Epilogue.*

BRUCE, Michael (1746–1767)

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.
To the Cuckoo.*

And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.†
Elegy on Spring.

BRYANT, Wm. Cullen (1794–1878)

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
The Battlefield. *St. 9.*

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.
St. 11.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. **Thanatopsis.** *l. 1.*

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings. *l. 14.*

Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste.
l. 43.

All that tread
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. *l. 48.*

When thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan. *l. 73.*

Approach thy grave
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
l. 80.

The groves were God's first temples.
Forest Hymn.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
The Death of the Flowers.

The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more. *Ib.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.

The faintest streak that on a petal lies
May speak instruction to initiate eyes.
The Mystery of Flowers.

God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery.
Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night:
And grief may hide an evening guest.
But joy shall come with early light.
Blessed are they that Mourn.

Too bright, too beautiful to last.
The Rivulet.

Maidens' hearts are always soft:
Would that men's were truer! **Song.**

BRYDGES, Sir Samuel Egerton (1762–1837)

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.
Death of Sir W. Scott.

BUCHANAN, Robert W. (1841–1901)

Piping a vagrant ditty free from Care.
Pastoral Pictures. *1.*

So bent on self-sanctifying,—
That she never thought of trying
To save her poor husband as well.
Fra Giacomo.

Full of a sweet indifference. **Charmian.**

The palfrey pace and the glittering grace,
Of Spenser's magical song. **Cloudland.**

When human power and failure
Are equalised for ever,
And the great Light that haloes all is the passionate bright endeavour.
To David in Heaven. *St. 22.*

And the soft gold-down on her silken chin
Is like the under side of a ripe peach.
Polypheme's Passion.

Whose face is this, so musically fair?
The Syren.

In fact, 'tis the season of billing and cooing,
Amorous flying and fond pursuing.
Fine Weather on the Digentia. *1, st. 1*

I care not a fig for the cares of business;
Politics fill me with doubt and dizziness.
St. 4.

I hate the vulgar popular cattle. *Ib.*

Altogether they puzzle me quite,
They all seem wrong and they all seem right.
St. 6.

And what at first had been an idle joy,
Became a sober, serious work for fame.
Hugh Sutherland's Pansies.

The mud of English patronage
Grows round his feet, and keeps him down.
London Poems. *Edward Crowhurst, 1.*

Set him before a hedgerow in a lane,
And he was happy all alone for hours.
Ib. 2.

I say the world is lovely,
And that loveliness is enough.
Artist and Model.

He hated the bad world that loved not him.
Barbara Gray, 7.

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* This song is also attributed to John Logan (1748–1788)

† *See* Rhodes: "And morning dreams," etc

You know him slightly. We, who knew him well,
Saw something in his soul you could not see.
De Berney.

The buying and the selling, and the strife
Of little natures. *Ib.*

The sweet post-prandial cigar. *Ib.*

Nought was said of the years of pain,
The starving stomach, the maddened brain,
The years of sorrow and want and toil,
And the murdering rent for the bit of soil.
O'Murtogh.

The finest sight beneath the sky
Is to see how bravely a MAN can die. *Ib.*

But, dash my buttons, though you put it strong,
It's my opinion you're more right than wrong.
The Last of the Hangmen.

Knowing how Nature threatens ere she springs. **North Coast and Other Poems.**
Meg Blane, 1.

No sound of tiny footfalls filled the house
With happy cheer. *The Scaith o' Bartle.*

So down the flowery path of love we went.
Sigurd of Saxony.

Ah! the lamps numberless,
The mystical jewels of God,
The luminous, wonderful,
Beautiful lights of the Veil!
Book of Orm.
I. First Song of the Veil, 4.

Believing hath a core of unbelieving.
V. Songs of Seeking, 12.

A race that binds
Its body in chains, and calls them Liberty;
And calls each fresh link Progress.
Political Mystics. *Titan and Avatar, 2.*

Shall I gorge your souls
With horror? Shall I croak into your ears
What I have suffered there, what I have seen? **Songs of the Terrible Year.**
Dialogue in the Snow.

Scrofulous novels of the age.
Saint Abe and his Seven Wives. Dedication.

His brains were only candle-grease, and wasted down like tallow.
City of the Saints. Part 1.

Their hearts and sentiments were free, their appetites were hearty. *Part 6.*

She just wore
Enough for modesty—no more.
White Rose and Red. Part 1, 5.

Conscience wakened in a fever,
Just a day too late, as ever. *Part 2, 5.*

One likes to die where his father before him
Died, with the same sky shinin' o'er him.
Part 3, 2.

In her very style of looking
There was cognisance of cooking!
From her very dress were peeping
Indications of housekeeping! *Part 3, 3.*

We wake in a dream, and we ache in a dream,
And we break in a dream, and die!
Balder the Beautiful. *Proem.*

Live on! No touch of time shall cause
One wrinkle on thy smooth, unruffled brow!
Part 3, 2.

Even so he turned
The saddest things to beauty. With his face
Came calm and consecration. *Ib.*

All that is beautiful shall abide.
All that is base shall die! *Part 7, 5.*

But don't you go and make mistakes, like many derned fools I've known,
For dirt is dirt, and snakes is snakes, but an Injin's flesh and bone!
Phil Blood's Leap.

But his eddication to his ruination had not been over nice,
And his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice. *Ib.*

BUCKINGHAM, Duke of (*see* Villiers)

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, Duke of (*see* Sheffield)

BUCKSTONE, John Baldwin (1802–1879)

Time was made for slaves.[*]
Billy Taylor.

BUNN, Alfred (1796?–1860)

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.
Bohemian Girl. *Opera.*

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell. *Ib.*

The light of other days. *Ib.*

BUNYAN, John (1628–1688)

Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so;
Some said, It might do good; others said, No. **The Pilgrim's Progress.**
Part 1. The Author's Apology.

May I not write in such a style as this?
In such a method, too, and yet not miss
My end—thy good? *Ib.*

Then read my fancies; they will stick like burrs. *Ib.*

It is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.
Part 1.

Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. *Ib.*

A castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair. *Ib.*

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. *Ib.*

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[*] "Let us leave hurry to slaves."—*Emerson: Essay on Manners.*

Sleep is sweet to the labouring man. *Ib.*

He has got beyond the gunshot of his enemies. *Ib.*

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.
Part 2. Preface.

A man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. *Part 2.*

One leak will sink a ship; and one sin will destroy a sinner. *Ib.*

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride.* *Ib.*

The man so bravely played the man,
He made the fiend to fly. *Ib.*

There was a man, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away the more he had.† *Ib.*

He who bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again, and ten times more. *Ib.*

I shook the sermon out of my mind.
Grace Abounding.

BURGON, Dean John Wm. (1813–1888)

A rose-red city half as old as Time. ‡
Petra—*Newdigate Prize Poem* (*1845*).

BURKE, Edmund (1730–1797)

A good parson once said that where mystery begins religion ends. Cannot I say, as truly at least, of human laws, that where mystery begins, justice ends?
A Vindication of Natural Society.

The lucrative business of mystery. *Ib.*

Power gradually extirpates from the mind every humane and gentle virtue. *Ib.*

I have no great opinion of a definition, the celebrated remedy for the cure of this disorder [uncertainty and confusion].
On the Sublime and Beautiful.
Part 1. Introduction.

He perhaps reads of a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia. *Ib.*

As the arts advance towards their perfection, the science of criticism advances with equal pace. *Ib.*

Darkness is more productive of sublime ideas than light. *Part 2, sec. 14.*

Beauty in distress is much the most affecting beauty. *Part 3, sec. 9.*

Custom reconciles us to everything. *Part 4, sec. 18.*

Party divisions, whether on the whole operating for good or evil, are things inseparable from free government.
Observations on a Publication, "*The Present State of the Nation.*"

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. *Ib.*

Well stored with pious frauds, and, like most discourses of the sort, much better calculated for the private advantage of the preacher than the edification of the hearers. *Ib.*

A commonplace against war; the easiest of all topics. *Ib.*

The same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. *Ib.*

It is a general popular error to suppose the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare. *Ib.*

To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind.
Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.

When bad men combine, the good must associate. *Ib.*

Of this stamp is the cant of "Not men but measures"; a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honourable engagement. *Ib.*

I remember an old scholastic aphorism, which says, "that the man who lives wholly detached from others must be either an angel or a devil." When I see in any of these detached gentlemen of our times the angelic purity, power, and beneficence, I shall admit them to be angels. *Ib.*

He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy. *Ib.*

The plain high-road of finance.
Speech on American Taxation.

There is no knowledge which is not valuable. *Ib.*

Falsehood has a perennial spring. *Ib.*

A name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other. *Ib.*

Let those who have betrayed him [Lord Chatham] by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament. *Ib.*

It did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed. *Ib.*

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* *See* Butler: "He that is down can fall no lower."

† So that the more she (Largesse) yaf awey,
The more, y-wis, she hadde alwey.
Chaucer: Romaunt of the Rose, l. 1159.

‡ "By many a temple half as old as Time."—*Rogers: Italy. A Farewell* (1839).

For even then, Sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and whilst the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens, arose another luminary, and, for his hour, became lord of the ascendant. *Ib.*

Great men are the guide-posts and landmarks in the State. *Ib.*

Passion for fame; a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. *Ib.*

An illness, not, as was then given out, a political, but to my knowledge a very real illness. *Ib.*

To tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men. *Ib.*

I have in general no very exalted opinion of the virtue of paper government.

Speech on Conciliation with America. (*March 22, 1775.*)

Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion; and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. *Ib.*

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. *Ib.*

Through a wise and salutary neglect [of the colonies], a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigour relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty. *Ib.*

Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. *Ib.*

All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. *Ib.*

Obedience is what makes government, and not the names by which it is called. *Ib.*

The mysterious virtue of wax and parchment. *Ib.*

The march of the human mind is slow. *Ib.*

All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter. *Ib.*

Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. *Ib.*

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. *Ib.*

I know many have been taught to think that moderation, in a case like this, is a sort of treason. **Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol.**

Between craft and credulity, the voice of reason is stifled. *Ib.*

If any ask me what a free government is, I answer, that, for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so. *Ib.*

Liberty, too, must be limited in order to be possessed. *Ib.*

Nothing in progression can rest on its original plan. We might as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant. *Ib.*

Among a people generally corrupt, liberty cannot long exist. *Ib.*

England and Ireland may flourish together. The world is large enough for us both. Let it be our care not to make ourselves too little for it.

Letter to Samuel Span, Esq., of Bristol.

It is the interest of the commercial world that wealth should be found everywhere. *Ib.*

Corrupt influence, which is in itself the perennial spring of all prodigality, and of all disorder; which loads us, more than millions of debt; which takes away vigour from our arms, wisdom from our councils, and every shadow of authority and credit from the most venerable parts of our constitution.

Speech on the Economical Reform. (*House of Commons, Feb. 11, 1780.*)

They defend their errors as if they were defending their inheritance. *Ib.*

Gaming is a principle inherent in human nature. It belongs to us all. *Ib.*

Individuals pass like shadows; but the commonwealth is fixed and stable. *Ib.*

As wealth is power, so all power will infallibly draw wealth to itself by some means or other. *Ib.*

Kings are naturally lovers of low company. *Ib.*

[Lord Suffolk] at last paid his tribute to the common treasury to which we all must be taxed. *Ib.*

The people are the masters. *Ib.*

Not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shiftings of every fashionable gale.

Speech at Bristol (1780).

Whilst freedom is true to itself, everything becomes subject to it. *Ib.*

Bad laws are the worst sort of tyranny. *Ib.*

In doing good, we are generally cold, and languid, and sluggish; and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold, masterly hand. *Ib.*

This Siren song of ambition. *Ib.*

The worthy gentleman [Mr. Coombe], who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest while his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.[*]
Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.

He has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen.
Speech on Mr. Fox's East-India Bill.
(*House of Commons, Dec. 1, 1783.*)

Flattery corrupts both the receiver and giver; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.
Reflections on the Revolution in France (1790).

Politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity. *Ib.*

Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind. *Ib.*

It is not pleasant as compliment; it is not wholesome as instruction. *Ib.*

People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. *Ib.*

Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. *Ib.*

But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. *Ib.*

It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound. *Ib.*

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness. *Ib.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle. *Ib.*

Learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.[†] *Ib.*

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour. *Ib.*

Man is by his constitution a religious animal. *Ib.*

A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world. *Ib.*

The men of England—the men, I mean, of light and leading in England.[*] *Ib.*

They were possessed with a spirit of proselytism in the most fanatical degree. *Ib.*

Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. *Ib.*

Superstition is the religion of feeble minds. *Ib.*

Eloquence may exist without a proportionable degree of wisdom. *Ib.*

Difficulty is a severe instructor. *Ib.*

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. *Ib.*

Our patience will achieve more than our force. *Ib.*

Good order is the foundation of all good things. *Ib.*

The only infallible criterion of wisdom to vulgar judgments—success.
Letter to a Member of the
National Assembly (1791).

Cromwell was a man in whom ambition had not wholly suppressed, but only suspended, the sentiments of religion. *Ib.*

They who always labour can have no true judgment. *Ib.*

These are amongst the effects of unremitted labour, when men exhaust their attention, burn out their candles, and are left in the dark. *Ib.*

Every revolution contains in it something of evil.
An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.

The only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them.
Speech at his arrival at Bristol.
(*Oct. 13, 1774.*)

The silent touches of time.
Letter to Matthew Smith.
(*Describing Westminster Abbey.*)

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[*] Orion is called by Homer a hunter of shadows, himself a shade. *Od.*, 11, 572.

[†] The Swine, as Burke calls them, did grunt and did groan:
"No war," they cried out, with a pitiful tone.
—*Song*, "I'll tell you, dear Pat," pub. in *Charms of Melody*, No. 80 (Dublin, n.d., ? c. 1810)
In 1792 a song entitled "The Swinish Multitude" was current and was the subject of legal proceedings in that year, being held libellous, presumably because of revolutionary or seditious tendencies

[*] "They that have eased my weaknesse in the conduct thereof (I mean my good Associates by whose light and leadings I have walked)."—*Sir Henry Wotton*: Letter to James I, printed in *Reliquiæ Wottoniana* (1651).

The labouring people are only poor because they are numerous.
Thoughts and Details on Scarcity.

To innovate is not to reform.
A Letter to a Noble Lord (1796).

These gentle historians, on the contrary, dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness. *Ib.*

The king, and his faithful subjects, the Lords and Commons of this realm—the triple cord, which no man can break. *Ib.*

If we command our wealth, we shall be rich and free; if our wealth commands us, we are poor indeed.
Letters on a Regicide Peace.

Nothing is so rash as fear; and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly.
No. 1 (*1796*).

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other. *Ib.*

Never, no never, did Nature say one thing, and Wisdom say another. *No. 3* (*1797*).

Well is it known that ambition can creep as well as soar. *Ib.*

People crushed by law have no hopes but from power. If laws are their enemies, they will be enemies to laws; and those who have much to hope and nothing to lose will always be dangerous, more or less.
Letter to the Hon. C. J. Fox. (*Oct. 8, 1777.*)

We view the establishment of the English colonies on principles of liberty as that which is to render this kingdom venerable to future ages.
Address to the British Colonists in North America (1777).

The coquetry of public opinion, which has her caprices, and must have her way.
Letter. *To Thos. Burgh.* (*Dec., 1779.*)

The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by youth.
Letter. *To Fanny Burney.* (*July 29, 1782.*)

Laws, like houses, lean on one another.
Tracts on the Popery Laws. *Ch. 3, part 1.*

In all forms of government the people is the true legislator. *Ib.*

There are two, and only two, foundations of law, . . . equity and utility. *Ib.*

Veneration of antiquity is congenial to the human mind. *Ch. 3, part 2.*

Nothing is so fatal to religion as indifference, which is, at least, half infidelity.
Letter. *To Wm. Smith.* (*Jan. 29, 1795.*)

Somebody has said that a king may make a nobleman, but he cannot make a gentleman. *Ib.*

The grand instructor, Time.
Letter. *To Sir H. Langrishe.* (*May 26, 1795.*)

A very great part of the mischiefs that vex the world arises from words.
Letter. *To Richard Burke.* (c. *1795.*)

All titles terminate in prescription. *Ib.*

Dissent, not satisfied with toleration, is not conscience, but ambition.
Speech on the Acts of Uniformity.
(*House of Commons, Feb., 1772.*)

If it is not right to hurt, it is neither right nor wise to menace.
Speech on a Bill for the relief of Protestant Dissenters.
(*House of Commons, 1773.*)

Toleration is good for all, or it is good for none. *Ib.*

They make it a principle of their irreligion outwardly to conform to any religion. *Ib.*

Old religious factions are volcanoes burnt out. **Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians.**
(*House of Commons, May 11, 1792.*)

Dangers by being despised grow great. *Ib.*

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety. *Ib.*

The greater the power the more dangerous the abuse. **Speech on the motion on the Middlesex Election.**
(*House of Commons, Feb. 7, 1771.*)

Prescription is the most solid of all titles.
Reform of Representation in the House of Commons.
(*Speech: May 7, 1782.*)

The individual is foolish; the multitude, for the moment is foolish, when they act without deliberation; but the species is wise, and, when time is given to it, as a species it always acts right. *Ib.*

The greatest inquest of the nation [the British House of Commons].
Impeachment of Warren Hastings.
(*Feb. 15, 1788.*)

Crimes not against forms, but against those eternal laws of justice, which are our rule and our birthright. *Ib.*

The first step to empire is revolution, by which power is conferred. (*Feb. 16, 1788.*)

Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. *Ib.*

Religious persecution may shield itself under the guise of a mistaken and over-zealous piety. (*Feb. 17, 1788.*)

Modesty does not long survive innocence. *Ib.*

One that confounds good and evil is an enemy to the good. *Ib.*

Thank God, guilt was never a rational thing. *Ib.*

There never was a bad man that had ability for good service. *Ib.*

All oppressors . . . attribute the frustration of their desires to the want of sufficient rigour. Then they redouble the efforts of their impotent cruelty. *Ib.*

A thing may look specious in theory, and yet be ruinous in practice; a thing may look evil in theory, and yet be in practice excellent. (*Feb. 19, 1788.*)

Infamy was never incurred for nothing. (*April 25, 1789.*)

An event has happened, upon which it is difficult to speak, and impossible to be silent. (*May 5, 1789.*)

Obscurity illustrated by a further obscurity. *Ib.*

A pindaric book-keeper, an arithmetician in the clouds. *Ib.*

Resolved to die in the last dyke of prevarication. (*May 7, 1789.*)

What is an inaccurate accountant good for? "Silly man, that dost not know thy own silly trade!" was once well said; but the trade here is not silly. *Ib.*

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature and of nations. (*May 28, 1794.*)

Men that are greatly guilty are never wise. (*May 30, 1794.*)

No, not a good imitation of Johnson. It has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration.

Remark *on some one saying that Croft's "Life of Dr. Young" was a good imitation of Johnson.* (*Prior's "Life of Burke," p. 468.*)

BURNET, Gilbert, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury (1643–1715)

His strength lay in his knowledge of England.

History of his own Times (*1713*)—*Of Lord Shaftesbury.*

BURNEY, Fanny (Madame Frances d'Arblay) (1752–1840)

Do you come to the play without knowing what it is?—[Mr. Lovel.] O, yes, Sir, yes, very frequently. I have no time to read play-bills. One merely comes to meet one's friends, and show that one's alive.

Evelina (1778). *Letter 20.*

Nothing is so delicate as the reputation of a woman; it is at once the most beautiful and most brittle of all human things. *Ib. Letter 39.*

Now I am ashamed of confessing that I have anything to confess. *Ib. Letter 59.*

Travelling is the ruin of all happiness. There's no looking at a building here, after seeing Italy.

Cecilia (1782). *Bk. 2, ch. 6* [Mr. Meadows].

I would give the universe for a disposition less difficult to please [Mr. Meadows]. *Ib. Bk. 2, ch. 6.*

Once he [Mr. Albany] took the liberty to ask me [Capt. Aresby] what service I was of to the world. . . . He really bores me to a degree. *Ib.*

Dancing? Oh, dreadful! How it was ever adopted in a civilized country I cannot find out; 'tis certainly a Barbarian exercise, and of savage origin. [Mr. Meadows.] *Ib., Bk. 3, ch. 1.*

"True, very true, ma'am," said he [Mr. Meadows], yawning, "one really lives nowhere; one does but vegetate and wish it all at an end." *Ib., Bk. 4, ch. 7.*

"O, but I hate dignity," cried she [Lady Honoria], carelessly, "for it's the dullest thing in the world." *Ib., Bk. 5, ch. 10.*

In the bosom of her respectable family resided Camilla. **Camilla** (1796). *Bk. 1, ch. 1.*

The artlessness of unadorned truth, however sure in theory of extorting admiration, rarely in practice fails inflicting pain and mortification. *Ib., Bk. 4, ch. 8.*

As extravagance and good luck, by long custom, go hand-in-hand, he spent as fast as he acquired. *Ib., Bk. 5, ch. 13.*

Indeed the freedom with which Dr. Johnson condemns whatever he disapproves is astonishing.

Diary. *Aug.* 23, 1778.

All the delusive seduction of martial music. *Ib., Part 8* (1802).

BURNS, Rev. James Drummond, (1823–1864)

To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tenderest thoughts are cast;
And dearer still, through absence, grows
The memory of the past.

BURNS, Robert (1759–1796)

The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine! **Winter.**

But, Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.
A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.

I wasna fou, but just had plenty.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.

The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal.* *Ib.*

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* Twal = twelve.

44a

Wee sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie!
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie,
To a Mouse.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies the ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal! *Ib.*

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy. *Ib.*

Nature's law
That man was made to mourn.
Man was made to mourn.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn. *Ib.*

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best. *Ib.*

Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher [stagger] through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee,
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh [anxiety] and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil. **The Cotter's Saturday Night.**

An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers. *Ib.*

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed, fleet. *Ib.*

The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new. *Ib.*

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. *Ib.*

I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale." *Ib.*

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth! *Ib.*

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food. *Ib.*

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride. *Ib.*

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air. *Ib.*

44b

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise! *Ib.*

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art! *Ib.*

Devotion's every grace, except the heart. *Ib.*

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God. *Ib.*

And still my delight is in proper young men.
The Jolly Beggars.

The ladies' hearts he did trepan. *Ib.*

He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a pliver,
Unless he wad, from that time forth,
Relinquish her for ever. *Ib.*

Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk. *Ib.*

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever missed it.
He had nae wish but—to be glad,
Nor want but—when he thirsted. *Ib.*

He hated nought but—to be sad. *Ib.*

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that,
But clear your decks, and—Here's the sex!
I like the jads for a' that. *Ib.*

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose. *Ib.*

Pleasure's devious way. **The Vision.**

Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven. *Ib.*

And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away. *Ib.*

Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows. **A Winter Night.**

O ye who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think for a moment on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown! *Ib.*

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss! *Ib.*

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar.
The Twa Dogs.

In Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.
Ib.

His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.*
Ib.

An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension. *Ib.*

But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them. *Ib.*

There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart. *Ib.*

Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.
To a Louse.

The rigid righteous is a fool,
The rigid wise anither.
Address to the Unco Guid.

Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding. *Ib.*

A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation. *Ib.*

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,†
To step aside is human. *Ib.*

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. *Ib.*

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower.
To a Mountain Daisy.

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom.‡ *Ib.*

Life and love are all a dream. **Lament.**

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes never, never to return! *Ib.*

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I! **Despondency.**

But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed. **A Dream.**

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes.
The Holy Fair.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name!
A Bard's Epitaph.

Prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root. *Ib.*

On every hand it will allowèd be
He's just—nae better than he should be.
A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton.

He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social honest man want we
Tam Samson's dead!
Tam Samson's Elegy.

The thundering guns are heard on every side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feathered field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie.
The Brigs of Ayr.

The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.
Lines on meeting with Lord Daer.

The mair they talk I'm kenned the better,
E'en let them clash!
The Poet's Welcome to his Illegitimate Child.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost.
Lines written in Friars-Carse Hermitage.

Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim. *Ib.*

A towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!
Elegy on 1788.

With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right. **Sketch: inscribed to C. J. Fox.**

Good Lord, what is man? for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil;
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil. *Ib.*

If there's hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;

---

* "Sonsie" = happy, comely. "Bawsont" = striped; said of a white stripe down the face of an animal.

† "A little wrong."

‡ *See* Young's *Night Thoughts*, 9, 167.

A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!
Of the late Capt. Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

Ruins yet beauteous in decay.
Verses on an evening view of Lincluden Abbey.

A fool and knave are plants of every soil.
Prologue for Mr. Sutherland's Benefit (1790).

A woman—though the phrase may seem uncivil—
As able and as wicked as the devil![*] *Ib.*

Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say, "The folks hae done their best!" *Ib.*

Thin partitions do divide[†]
The bounds where good and ill reside;
That nought is perfect here below;
But *bliss* still bordering upon *woe.*
Verses to my Bed.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
Tam o' Shanter.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises! *Ib.*

His ancient, trusty, drouthy [thirsty] crony!
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither!

The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious,
The Souter told his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. *Ib.*

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! *Ib.*

But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever. *Ib.*

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane. *Ib.*

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst mak us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil. *Ib.*

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. *Ib.*

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious. *Ib.*

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest note of woe.
On Sensibility.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out-owre the grassy lea.
Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.

I've seen so many changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.

In durance vile here must I wake and weep.
Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
And a' the comfort we're to get
Is that ayont the grave, man.
The Tree of Liberty.

And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower. **To Chloris.**

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't.[*]
Epistle to Davie.

Yet nature's charms—the hills and woods—
The sweeping vales and foaming floods—
Are free alike to all. *Ib.*

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state. *Ib.*

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
And hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet what the matter?
Epistle to John Lapraik (*April 1*, 1785).

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then, though I trudge through dub[†] an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart. *Ib.*

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!"
Second Epistle to Lapraik (*April 21*, 1785).

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang dark night!
Epistle to William Simpson (*May*, 1785).

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,

---

[*] Queen Elizabeth.

[†] *Cf.* Dryden: "And thin partitions do their walls divide"; and Pope: "What thin partitions sense from thought divide."

[*] Coofs = fools; "to wair't" = to spend it.

[†] Dub = pool.

But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Just for a screen.
Epistle to the Rev. John M'Math.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, and malice fause,
He'll still disdain. *Ib.*

Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave Care owre side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak' the tide.
Epistle to James Smith.

An' fareweel, dear deluding woman,
The joy of joys![*] *Ib.*

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play. *Ib.*

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.
Epistle to a young Friend (*May*, 1786.)

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! *Ib.*

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border. *Ib.*

An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended. *Ib.*

In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the rede
Than ever did th' adviser! *Ib.*

I'll grunt a real Gospel-groan.
Epistle to James Tait.

Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do!
Epistle to Dr. Blacklock (1789).

But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers? *Ib.*

And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whiles do mair. *Ib.*

To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife;
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life. *Ib.*

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
The unmannered dust might soil his star;
Besides, he hated bleeding.
Second Epistle to Robert Graham (1790).

Critics!—appalled I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame.
Third Epistle to Robert Graham.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. *Ib.*

Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears. *Ib.*

The friend of man, to vice alone a foe.
Epitaph on his Father.

But what his common sense came short,
He ekèd out wi' law, man.
In the Court of Session, Edinburgh.

An idiot race, to honour lost;
Who know them best despise them most.
Lines on Stirling Castle.

True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less?
Lines under the picture of the celebrated Miss Burns.

That there is falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny;
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.
The Parson's Looks.

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.
The Selkirk Grace.[*]

If there's another world, he lives in bliss,
If there is none, he made the best of this.
On a Friend.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
And warl'ly cares, and warl'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow the rashes, O.

The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lassies, O. *Ib.*

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.[†] *Ib.*

A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
An' aye be welcome back again.
There was a lass.

I hae a wife o' my ain. **I hae a wife.**

---

[*] "O thou delicious, damned, dear destructive woman."—*Congreve: The Old Bachelor*, iii. 2 (1693).

[*] The "Selkirk Grace," though generally attributed to Burns, is a version of an older anonymous rhyme. In the MSS. of Dr. Plume, of Maldon, Essex, in a handwriting of about 1650, it appears thus:
Some have meat but cannot eat;
Some could eat but have no meat;
We have meat and can all eat;
Blest, therefore, be God for our meat.

[†] Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.—*Cupid's Whirligig* (*Play*), 1607.

I hae naething to lend—
I'll borrow from naebody. *Ib.*

If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody. *Ib.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Auld Lang Syne.[*]

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne! *Ib.*

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gies a haud [hold] o' thine. *Ib.*

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee.
O, Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
To Mary in Heaven.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent [smooth].
John Anderson.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.[†] *Ib.*

Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove:
Look abroad through nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change.
Let not woman e'er complain.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
My Heart's in the Highlands.

There's lang-tochered Nancy maist fetters his fancy,—
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'. **There's a Youth in this City.**

Ae fond kiss and then we sever.[*]
Farewell to Nancy.

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever. *Ib.*

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. *Ib.*

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever,
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!
Bonnie Lesley.

The de'il he couldna skaith thee,
Nor aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee." *Ib.*

For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Guidwife, count the Lawin'.

But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.
It is na, Jean, thy Bonnie Face.

I canna tell, I mauna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
Craigie-burn Wood.

Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.
Simmer's a Pleasant Time.

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man? **What can a Young Lassie.**

He's peevish and jealous o' a' the young fellows. *Ib.*

Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.[†]
I do confess thou art sae Fair.

But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that's far awa'.
Oh, how can I be Blithe?

A clapper-tongue wad deave [deafen] a miller.
Sic a Wife as Willie had.

Her nose and chin they threaten ither. *Ib.*

Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate. **Ye Jacobites.**

It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.[‡]
Here's a Health to them that's Awa'.

---

[*] The earliest known version of "Auld Lang Syne" (attributed to Francis Sempill or to Sir Robert Ayton, but without authority) is in James Watson's *Choice Collection of Scots Poems* (1711), *Part* 3:

Should old acquaintance be forgot, and never thought upon?
The flames of love extinguished, and freely past and gone?

A ballad, "The True Scotsman's Lament for the Loss of the Rights of their Ancient Kingdom," dated March 6, 1707 (Roxburghe Collection), has the refrain: "Why will ye not again reflect on old long sine?"

"An Excellent New Song" which begins: "O Caledon! O Caledon! how wretched is thy fate!" dated March, 1707 (Roxburghe Collection) is stated to be "To the Tune of Old Long Syne."

[†] Jo = sweetheart, dear.

[*] "One kiss more, and so farewell."—*The Loyal Garland*, 1686. Song 22.

[†] Paraphrase of Ayton, *see* p. 7*a*.

[‡] 'Tis good to be merry and wise,
'Tis good to be honest and true,
'Tis good to be off wi' the auld love,
Before one is on wi' the new.

Old Scottish Song. (*See* Miscellaneous, "Waifs and Strays.") Gabriel Harvey's *Commonplace Book* (c. 1600) has: "The bravest mixture in the world, to be merry and wise."

She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl. **Meg o' the Mill.**

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving
A fine-pacing horse, wi' a clear-chainèd bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle. *Ib.*

Though poor in gear, we're rich in love. **The Sodger's Return.**

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean. **Bonnie Jean.**

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blushed a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa. *Ib.*

Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad. **Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you.**

Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me. *Ib.*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led. **Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.**

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery. *Ib.*

Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die! *Ib.*

My love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June. **A Red, Red Rose.**

Thine is the self-approving glow
Of conscious honour's part. **To Chloris.**

The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that![*] **Is there for Honest Poverty?**

A man's a man for a' that! *Ib.*

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that! *Ib.*

For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that. *Ib.*

The sweetest flower that decked the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo. **Oh, Lassie, art thou sleeping yet?**

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[*] *See* Wycherley, "I weigh the man," etc.

But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
A man we ken, and a' that. **Heron Election Ballad.**

Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted! **The Dumfries Volunteers.**

Oh, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
Oh, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms. **Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher.**

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me! *Ib.*

'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy. **A Health to ane I lo'e dear.**

Glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour. **When wild War's deadly Blast.**

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same. **Wandering Willie.**[*]

BURTON, Robert (1577–1640)

When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear. **Anatomy of Melancholy** (1621). *The Author's Abstract of Melancholy.*

All my joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as melancholy. *Ib.*

Whate'er is lovely or divine.[†] *Ib.*

There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness; "no better cure than business," as Rhasis holds. *Democritus to the Reader.*

He that goes to law (as the proverb is) holds a wolf by the ears. *Ib.*

That which is a law to-day is none to-morrow. *Ib.*

Industry is a loadstone to draw all good things. *Ib.*

All poets are mad. *Ib.*

The greatest enemy to man is man. *Part 1, sec. 1, mem. 1, 1.*

Of seasons of the year the autumn is the most melancholy. *Part 1, sec. 1, mem. 3, 2.*

I am of Beroaldus's opinion, "Such digressions do mightily delight and refresh a weary reader." *Part 1, sec. 2, mem. 3, 1.*

Poverty is the muses' patrimony. *Part 1, sec. 2, mem. 3, 15.*

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[*] "Wandering Willie" is founded on the old Scotch song, "Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame."—*Herd: Collection of Scottish Songs*, 1769 and 1772.

[†] Sometimes misquoted, "Whate'er is lovely is divine."

Set not thy foot to make the blind to fall;
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker brother:
Nor wound the dead with thy tongue's bitter gall;
Neither rejoice thou in the fall of other.*
Part 1, sec. 2, mem. 4, 5.

One was never married, and that's his hell; another is, and that's his plague.
Part 1, sec. 2, mem. 4, 7.

Let those love now who never loved before,
And those who always loved now love the more.† *Part 3, sec. 2, mem. 5, 5.*

Sickness and sorrows come and go, but a superstitious soul hath no rest.
Part 3, sec. 4, mem. 1, 3.

If there be a hell upon earth it is to be found in a melancholy man's heart.
Part 1, sec. 4, mem. 1.

We ought not to be so rash and rigorous in our censures as some are; charity will judge and hope the best. God be merciful unto us all! *Part 1, sec. 4, mem. 1.*

Temperance is a bridle of gold.
Part 2, sec. 2, mem. 1, 2.

A tyrant is the best sacrifice to Jupiter, as the ancients held. *Part 2, sec. 3, mem. 1, 1.*

Of vanities and fopperies, to brag of gentility is the greatest.
Part 2, sec. 3, mem. 2.

Hope and patience are two sovereign remedies for all, the surest reposals, the softest cushions to lean on in adversity.
Part 2, sec. 3, mem. 3.

What is a ship but a prison?
Part 2, sec. 3, mem. 4.

Mine haven's found; fortune and hope adieu.
Mock others now, for I have done with you.‡
Part 2, sec. 3, mem. 6.

Tobacco, divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. . . . but as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul.
Part 2, sec. 4, mem. 2, 2.

Nothing wins a man sooner than a good turn. *Part 3, sec. 1, mem. 2, 1.*

Idleness overthrows all.
Part 3, sec. 2, mem. 2, 1.

Man's best possession is a loving wife.§
Part 3, sec. 2, mem. 5, 5.

BUTLER, Henry Montagu, D.D., Dean of Gloucester (1833–1918)

Build for the future; let thy children say
"His mind was finely toned and firmly set";
But look around thee, nor be slow to pay
The present debt.
The "vision and the faculty divine"
Come not by dreaming; he whose eye is clear
To read the present, reads the future sign,
The truest seer.

BUTLER, Frances Anne (née Kemble) (1809–1893)

Youth with swift feet walks onward in the way;
The land of joy lies all before his eyes;
Age, stumbling, lingers slowly day by day,
Still looking back, for it behind him lies.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win!
Lines to the Young Gentlemen leaving Lenox Academy.

BUTLER, Joseph, D.C.L., Bishop of Durham (1692–1752)

Virtue must be the happiness, and vice the misery, of every creature.
Analogy of Religion (1736). *Introduction.*

That which is the foundation of all our hopes and of all our fears; all our hopes and fears which are of any consideration: I mean a Future Life. *Ib.*

But to *us*, probability is the very guide of life. *Ib.*

Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we wish to be deceived? **Sermons.** *7.*

BUTLER, Samuel (1612–1680)

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why.
Hudibras (1663). *Part 1, c. 1.*

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick. *Ib.*

Great on the bench, great in the saddle. *Ib.*

Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a Fool.
Ib.

We grant although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it. *Ib.*

Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak. *Ib.*

He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
Ib.

He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay by ratiocination. *Ib.*

For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope. *Ib.*

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* A note states that this is from "Pybrac in his Quadrant 37."

† Tr. of "Pervigilium Veneris," an ancient poem of unknown authorship.

‡ Tr. of lines "Inveni portum," etc., ascribed by Burton to Prudentius. He adds that they are on the tomb of a Christian soldier, Fr. Puccius the Florentine, in Rome.

§ Tr. of Euripides.

A Babylonish dialect
Which learned pedants much affect. *Ib.*

For he by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale,
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike by algebra. *Ib.*

For every why he had a wherefore. *Ib.*

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly. *Ib.*

Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnishéd. *Ib.*

Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun. *Ib.*

And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended. *Ib.*

Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to. *Ib.*

As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience. *Ib.*

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack. *Ib.*

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their
courses. *Ib.*

A deep occult philosopher. *Ib.*

A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words. *Ib.*

Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on. *Ib.*

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit. *Ib.*

A skilful leech is better far
Than half a hundred men of war. *Canto 2.*

So justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes. *Ib.*

Ay me! What perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.
Canto 3.

She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks. *Ib.*

'Twas a strange riddle of a lady. *Ib.*

Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in. *Ib.*

Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes.
Ib.

In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away and fly
Take place at least o' the enemy. *Ib.*

And, though thou'rt of a different Church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch. *Ib.*

He that is down can fall no lower.[*] *Ib.*

Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum. *Ib.*

He that is valiant and dares fight
Though drubbed, can lose no honour by't.
Ib.

For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. *Ib.*

Synods are mystical Bear-gardens. *Ib.*

Cleric before and Lay behind;
A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another. *Ib.*

A sheep without, a wolf within. *Ib.*

Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain. *Ib.*

But those that write in verse still make
The one verse for the other's sake.
Part 2 (1664), *canto 1.*

Such great achievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail. *Ib.*

The fairest mark is easiest hit. *Ib.*

I cannot love where I'm beloved. *Ib.*

Love is a boy, by poets styled;
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child. *Ib.*

For what is worth in anything
But so much money as 'twill bring? *Ib.*

And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn. *Pt. 2, Canto 2.*

Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, because they did it. *Ib.*

Oaths are but words, and words but wind.
Ib.

For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying.
A saint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence. *Ib.*

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word
To swear by only in a Lord. *Ib.*

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose
That fouls his hands with dirty foes;
For where no honour's to be gained
'Tis thrown away in being maintained. *Ib.*

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
And still the less they understand,
The more they admire his sleight of hand.
Pt. 2, Canto 3

Quoth he, In all my past adventures
I ne'er was set so on the tenters. *Ib.*

'Twas a most notorious flam. *Ib.*

There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war. *Ib.*

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie.
Part 3, canto 1.

For still the longer we contend
We are but further off the end. *Ib*

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[*] *See* Bunyan: "He that is down needs fear no fall."

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling. *Ib.*

For 'tis in vain to think or guess
At women by appearances. *Ib.*

Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail. *Ib.*

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?—
About two hundred pounds a year. *Ib.*

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick). *Ib.*

Discords make the sweetest airs.* *Ib.*

So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The public business is undone. *Pt. 3, Canto 2.*

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon. *Ib.*

The quacks of government (who sate
At th' unregarded helm of State). *Ib.*

And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
As when 'tis in a wrong belief. *Ib.*

That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away. *Ib.*

Our last and best defence, despair;
Despair, by which the gallantest feats
Have been achieved in greatest straits. *Ib.*

For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant. *Ib.*

For if it be but half-denied,
'Tis half as good as justified. *Ib.*

The world is naturally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie
With greediness and gluttony. *Ib.*

All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some. *Ib.*

For True and Faithful's sure to lose
Which way soever the game goes. *Ib.*

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain. *Pt. 3, Canto 3.*

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still. *Ib.*

For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclined. *Ib.*

And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave wearied Nature a restorative.
Repartees between Cat and Puss.

Yet as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride.
Satire on the Weakness of Man.

Our pains are real things, but all
Our pleasures but fantastical. *Ib.*

For things said false, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident. *Ib.*

So men, who one extravagance would shun,
Into the contrary extreme have run.
Satire on Age of Charles II.

Affects all books of past and modern ages,
But reads no further than their title-pages.
Satire—Human Learning.

There's nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But if it lay the least pretence
To piety and godliness,
Or tender-hearted conscience,
And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
Does sacred instantly commence.
On a Hypocritical Nonconformist. *St. 1.*

For trouts are tickled best in muddy water. *Ib., St. 4.*

For while he holds that nothing is so damned
And shameful, as to be ashamed. *Ib., St. 5.*

For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scattered shot, and pass with some for wit.
On Modern Critics.

Made every day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative.
To the Memory of Duval.

The devil was the first o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came.
Miscellaneous Thoughts.

The soberest saints are more stiff-neckèd
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked. *Ib.*

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all. *Ib.*

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind. *Ib.*

The law can take an open purse in court,
While it condemns a less delinquent for 't. *Ib.*

Old laws have not been suffered to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please. *Ib.*

All his perfections were so rare,
The wit of man could not declare
Which single virtue, or which grace
Above the rest had any place. *Ib.*

A convert's but a fly that turns about,
After his head's cut off, to find it out. *Ib.*

BYROM, John (1692–1763)

God bless the king, I mean the faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the pretender;
Who that pretender is, and who is king,—
God bless us all,—that's quite another thing.
As published in his "Miscellaneous Poems" (1773).

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* Dischord ofte in music makes the sweeter lay.—*Spenser: Faerie Queene*, 3, 2, 15.

Take time enough : all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.*
Advice to Preach Slow.

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.†
On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it ;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.
Epigram on Two Monopolists.

Bright passages that strike your mind,
And which perhaps you may have reason
To think of at another season.
Miscellaneous Poems.
(*Published* 1773.)

Christians awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born.
Hymn for Christmas Day.

BYRON, Henry J. (1834–1884)

I'm going to "go it" a bit before *I* settle down. I *have* gone it a *bit* already, and I'm going to "go it" a bit *more*.
Our Boys (1874). *Comedy. Act i.*

Life's too short for chess. *Ib.*

He's up to these grand games, but one of these days I'll loore him on to skittles, and astonish him. *Act ii.*

What I *have* said, Charles Middlewick, 's my ultipomatum. *Ib.*

BYRON, Lord (George Gordon Noel) (1788–1824)

Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.
Childe Harold (1812). *Canto 1, st. 3.*

Had sighed to many, though he loved but one. *St. 5.*

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong those holy men. *St. 7.*

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair. *St. 9.*

Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.
St. 11.

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue. *St. 13*

My native land—good-night ! *Ib.*

In Biscay's sleepless bay. *St. 14.*

A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword. *St. 16.*

The tender azure of the unruffled deep.
St. 19.

In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell. *St. 20.*

And Policy regained what arms had lost.
St. 25.

Woe to the conquering not the conquered host.
Ib.

Oh, lovely Spain ! renowned romantic land.
St. 35.

By heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there). *St. 40.*

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools. *St. 42.*

Ah, monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret ;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and man be happy yet. *St. 47.*

Ah, Vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous ways !
St. 66.

Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs,*
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings. *St. 82.*

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng
But viewed them not with misanthropic hate.
St. 84.

Nay smile not at my sullen brow. *Ib.*

Here all were noble, save Nobility. *St. 85.*

War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife !"† *St. 86.*

While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest !
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest ? *St. 91.*

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.
Canto 2, st. 6.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee.
St. 8.

The land of war and crimes.‡ *St. 16.*

Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ? *St. 23.*

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* *See* Walker : "Learn to read slow."

† Also attributed to Swift and Pope.

Some say that Seignior Bononchini,
Compared to Handel's a meer Ninny ;
Others aver, to him, that Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange ! that such high Disputes should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Published in this form in *The London Journal*, June 5, 1725, with the heading "The Contest. By the Author of the celebrated Pastoral, My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent !" *See Notes and Queries*, 10 Ser. 2, 7 ; 8, 47 ; and 11, 426.

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* From Lucretius : "Medio de fonte leporum," etc.

† In 1808 Palafox, Governor of Saragoza, was called upon to surrender the city, which was besieged by the French. His laconic reply was : "War at the point of the knife."

‡ Spain.

54a

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear. *St. 24.*

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men. *St. 26.*

The joys and sorrows sailors find,
Cooped in their wingèd sea-girt citadel. *St. 28.*

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs. *St. 34.*

Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes.
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit. *Ib.*

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost. *St. 35.*

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing, in her aspect mild. *St. 37.*

That pride to pampered priesthood dear. *St. 44.*

What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe? *St. 72.*

Fair Greece! Sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great! *St. 73.*

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow? *St. 76.*

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust, and when
Can man its shattered splendour renovate? *St. 84.*

Land of lost gods and godlike men.* *St. 85.*

Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair. *St. 87.*

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground. *St. 88.*

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon. *Ib.*

How Selfish sorrow ponders on the past
And clings to thoughts now better far removed! *St. 96.*

Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart. *Canto 3* (1816), *st. 1.*

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. *St. 2.*

Still must I on, for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail. *Ib.*

54b

Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim. *St. 8.*

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! *St. 21.*

Did ye not hear it?—No, 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance; let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet. *St. 22.*

And there was mounting in hot haste. *St. 25.*

Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! They come!" *Ib.*

The unreturning brave. *St. 27.*

Battle's magnificently stern array. *St. 28.*

Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent. *Ib.*

Bright names will hallow song. *St. 29.*

The tree will wither long before it fall. *St. 32.*

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on. *Ib.*

'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose. *St. 40.*

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell. *St. 42.*

He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below. *St. 45.*

Majestic Rhine. *St. 46.*

A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells. *Ib.*

All tenantless, save to the crannying wind. *St. 47.*

The castled crag of Drachenfels.
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. *St. 55.*

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career. *St. 57.*

He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept. *Ib.*

The Alps,
The palaces of Nature. *St. 62.*

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* Greece.

But these are deeds that should not pass away,
And names that must not wither. *St. 67.*

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be. *St. 70.*

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. *St. 71.*

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities, torture. *St. 72.*

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar? *St. 84.*

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing.
To waft me from distraction. *St. 85.*

On the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar. *St. 86.*

In solitude, where we are *least* alone. *St. 90.*

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom. *St. 98.*

The march of our existence. *Ib.*

Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame. *St. 105.*

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. *St. 107.*

Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile. *St. 112.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee. *St. 113.*

I stood
Among them but not of them. *Ib.*

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand. *Canto 4* (1818), *1.*

Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles. *Ib.*

Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed. *St. 10.*

There are some feelings time cannot benumb. *St. 19.*

If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die. *St. 33.*

The Ariosto of the North.* *St. 40.*

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty. *St. 42.*

Let these describe the undescribable. *St. 53.*

The starry Galileo, with his woes. *St. 54.*

The poetry of speech. *St. 58.*

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture. *St. 69.*

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe.* *St. 79.*

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind. *St. 98.*

Heaven gives its favourites—early death. *St. 102.*

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *St. 109.*

The nympholepsy of some fond despair. *St. 115.*

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth. *Ib.*

Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err. *St. 130.*

Time, the avenger! *Ib.*

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of. *St. 137.*

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony. *St. 140.*

The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won. *Ib.*

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday. *St. 141.*

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared. *St. 143.*

Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread. *St. 144.*

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World. *St. 145.*

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[*] Sir Walter Scott.

[*] Rome.

The Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light.[*] *St. 161.*

Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head? *St. 168.*

So young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe. *St. 172.*

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister. *St. 177.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal. *St. 178.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore. *St. 179.*

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown. *Ib.*

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.[†] *St. 182.*

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. *St. 183.*

Dark, heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity. *Ib.*

What is writ is writ,—
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been. *St. 185.*

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been,
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell! *St. 186.*

Clime of the unforgotten brave.[‡]
The Giaour (1813). *l. 103.*

Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee? *l. 106.*

For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won. *l. 123.*

The graves of those that cannot die. *l. 140.*

Though like a demon of the night
He passed, and vanished from my sight. *l. 202.*

And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame. *l. 420.*

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed. *l. 956.*

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock. *l. 968.*

Love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey. *l. 1047.*

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name. *l. 1098.*

I die—but first I have possessed,
And come what may, I *have been* blessed. *l. 1113.*

She was a form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight,
And rose where'er I turned my eye,
The Morning-star of memory. *l. 1126.*

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?[*]
Bride of Abydos (1813). *Canto 1, st. 1.*

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine. *Ib.*

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray? *St. 6.*

His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness. *Ib.*

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the Music breathing from her face. *Ib.*

Affection chained her to that heart;
Ambition tore the links apart. *Ib.*

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.[†] *Canto 2, st. 2.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray. *St. 20.*

Mark where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace.[‡] *Ib.*

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—An echo answers—"Where"[§] *St. 27.*

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[*] Apollo.

[†] La mer reparait telle qu'elle fut au premier jour de la création.—*Mme. de Staël: Corinne* (1807).

[‡] Greece.

[*] Turkey.

[†] Homer.

[‡] "Solitudinem faciunt; pacem appellant."—*Tacitus: Agricola*, c. 30. (They make a solitude; they call it peace.)

[§] "I came to the place of my birth and cried: 'The friends of my youth, where are they?'—and an echo answered, 'Where are they?'"—From an Arabic MS.—Note to *Rogers' Pleasures of Memory*, Part 1 (1792).

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
The Corsair (1814). *Canto 1, st. 1.*

Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way? *Ib.*

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
St. 3.

Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success.
St. 5.

Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
St. 8.

The power of thought—the magic of the Mind.
Ib.

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun—
The many still must labour for the one. *Ib.*

Robust, but not Herculean—to the sight.
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men. *St. 9.*

He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back the scrutiny. *Ib.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer. *Ib.*

And when his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sighed farewell. *Ib.*

The only pang my bosom dare not brave
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine. *St. 14.*

Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss. *Ib.*

Farewell!
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair. *St. 15.*

His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen. *St. 16.*

The weak alone repent. *Canto 2, st. 10.*

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
St. 15.

What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye. *Ib.*

She for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in Heaven.
Canto 3, st. 17.

His heart was formed for softness—warped to wrong;
Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long.
St. 23.

He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.
St. 24.

Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself;—that heritage of woe.
Lara (1814). *Canto 1, st. 2.*

Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been.
St. 5.

And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung.
Ib.

And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day,
From all communion he would start away.
St. 9.

And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee.
St. 10.

In him, inexplicably mixed, appeared
Much to be loved, much hated, sought, and feared. *St. 17.*

He stood a stranger in this breathing world.
St. 18.

His madness was not of the head, but heart.
Ib.

None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined
Himself perforce around the hearer's mind.
St. 19.

This is no time nor fitting place to mar
The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.
St. 23.

The courteous host, and all-approving guest.
St. 29.

Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart.
Canto 2, st. 4.

And dye conjecture with a darker hue.
St. 6.

E'en if he failed, he still delayed his fall.
St. 9.

The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame. *St. 11.*

That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death.
St. 16.

The cannon's breath
Wings the far hissing globe of death.
The Siege of Corinth (1816). *St. 2.*

He ruled them—man may rule the worst,
By ever daring to be first. *St. 12.*

In vain from side to side he throws
His form, in courtship of repose. *St. 13.*

But his heart was swollen, and turned aside,
By deep, interminable pride. *St. 21.*

Fiercely stand, or fighting fall. *St. 25.*

It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word.
Parisina (1816). *St. 1.*

He could not slay a thing so fair. *St. 7.*

My life must linger on alone. *St. 12.*

Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my breath,
A gift for which I thank thee not. *St. 13.*

Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face. *Ib.*

It was a thing to see, not hear. *St. 14.*

He is near his mortal goal. *St. 15.*

He died as erring man should die,
Without display, without parade;
Meekly had he bowed and prayed,
As not disdaining priestly aid,
Nor desperate of all hope on high. *St. 17.*

And o'er that fair, broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought. *St. 20.*

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.
The Prisoner of Chillon (1816). *St. 1.*

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln, convulsive motion.
St. 8.

He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot. *Ib.*

Regained my freedom with a sigh. *St. 14.*

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"
Which yet the most uncertain age appears.
Beppo (1818). *St. 22.*

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time returned the compliment.
St. 23.

A pretty woman is a welcome guest. *Ib.*

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions with a wager.
St. 27.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.
St. 32.

In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
And to his very valet seemed a hero. *St. 33.*

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.
St. 34.

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.
St. 39.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South. *St. 44.*

Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies.
St. 45.

I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when it's not too late. *St. 47.*

I like the weather, when it's not too rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
St. 48.

Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise.
St. 74.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
In foolscap uniform turned up with ink.
St. 75.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days.
St. 80.

For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Mazeppa (1819). *St. 3.*

Who listens once will listen twice. *St. 6.*

For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong. *St. 10.*

Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.
The Island (1823). *Canto 1, st. 6.*

The prayers of Abel linked to deeds of Cain.
Canto 2, st. 4.

To form a nation's glory or its grief. *St. 9.*

More happy, if less wise. *St. 11.*

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turk man's rest.
St. 19.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress.
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar! *Ib.*

But yet *what* minutes! Moments like to these
Rend men's lives into immortalities.
Canto 3, st. 4.

My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought.
Manfred (*Written* 1816–7). *Act i. 1.*

But grief should be the instructor of the wise:
Sorrow is knowledge. *Ib.*

The tree of knowledge is not that of life. *Ib.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow. *Ib.*

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar. *Act i. 2.*

But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears. *Act ii. 2.*

The city lies sleeping. *Act ii. 3.*

As far as is compatible with clay,
Which clogs the ethereal essence. *Act ii. 4.*

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul. *Act iii. 1.*

For he
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and sue—
And watch all time—and pry into all place—
And be a living lie—who would become
A mighty thing amongst the mean. *Ib.*

Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.
Act iii. 4.

You have deeply ventured;
But all must do so who would greatly win.
Marino Faliero (1821). *Act i. 2.*

But try the Cæsar, or the Catiline,
By the true touchstone of desert—success.
Ib.

The vile are only vain; the great are proud.
Act ii. 1.

They never fail who die
In a great cause. *Act ii. 2.*

Nought, save sleep,
Which will not be commanded. *Act iv. 1.*

The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more perfect symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well.
Ib.

To me the scorner's words were as the wind
Unto the rock. *Act v. 1.*

Insects
Have made the lion mad ere now; a shaft
I' the heel o'erthrew the bravest of the brave.
Ib.

Great is their love who love in sin and fear.
Heaven and Earth (1824). *Part 1, 1.*

Walk darkling to their doom. *Part 1, 3.*

For blindness is the firstborn of excess. *Ib.*

If not unmoved, yet undismayed. *Ib.*

What are the rank tongues
Of this vile herd, grown insolent with feeding,
That I should prize their noisy praise, or dread
Their noisome clamour?
Sardanapalus (1821). *Act i. 2.*

Yet what is
Death, so it be glorious? 'Tis a sunset.
Act ii. 1.

Self-defence is a virtue,
Sole bulwark of all right. *Ib.*

And femininely meaneth furiously,
Because all passions in excess are female.
Act iii. 1.

I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse—borne away with every breath!
Act iv. 1.

So much for monuments that have forgotten
Their very record! *Act v. 1.*

Because all earth, except his native land,
To him is one wide prison, and each breath
Of foreign air he draws seems a slow poison,
Consuming but not killing.
The Two Foscari (1821). *Act i. 1.*

So we are slaves,
The greatest as the meanest—nothing rests
Upon our will. *Act ii. 1.*

And when we think we lead we most are led.
Ib.

He who loves not his country, can love nothing. *Act iii. 1.*

He who bows not to him has bowed to me.
Cain (1821). *Act i. 1.*

My counsel is a kind one; for 'tis even
Given chiefly at my own expense: 'tis true,
'Twill not be followed, so there's little lost.
Act ii., 2.

But for your petty, picking, downright thievery,
We scorn it as we do board-wages.
Werner (1823). *Act ii. 1.*

Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine,
With silly whims and fancies frantic
Merely to make our love romantic?
Hours of Idleness (1807). *To a Lady.*

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil. *To Eliza.*

Limping Decorum lingers far behind.
Answer to some Elegant Verses.

I will not descend to a world I despise.
To Rev. J. T. Becher.

Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave.
Ib.

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love. *Ib.*

Friendship is love without his wings.[*]
L'Amitié.

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[*] Translation of French proverb.

I'll publish, right or wrong.
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers (1808). *l. 5.*

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't. *l. 51.*

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made. *l. 63.*

With just enough of learning to misquote. *l. 66.*

As soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore. *l. 75.*

Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame. *l. 177.*

Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms. *l. 326.*

Oh, Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name,
To fill the speaking trump of future fame! *l. 399.*

The petrifactions of a plodding brain. *l. 416.*

And beer undrawn, and beards unmown, display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day. *l. 636.*

Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroyed her favourite son! *l. 820.*

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage which had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.[*]

That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme.[†] *l. 879.*

I too can hunt a poetaster down. *l. 1089.*

Poets and painters, as all artists know,
May shoot a little with a lengthened bow.
Hints from Horace. *l. 15.*

Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale. *l. 184.*

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[*] Æschylus (*Myrmidones*) quotes as an old Libyan saying, that an eagle struck with an arrow, saw the winged portions of it and said: "I am killed with feathers from my own wing."

[†] Erasmus Darwin.

Plays make mankind no better, and no worse. *l. 370.*

A land of meanness, sophistry, and lust.[*]
The Curse of Minerva (1815).

Muse of the many-twinkling feet, whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms.
The Waltz (1821).

The young hussar,
The whiskered votary of waltz and war. *Ib.*

Ambition's less than littleness.
Ode to Bonaparte (1814). *St. 2.*

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold. **Destruction of Sennacherib.**

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well.*
Fare thee well.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head!
A Sketch.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Epistle to Augusta.

It is not in the storm, nor in the strife
We feel benumbed, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life.
On hearing Lady Byron was ill.

When all of Genius which can perish dies.
Monody—Death of Sheridan.

And Folly loves the martydom of Fame. *Ib.*

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.[†] *Ib.*

And both were young and one was beautiful.
The Dream. *St. 2.*

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all. *St. 2.*

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. *St. 5.*

His face,
The tablet of unutterable thoughts. *St. 6.*

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull.
Vision of Judgment (1822). *St. 1.*

Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman. *St. 12.*

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[*] Scotland.

[†] L'on peut dire sans hyperbole, que la nature, après l'avoir fait en cassa la moule—*La Vie de Scaramouche*, 12mo, 1690, p. 107.

Non è un si bello in tante altre persone,
Natura il fece, e poi roppa la stampa.
—*Ariosto: Orlando Furioso* (pub. 1532), *c.* 10, 84.

The mould is lost wherein was made
This, a *per se* of all.
—*Alexander Montgomery.*

I loved my country and I hated him. *St. 83.*

The "good old times"—all times when old are good.
The Age of Bronze (1823). *St. 1.*

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones?
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones? *St. 3.*

For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn? *St. 14.*

The grand agrarian alchemy, light *rent.* *Ib.*

Year after year they voted cent. per cent.,
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why? for rent! *Ib.*

No; down with everything and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent. *Ib.*

I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!
Farewell, if ever Fondest Prayer.

The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,
Which made thee fickle as thou art.
To a Youthful Friend.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years.
When we two parted.

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend!
Inscription on a Newfoundland Dog.

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
And wilt thou weep?

Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?
To Florence.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Maid of Athens.

By love's alternate joy and woe. *Ib.*

And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.
Euthanasia.

The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep.
And thou art dead.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.
Stanzas for Music (*March*, 1815).

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead.
On the Star of "The Legion of Honour."

I had a dream which was not all a dream.
Darkness.

The comet of a season.
Churchill's Grave (1816).

The Glory and the Nothing of a Name. *Ib.*

All that the proud can feel of pain.
Prometheus (1816).

The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate. *Ib.*

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness. *Ib.*

My boat is on the shore
And my bark is on the sea.
To Thos. Moore (1817).

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate. *Ib.*

So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night.
So, we'll go no more.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast. *Ib.*

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.
Epigram.

I am ashes where once I was fire.
To Lady Blessington.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!
On this day I complete my Thirty-Sixth Birthday. (*Jan. 22, 1824*).

I wish he would explain his explanation.
Don Juan. *Canto 1* (1819), *Dedication 2.*

Complaint of present days
Is not the certain path to future praise.
Ib. 8.

My way is to begin with the beginning.
Canto 1, St. 7.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
St. 17.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education.
St. 22.

But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all? *Ib.*

Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection. *St. 31.*

The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use,
In all these she was much and deeply read.
St. 40.

Possessed an air and grace by no means common :
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman. *St. 61.*

Stolen glances, sweeter for the theft. *St. 74.*

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did. *St. 83.*

When people say, "I've told you *fifty* times,"
They mean to scold, and very often do ;
When poets say, "I've written *fifty* rhymes,"
They make you dread that they'll recite them too. *St. 108.*

A little while she strove, and much repented,
And whispering "I will ne'er consent"—consented. *St. 117.*

'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome, as we draw near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come. *St. 123.*

Sweet is revenge—especially to women. *St. 124.*

The schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot. *St. 130.*

Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure. *St. 133.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. *St. 194.*

So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,
As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul! *St. 196.*

Their favour in an author's cap's a feather. *St. 199.*

In my hot youth—when George the Third was king. *St. 212.*

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice. *St. 216.*

What is the end of Fame ? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper. *St. 218.*

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails. *Canto 2* (1816), *st. 4.*

The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness. *St. 13.*

I'd weep—but mine is not a weeping Muse,
And such light griefs are not a thing to die on ;
Young men should travel, if but to amuse
Themselves. *St. 16.*

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion. *St. 34.*

But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children—
Two things for dying people quite bewildering. *St. 43.*

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters ; like a veil. *St. 49.*

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony. *St. 53.*

If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed. *St. 86.*

Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering. *St. 90.*

He could, perhaps, have passed the Hellespont,
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did. *St. 105.*

For sleep is awful. *St. 143.*

And her voice was the warble of a bird,
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear.
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whence Melody descends as from a throne. *St. 151.*

They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
They smile still more. *St. 164.*

All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin. *St. 172.*

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after. *St. 178.*

Man being reasonable, must get drunk ;
The best of life is but intoxication. *St. 179.*

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love. *St. 186.*

Alas ! they are so young, so beautiful. *St. 192.*

So loving and so lovely. *St. 193.*

Alas ! the love of women ! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing. *St. 199.*

And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing. *Ib.*

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love.*
Canto 3 (1821), *st. 3.*

Yet 'tis "so nominated in the bond,"
That both are tied till one shall have expired. *St. 7.*

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* Tr. of La Rochefoucauld, *Maxim* 471.

What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam.
St. 21.

Dreading that climax of all human ills,
The inflammation of his weekly bills. *St. 35.*

Pleasure (whene'er she sings at least)'s a siren,
That lures, to flay alive, the young beginner.
St. 36.

He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought.
St. 41.

He was a man of strange temperament,
Of mild demeanour, though of savage mood.
St. 53.

Meant
For something better, if not wholly good.
Ib.

A good friend, but bad acquaintance.
St. 54.

Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day.
St. 59.

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.
St. 65.

But Shakespeare also says, 'tis very silly
"To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."
St. 76.

He was a man who had seen many changes,
And always changed as true as any needle.
St. 80.

He lied with such a fervour of intention—
There was no doubt he earned his laureate pension. *Ib.*

Agree to a short armistice with truth.
St. 83.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set. *St. 86.*

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea. *Ib.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think. *St. 88.*

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine. *St. 91.*

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love! *St. 103.*

Nothing so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end.
Canto 4, st. 1.

Imagination droops her pinión. *St. 3.*

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep. *St. 4.*

The precious porcelain of human clay.
St. 11.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore. *St. 12.*

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye.
St. 39.

t has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol. *St. 41.*

The world is full of strange vicissitudes.
St. 51.

And all because a lády fell in love. *Ib.*

A fair and sinless child of sin. *St. 70.*

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. *St. 71.*

For soon or late Love is his own avenger.
St. 73.

In fact he had no singing education,
An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow. *St. 87.*

Those two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage. *St. 93.*

"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.
Ib.

I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome. *St. 101.*

"Oh! darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
As someone somewhere sings about the sky.
St. 110.

When amatory poets sing their loves
In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves. *Canto 5* (1821), *st. 1.*

Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flayed.
St. 7.

Men are the sport of circumstances; when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.
St. 17.

The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb,
And now nought left him but the muffled drum. *St. 36.*

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.
St. 49.

I won't describe; description is my forte,
But every fool describes in these bright days. *St. 52.*

A moral (like all morals) melancholy.
St. 63.

Wealth had done wonders—taste not much.
St. 94.

And I must say, I ne'er could see the very
Great happiness of the "Nil Admirari."
St. 100.

The women pardoned all except her face.
St. 113.

Why don't they knead two virtuous souls for life
Into that moral centaur, man and wife?
St. 158.

There is a tide in the affairs of women
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where.
Canto 6 (1823), *st. 2.*

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.
St. 7.

My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,

. . . . . .

That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once from North to South.
St. 27.

Her talents were of the more silent class.
St. 49.

A lady of a "certain age," which means
Certainly agèd.
St. 69.

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled now-a-days.[*]
St. 88.

We live and die,
But which is best, you know no more than I.
Canto 7 (1823), *st. 4.*

Newton, that proverb of the mind.
St. 5.

Renown's all hit or miss;
There's fortune even in fame, we must allow.
St. 33.

He made no answer; but he took the city.[†]
St. 53.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
Canto 8 (1823), *st. 3.*

A thing of impulse and a child of song.
St. 24.

Rushed where the thickest fire announced most foes.
St. 32.

I think I hear a little bird, that sings
The people by-and-by will be the stronger.
St. 50.

Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.
St. 89.

War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art,
Unless her cause by right be sanctified.
Canto 9 (1823), *st. 4.*

You've supped full of flattery;
They say you like it too—'tis no great wonder.
St. 5.

Never had mortal man such opportunity,
Except Napoleon, or abused it more.
St. 9.

The consequence is, being of no party,
I shall offend all parties.
St. 26.

Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written "gentleman." He said
Little, but to the purpose; and his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.
St. 83.

My bosom underwent a glorious glow,
And my internal spirit cut a caper.
Canto 10 (1823), *st. 3.*

Sovereigns may sway materials, but not matter,
And wrinkles, the d——d democrats, won't flatter.
St. 24.

But, as I said,
I *won't* philosophise, and *will* be read.
St. 28.

Oh, for a *forty-parson power* to chant
Thy praise, Hypocrisy![*]
St. 34.

Eight and forty manors . . .
. . . Were their reward for following Billy's banners.
St. 36.

This is the way physicians mend or end us,[†]
Secundum artem: but although we sneer
In health, when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.
St. 42.

But she was lucky, and luck's all. Your queens
Are generally prosperous in reigning.
St. 47.

That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches.
St. 63.

And when I think upon a pot of beer.
St. 77.

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!
St. 79.

Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches pocket!
Ib.

When Bishop Berkeley[‡] said "there was no matter,"
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said.
Canto 11 (1823), *st. 1.*

But Tom's no more—and so no more of Tom.
St. 20.

And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade.
St. 37.

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[*] This had reference to the expression of one of Queen Caroline's advocates in the House of Lords, who spoke of circumstances in her association with Bergami as "odd instances of strange coincidence."

[†] Suwaroff.

[*] Sydney Smith used the phrase, "a twelve-parson power of conversation."

[†] "There will be nothing else spoken about . . . till this is either ended or mended."—*Scott: Heart of Midlothian* (1818), *ch.* 3.

[‡] Bishop of Cloyne, who wrote: "All the choir of heaven and furniture of earth—in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world—have not any subsistence without a mind."—*Principles of Human Knowledge.* In a note by Dr. Hawkesworth to Swift's letters, published 1769, he says: "Berkeley, in the early part of his life, wrote a dissertation against the existence of material beings and external objects, with such subtlety that Whiston acknowledged himself unable to confute it."

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.
St. 60.

Where are those martyred saints, the Five per Cents ?
And where—oh, where the devil are the Rents ? *St. 77.*

Nought's permanent among the human race,
Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.
St. 82.

I may stand alone,
But would not change my free thoughts for a throne. *St. 90.*

Of all the barbarous middle ages, that
Which is most barbarous, is the middle age
Of man, it is—I really scarce know what;
But when we hover between fool and sage.
Canto 12 (1823), *st. 1.*

Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin's lamp. *St. 12.*

Well, if I don't succeed, I *have* succeeded,
And that's enough. *St. 17.*

And hold up to the sun my little taper.*
St. 21.

Thou art in London—in that pleasant place,
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing.
St. 23.

But now I'm going to be immoral; now
I mean to show things really as they are,
Not as they ought to be. *St. 40.*

As that abominable tittle-tattle,
Which is the cud eschewed by human cattle.
St. 43.

For 'tis a low, newspaper, humdrum, lawsuit Country. *St. 65.*

And if, in fact, she takes to a "grande passion,"
It is a very serious thing indeed. *St. 77.*

With fascination in his very bow. *St. 84.*

A finished gentleman from top to toe. *Ib.*

And beauteous even where beauties most abound. *Canto 13* (1823), *st. 2.*

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile.† *St. 9.*

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.
St. 11.

Cool, and quite English, imperturbable.
St. 74.

I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor.
St. 36.

The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August. *St. 42.*

And Lord Augustus Fitz Plantagenet,
Good at all things, but better at a bet.
St. 87.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored.* *St. 95.*

The earth has nothing like a she epistle.
St. 105.

And angling too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it. *St. 106.*

Death, so called, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is passed in sleep.
Canto 14 (1824), *st. 3.*

In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning, and the other losing.
St. 12.

Men for their sins
Have shaving too entailed upon their chins.
St. 23.

I for one venerate a petticoat. *St. 26.*

So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
Knew that he had a rider on his back.
St. 32.

Of all the horrid, hideous sounds of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so."
St. 50.

That Adam, called "the happiest of men."
St. 55.

Good but rarely came from good advice.
St. 66.

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction. *St. 101.*

There's music in the singing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.
Canto 15 (1824), *st. 5.*

The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
St. 13.

How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on and bears afar
Our bubbles. *St. 99.*

As Juan mused on mutability,
Or on his mistress—terms synonymous.
St. 20.

Her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace.
Canto 16 (1824), *st. 49.*

Tithes, which sure are Discord's torches.
St. 60.

As nothing can confound
A wise man more than laughter from a dunce.
St. 88.

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* Thus commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candles to the sun.
—*Young.*

See also Crabbe:
"Oh, rather give me commentators plain."

† Don Quixote.

The love of higher things and better days;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the world, and the world's ways. *St. 108.*

As he (Lord Byron) himself briefly described it in his memoranda: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."—Moore's *Life of Byron* (referring to the instantaneous success of *Childe Harold*, published 1812).

I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased [Mrs. Sheppard] in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. *Ib. Letter 469. To Mr. Sheppard. (Dec. 8, 1821.)*

CALVERLEY, Chas. Stuart (1831–1884)

When the gloaming is, I never made the ghost of an endeavour
To discover—but whatever were the hour it would be sweet.
Fly Leaves. *In the Gloaming.*

I asked him where he lived—a stare
Was all I got in answer,
As on he trudged; I rightly judged
The stare said, "Where I can, sir."
Wanderers.

Life is with such all beer and skittles;
They are not difficult to please
About their victuals. *Contentment.*

Meaning, however, is no great matter.
Lovers, and a Reflection.

CAMBRIDGE, Richard Owen (1717–1802)

What is the worth of anything
But for the happiness 'twill bring? *
Learning. *l. 23.*

CAMPBELL, Thomas (1777–1844)

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Pleasures of Hope (1799). *Part 1.*

All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind. *Ib.*

For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile. *Ib.*

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past. *Ib.*

And learn the future by the past of man. *Ib.*

And, as the slave departs, the man returns. *Ib.*

"Oh! Heaven!" he cried, "My bleeding country save!" *Ib.*

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell! *Ib.*

And rival all but Shakespeare's name below. *Ib.*

Dominions of the Sun.† *Ib.*

And, in the march of nations, led the van. *Ib.*

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name? *Part 2.*

There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed. *Ib.*

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun. *Ib.*

The world was sad; the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled! *Ib.*

While memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew. *Ib.*

Remote from busy life's bewildered way. *Ib.*

When genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears. *Ib.*

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye. *Ib.*

The still sweet fall of music far away. *Ib.*

Since first he called her his before the holy man. *Ib.*

What millions died that Cæsar might be great! *Ib.*

Every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year. *Ib.*

Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul! *Ib.*

One hopeless dark idolater of Chance. *Ib.*

To-night and silence link for evermore. *Ib.*

Lights of the world and demi-gods of Fame. *Ib.*

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair? *Ib.*

Truth ever lovely—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man. *Ib.*

But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in! † *Ib.*

Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild. *Ib.*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.‡ *Ib.*

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* *See* Butler, "For what is worth in anything?"

* India.

† *See* Sterne, (*Tristram Shandy*).

‡ *Cf.* Blair and John Norris.

Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create
To hide the sad realities of fate ? *Ib.*

Congenial spirits part to meet again. *Ib.*

But she was journeying to the land of souls.
Gertrude of Wyoming (1809). *Part 1, st. 19.*

A soul that pity touched, but never shook.
St. 23.

A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.
Ib.

Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man.
St. 27.

Those eyes, affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon. *Part 2, st. 4.*

Gay lilied fields of France. *St. 15.*

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below.
Part 3, st. 5.

When Transatlantic Liberty arose. *St. 6.*

For then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack.
St. 14.

To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins. *St. 17.*

'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
St. 33.

She was the rainbow to thy sight,
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight.
St. 36.

To-morrow let us do or die ! *St. 37.*

He bids me dry the last, the first,
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul. *St. 39.*

The night, to him, that had no morrow.
O'Connor's Child. *9.*

Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's ;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me ! it was a brother's ! *10.*

Her fingers witched the chords they passed along,
And her lips seemed to kiss the soul in song.
Theodric (1824).

Eclipsed by brighter orbs in glory's sky. *Ib.*

Her women fair ; her men robust for toil,
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil ;
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and Kings.* *Ib.*

That, like Heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look. *Ib.*

A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought. *Ib.*

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* England.

And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul. *Ib.*

The dignity of womanhood. *Ib.*

That mighty truth—how happy are the good !
Ib.

And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow. *Ib.*

Without was Nature's elemental din. *Ib.*

It was not strange ; for in the human breast
Two master passions cannot co-exist. *Ib.*

He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel.
Ib.

The ocean has her ebbings—so has grief. *Ib.*

Words that will solace him while life endures.
Ib.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
Lochiel's Warning.

With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame ! *Ib.*

There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath—
For a time. **Battle of the Baltic** (1801). *2.*

Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save—
So peace, instead of death, let us bring. *5.*

Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore ! *7.*

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave ! *8.*

Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Ye Mariners of England (1801).

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. *1.*

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep. *3.*

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return. *4.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
To the Rainbow.

And ships were drifting from the dead
To shores where all was dumb!
The Last Man.

And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
Stanzas to J. P. Kemble (1817).

Alas, the moral brings a tear!
'Tis all a transient hour below;
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go! *Ib.*

Half our daylight faith's a fable;
Sleep disports with shadows too. **A Dream.**

More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man. *Ib.*

There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom—and ye have not died in vain.
Stanzas to the Memory of the Spanish Patriots.

The patriot's blood's the seed of Freedom's tree. *Ib.*

Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty.* *Ib.*

Glory to them that die in this great cause! *Ib.*

Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come. *Ib.*

To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate.
On the Grave of a Suicide.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Called each Paynim voice to prayer.
The Turkish Lady.

And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war.
The Wounded Hussar.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
Hohenlinden.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry. *Ib.*

The all-in-all of life—Content.
To a Lady on Receiving a Seal.

A fresh and fair old man.
The Ritter Bann.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain. *Ib.*

Oh, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind.
Song. "*Oh, how Hard!*"

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin. **Exile of Erin** (1801).

He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.* *Ib.*

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky. **The Soldier's Dream** (1801).

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young. *Ib.*

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away. *Ib.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.
Lines on Visiting Argyleshire.

Beauty's witching sway
Is now to me a star that's fallen—a dream that's passed away. **Farewell to Love.**

Life's joy for a moment lingers,
And death seems in that word—farewell.
Song. "*Withdraw not yet those lips.*"

The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to Heaven! **Hallowed Ground.**

For time makes all but true love old. *Ib.*

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die. *Ib.*

What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause! *Ib.*

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God Himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears. *Ib.*

Absence! Is not the heart torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
The pain without the peace of death.
Absence.

She, like the eagle, will renew her age.†
On Poland.

Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine. *Ib.*

But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke. *Ib.*

For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
The public soul—the hereditary will,
That downward as from sire to son it goes,
By shifting bosoms more intensely grows. *Ib.*

Humanely glorious! Men will weep for him
When many a guilty martial fame is dim.
Lines in a Blank Leaf of La Perouse's Voyages.

Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death?—the hope to live in hearts unborn. *Ib.*

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* Spain.

* "Ireland for ever."

† Poland.

With Freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves.
Ode to the Germans.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.
Drink ye to Her.

Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been and yet shall be, the land of the free.
Song of the Greeks.

Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes. *Ib.*

It was indeed her own true knight.
Adelgitha.

When daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.
Field Flowers.

Till toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe.
Lines on revisiting a Scottish River.

And in the scowl of Heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
Lord Ullin's Daughter.

I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father. *Ib.*

The waters wild went o'er his child
And he was left lamenting. *Ib.*

And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.
Ode to the Memory of Burns.

With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep. *Ib.*

Peace to the mighty dead!
Lines to Commemorate the Day of Victory in Egypt.

The Scots are steadfast—not their clime.
The Pilgrim of Glencoe.

Whilst doubts assailed him o'er and o'er again,
If men were made for kings, or kings for men.
Ib.

Ghost, kelpie, wraith,
And all the trumpery of vulgar faith. *Ib.*

The deed is just;
And if I say it must be done—it must. *Ib.*

And long petitions spoil the cause they plead.
Ib.

The lordly, lovely Rhine.
The Child and the Hind.

Better be courted and jilted
Than never be courted at all.
The Jilted Nymph.

And so she flirted, like a true
Good woman, till we bade adieu.
Lines on my new child sweetheart.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer. **Epistle from Algiers.**

O Death! if there be quiet in thy arms,
And I must cease—gently, O, gently come
To me! and let my soul learn no alarms,
But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
Senseless, and breathless.
Lines written in Sickness.

CAMPION, Thomas (1567–1620)

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow.
Cherry Ripe.

All our pride is but a jest,
None are worst and none are best.
Grief and hope and joy and fear
Play their Pageants everywhere:
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.
Whether Men do Laugh or Weep.

Soul is the Man.
Are you what your fair looks express?

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore;
Never tirèd pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more.
Never Weather-beaten Sail.

Though Devotion needs not Art,
Sometime of the poor the rich may borrow.
Tune thy Music to thy Heart.

Father and Mother
Ask reverence; a brother, only love.
Fortune and Glory.

CANNING, George (1770–1827)

I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.
The King's Message, *Dec. 12, 1826.*

Black's not so black; nor white so *very* white.
New Morality.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the Candid Friend! *Ib.*

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much.*
Despatch *in cipher to the English Ambassador in Holland, January 31, 1826.*

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir.
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first. *Ib.*

When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No,—here's to the pilot that weathered the storm.
The Pilot (*Pitt*).

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* Usually quoted: "Is giving too little and asking too much." The above, however, is the original form.

CAPEN, [Rev.] Joseph (19th Cent.)

Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from erratas, new in heaven set forth.
Lines upon Mr. John Foster.*

CAREW, Thomas (1595–1645 ?)

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As Old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
Disdain returned.

I have learned thy arts and now,
Can disdain as much as thou. *Ib.*

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love, that run away.
Song. *Conquest by Flight.*

The purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clayey tenement.
Epitaphs. *On the Lady Mary Villiers.*

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely tempered clay was made
So fine that it the guest betrayed.
Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubin.
On Maria Wentworth.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe. *Ib.*

CAREY, Alice (1820–1871)

For the human heart is the mirror
Of the things that are near and far;
Like the wave that reflects in its bosom
The flower and the distant star.
The Time to be.

CAREY, Henry (c. 1693–1743)

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally.
Sally.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday. *Ib.*

His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation.
Chrononhotonthologos (1734). *Act i. 1.*

Let the singing singers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferise
Ev'n sound itself. *Ib.*

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;

And in his calling let him nothing call,
But coach! coach! coach! Oh, for a coach,
ye Gods! *Act ii. 4.*

Ha! Dead! Impossible! It cannot be!
I'd not believe it though himself should swear
it. *Ib.*

Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free.
The Contrivances (1715). *Act i. 2.*

What a monstrous tail our cat hath got!
Dragon of Wantley. *Act ii. 1.*

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king. **God Save the King.**
*Said to have been first sung by Carey, as his own composition, in 1740.**

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;
But what I abhor and esteem as a curse
Is poorness of Spirit, not poorness of Purse.
General Reply to the Libelling Gentry.

CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795–1881.)

The Public is an old woman. Let her maunder and mumble. **Journal** (1835).

The beginning of all is to have done with Falsity; to eschew Falsity as Death Eternal. *Ib. June 23, 1870.*

It is now almost my sole rule of life to clear myself of cants and formulas, as of poisonous Nessus shirts.
Letter to his Wife. *Nov. 2, 1835.*

No speech ever uttered or utterable is worth comparison with silence. **Lectures** (1838).

A man cannot make a pair of shoes rightly unless he do it in a *devout* manner.
Letter to T. Erskine. *Oct. 22, 1842.*

I do not hate him near as much as I fear I ought to do.
Remark *in reference to the Bishop of Oxford.* (*Froude's "Life."*)

A spectre moving in a world of spectres.
Description of himself.

A poor Ritualist; almost spectral kind of phantasm of a man.
Letter *in reference to W. E. Gladstone. March 23, 1873.*

How inferior for *seeing* with, is your brightest train of fireworks to the humblest farthing candle! **Diderot.**

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* This idea is borrowed from Rev. B. Woodbridge, chaplain to Charles II (*q.v.*). (*See also* Benj. Franklin's "Epitaph on Himself.")

* The words and music of "God Save the King" appear in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1745. John Bull (1563 ?–1628), composer, singer, and organist, who became organist at Antwerp Cathedral in 1617, is also credited with composition of the words and music. James Oswald, Scotsman, who settled in London in 1742 and became chamber composer to George III has also claims to the authorship.

71*a*

The life of man, says our friend Herr Sauerteig, the life even of the meanest man, it were good to remember, is a Poem.
Count Cagliostro. *Flight First.*

Utter Pasquils, mere ribald libels on Humanity: these too, however, are at times worth reading. *Ib.*

Misery of any kind is not the *cause* of Immorality, but the effect thereof.
Flight Last.

The foul sluggard's comfort: "It will last my time." *Ib.*

"A judicious man," says he [the "crabbed satirist"] "looks at Statistics, not to get knowledge but to save himself from having ignorance foisted on him."
Chartism (1839). *Ch. 2. Statistics.*

In epochs when cash payment has become the sole nexus of man to man. *Ib.*

Liquid Madness sold at tenpence the quartern.
Ch. 4. Finest Peasantry in the World.

Surely, of all "rights of man," this right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or forcibly, held in the true course by him is the indisputablest.
Ch. 6. Laissez-faire.

It is not a lucky word this same *impossible*: no good comes of those that have it so often in their mouth. *Ch. 10. Impossible.*

Evil, once manfully fronted, ceases to be evil. *Ib.*

There is an endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. **Francia.** (1843).

Thou wretched Fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor? *Ib.*

What we might call, by way of eminence, the *dismal science.* [Used in reference to Political Economy and "Social Science."]
The Nigger Question. (1849).

Talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether.
Inaugural Address at Edinburgh. (1866).

It is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. *Ib.*

Work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind. *Ib.*

I never heard tell of any clever man that came of entirely stupid people. *Ib.*

Maidservants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the "ologies." *Ib.*

The glory of a workman, still more of a master-workman, that he does his work well, ought to be his most precious possession; like the "honour of a soldier," dearer to him than life. **Shooting Niagara, 7.** (1867).

The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being.
J. P. F. Richter. (1827).

71*b*

A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one. *Ib.*

It is dangerous to *begin* with denial, and fatal to end with it.
State of German Literature.

The three great elements of modern civilisation, gunpowder, printing, and the Protestant religion. *Ib.*

To the vulgar eye, few things are wonderful that are not distant. **Burns.**

The "Golden calf of self-love." *Ib.*

His religion, at best, is an anxious wish; like that of Rabelais, "a great Perhaps." * *Ib.*

The words of Milton are true in all things, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem." † *Ib.*

Would that every Johnson in the world had his veridical Boswell, or leash of Boswells.
Voltaire.

He does not, like Bolingbroke, patronise Providence. *Ib.*

Schelling, we have been informed, gives account of Fichte to the following effect: "The Philosophy of Fichte was like lightning; it appeared only for a moment, but it kindled a fire which will burn for ever." **Novalis.**

It is the instinct of understanding to contradict reason. *Ib.*
(*Jacobi the elder, as quoted by Carlyle.*)

The poorest day that passes over us is the conflux of two eternities; it is made up of currents that issue from the remotest Past, and flow onwards to the remotest Future.
Signs of the Times (1829).

It is the Age of Machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word. *Ib.*

A machine for converting the heathen. (Applied to the Bible Society.) *Ib.*

In these days, more emphatically than ever, "to live, signifies to unite with a party or to make one." *Ib.*

One of their [Continental] philosophers has lately discovered that "as the liver secretes bile, so does the brain secrete thought," which astonishing discovery Dr. Cabanis . . . has pushed into his minutest developments. . . . Thought, he is inclined to hold, is still secreted by the brain; but then, poetry and religion (and it is really worth knowing) are "a product of the smaller intestines." *Ib.*

To both parties it [Government] is emphatically a machine: to the discontented a "taxing machine," to the contented a "machine for securing property." *Ib.*

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* "The grand Perhaps."—*Browning; Bishop Blougram's Apology.*

† This is a paraphrase of Milton.

The true Church of England, at this moment, lies in the Editors of its newspapers. These preach to the people daily, weekly. *Ib.*

History is the essence of innumerable biographies. **On History** (1830).

Poetry which has been defined as the harmonious unison of man with nature.
Early German Literature.

The healthy know not of their health, but only the sick: this is the Physician's Aphorism. **Characteristics** (1831).

But on the whole, "genius is ever a secret to itself." *Ib.*

Self-contemplation is infallibly the symptom of disease, be it or be it not the cure. *Ib.*

The barrenest of all mortals is the sentimentalist. *Ib.*

Time for him had merged itself into eternity; he was, as we say, no more. *Ib.*

There is *a* greatest Fool, as superlative in every kind; and *the* most Foolish man in the Earth is now indubitably living and breathing, and did this morning or lately eat breakfast.
Article on Biography (1832).

There is a Stupidest of London men, actually resident, with bed and board of some kind, in London. *Ib.*

Fiction, while the feigner of it knows that he is feigning, partakes more than we suspect, of the nature of *lying*. *Ib.*

A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge. *Ib.*

Speak not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak. *Ib.*

History after all is the true poetry.
Boswell's Life of Johnson (1832).

That unspeakable shoeblack-seraph Army of Authors. *Ib.*

In a world which exists by the balance of Antagonisms, the respective merit of the Conservator or the Innovator must ever remain debatable. *Ib.*

All reform except a moral one will prove unavailing.
Article on Corn Law Rhymes (1832).

For ours is a most fictile world, and man is the most fingent plastic of creatures.
The French Revolution (1837).
Part 1, Book 2, ch. 2.

The sixth insatiable sense [vanity]. *Ib.*

Is not Sentimentalism twin-sister to Cant, if not one and the same with it? *Ch. 7.*

Is not every meanest day the confluence of two eternities. *Book 6, ch. 1.*

History, a distillation of Rumour.
Book 7, ch. 5.

Liberty to send your fifty-thousandth part of a new tongue-fencer into the National Debating Club. *Part 2, Book 1, ch. 4.*

Great is Journalism. Is not every able Editor a Ruler of the World, being a persuader of it? *Ib.*

Till Cant cease, nothing else can begin.
Book 3, ch. 7.

The sea-green Incorruptible [Robespierre].
Part 3, Book 3, ch. 1.

All battle is well said to be Misunderstanding. *Ib., ch. 2.*

What a man *kens* he *cans*. *Ib., ch. 4.*

My whinstone house my castle is,
I have my own four walls.
My own Four Walls.

The *best* worship, however, is stout working. **Letter to his Wife** (1831).

The crash of the whole solar and stellar systems could only kill you once.
Letter to John Carlyle (1831).

A Burns is infinitely better educated than a Byron. **Note Book.** *Nov. 2, 1831.*

Giving a name, indeed, is a poetic art; all poetry, if we go to that with it, is but a giving of names. **Journal.** *May 18, 1832.*

Precious is man to man. *July 26, 1834.*

Thus, it has been said, does society naturally divide itself into four classes:—noblemen, gentlemen, gigmen and men.
Essay on Samuel Johnson.

Shakespeare says, we are creatures that look before and after, the more surprising that we do not look round a little and see what is passing under our very eyes.
Sartor Resartus (1833–4). *Book 1, ch. 1.*

Examine Language; what, if you except some few primitive elements (of natural sound), what is it all but Metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer recognised?
Ch. 11.

What you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. *Book 2, ch. 1.*

The world is an old woman, and mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby, being often cheated, she will thenceforth trust nothing but the common copper.
Ch. 4.

Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil. *Ib.*

Do the duty that lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty! The second duty will already become clearer. *Ch. 9.*

Speech is of time, silence is of eternity.
Book 3, ch. 3.

That monstrous tuberosity of civilised life, the capital of England. *Ch. 6.*

Brothers, I am sorry I have got no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of Society.
Past and Present (1843). *Book 1, ch. 4.*

Midas-eared Mammonism, double-barrelled Dilettantism, and their thousand adjuncts and corollaries, are *not* the Law by which God Almighty has appointed this His universe to go. *Ch. 6.*

Thou and I, my friend, can, in the most flunky world, make, each of us, *one* non-flunky, one hero, if we like; that will be two heroes to begin with. *Ib.*

In general, the more completely cased with formulas a man may be, the safer, happier is it for him. *Book 2, ch. 17.*

All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble. *Book 3, ch. 4.*

The English are a dumb people. *Ch. 5.*

Of all the nations in the world, at present the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action. *Ib.*

Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns. *Ch. 8.*

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. *Ch. 11.*

The "wages" of every noble work do yet lie in Heaven or else nowhere. *Ch. 12.*

The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, "Behold, now, I too have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver." *Ch. 13.*

Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies.
Heroes and Hero Worship (1841). *Lect. 1.*

Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all things. *Ib.*

Worship is transcendent wonder. *Ib.*

The Hero can be a Poet, Prophet, King, Priest or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into. *Lect. 3.*

Poetry, therefore, we will call *Musical Thought.* *Ib.*

The sincere alone can recognise sincerity. *Lect. 6.*

I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence.* *Ib.*

Three million paupers . . . these are but items in the sad ledger of despair.
Latter Day Pamphlets (1850).
No. 1. The Present Time.

Little other than a *red-tape* talking-machine and unhappy bag of parliamentary eloquence. *Ib.*

Respectable Professors of the Dismal Science. *Ib.*

Indiscriminate mashing up of right and wrong into a patent treacle.
No. 2. Model Prisons.

A healthy hatred of scoundrels. *Ib.*

The world's busybody.
No. 3. Downing Street.

That domestic Irish Giant, named of Despair. *Ib.*

Idlers, game preservers and mere human clothes-horses. *Ib.*

The trade of owning land.
No. 4. The New Downing Street.

Beautiful talk is by no means the most pressing want in Parliament.
No. 5. Stump Orator.

Nature admits no lie. *Ib.*

Is not the *Times* newspaper an open Forum, open as never Forum was before, where all mortals vent their opinion, state their grievance. *No. 6. Parliaments.*

A Parliament speaking through reporters to Buncombe and the twenty-seven millions, mostly fools. *Ib.*

The talent of lying in a way that cannot be laid hold of. *No. 7. Hudson's Statue.*

The fine arts once divorcing themselves from *truth*, are quite certain to fall mad, if they do not die. *No. 8. Jesuitism.*

Truth, fact, is the life of all things; falsity, "fiction," or whatever it may call itself, is certain to be the death. *Ib.*

All history . . . is an inarticulate Bible.* *Ib.*

Without oblivion there is no remembrance possible. **Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.**
Introduction.

He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of Poet. *Ib.*

Blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. *Vol. 5, part 10.*

Genius, which means the transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all.†
Frederick the Great (1858–65). *Book 4, ch. 3.*

Money, which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all and even less. *Ib.*

If they could forget for a moment the correggiosity of Correggio ‡ and the learned babble of the sale-room and varnishing Auctioneer. *Ib.*

The true Sovereign is the Wise Man.
On the Death of Goethe.

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* "All history is a Bible—a thing stated in words by me more than once."—Quoted in Froude's *Early Life of Carlyle* (*q.v.*) as part of a "loose sheet of rejected MS."

† *See French Quotations*, Buffon (1707–1788), "La génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande aptitude à la patience." Also *Proverbs*, "Genius is patience."

‡ *See Sterne: Tristram Shandy*; and *Aug. Birrell: Obiter Dicta.*

A man without a purpose is soon down at zero. Better to have a bad purpose than no purpose at all.
Remark. *To J. Churton Collins (as recorded by him).*

CARNEY, Julia (née Fletcher) (Boston, U.S.) (*fl.* 1850)

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land.
So the little minutes, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.
Little Things (1845).

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Help to make earth happy, like the heaven above. *Ib.*

CARROLL, Lewis (*see* **Rev. C. L. Dodgson**)

CARY, Rev. Henry Francis (1772–1844)

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
Dante. (*Translation.* 1812.)
Hell. Canto 3, l. 9.

Here must thou all distrust behind thee leave. *l. 14.*

This miserable fate
Suffer the wretched souls of those who lived
Without or praise or blame. *l. 60.*

Him all admire, all pay him reverence due
(Aristotle). *Canto 4, l. 130.*

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand.*
Canto 5, l. 118.

In its leaves that day
We read no more. *l. 134.*

Leaving behind them horrible dispraise.
Canto 8, l. 50.

Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a sting. *Canto 11, l. 55.*

"If thou," he answered, "follow but thy star,
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven." *Canto 15, l. 55.*

He listens to good purpose who takes note.
l. 100.

Ever to that truth,
Which but the semblance of a falsehood wears,
A man, if possible, should bar his lip.
Canto 16, l. 147.

Here pity most doth show herself alive,
When she is dead. *Canto 20, l. 26.*

For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won.
Canto 24, l. 46.

To fair request
Silent performance maketh best return.
l. 74.

Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue, and knowledge high.
Canto 26, l. 116.

No power can the impenitent absolve.
Canto 27, l. 114.

To hear
Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds.
Canto 30, l. 145.

Ill manners were best courtesy to him.
Canto 33, l. 148.

Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind. *Purgatory. Canto 3, l. 35.*

For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves. *l. 77.*

Be as a tower, that, firmly set,
Shakes not its top for any blast that blows.
He in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out,
Still of his aim is wide. *Canto 5, l. 14.*

Rarely into the branches of the tree
Doth human worth mount up. *Canto 7, l. 122.*

The vesper bell from far
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.*
Canto 8, l. 6.

Enter, but this warning hear:
He forth again departs who looks behind.
Canto 9, l. 124.

Thy mind, reverting still to things of earth,
Strikes darkness from true light.
Canto 15, l. 62.

The church of Rome,
Mixing two governments that ill assort,
Hath missed her footing, fallen into the mire,
And there herself and burden much defiled.
Canto 16, l. 129.

All indistinctly apprehend a bliss,
On which the soul may rest; the hearts of all
Yearn after it. *Canto 17, l. 124.*

Perchance my too much questioning offends.
Canto 18, l. 6.

Amaze
(Not long the inmate of a noble heart).
Canto 26, l. 65.

Things that do almost mock the grasp of thought. *Canto 29, l. 41.*

The more of kindly strength is in the soil,
So much doth evil seed and lack of culture
Mar it the more, and make it run to wildness.
Canto 30, l. 119.

Of divers voices is sweet music made:
So in our life the different degrees
Render sweet harmony among these wheels.
Paradise. Canto 6, l. 127.

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* *See* Chaucer: "For of Fortunis sharp adversite," etc. The original idea is from Boëthius, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*: "In all adversity the most unhappy sort of misfortune is to have been happy."—Book 2, Prose 4.

* *See* Gray's *Elegy* (1751): "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Much I muse,
How bitter can spring up, when sweet is sown.
Canto 8, l. 99.

Affection bends the judgment to her ply.
Canto 13, l. 115.

Mind cannot follow it, nor words express
Her infinite sweetness. *Canto 14, l. 75.*

O mortal men! be wary how ye judge!
Canto 20, l. 125.

The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger. *Canto 22, l. 16.*

One universal smile it seemed of all things;
Joy past compare. *Canto 27, l. 6.*

Each the known track of sage philosophy
Deserts, and has a byway of his own:
So much the restless eagerness to shine,
And love of singularity, prevail.
Canto 29, l. 89.

Farewell, dear friend, that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth.
Epitaph on Charles Lamb.

CASWELL, Rev. Edward (1814–1878)

Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed. **Hymn.**

CAWTHORN, James (1719–1761)

Education makes the man.
Birth and Education of Genius.

CECIL, Robert A. T., Third Marquis of Salisbury (*see* **Salisbury**)

CENTLIVRE, Susannah (née Freeman) (1667-1723)

Impair my vigour! **The Beau's Duel** (1702). *Act i.* (*etc.*). (*The favourite exclamation of Sir William Mode.*)

Friendship's a noble name, 'tis love refined.
The Stolen Heiress (1704). *Act ii. 2.*

'Tis the defect of age to rail at the pleasures of youth.
The Basset Table (1706. *2nd Ed.*) *Act i.*

'Tis better never to be named than to be ill spoken of. *Ib. Act i.*

Liberty is the idol of the English, under whose banner all the nation lists.
The Wonder (1714). *Act i. 1.*

A poor fool indeed is a very scandalous thing.
Ib.

I value not the world a button. *Ib.*

I am of Ben's mind, madam; resolve to be merry though the ship were sinking.
The Artifice (*printed* 1723). *Act v.*

'Tis my opinion every man cheats in his way, and he is only honest who is not discovered. *Ib. Act v.*

The real Simon Pure.
Bold Stroke for a Wife (1718). *Act v, 1.*

CHALMERS, P. R. (20th Cent.)

"I find," said 'e, "things very much as 'ow
I've always found,
For mostly they goes up and down or else
goes round and round."
Roundabouts and Swings.

CHALMERS, Thos. (1780–1847).

The public! why, the public's nothing better than a great baby.* **Letter.**

CHAPMAN, George (1559?–1634).

Sole friend to worth,
And patroness of all good spirits, Confidence.
The Widow's Tears (1612), *i. 1.*

Ignorance is the mother of admiration.
Ib., ii. 4.

A good man happy is a common good.
Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois (1613). *iv. 1.* (*also v. 1.*)

He would believe, since he would be believed;
Your noblest natures are most credulous. *Ib.*

Who breaks no law is subject to no king.
Ib.

Danger, the spur of all great minds.
Ib. v. 1.

An Englishman,
Being flattered, is a lamb; threatened, a
lion. **Alphonsus** (*printed* 1654). *Act i.*

Flatterers look like friends, as wolves like dogs. **Byron's Conspiracy** (1608). *iii. 1.*

How blind is Pride! What eagles we are
still
In matters that belong to other men!
What beetles in our own!
All Fools (1605). *iv. 1.*

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to advance her followers.
To some she gives honour without deserving,
To other some, deserving without honour.
Ib. v. 1.

'Tis leap year, lady, and therefore very good to enter a courtier.†
Bussy d'Ambois (1607), *i. 1.*

Young men think old men fools; but old
men
Know young men fools. *v. 1.*

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* In *Sesame and Lilies* (sec. 1, 40) Ruskin quotes this: "The public is just a great baby."

† In 1288 it was enacted in Scotland "that during the rein of hir maist blissit Megeste" [Margaret, "Maid of Norway," nominally Queen of Scotland, 1285 to 1290], for each year known as Leap Year each maiden lady of both high and low estate shall have liberty to "bespeke the man she likes." And if the man refuses he is to be mulct in the sum of "ane pundis or less, as his estait may be"—unless he can show that he was already betrothed to another woman. A similar law was passed in France a few years later, and the custom was also legalized in Genoa and Florence in the 15th cent. (*See Encyclop. Brit., Vol.* 16, 330.)

Mirth makes the banquet sweet.
Blind Beggar of Alexandria (1598).

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.[*]
Ib.†

It becomes noblemen to do nothing well.
The Gentleman Usher (1606), *i. 1.*

For eyes can speak and eyes can understand.
Ib., ii. 1.

How strong an influence works in well-placed words.
Ib., iv. 1.

'Tis boldness, boldness, does the deed in the Court. **Monsieur d'Olive** (1606), *iii. 1.*

Tell him he shall have forty crowns.
Promise, promise; want for no promising.
Ib.

They're only truly great who are truly good. **Revenge for Honour** (*printed* 1654). *Act v.*

He that shuns trifles must shun the world.
Hero and Leander! *Epistle Dedicatory.*

Gentle and noble are their tempers framed,
That can be quickened with perfumes and sounds.
Ovid's Banquet of Sense (1595).

Too much desire to please pleasure divorces.
Ib.

O Incredulity! the wit of fools,
That slovenly will split on all things fair;
The coward's castle, and the sluggard's cradle.
De Guiana (1596), *l. 86.*

Remember thine own verse: "Should heaven turn hell
For deeds well done, I would do ever well."
The Tears of Peace (1609).
Inductio. (*Homer to Chapman.*)

And let a scholar all Earth's volumes carry,
He will be but a walking dictionary.
Ib., l. 270.

Wretched estate of men by fortune blest,
That being ever idle never rest.
Ib., l. 341.

God hath made none (that all might be) contented.
l. 370.

And left so free mine ears,
That I might hear the music of the spheres,
And all the angels singing out of heaven.
Ib. Conclusio.

Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face;
Nor hath constrainèd laughter any grace.
Hero and Leander (1598). *Continuation of Marlowe's Poem.*) *Sestiad 5, 57.*

Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
Ib., 159.

CHARLES I., King of England (1600–1649).

Never make a defence or apology before you be accused. **Letter to Lord Wentworth.**

CHATTERTON, Thos. (1752–1770)

We are Goddes stewardes all, noughte of our owne we bare.
Excelente Balade of Charitie.

Now death as welcome to me comes
As e'er the month of May.
Bristowe Tragedy.

Full of this maxim, often heard in trade,
Friendship with none but equals should be made.
Fragment.

Seek Honour first, and Pleasure lies behind.
The Tournament, *23.*

Wouldst thou ken Nature in her better part,
Go search the cots and lodges of the hind.
Eclogue, *3, 1.*

CHAUCER, Geoffrey (1340?–1400)

And smale fowles maken melodye.
Canterbury Tales. *Prologue. 9.*

Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages. *12.*

He lovèd chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
45.

And though that he were worthy he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde. *69.*

He was a verray parfit gentil knight. *72.*

He was as fresh as is the month of May. *92.*

Full wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
122.

Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun. *221.*

He knew the tavernes wel in every toun. *240.*

He was the beste beggere in his hous. *252.*

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also. *285.*

For him was lever[*] have, at his beddes heed,
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye,[†]
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre. *293.*

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
308.

Nowher so bisy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed bisier than he was. *321.*

For he was Epicurus owen sone. *336.*

Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys,
To sitten in a yeldhalle, on a deys [dais]. *369.*

A Coke [cook] they hadde with hem for the nones
To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones.[‡]
379.

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[*] Marlowe, adapted.

[*] Liefer, rather.

[†] A musical stringed instrument—psaltery.

[‡] Marrow-bones.

And certeinly, he was a good felawe. 395.

His studie was but litel on the Bible. 438.

For golde in phisik is a cordial;
Therfore he lovede gold in special. 443.

Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder. 491.

This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf [gave]
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte. 496.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve
He taughte, but first he folwed it himselve. 527.

And yet he hadde a thombe of gold, pardee.* 563.

That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face. 624.

Who-so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche and large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe. 731.

A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe. 754.

Let every felawe telle his tale aboute.
The Knightes Tale. 32.

For May wol have no slogardye a-night.
The sesoun priketh every gentil herte. 184.

The bisy larke, messager of day. 633.

For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte.† 903.

The god of love, a! *benedicite*,
How mighty and how greet a lord is he! 927.

The smyler with the knyf under the cloke. 1141.

Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye. 1415.

Som tyme an ende ther is of every dede. 1778.

Then it is wisdom, as it thinketh me,
To maken vertue of necessite.‡ 2187.

Than is it best, as for a worthy fame,
To dyen when that he is best of name. 2197.

Men sholde wedden after hir § estaat,
For youthe and elde is often at debaat.
The Milleres Tale. 43.

Yet in our asshen olde is fyr-y-reke.||
The Reeves Prologue. 28.

Sey forth thy tale, and tarie nat the tyme. 51.

The gretteste clerkes been noght the wysest men. *The Reves Tale.* 134.

So was hir Ioly whistle wel y-wet.* 235.

For los of catel may recovered be,
But los of tyme shendeth us, quod he.
The Man of Law's Prologue. Introd. 27.

If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,
And all thy freendes fleen fro thee, alas!
Man of Law's Prologue. 22.

She is mirour of alle curteisye.
Tale of the Man of Lawe. 68.

O sodeyn wo, that ever art successour
To worldly blisse! 323.

She was so diligent, withouten slouthe
To serve and plesen everich in that place,
That all hir loven that loken on hir face. 432.

And swich [such] a blisse is ther bitwix hem two
That, save the joye that lasteth evermo,
Ther is non lyk, that any creature
Hath seyn or shal, whyl that the world may dure. 977.

But litel whyl it lasteth, I yow hete,
Joye of this world, for tyme wol nat abyde;
Fro day to night it changeth as the tyde. 1034.

For half so boldely can ther no man
Swere and lyen as a womman can.
Wife of Bath's Prologue. 227.

Deceite, weping, spinning, God hath yive [given]
To wommen kindlye, whyl they may live.† 401.

That in his owene grece I made him frye. 487.

Forbede us thing, and that desyren we. 519.

And for to see, and eek for to be seye.‡ 552.

I hate him that my vices telleth me. 662.

This is a long preamble of a tale. 831.

As thikke as motes in the sonne-beem.
Tale of the Wyf of Bathe. 12.

A man shal winne us best with flaterye. 76.

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Privee and apert,§ and most entendeth|| ay,
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the grettest gentil man. 257.

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* "Every honest miller has a thumb of gold."—*Old Proverb.*

† Chaucer's favourite line. Repeated in *The Marchantes Tale*, 742; *Squieres Tale*, 471; *Legend of Good Women*, 503.

‡ That I made vertue of necessitee
And toke it well, sin that it muste be.
Verses 10907–8. *The Squieres Tale.*

§ Their.

|| Raked together.

*Had she oones wett hyr Whystyll, she couth syng full clere
Hyr pater noster.
Towneley Plays (c. 1388) *No.* 13, *l.* 103.

† "Fallere, flere, nere, dedit deus in muliere."—*Medieval proverb.*

‡ *See* Ovid, *Ars Amat.*, 1, 99. "Spectatum veniunt," etc.

§ In private and in public.

|| Attendeth.

78*a*

He is gentil that doth gentil dedis. *314.*

I holde him riche, al hadde he nat a sherte. *330.*

In companye we wol have no debaat.
Friar's Prologue. 24.

The carl spake oo [one] thing, but he thoghte another. *The Freres Tale. 270.*

Who-so wol preye, he moot faste and be clene,
And fatte his soule, and make his body lene.
The Somnours Tale. 171.

To a povre man men sholde hise vyces telle,
But nat to a lord, thogh he sholde go to helle. *369.*

Ther as myn herte is set, ther wol I wyve.
The Clerkes Tale. 117.

But nathelees his purpos heeld he stille
As lordes doon, whan they wol han hir wille. *524.*

This flour of wyfly pacience. *863.*

Ther can no man in humblesse [meekness] him acquite
As womman can, ne can ben half so trewe
As wommen been. *880.*

O stormy peple, unsad[*] and ever untrewe,
And undiscreet, and chaunging as a vane,
Delyting ever in rumbel[†] that is newe,
For lyk the mone ay wexe ye and wane! *939.*

We wedded men live in sorwe and care.
The Merchant's Prologue. 16.

Yiftes [gifts] of fortune,
That passen as a shadwe upon a wal.
The Marchantes Tale. 70.

But I wot best wher wringeth me my sho. *309.*

Have me excusèd if I speke amis;
My wil is good; and lo, my tale is this.
The Squire's Prologue. 7.

That I made vertu of necessitee,
And took it wel, sin that it moste be.
The Squieres Tale. 585.

Therfor bihoveth him a ful long spoon
That shal ete with a feend. *594.*

Fy on possessioun,
But-if a man be vertuous with-al.
Words of the Franklin. 14.

Love wol nat be constreyned by maistrye;
Whan maistrye comth, the god of love anon
Beteth hise winges, and farewel, he is gon!
The Frankeleyns Tale. 36.

Which May had peynted with his softe shoures
This gardin ful of leves and of floures. *180.*

Trouthe is the hyeste thing that man may kepe. *751.*

A theef of venisoun, that hath forlaft [left off]
His likerousnesse, and al his olde craft,
Can kepe a forest best of any man.
The Phisiciens Tale. 83.

78*b*

Forsaketh sinne, er [before] sinne yow forsake. *286.*

Of avaryce and of swiche cursednesse
Is al my preching, for to make hem free
To yeve their pens,[*] and namely unto me.
The Pardoner's Prologue. 72.

Therfor my theme is yet, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.
Thus can I preche agayn[st] that same vyce
Which that I use, and that is avaryce. *97.*

For though myself be a ful vicious man,
A moral tale yet I yow telle can. *131.*

For dronkennesse is verray sepulture
Of mannes wit, and his discrecioun.
The Pardoners Tale. 230.

And lightly, as it comth, so wol we spende. *453.*

I smelle a loller [lollard] in the wind, quod he.
The Shipman's Prologue. 11.

He wolden sowen some difficultee,
Or springen cokkel[†] in our clene corne. *20.*

Passen as dooth a shadwe up-on the wal.
The Shipmannes Tale. 9.

And of his owene thought he wex al reed. *111.*

Ye knowe it wel y-nogh
Of chapmen, that hir [their] moneye is hir plogh. *287.*

Mordre wol out, certein, it wol nat faille.
The Prioresses Tale. 124.

He hasteth wel that wysely can abyde.
The Tale of Melibeus, Sec. 13.
(*See Troilus, i. 956.*)

What is bettre than wisdom? Womman.
And what is bettre than a good womman?
No-thing. *Sec. 15.*

Ful wys is he that can himselven knowe.
The Monkes Tale. 149.

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.
The Nonne Preestes Tale. 232.

And on a Friday fil [fell] al this meschaunce. *521.*

But al thing, which that shyneth as the gold
Nis nat gold, as that I have herd it told.[‡]
Chanouns Yemannes Tale. 409.

Tak any brid, and put it in a cage,
And do all thyn entente and thy corage[§]
To fostre it tendrely with mete and drinke,
Of alle deyntees that thou canst bithinke,
And keep it al so clenly as thou may;
Although his cage of gold be never so gay,

[§] Unstable.

[†] Rumour.

[*] To make them liberal in giving their pence.

[†] The *Lolium* or darnel, a weed which grows amongst corn.

Which nowe is come for to dwelle
To sowe cockel with the corne.
Gower: Conf. Amantis, Bk. 5 (of Lollards).

[‡] "Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum."—*Parabolæ* of Alanus de Insulis (1294).

[§] Desire and inclination.

Yet hath this brid, by twenty thousand fold,
Lever in a forest, that is rude and cold,
Gon ete wormes and swich wrecchednesse.*
The Maunciples Tale. 59.

My sone, keep wel thy tonge, and keep thy freend. *215.*

The first vertu, sone, if thou wolt lere [learn]
Is to restreyne and kepe wel thy tonge.
228.

And ofte tyme swich cursinge wrongfully retorneth agayn to him that curseth, as a brid that retorneth agayn to his owene nest.
The Persones Tale. Sec. 41.

For ever it was, and ever it shal bifalle,
That Love is he that alle thing may binde.
Troilus and Criseyde.† *Bk. 1, 236.*

The wyse seyth, Wo him that is allone,
For, and he falle, he hath noon help to ryse.
694.

For it is sayd man maketh ofte a yerde [rod]
With which the maker is himselfe y-beten.
Ib. 740.

But now of hope the calendes biginne.
Bk. 2, 8.

May, that moder is of monthes glade.
Ib., 50.

Till crowes feet be growe under your yë [eye].
403.

Of harmes two, the lesse is for to chese. *470.*

And be ye wys, as ye ben fair to see,
Wel in the ring than is the ruby set.
584.

He which that no-thing under-taketh,
No-thing ne acheveth. *807.*

And we shal speke of thee som-what, I trowe,
Whan thou art goon, to do thyne eres glowe.
1021.

Wyse clerkes, that ben dede,
Han ever yet proverbèd to us yonge,
That "firste vertu is to kepe the tonge."
Book 3, v. 292.

Avauntour [a böaster] and a lyere, al is on[e].
309.

It is nought good a sleping hound to wake.
764.

Not swiche sorwful sykes [sighs] as men make
For wo, or elles whan that folk ben syke [sick],
But esy sykes, swiche as been to lyke. *1361.*

For of Fortunes sharpe adversitee,
The worst kinde of infortune is this,
A man to have ben in prosperitee,
And it remembren, whan it passèd is. *1625.*

Oon ere it herde, at the other out it wente.
Book 4, 434.

A wonder last but nyne night never in toune.*
588.

Wommen ben wyse in short avysement. *936.*

For tyme y-lost may not recovered be.
1283.

Men may the wyse at-renne [out-run], and not at-rede [surpass in counsel]. *1456.*

I have herd seyd, eek tymes twyës twelve,
"He is a fool that wol for-yete [forget] him-selve." *Bk. 5, 97.*

Humblest of herte, hyest of reverence,
Benigne flour, coroune of vertues alle (Pity).
The Compleynte unto Pite [**Pity**]. *57.*

For what he may not gete, that wolde he have.
Anelida and Arcite.† *203.*

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharp the conquering.
The Parlement of Foules. *1.*

For out of old feldes, as men seith,
Cometh al this newe corn fro yeer to yere;
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.
22.

The day gan failen, and the derke night,
That reveth bestes from hir besinesse,
Berafte me my book for lakke of light.
85.

The bilder ook, and eek the hardy asshe;
The piler [serving as a prop] elm. . . .
The sayling firr [used for masts in sailing ships]. *176.*

Nature, the vicaire of the almyghty Lorde.‡
379.

For time y-lost, this knowen ye,
By no way may recovered be.
Hous of Fame. *Book 3, 167.*

And sight and wept, and said no more.
Chaucer's Dream.§ *931.*

And there I made my testament,
And wist my selfe not what I ment. *1167.*

From a window richly peint
With lives of many divers seint. *1847.*

That, of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures whyte and rede,
Swiche as men callen daysies in our toun.
Legend of Good Women. *Prologue, 41.*

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* Borrowed from Böethius.

† *Troilus and Criseyde* is mainly a translation of Boccaccio's *Filostrato.*

* *Cf.* Livy, Bk. 1, 31: "Romanis quoque ab eodem prodigio novendiale sacrum publice susceptum est." (Also on account of that wonderful event a nine days' solemn feast was celebrated by the Romans.)

† *Chaucer's Dream*, more correctly entitled *The Isle of Ladies*, is erroneously attributed to Chaucer, but is included here for convenience.

‡ Stated by Chaucer to be translated from the Latin of Statius, "and after him Corinne."

§ Borrowed from *Alan de Lisle* (*de Insulis*) *De planctu Naturæ*: "Natura, Dei gratia mundanæ civitatis vicaria procuratrix."

That well by reson men it calle may
The dayesye, or elles the eye of day.
The emperice and flour of floures all,
I pray to God that faire mot she falle,
And all that loven floures, for hir sake. *183.*

And she was fair, as is the rose in May.
Legend of Cleopatra, 34.

Anoon her herte hath pitee of his wo,
And with that pitee love com in also.
Legend of Dido. 155.

O sely womman, ful of innocence,
Ful of pitee, of trouthe, and conscience,
What maked yow to men to trusten so?
331.

Thou sly devourer, and confusion
Of gentil-women, tender creatures.
Legend of Hypsipyle and Medea. 2.

And of thy tonge the infinit graciousnesse.
308.

Dred God, do law, love trouthe and worthinesse,
And wed thy folk agein to stedfastnesse.*
Lak of Stedfastnesse.

And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al.
Truth. Balade de bon Conseyl.

The amiable Fortune deceyveth folk; the contrarie Fortune techeth.
Boethius. *Book 2, metre 8.*

CHERRY, Andrew (1762–1812)

Till next day,
There she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!
The Bay of Biscay, O!

CHESTERFIELD, Earl of (Philip Dormer Stanhope, 2nd Earl) (1694–1773)

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.
Letter to his Son. *Nov. 19, 1745.*

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. *Ib. March 10, 1746.*

An injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult.† *Ib. Oct. 9, 1746.*

Virtue and learning, like gold, have their intrinsic value; but if they are not polished they certainly lose a great deal of their lustre: and even polished brass will pass upon more people than rough gold. *Ib. 1747.*

Courts and camps are the only places to learn the world in. *Ib. Oct. 2, 1747.*

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow,‡ who used to say, "Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves." *Ib. Nov. 6, 1747.*

Advice is seldom welcome; and those who want it the most, always like it the least. *Ib. Jan. 29, 1748.*

Sacrifice to the Graces.*
Ib. March 9, 1748.

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds. *Ib. July 20, 1749.*

Style is the dress of thoughts.
Ib. Nov. 24, 1749.

Despatch is the soul of business.†
Ib. Feb. 5, 1750.

Never put off till to-morrow, what you can do to-day. *Ib. Feb. 5, 1750.*

It is commonly said, and more particularly of Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the best test of truth. *Ib. Feb. 6, 1752.*

Every woman is infallibly to be gained by every sort of flattery; and every man by one sort or another. *Ib. March 16, 1752.*

False English, bad pronunciation, old sayings and common proverbs; which are so many proofs of having kept bad and low company. **Advice to his Son.**

Above all things endeavour to keep company with people above you. *Ib.*

Never seem wiser or more learned than your company. *Ib.*

In scandal as in robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief. *Ib.*

To my mind there is nothing so illiberal and so ill-bred as audible laughter. *Ib.*

A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms. *Ib.*

Never walk fast in the streets, which is a mark of vulgarity . . . though it may be tolerable in a tradesman. *Ib.*

Colonel Chartres . . . was once heard to say that although he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character; because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it. *Ib.*

Lord Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known.
Saying *ascribed to Lord Chesterfield (Boswell).*

Unlike my subject now shall be my song;
It shan't be witty, and it shan't be long.
Impromptu. *On Sir Thos. Robinson, of Rokeby.*

He shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom. **Character of Pulteney.**

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* This is from "L'envoy to King Richard"(II).

† Also found in a Letter to his Godson, Dec. 4, 1765.

‡ Attributed to Mr. Lowndes, Secretary to the Treasury in reigns of William III, Queen Anne, and George I. *See* "Letter to his Son," Feb. 5, 1750.

* Translated from the Greek (Diogenes Laertius). *See* "Miscellaneous."

† *See* Addison: "There is nothing more requisite in business than despatch."

The picture placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly's at full length.*
On Richard Nash's picture, *between the busts of Newton and Pope, at Bath.*

CHESTERTON, Gilbert Keith (b. 1874)

To be in the weakest camp is to be in the strongest school. **Heretics.**

Truths turn into dogmas the moment they are disputed. *Ib.*

Literature and fiction are two entirely different things. Literature is a luxury; fiction is a necessity.
The Defendant (1901). *A Defence of Penny Dreadfuls.*

All slang is metaphor, and all metaphor is poetry. *Ib. A Defence of Slang.*

The subtle man is immeasurably easier to understand than the natural man.
Robert Browning. *Ch. 1.*

The noble temptation to see too much in everything. *Ib.*

To disparage scenery as quite flat is of course like disparaging a swan as quite white, or an Italian sky as quite blue. *Ib., ch. 6.*

The misanthropic idea, as in Byron, is not a truth, but it is one of the immortal lies. As long as humanity lasts it can be hated.
Uses of Diversity. *1920.*

CHILLINGWORTH, Rev. William (1602–1644)

Publicans and sinners on the one side; Scribes and Pharisees on the other.
Sermon *at Oxford at the beginning of the Civil War.*

CHURCHILL, Rev. Charles (1731–1764)

And they will best succeed, who best can pay:
Those who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.
The Rosciad (1761). *16.*

He sickened at all triumphs but his own. *64.*

Genius is of no country. *207.*

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone. *322.*

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too! *411.*

One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other. *439.*

So much they talked, so very little said. *550.*

His voice in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns underground. *567.*

And prudent Dulness marked him for a mayor. *596.*

Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains? *599.*

Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown. *602.*

Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care. *604.*

But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves. *962.*

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own. *1025.*

The best things carried to excess are wrong. *1039.*

The gods—a kindness I with thanks must pay—
Have formed me of a coarser kind of clay. *1065.*

Fewest faults with greatest beauties joined. *1084.*

Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me most who lavishly commends.
The Apology (1761). *19.*

Dull, superstitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve,
And knowing nothing, everything believe. *99.*

Who, to patch up his fame, or fill his purse,
Still pilfers wretched plans and makes them worse;
Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own. *233.*

Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of Care are always sons of Night.
Night (1762). *17.*

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow. *69.*

What is't to us if taxes rise or fall?
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all. *264.*

Keep up appearances; there lies the test;
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin, if thou wilt, but then in secret sin. *311.*

Who often, but without success, have prayed
For apt alliteration's artful aid.
The Prophecy of Famine (1763). *86.*

A heart to pity and a hand to bless. *178.*

If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but Justice can't condemn. *211.*

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* Also ascribed to Jane Brereton.

Where webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders preyed on half-starved flies. *327.*

And solid learning never falls
Without the verge of College walls.
The Ghost (1762–3). *Bk. 1, 83.*

England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow. *Ib., 112.*

Fame
Is nothing but an empty name. *Ib., 230.*

For one rogue still suspects another,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
Knaves starve not in the land of fools.
Book 2, 293.

Newspaper wits, and sonneteers,
Gentlemen bards and rhyming peers.
Ib., 513.

And adepts in the speaking trade
Keep a cough by them ready made. *Ib., 545.*

Who* wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise. *Ib., 663.*

Just to the windward of the law.
Book 3, 56.

Or if, once in a thousand years,
A perfect character appears. *Ib., 207.*

The man who weds the sacred muse
Disdains all mercenary views. *Ib., 909.*

Satire is always virtue's friend. *Ib., 936.*

Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain Lord Chief Justice dwells
Of sovereign power, whom one and all,
With common voice, we Reason call.
Book 4, 125.

Few have reason, most have eyes. *Ib., 186.*

The little merit man can plead
In doing well, dependeth still
Upon his power of doing ill. *Ib., 244.*

A threadbare jester's threadbare jest.
Ib., 529.

What could be done? Where force hath failed,
Policy often hath prevailed. *Ib., 1202.*

'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto our bow.
Ib., 1282.

A joke's a very serious thing. *Ib., 1373.*

Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,
And wallowing in well-saved wealth.
Ib., 1648.

The only difference, after all their rout,
Is that the one is *in*, the other *out*.
The Conference (1763). *165.*

By whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all. *Ib., 177.*

Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown. **The Author** (1763). *l. 20.*

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But, when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
l. 217.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame. *l. 233.*

Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I should learn to read.
l. 342.

Ah me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a State.
The Duellist (1764). *Book 3, 1.*

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest.
Gotham (1764). *Book 2, 11.*

Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.
Ib., 19.

Morality was held a standing jest,
And faith a necessary fraud at best.
Ib., 595.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and poverty his guard,

. . . . .

His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts, in a single hour,
Than ages give the wretch condemned to power. *Book 3, 117.*

In full, fair tide, let information flow,
That evil is half-cured whose cause we know.
Ib., 652.

They damn those authors whom they never read. **The Candidate** (1764). *l. 58.*

Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies.
Ib., 153.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.*
The Farewell (1764). *l. 27.*

'Tis mighty easy, o'er a glass of wine,
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boast of apathy when out of pain. *47.*

'Tis want of courage not to be content. *70.*

It can't be nature, for it is not sense. *200.*

Who loves his country cannot hate mankind.
300.

The proud will sooner lose than ask their way.
380.

With the persuasive language of a tear.
The Times (1764). *308.*

Talk not of custom, 'tis the coward's plea.
Independence (1764).

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* Johnson (Pomposo).

* *See* Cowper: "England, with all thy faults."

Our real wants in a small compass lie. *Ib.*

I on my journey all alone proceed.
The Journey.

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.
Epistle to William Hogarth (1763). *l. 51.*

By different methods different men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?
l. 573.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
l. 655.

CIBBER, Colley (1671–1757)

Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat.
Richard III. (*as altered by Cibber*), *Act i. 1.*

And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Ib., Act ii. 1.

Poverty, the reward of honest fools.
Act ii. 2.

Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on.
Act iii. 1.

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.
Ib.

Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!
Act iv. 3.

Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain.
Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse! away!
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.
Act v. 3.

A weak invention of the enemy.* *Ib.*

Perched on the eagle's towering wing
The lowly linnet loves to sing.
Birthday Ode.

Who fears t' offend takes the first step to please. **Love in a Riddle.** *Act i.*

A halter made of silk's a halter still.
Act ii. 1.

Ambition is the only power that combats love. **Cæsar in Egypt.** *Act i.*

Oh! how many torments be in the small circle of a wedding-ring!
The Double Gallant. *Act i. 2.*

Our hours in love have wings; in absence, crutches. **Xerxes.** *Act iv. 3.*

Tea, thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid!
The Lady's Last Stake. *Act i. 1.*

No prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with Aristotle, dines with Tully, drinks tea at Helicon, sups with Seneca.
Love makes the Man. *Act i. 1.*

Dumb's a sly dog. *Act iv. 1.*

In all the necessaries of life there is not a greater plague than servants.
She Would and She Would Not. *Act i. 1.*

Love's the weightier business of mankind.
Ib.

CLARENDON, Earl of (*see* Hyde)

CLARK, Willis Gaylord (1810–1841)

Oh, there are moments for us here, when seeing
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,
The burdens laid upon our mortal being
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear. **A Song of May.**

CLEMENS, Samuel Langhorne (Mark Twain) (1835–1910)

If there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first.
The Celebrated Jumping Frog (1867).

I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog. *Ib.*

This poor little one-horse town.
The Undertaker's Story.

We should have shone at a wake, but not at anything more festive.
The Innocents Abroad (1869). *Ch. 2.*

We all like to see people sea-sick when we are not ourselves. *Ch. 3.*

They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce. *Ch. 19.*

I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast —for luncheon—for dinner—for tea—for supper—for between meals. *Ib.*

Lump the whole thing! Say that the Creator made Italy from designs by Michael Angelo! *Ib.*

Guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke. *Ib.*

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
Chorus. Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare! **Punch, Brothers, Punch.**

Miraculously ignorant.
The Innocents at Home.
Ch. 1. Instances of Sudden Wealth.

Are you going to hang him *anyhow*—and try him afterwards?
Ch. 5. Capt. Blakely's Views of Justice.

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* This is founded upon a proverbial expression. Shakespeare has "a thing devised of the enemy:" Rabelais: *Pantagruel*, iii. 11 (1533), has "Inventé par le calomniateur ennemy."

You've done yourselves proud. *Ib.*

A disorderly Chinaman is rare, and a lazy one does not exist.
Ch. 9. Chinese in Virginia City.

Every man that had any respect for himself would have got drunk, as was the custom of the country on all occasions of public moment.
Ch. 10. An Incident of Mount Davidson.

They sharpened my teeth till I could have shaved with them. . . . I found, afterward, that only strangers eat tamarinds—but they only eat them once.
Ch. 18. Honolulu.

I had to swallow suddenly, or my heart would have got out. *Ch. 33. Lecturing.*

Be virtuous and you will be eccentric.
Mental Photographs.

I tried him with mild jokes; then with severe ones. **A Deception.**

Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run. **The Facts concerning the Recent Resignation.**

He was a very inferior farmer when he first begun, . . . and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Farm.

Barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough. **A Mysterious Visit.**

I sent down to the rum mill on the corner and hired an artist by the week to sit up nights and curse that stranger. *Ib.*

They inwardly resolved that so long as they remained in the business their piracies should not again be sullied with the crime of stealing.
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1875). *Ch. 13.*

He found out a new thing—namely, that to promise not to do a thing is the surest way in the world to make a body want to go and do that very thing. *Ch. 22.*

This little book fed me in a very hungry place. **A Tramp Abroad** (1880). *Ch. 1.*

The Cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred upon me. However, few escape that distinction. *Ch. 8.*

The very "marks" on the bottom of a piece of rare crockery are able to throw me into a gibbering ecstasy. *Ch. 20.*

For a male person *bric-à-brac* hunting is about as robust a business as making doll-clothes. *Ib.*

I am content to be a *bric-à-bracker* and a Keramiker. *Ib.*

Some of his words were not Sunday-school words. *Ib.*

Some of those old American words *do* have a kind of a bully swing to them. *Ib.*

There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth.
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (1884). *Ch. 1.*

The statements was interesting, but tough. *Ch. 17.*

Trouble has brung these grey hairs and this premature balditude. *Ch. 19.*

All kings is mostly rapscallions. *Ch. 23.*

Hain't we got all the fools in town on our side? And ain't that a big enough majority in any town? *Ch. 26.*

There's plenty of boys that will come hankering and gruvvelling around when you've got an apple, and beg the core off you; but when *they've* got one, and you beg for the core, and remind them how you give them a core one time, they make a mouth at you, and say thank you 'most to death, but there ain't a-going to *be* no core.
Tom Sawyer Abroad. *Ch. 1.*

There ain't no way to find out why a snorer can't hear himself snore. *Ch. 10.*

There was worlds of reputation in it, but no money.
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. *Ch. 9.*

Those transparent swindles—transmissible nobility and kingship. *Ch. 28.*

He had only one vanity; he thought he could give advice better than any other person.
The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg (1900). *Ch. 1.*

He was probably fond of them, but he was always able to conceal it. [*Referring to Thomas Carlyle and Americans.*]
My First Lie.

An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar.
My Military Campaign.

I always hire a cheap man . . . and let him break in the pipe for me.
Interview. *The Idler, 1892.*

Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as much as you please. *Ib.*

CLEVELAND, Stephen Grover (1837–1908)

Party honesty is party expediency.
Statement to a Journalist, *Sept. 19, 1889.*

Though the people support the government the government should not support the people. **Speech on Texas Seed Bill.** (*Feb. 16, 1887.*)

CLOUGH, Arthur Hugh (1819–1861)

What we all love is good touched up with evil—
Religion's self must have a spice of devil.
Dipsychus. *Part 1, sc. 3.*

Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive.
The Latest Decalogue.

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the market.
The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich (1848). *4.*

A world where nothing is had for nothing.
Ib., 8.

All the incongruous things of past incompatible ages
Seem to be treasured up here[*] to make fools of present and future.
Amours de Voyage (1849). *Canto 1.*

What voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crossed?
"'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."[†]
Peschiera.

That out of sight is out of mind
Is true of most we leave behind.
Songs of Absence.

COBBETT, William (1766–1835)

Free yourselves from the slavery of tea and coffee and other slopkettle.
Advice to Young Men. *1. To a Youth.*

To be poor and independent is very nearly an impossibility. *2. To a Young Man.*

Public credit means the contracting of debts which a nation never can pay. *Ib.*

CODRINGTON, Christopher (1668–1710)

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
Lines to Garth, *on his "Dispensary"* (1696).

COKE, Sir Edward (1552–1634)

When a great, learned man (who is long in making) dieth, much learning dieth with him. **The Institutes. A Commentary upon Littleton.** *Preface.*

The gladsome light of jurisprudence.
First Institute.

The law, which is the perfection of reason.
Ib.

How long soever it hath continued, if it be against reason, it is of no force in law.
Ib. Sec. 80.

Time has made this question without question. *Third Institute. Sec. 302.*

Certainty is the mother of Quietness and Repose; and Incertainty the cause of variance and contentions. *Ib.*

A man's house is his castle. *Ib.*

As for a Drunkard, who is *voluntarius dæmon,* he hath (as hath been said) no privilege thereby, but what hurt or ill so ever he doeth, his drunkenness doth aggravate it. *Ib.*

The house of everyone is to him as his castle and fortress. **Semayne's Case.** *5 Rep. 91.*

They (corporations) cannot commit treason nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.
Case of Sutton's Hospital. *10 Rep. 32.*

COLERIDGE, Hartley (1796–1849)

And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart.
Address to Gold Fishes.

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are. *Ib.*

And the thronged river toiling to the main.[*]
The Thames.

COLERIDGE, Samuel Taylor (1772–1834)

O what a wonder seems the fear of death,
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep!
Monody on the Death of Chatterton.

Pain after pain, and woe succeeding woe—
Is my heart destined for another blow?
Lines, *on receiving an account that his Sister's death was inevitable.*

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.
Epitaph on an Infant.

Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth.
Lines *written at the King's Arms, Ross.*

Thou rising sun, thou blue rejoicing sky,
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoever ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.
France: An Ode (*Feb.,* 1797). *1.*

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue fringèd lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"
Fears in Solitude.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame. **Love.**

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[*] Rome.

[†] These two lines are repeated at the end of the poem, and in a sequel to it, "Alteram partem," also dated 1849. The lines in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* (*q.v.*) were published in 1850.

[*] Su la marina, dove 'l Po discende,
Per aver pace co' seguaci sui.—*Tasso.*

(To the sea where the Po descends for rest with his tributaries.) In Coleridge's sonnet, as originally printed in *The London Magazine,* the line was, "And the thronged river sweeping to the main."

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week
Through city crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.
Home-Sick.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"
Answer to a Child's Question.

This world has angels all too few,
And heaven is overflowing.
To a Young Lady.

Thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines.*
Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni.

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.
Ib.

No wish profaned my overwhelmèd heart.
Blest hour! it was a luxury,—to be!
Reflections on having left a place of Retirement.

'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths,
And honouring with religious love the great
Of elder times, he hated to excess,
With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,
The hollow puppets of a hollow age,
Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
Its worthless idols, learning, power and time.
A Tombless Epitaph.

In nature there is nothing melancholy.
The Nightingale.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.
The Three Graves.

We ne'er can be
Made happy by compulsion. *Ib.*

Ah! could I be once more a careless child!
Sonnet to the River Otter.

So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child!
Sonnet *to a Friend who asked how I felt when the nurse first presented my Infant to me.*

Joy rises in me like a summer's morn.
Christmas Carol. *8.*

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone.
Visit of the Gods. (*Imit. from Schiller.*)

To meet, to know, to love—and then to part,
Is the sad tale of many a human heart.
Couplet *written in a volume of Poems.*

Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. **Kubla Khan** (1797).

By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?
Rime of the Ancient Mariner (1797). *Pt. 1.*

He holds him with his glittering eye. *Ib.*

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* Mont Blanc.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she. *Ib.*

And ice, mast-high, came floating by
As green as emerald. *Ib.*

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. *Part 2.*

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. *Ib.*

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. *Ib.*

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea! *Part 4.*

Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole! *Part 5.*

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune. *Ib.*

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread. *Part 6.*

And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway. *Ib.*

He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree. *Part 7.*

So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be. *Ib.*

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all. *Ib.*

He went like one that hath been stunned
And is of a sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. *Ib.*

And the Spring comes slowly up this way.
Christabel. *Part 1.*

Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain. *Ib.*

A sight to dream of, not to tell! *Ib.*

But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call;
For the blue sky bends over all!
Conclusion to Part 1.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death. *Part 2.*

Her face, oh! call it fair, not pale. *Ib.*

For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep. *Ib.*

Alas! they had been friends in youth:
But whispering tongues can poison truth;

And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain. *Ib.*

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between. *Ib.*

Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other.
Conclusion to Part 2.

The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.
The Knight's Tomb.

Old friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air;
Love them for what they are; nor love them less,
Because to thee they are not what they were.
Duty surviving Self-Love.

This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams.
Phantom or Fact?

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old. **Youth and Age.**

Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed;
He hath out-stayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile. *Ib.*

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut.
A Day Dream.

And backward and forward he switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane.
The Devil's Thoughts.* *St. 1.*

His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through. *St. 3.*

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel. *St. 4.*

He saw a cottage with a double coachhouse,
A cottage of gentility;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility. *St. 6.*

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
A pig with vast celerity;
And the Devil looked wise as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he, with a smile,
"Goes England's commercial prosperity."
St. 8.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell;
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell. *Ib.*

And leered like a love-sick pigeon. *St. 13.*

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.
On taking leave of ——, 1817 (*see p. 86a*).

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear Sir! it cannot fail!
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.
To the Author of the Ancient Mariner.

Trochee trips from long to short.
Metrical Feet.

Iambics march from short to long;—
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapæsts throng. *Ib.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and ocean.
The Homeric Hexameter.*

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
Ovidian Elegiac Metre.*

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil.
Job's Luck.

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.
Complaint.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath,
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death. *Ib.*

Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.
Blossoming of the Solitary Date-Tree. *4.*

Or, listening to the tide, with closèd sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.
Fancy in Nubibus.

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,

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* Jointly composed by Coleridge and Southey (*cf.* Southey).

* These are translated from Schiller.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?
Cologne.

The victim of a useless constancy.
Remorse. *Act i. 2.*

He was his Maker's image undefaced.
Act ii. 1.

Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion. *Act iv. 1.*

I stood in unimaginable trance,
And agony that cannot be remembered.
Act iv. 3.

Thou art the framer of my nobler being;
Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
One honourable hope, but calls thee father.
Zapolya (1817). *Part 1, 1.*

A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning. *Ib.*

The bad man's courage still prepares the way
For its own outwitting. *Ib.*

Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. *Ib.*

Oh we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us. *Part 2, Act i. 1.*

All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.
How could it be then, but that her requests
Must need have sounded to me as commands?
Ib.

I feel and seek the light I cannot see. *Ib.*

Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true. *Act ii. 1.*

None love their country, but who love their home. *Act iv. 3.*

Worked himself, step by step, through each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old, deserving soldier makes his way.
Piccolomini (1799). (*1st part of Wallenstein. Translated from Schiller.*) *Act i. 1.*

"Dash! and through with it!"—That's the better watchword. *Act i. 2.*

Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds.
Act i. 3.

Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
Act i. 4.

My son! the road the human being travels,
That, on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.
Ib.

Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it. *Act ii. 1.*

For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason;
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names. *Act ii. 4.*

My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be.
Act iii. 3.

Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
Act iv. 4.

Time consecrates;
And what is grey with age becomes religion.
Ib.

The doing evil to avoid an evil
Cannot be good. *Act iv. 6.*

Not one of those men who in words are valiant,
And when it comes to action skulk away.
Act v. 4.

It stung me to the quick that birth and title
Should have more weight than merit has in th' army. *Act v. 5.*

Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man.
The Death of Wallenstein (1860). *Act i. 4.*

On a divine law divination rests. *Act i. 9.*

O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatness, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen,
Arrest the lifted sword. *Act iii. 8.*

Be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour. *Act iii. 9.*

I shall grieve down this blow, of that I'm conscious:
What does not man grieve down? *Ib.*

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn. *Ib.*

So often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow. *Ib.*

Summer has set in with his usual severity.*
Letter to C. Lamb (1826).

From whatever place I write, you will expect that part of my "Travels" will consist of excursions in my own mind.
Satyrane's Letters (pub. 1817). *No. 2 (1798).*

Every reform, however necessary, will by weak minds be carried to an excess which will itself need reforming.
Biographia Literaria (1815–16). *Ch. 1.*

Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving.
Ib., ch. 3.

As long as there are readers to be delighted with calumny, there will be found reviewers to calumniate. *Ib.*

He [Burke] was a scientific statesman; and therefore a seer. For every principle contains in itself the germs of a prophecy.
Ib., ch. 10.

I have seen gross intolerance shown in support of toleration. *Ib.*

It was a favourite remark of the late Mr. Whitbread's that no man does anything from a single motive. *Ib., ch. 11.*

Until you understand a writer's ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding. *Ib., ch. 12.*

It is neither possible nor necessary for all men, nor for many, to be philosophers. *Ib.*

Our "myriad-minded Shakespeare"—a phrase which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople. *Ib., ch. 15.*

No man was ever yet a great poet without being at the same time a profound philosopher.
Ib.

You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose.
Table Talk. *Jan. 4, 1823.*

A rogue is a roundabout fool. *Ib.*

A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of his head. *June 24, 1827.*

Prose = words in their best order; poetry = the *best* words in the best order.
July 12, 1827.

Good and bad men are each less so than they seem. *April 19, 1830.*

My mind is in a state of philosophical doubt. *April 30, 1830.*

You may depend upon it, the more oath-taking, the more lying generally among the people. *May 25, 1830.*

In politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly. *Oct. 5, 1830.*

The three ends which a statesman ought to propose to himself in the government of a nation, are—1. Security to possessors; 2. Facility to acquirers; and 3. Hope to all.
June 25, 1831.

Spire-steeples which . . . point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.*
The Friend (1809). *No. 14.*

COLLINS, John Churton (1848–1908)

The secret of success in life is known only to those who have not succeeded.
Maxims and Reflections. *No. 40.*

To ask advice is in nine cases out of ten to tout for flattery. *Ib. No. 59.*

If men were as unselfish as women, women would very soon become more selfish than men. *Ib. No. 90.*

We are no more responsible for the evil thoughts that pass through our minds than a scarecrow for the birds which fly over the seedplot he has to guard. The sole responsibility in each case is to prevent them from settling. *Ib. 111.*

Suicide is the worst form of murder, because it leaves no opportunity for repentance.
280.

COLLINS, Mortimer (1827–1876)

There was an Ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,—
Then he was Man,—and a Positivist.
The British Birds. *St. 5.*

O to bring back the great Homeric time,
The simple manners and the deeds sublime:
When the wise Wanderer, often foiled by Fate,
Through the long furrow drave the ploughshare straight.
Letter to B. Disraeli, M.P. (1869).

Life and the universe show spontaneity;
Down with ridiculous notions of Deity!
Churches and creeds are lost in the mists;
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.
The Positivists.

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* *Cf.* Byron's *Vision of Judgment* (1822): "If that the summer is not too severe." A note to this passage says: "An allusion to Horace Walpole's expression in a letter, "The summer has set in with its usual severity." But Charles Lamb in a letter to Bernard Barton (May 16, 1826) wrote: "Coleridge, writing to me a week or two since, began his note, 'Summer has set in with his usual severity.'"

* *See* Wordsworth: "Spires whose silent finger," etc., p. 402*a*.

Is it for work? There comes no fool to bore us.
Midnight intoxicates the human swine;
I, pen in hand, with all the gods for chorus,
Write then my clearest thought, my noblest line.
Midnight is mine.
Midnight is Mine.

A man whose youth has no follies, will in his maturity have no power.
Thoughts in my Garden. *2, 108.*

Most men of unusual power have peculiarities which the vulgar folk cannot understand; whence there rises round them a rank growth of myth. *Ib. 2, 287.*

The true way to render age vigorous is to prolong the youth of the mind.
Village Comedy. *1, 56.*

COLLINS, William (1721–1759)

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
Ode (1746).

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there! *Ib.*

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell.
The Passions.

A solemn, strange and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
Ib.

And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair. *Ib.*

In notes by distance made more sweet. *Ib.*

In hollow murmurs died away. *Ib.*

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid. *Ib.*

Let not dank Will mislead you to the heath,
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake.
Ode. *Popular Superstitions.*

In yonder grave a Druid lies.
Ode. *Death of Mr. Thomson (1749).*

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
To Sir T. Hanmer.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell,
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Eclogue. *1, 5.*

COLMAN, George (senior) (1732–1794)

A fool's paradise is better than a wiseacre's purgatory.
The Deuce is in him. *Act i. 1.*

COLMAN, George (junior) (1762–1836)

Like two single gentlemen rolled into one.
Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

When ill, indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed. *Ib.*

I have henceforward the privilege of adding to my name the honourable title of A double S. [Dr. Pangloss].
Heir-at-Law (1797), *i. 1.*

Oh, London is a fine town,
A very famous city,
Where all the streets are paved with gold,
And all the maidens pretty. *Ib., i. 2.*

But gentleman is written legibly on his brow.
Ib., iii. 1.

"Mammon leads me on"—Milton—Hem! [Dr. Pangloss]. *Ib., iii. 2.*

On their own merits modest men are dumb.
Ib. Epilogue.

And what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.
Maid of the Moor.

Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great lords' stories often are. *Ib.*

When taken
To be well shaken. **Newcastle Apothecary.**

O Miss Bailey;
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!
Love laughs at Locksmiths.
Act ii. Song.

The world is good in the lump.
Torrent. *Act i. 2.*

My father was an eminent button-maker at Birmingham, . . . but I had a soul above buttons.
Sylvester Daggerwood. *Act i. 1.*

I owe you one.
The Poor Gentleman. *Act i. 2.*

All argument will vanish before one touch of nature. *Ib., v. 1.*

A rich man's superfluities are often a poor man's redemption.
Who wants a Guinea? *Act i. 1.*

His heart runs away with his head. *Ib.*

What a recreation it is to be in love! It sets the heart aching so delicately, there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain. **The Mountaineers** (1793). *Act i. 1.*

COLTON, Chas. Caleb (1780?–1832)

When independence of principle consists in having no principle on which to depend.
Lacon. *Vol. 1. Preface.*

Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information. *Ib. Reflections. No. 1.*

The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp.
No. 5.

An upright minister asks, ***what*** recommends a man; a corrupt minister, ***who.*** *No. 9.*

Were we as eloquent as angels yet we should please some men, some women, and some children, much more by listening, than by talking. *No. 13.*

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it. *No. 25.*

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them. *No. 40.*

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date. *No. 76.*

Bigotry murders Religion, to frighten fools with her ghost. *No. 101.*

When you have nothing to say, say nothing. *No. 183.*

We ask advice, but we mean approbation. *No. 190.*

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery. *No. 217.*

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends. *No. 286.*

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer. *No. 322.*

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones. *No. 324.*

If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know, and not be known, live in a city. *No. 334.*

Man is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions. *No. 408.*

Subtract from many modern poets all that may be found in Shakespeare, and trash will remain. *No. 568.*

The debt which cancels all others. *Vol. 2, No. 49.*

To look back to antiquity is one thing; to go back to it is another. *No. 148.*

Calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never. *No. 172.*

COLTON, Rev. Walter (1797–1851)

He might have soared, a miracle of mind,
Above the doubts that dim our mental sphere,
And poured from thence, as music on the wind,
Those prophet tones, which men had turned to hear,
As if an angel's harp had sung of bliss
In some bright world beyond the tears of this.
Byron.

COMBE, William (1741–1823)

An uninforming piece of wood;
Like other guides, as some folks say;
Who neither lead, nor tell the way.
Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque. (1809–11). *Canto 2.*

Whoe'er from Nature takes a view,
Must copy and improve it too. *Ib.*

Be good, and leave the rest to Heaven. *Canto 7.*

Along the varying road of life,
In calm content, in toil or strife,
At morn or noon, by night or day,
As time conducts him on his way,
How oft doth man, by care oppressed,
Find in an Inn a place of rest.[*] *Canto 9.*

There's nothing picturesque in beef. *Canto 14.*

Up hill, our course is rather slow;
Down hill, how merrily we go;
But when 'tis neither up nor down,
It is a middling pace I own. *Canto 22.*

The Poet, to the end of time,
Breathes in his works and lives in rhyme;
But, when the Actor sinks to rest,
And the turf lies upon his breast,
A poor traditionary fame
Is all that's left to grace his name. *Canto 24.*

But wheresoe'er I'm doomed to roam,
I still shall say—that home is home. *Canto 26.*

That man, I trow, is doubly curst,
Who of the best doth make the worst;
And he I'm sure is doubly blest,
Who of the worst can make the best:
To sit and sorrow and complain,
Is adding folly to our pain. *Ib.*

But still a pun I do detest,
'Tis such a paltry, humbug jest;
They who've least wit can make them best. *Ib.*

For the child's gone that never came.
Dr. Syntax in Search of Consolation (1812). *Canto 1.*

CONGREVE, William (1670–1729)

You read of but one wise man, and all that he knew was that he knew nothing.
The Old Bachelor (1693). *Act i. 1.*

One of love's April fools. *Ib.*

I find we are growing serious, and then we are in great danger of being dull.[†] *Ib., ii. 2.*

Even silence may be eloquent in love. *Ib.*

We never are but by ourselves betrayed. *Ib., iii. 1.*

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[*] *See* Shenstone. "Dr. Syntax" was published in 1809–11; Shenstone's poem in 1737–1742.

[†] *See* Addison: "The Drummer" (1715). "The Old Bachelor" was produced in 1693.

Hang art, madam! and trust to nature for dissembling. *Ib., iii. 2.*

Sharper: Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.
Setter: Some by experience find those words misplaced;
At leisure married, they repent in haste.
Ib., v. 3.

What rugged ways attend the noon of life!
Our sun declines, and with what anxious strife,
What pain, we tug that galling load, a wife!
Ib., v. 5.

Retired to tea and scandal, according to their ancient custom.
The Double Dealer (1694), *i. 1.*

There is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh. *Ib., i. 2.*

One minute gives invention to destroy
What to rebuild will a whole age employ.
Ib., i. 3.

Why should I disparage my parts by thinking what to say? None but dull rogues think. *Ib., iv. 2.*

If I can find that Cerberus a sop, I shall be at rest for one day.
Love for Love (1695). *Act i. 1.*

Thou liar of the first magnitude!
Ib., ii. 1.

Valentine: The two greatest monsters in the world are a man and a woman.
Sir Sampson Legend: Why my opinion is that those two monsters, joined together, make a yet greater, that's a man and his wife. *Ib., iv. 2.*

A branch of one of your antediluvian families; fellows that the flood could not wash away. *Ib., v. 1.*

The miracle to-day is that we find
A lover true: not that a woman's kind.
Ib., v. 2.

Say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been loved.
The Way of the World (1700). *Act ii. 1.*

Love's but a frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with ambition joined.
Ib., iii. 3.

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me. *Ib.*

The wise too jealous are, fools too secure. *Ib.*

I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diversion; I loathe the country. *Ib., iv. 2.*

To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian.
Ib., iv. 2.

Wilful will do't, that's the word. *Ib., iv. 2.*

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.*
The Mourning Bride (1697). *Act i. 1.*

By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
Ib.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and pondrous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity! *Ib., ii. 1.*

Let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes. *Ib.*

Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso? *Ib., ii. 2.*

Given thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.
Ib.

For what are riches, empire, power,
But larger means to gratify the will? *Ib.*

Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.
Ib.

Life without love is load; and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to death we give,
And then, then only, when we love, we live. *Ib.*

Error lives
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wandering life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and shining. *Ib., iii. 1.*

My soul is up in arms, ready to charge,
And bear amidst the foe, with conquering troops. *Ib.*

O wouldst thou be less killing, soft, and kind.
Ib., iii. 1.

What do the damned endure, but to despair?
Ib.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
Ib., iii. 2.

Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest sword,
And cleaves my heart. *Ib., iv. 1.*

O fate of fools! officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame and lost.
Ib., v. 1.

Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle spirit,
Soul of my love, and I will join thy flight. *Ib.*

Is he then dead?
What, dead at last! quite, quite, for ever dead! *Ib.*

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* Often misquoted: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." James Bramston in his *Man of Taste* (1733) quoted the line, and added: "And therefore proper at a Sheriff's feast." *See also* Prior: "Music's force can tame the furious beast."

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late a sure reward succeeds.
Ib.

Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour
That her refusal, through her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.
Quoted in House of Commons by Mr. F. E. Smith (Lord Birkenhead) (as from Congreve) with allusion to Mr. Asquith.

Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black despair succeeds brown study.
An Impossible Thing.

Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.[*] **Amoret.**

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise;
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
Letter to Cobham.

But British forces are unused to fear.
Ode to the King.

The good received, the giver is forgot.
To Lord Halifax. *l. 39.*

CONRAD, Joseph (b. 1857)

Proverbs are art—cheap art. As a general rule they are not true; unless indeed they happen to be mere platitudes.
Gaspar Ruiz. *Ch. 5.*

As to honour—you know—it's a very fine medieval inheritance, which women never get hold of. It wasn't theirs.
Chance. *Ch. 2.*

CONSTABLE, Henry (1562–1613)

The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing,
Made of a quill from an angel's wing.[†]
Sonnet.

CONSTABLE, Rev. Thomas

Hail, old October, bright and chill,
First freedman from the summer sun!
Spice high the bowl, and drink your fill!
Thank heaven, at last the summer's done.
Old October.

But what on earth does Shakespeare mean
By "*winter* of our *discontent*"?

COOK, Eliza (1818–1889)

'Tis well to give honour and glory to Age,
With its lessons of wisdom and truth;
Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page,
And the fairy tale read but in youth?
Stanzas. *l. 1.*

Why should we strive, with cynic frown,
To knock their fairy castles down?
Oh! dear to Memory are those Hours.

I love it—I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old Arm-chair?
The Old Arm-Chair (1837).

Though language forms the preacher,
'Tis "good works" make the man.
Good Works.

Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring. **Spring.**

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where.
The Englishman.

A glorious charter, deny it who can,
Is breathed in the words, "I'm an Englishman." *Ib.*

Better build schoolrooms for "the boy,"
Than cells and gibbets for "the man."
A Song for the Ragged Schools.

Hunger is bitter, but the worst
Of human pangs, the most accursed
Of Want's fell scorpions, is Thirst.
Melaia (c. 1840).

COOKE, Edmund Vance (b. 1866)

The North, the South, the West, the East,
No one the most, and none the least,
But each with its own heart and mind,
Each of its own distinctive kind.
Each for All.

COOKE, Joshua (17th Century)

How wise are they that are but fools in love!
How a man may choose a good Wife.[*]
Act i. 1.

Where there is strife 'twixt man and wife, 'tis hell;
And mutual love may be compared to heaven.
Ib.

No beauty's like the beauty of the mind.
Act v. 3.

COOPER, John Gilbert (1723–1769)

And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.
Song to his Wife.

CORBET, Richard, Bishop of Oxford and Norwich (1582–1635)

Let authors write for glory and reward,
Truth is well paid when she is sung and heard. **Elegy on Lord William Howard.**
Conclusion.

St. Paul hath fought with beasts at Ephesus, and I at Windsor.
To Lord Mordant.
(In reference to "Court-wits" and other antagonists at the Court.)

When too much zeal doth fire devotion,
Love is not love, but superstition. **R. C.**

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[*] *See* Alfred Austin: "What wins us is her careless care," p. 6*b*.
[†] *See* Wordsworth: "The feather, whence the pen,' etc. p. 398*b*.

[*] Authorship attributed to Joshua Cooke, who may be identical with the author of "The City Gallant," described in *Nat. Dict. Biog.* as "Jo. Cooke," his Christian name being uncertain.

COTTON, Nathaniel (1705–1788)

The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.
The Fireside.

Yet still we hug the dear deceit.
Visions in Verse. *Content.*

He who at fifty is a fool
Is far too stubborn grown for school.
Slander.

How great his theft who robs himself!
Pleasure.

For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case? *Ib.*

Who games, is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health. *Ib.*

COWLEY, Abraham (1618–1667)

It is a hard and nice thing for a man to write of himself. It grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. **Of Myself.**

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.*
Ode. *c. 9.*

Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.
Ib.

For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
Ib., 11.

Charmed with the foolish whistlings of a name.† **Of Agriculture.**

The monster London. **Of Solitude.**

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost. *Ib.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain. **The Garden.**

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise,
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopped him, should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.‡ **Danger of Procrastination.**

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
The Motto.

Come, my best friends, my books, and lead me on. *Ib.*

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.§ **On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.**

Just as a bird, that flies about
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.
Friendship in Absence.

Why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why.
Anacreontiques. *No. 2. Drinking.*

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
No. 7. Gold.

When I myself am nothing but a name.
Ode upon occasion of a Copy of Verses of my Lord Broghill's.

Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise
As praises from the men whom all men praise. *Ib.*

Lukewarmness I account a sin,
As great in love as in religion.
The Mistress.—Love Verses. *The Request.*

The world's a scene of changes; and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy.
Inconstancy

Well then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, the buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city. *The Wish.*

May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true. *Ib.*

Words that weep and tears that speak.
The Prophet.

If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.
Against Hope.

Hope! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
For Hope.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart
Too apt before to kill.
The Waiting-maid.

Nor can the snow, which now cold Age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within.
Pindaric Odes. *To Mr. Hobbes.*

To things immortal, Time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young. *Ib.*

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* Translation of Horace.
† Translation of Virgil, *Georg.*, Book 2.
‡ Translation of Horace, 1 Ep., 2, 4.
§ *Cf.* Pope, *Essay on Man*, p. 349b.

Life is an incurable disease.
To Dr. Scarborough.

Truth is truest poesy.
Davideis. *Book 1, l. 41.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.
Book 1, l. 361.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven the vision sent,
And ordered all the pageants as they went;
Sometimes, that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,
The loose and scattered relics of the day.
Book 2, l. 789.

His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
Nor stepped aside for dangers or delight.
Book 4, l. 361.

Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find;
Occasion, once passed by, is bald behind.
Pyramus and Thisbe. *St. 15.*

Fame, like man, will grow white as it grows old.
Quoted by Dr. Johnson, in "Lives of the Poets."

COWLEY, Hannah (née Parkhouse) (1743–1809)

Five minutes—Zounds! I have been five minutes too late all my lifetime [Saville].
The Belle's Stratagem (1782). *Act i. 1.*

Vanity, like murder, will out. *Act i. 4.*

What is woman? Only one of Nature's agreeable blunders.
Who's the Dupe? *Act ii. 2.*

COWPER, William (1731–1800)

William was once a bashful youth;
His modesty was such,
That one might say (to say the truth),
He rather had too much. **Of Himself.**

But some a different notion had,
And at each other winking,
Observed that though he little said,
He paid it off with thinking. *Ib.*

No dancing bear was so genteel
Or half so *dégagé*. *Ib.*

Oh, then indulge thy grief, nor fear to tell
The gentle source from whence thy sorrows flow;
Nor think it weakness, when we love to feel;
Nor think it weakness what we feel to show.
To Delia. *On her endeavouring to conceal her grief at Parting.*

Hope, like the short-lived ray that gleams awhile, . . .
Cheers e'en the face of misery to a smile.
Despair at his separation.

Absence from whom we love is worse than death,
And frustrate hope severer than despair. *Ib.*

Who early loves, though young, is wise—
Who old, though grey, a fool.
Upon a Venerable Rival.

That subject for an angel's song,
The hero, and the saint.
On reading "Sir Charles Grandison."

There goes the parson—O illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.
On Observing Some Names of Little Note.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
Olney Hymns (1779). *No. 1.*

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees. *No. 29*

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm. *No. 68.*

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.* *Ib.*

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face. *Ib.*

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower. *Ib.*

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain. *Ib.*

Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend.
The Progress of Error (c. 1782). *l. 14.*

The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
Falls soporific on the listless ear. *l. 19.*

From thoughtless youth to ruminating age.
l. 24.

And pleasure brings as surely in her train
Remorse, and Sorrow, and vindictive Pain.
l. 43.

Even Bacchanalian Madness has its charms.
l. 56.

Unmissed but by his dogs and by his groom.
l. 95.

Oh laugh or mourn with me, the rueful jest,
A cassocked huntsman, and a fiddling priest!
l. 110.

Himself a wanderer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray?
l. 118.

O Italy!—thy sabbaths will be soon
Our sabbaths. *l. 152.*

Folly and Innocence are so alike,
The difference, though essential, fails to strike.
l. 203.

Remorse, the fatal egg by Pleasure laid.
l. 239.

First wish to be imposed on, and then are.
l. 290.

Our most important are our earliest years.
l. 353.

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* *See* Villiers Duke of Buckingham, p. 376a.

How many a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been left at home!
l. 414.

While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,
Seems verging fast towards the female side.
l. 428.

And of all arts sagacious dupes invent,
To cheat themselves and gain the world's assent,
The worst is—Scripture warped from its intent. *l. 434.*

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
l. 515.

Your blunderer is as sturdy as a rock. *l. 538.*

He has no hearing on the prudent side.
l. 548.

Secure of nothing but to lose the race.
l. 562

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain.
l. 563.

What is a righteousness that men devise,
What, but a sordid bargain for the skies?
Truth. *l. 75.*

Humility may clothe an English dean.
l. 118.

She might be young, some forty years ago.
l. 132.

A growing dread of vengeance at his heels.
l. 259.

He has no hope who never had a fear.
l. 299.

The Scripture was his jest-book. *l. 308.*

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.
l. 328.

To them the sounding jargon of the schools
Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools.
l. 368.

You told me, I remember, glory built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt.
Table Talk. *l. 1.*

If monarchy consists in such base things
Sighing, I say again, I pity kings! *l. 138.*

Flippant fluency of tongue. *l. 146.*

Admirals, extolled for standing still,
Or doing nothing with a deal of skill. *l. 191.*

Firm friends to peace, to pleasure, and good pay. *l. 194.*

Liberal in all things else, yet Nature here
With stern severity deals out the year.
l. 207.

Earth shakes beneath them, and heaven roars above;
But nothing scares them from the course they love. *l. 459.*

Mean you to prophesy, or but to preach?
l. 478.

Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains. *l. 536.*

As if an eagle flew aloft, and then—
Stooped from its highest pitch to pounce a wren. *l. 551.*

Religion, harsh, intolerant, austere,
Parent of manners, like herself, severe.
l. 611.

That constellation set, the world in vain
Must hope to look upon their like again.
l. 659.

Oaths, used as playthings or convenient tools.
Expostulation. *l. 37.*

And trident-bearing queen of the wide seas.
l. 275.

Where Obstinacy takes his sturdy stand,
To disconcert what Policy has planned;
Where Policy is busied all night long
In setting right what Faction has set wrong.
l. 298.

War lays a burden on the reeling state.
l. 306.

Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look within. *l. 389.*

The man that dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man. *l. 432.*

In such a cause they could not dare to fear.
l. 621.

What dotage will not Vanity maintain?
What web too weak to catch a modern brain?
l. 628.

Or serves the champion in forensic war
To flourish and parade with at the bar.
l. 664.

I know the warning song is sung in vain,
That few will hear and fewer heed the strain.
l. 724.

The poor, inured to drudgery and distress,
Act without aim, think little, and feel less,
And nowhere, but in feigned Arcadian scenes,
Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means. **Hope.** *l. 7.*

The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud. *l. 18.*

Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much.
l. 20.

And just when evening turns the blue vault grey,
To spend two hours in dressing for the day.
l. 81.

Serves merely as a soil for discontent
To thrive in. *l. 99.*

While conversation, an exhausted stock,
Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock.
l. 105.

Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away.
l. 129.

Man is the genuine offspring of revolt.
l. 183.

His weekly drawl
Though short, too long. *l. 201.*

Emulous always of the nearest place
To any throne, except the throne of grace.
l. 240.

The centre of a thousand trades. *l. 248.*

Each man's belief is right in his own eyes.
l. 285.

The wrong was his who wrongfully complained. *l. 323.*

My creed is, he is safe that does his best,
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.
l. 397.

A hand as liberal as the light of day. *l. 410.*

And differing judgments serve but to declare,
That Truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where. *l. 425.*

The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,
Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue,
But speaks with plainness art could never mend,
What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.
l. 450.

And he that stole has learned to steal no more. *l. 525.*

A knave when tried on honesty's plain rule,
And when by that of reason a mere fool.
l. 568.

Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life. *l. 578.*

Blush, Calumny! and write upon his tomb,
If honest eulogy can spare thee room. *l. 590.*

No blinder bigot, I maintain it still,
Than he who must have pleasure, come what will. *l. 595.*

Art thrives most
Where commerce has enriched the busy coast.
Charity. *l. 114.*

Grief is itself a medicine. *l. 159.*

He found it inconvenient to be poor. *l. 189.*

Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A stream of liberal and heroic deeds. *l. 244.*

But let insolvent innocence go free. *l. 289.*

Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed.
l. 292.

All truth is precious, if not all divine. *l. 331.*

Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
Is rather careless of her sister's fame. *l. 453.*

A teacher should be sparing of his smile.
l. 490.

No skill in swordsmanship, however just,
Can be secure against a madman's thrust.
l. 509.

When scandal has new minted an old lie,
Or taxed invention for a fresh supply,
'Tis called a satire. *l. 513.*

Pelting each other for the public good.
l. 623.

Spare the poet for his subject's sake. *l. 636.*

Conversation in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art.
Conversation. *l. 3.*

Words learned by rote, a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse. *l. 7.*

Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife;
Some men have surely then a peaceful life!
l. 55.

Asseveration blustering in your face
Makes contradiction such a hopeless case.
l. 59.

Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong;
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
l. 93.

A noisy man is always in the right. *l. 114.*

Dubius is such a scrupulous good man.
l. 119.

He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own.
l. 121.

His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centering at last in having none at all.
l. 133.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay.
l. 145.

The proud are always most provoked by pride.
l. 160.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
l. 193.

"Can this be true?" an arch observer cries;
"Yes" (rather moved), "I saw it with these eyes."
"Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
I could not, had I seen it with my own."
l. 231.

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct,
The language plain, and incidents well linked;
Tell not as new what everybody knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close.
l. 235.

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilises ours.
l. 251.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume;
The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau. *l. 283.*

The solemn fop, significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge. *l. 299.*

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home. *l. 303.*

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have been sick. *l. 311.*

Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is—to be displeased. *l. 345.*

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns. *l. 357.*

And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection and well-timed discourse. *l. 387.*

The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a seven years' transportation, home. *l. 399.*

And though the fox he follows may be tamed,
A mere fox-follower never is reclaimed. *l. 409.*

Whose only fit companion is his horse. *l. 412.*

Oh, to the club, the scene of savage joys,
The school of coarse good-fellowship and noise. *l. 421.*

Fashion, leader of a chattering train,
Whom man, for his own hurt, permits to reign. *l. 457.*

No—marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the graver's memory, pass away. *l. 551.*

It moves me more perhaps than folly ought. *l. 625.*

And useless as a candle in a skull. *l. 785.*

A poet does not work by square or line. *l. 794.*

Though such continual zigzags in a book,*
Such drunken reelings, have an awkward look. *l. 866.*

To find the medium asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit. *l. 884.*

Hackneyed in business, wearied at that oar,
Which thousands, once fast chained to, quit no more. **Retirement.** *l. 1.*

And having lived a trifler, die a man. *l. 14.*

In the last scene of such a senseless play. *l. 32.*

Custom's idiot sway. *l. 49.*

A mind released
From anxious thoughts how wealth may be increased. *l. 139.*

The lover too shuns business. *l. 219.*

The disencumbered Atlas of the state. *l. 394.*

The good we never miss we rarely prize. *l. 406.*

Some pleasures live a month and some a year,
But short the date of all we gather here. *l. 459.*

Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme. *l. 567.*

He likes the country, but in truth must own,
Most likes it when he studies it in town. *l. 573.*

Peers are not always generous as well-bred. *l. 597.*

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed. *l. 623.*

A life of ease a difficult pursuit. *l. 634.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as when it stands. *l. 681.*

Chase
A panting syllable through time and space. *l. 691.*

Till authors hear at length one general cry,
Tickle and entertain us, or we die! *l. 707.*

Beggars invention and makes fancy tame. *l. 709.*

I praise the Frenchman;* his remark was shrewd,—
"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—Solitude is sweet." *l. 739.*

O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.
History of John Gilpin (c. 1782). *St. 8.*

And all agog
To dash through thick and thin. *St. 10.*

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more. *St. 24.*

Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play. *St. 35.*

A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind. *St. 46.*

Now let us sing long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see. *St. 63.*

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* Digressions.

* La Bruyère; also attributed to Jean Guez de Balzac (1594–1654).

99*a*

United yet divided, twain at once;
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.
The Task (1783). *The Sofa. l. 77.*

So slow
The growth of what is excellent, so hard
To attain perfection in this nether world.
l. 83.

From pangs arthritic that infest the toe
Of libertine excess. *l. 105.*

Far-fetched and little worth. *l. 243.*

Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he hath done.
l. 276.

Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires. *l. 409.*

But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye. *l. 426.*

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
l. 506.

In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach. *l. 689.*

Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied
As London, opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London? *l. 719.*

God made the country, and man made the town.* *l. 749.*

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!
The Time Piece. l. 1.

My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled. *l. 5.*

Mountains interposed,
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
l. 17.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
l. 29.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall. *l. 40.*

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! † *l. 206.*

Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,

99*b*

I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France,
With all her vines. *l. 209.*

In the name of soldiership and sense. *l. 225.*

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause. *l. 231.*

Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue. *l. 235.*

The nose of nice nobility. *l. 259.*

We justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own. *l. 275.*

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. *l. 285.*

Reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.
l. 411.

Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril. *l. 437.*

Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not.
l. 444.

Oh spare your idol! think him human still;
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too;
Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.
l. 496.

How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preached!
l. 539.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour. *l. 606.*

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends. *l. 652.*

A graduated dunce. *l. 749.*

And he was competent whose purse was so.
l. 752.

A man of letters, and of manners too. *l. 792.*

Crack the satiric thong.
The Garden. l. 26.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the Fall!
l. 41.

Where pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle frail support. *l. 51.*

Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. *l. 127.*

Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known, and call the rant
A history. *l. 139.*

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* Borrowed from Varro (B.C. 118–B.C. 29): "Nec mirum, quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes."

† *See* Churchill: "Be England what she will," p. 82*b*.

And charge
His mind with meanings that he never had.
l. 148.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust.
l. 161.

Eternity for bubbles proves at last
A senseless bargain. *l. 175.*

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!
l. 188.

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom. *l. 221.*

Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her Author more.
l. 235.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue. *l. 268.*

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle. *l. 352.*

Studious of laborious ease. *l. 361.*

Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft
The way to glory by miscarriage foul. *l. 505.*

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too.
l. 566.

Oh thou,* resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in which I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleases and yet shocks me. *l. 835.*

I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
The Winter Evening. l. 34.

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast.
l. 36.

The cups
That cheer but not inebriate.† *l. 39.*

This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise.‡ *l. 50.*

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
l. 86.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
l. 88.

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year. *l. 120.*

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness.
l. 139.

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* London.

† "Cups which cheer but not inebriate." Bishop Berkeley's *Siris*, par. 217. (*See Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, No. 25, p. 490.)

‡ Newspaper.

The slope of faces from the floor to the roof,
(As if one master spring controlled them all),
Relaxed into a universal grin. *l. 202.*

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
l. 217.

Parlour twilight; such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind.
l. 278.

A whiff
Of stale debauch. *l. 469.*

Gloriously drunk. *l. 510.*

And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose. *l. 516.*

Increase of power begets increase of wealth.
l. 580.

Foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice. *l. 689.*

The Frenchman's darling [Mignonette]. *l. 765.*

But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.
The Winter Morning Walk. l. 187.

In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war.
l. 205.

And the first smith was the first murderer's son. *l. 219.*

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use.
l. 299.

The beggarly last doit. *l. 321.*

We love
The king who loves the law. *l. 336.*

I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise. *l. 364.*

As dreadful as the Manichean god,*
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.
l. 449.

But the age of virtuous politics is past.
l. 498.

Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. *l. 500.*

His ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly. *l. 597.*

He foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune and dignity. *l. 605.*

What none can prove a forgery may be true;
What none but bad men wish exploded, must.
l. 617.

Remorse begets reform. *l. 623.*

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* The Power of Evil.

And with poetic trappings grace thy prose. *l. 684.*

They lived unknown
Till Persecution dragged them into fame
And chased them up to heaven. *l. 729.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free. *l. 738.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave.
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
The Winter Walk at Noon. l. 1.

How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! *l. 6.*

But not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is. *l. 50.*

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. *l. 85.*

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more. *l. 96.*

Some, to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwinked. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranced. *l. 101.*

Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God. *l. 224.*

Noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse. *l. 425.*

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *l. 560.*

Commemoration mad; content to hear
(Oh wonderful effect of music's power!)
Messiah's eulogy, for Handel's sake. *l. 635.*

Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch. *l. 747.*

Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers. *l. 831.*

All pastors are alike
To wandering sheep, resolved to follow none. *l. 890.*

The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a sober moment time to pause.
Tirocinium. *l. 55.*

Truths that the learn'd pursue with eager thought
Are not important always as dear-bought. *l. 73.*

Shine by the side of every path we tread,
With such a lustre he that runs may read.[*] *l. 79.*

In early days the Conscience has in most
A quickness which in later life is lost. *l. 109.*

'Twere well with most if books that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age. *l. 147.*

Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;
That in good time, the stripling's finished taste
For loose expense and fashionable waste,
Should prove your ruin, and his own at last,
Train him in public with a mob of boys. *l. 201.*

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think. *l. 255.*

Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
Is more than adequate to all I seek.[†] *l. 385.*

The parson knows enough who knows a Duke. *l. 403.*

As a priest,
A piece of mere church-furniture at best. *l. 424.*

Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well. *l. 509.*

A man of letters, manners, morals, parts. *l. 673.*

Tenants of life's middle state,
Securely placed between the small and great,
Whose character, yet undebauched, retains
Two-thirds of all the virtue that remains. *l. 807.*

Designed by Nature wise, but self-made fools. *l. 837.*

Reasoning at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
Whilst meaner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray. **The Doves.**

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how). **Report of an Adjudged Case.**

Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulness of discretion.
Friendship. *St. 1.*

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points which God has left at large,
How fiercely will they meet and charge!
No combatants are stiffer. *St. 23.*

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[*] *See* Habakkuk ii, 2.

[†] In allusion to Ben Jonson's line: "And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek."

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it. *St. 29.*

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!
Loss of the Royal George (*Sept.*, 1782).

Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.
Pairing-time Anticipated.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.
Verses. *Alex. Selkirk.*

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face? *Ib.*

Never hear the sweet music of speech. *Ib.*

Society, friendship, and love
Divinely bestowed upon man. *Ib.*

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard. *Ib.*

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm soul within. **Epistle to Jos. Hill.**

Forced from home and all its pleasures.
The Negro's Complaint.

He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man. **Pity for Poor Africans.**

In sooth the sorrow of such days
Is not to be expressed,
When he that takes and he that pays
Are both alike distressed.
The Yearly Distress. *St. 5.*

A kick that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine. *St. 16.*

His head alone remained to tell
The cruel death he died.
The Death of a Bullfinch.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
Epistle to a Protestant Lady.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
The Needless Alarm.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture. *l. 1.*

Blest be the art that can immortalise. *l. 8.*

Drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
l. 30.

Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here. *l. 73.*

I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again. *l. 86.*

Me, howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost. *l. 102.*

The son of parents passed into the skies.
l. 111.

For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
The Retired Cat.

The base insulting foe.
Trans. Psalm 137.

He sees that this great roundabout
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law.
The Jackdaw.

But strive to be a man before your mother.
Motto to Connoisseur. *No. 3.*

A worm is in the bud of youth
And at the root of age.
Stanzas *subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality, 1787.*

And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.
The Rose.

But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.
The Castaway.

Alas, how prone are human-kind to blame
The Powers of Heaven!
Odyssey. *1, 35.*

Shout not! Be still! Unholy is the voice
Of loud thanksgiving over slaughtered men.
Ib., 22, 414.

So perish all who shall like him offend!
Iliad. *1, 12.*

COX, Geo. Valentine (1786–1875)

With culture spoil what else would flourish wild,
And rock the cradle till they bruise the child.
Black Gowns and Red Coats.

CRABBE, Rev. Geo. (1754–1832)

That all men would be cowards, if they dare,
Some men have had the courage to declare.[*]
Tales of the Hall. *1, 1.*

Soiled by rude hands, who cut and come again. *7, 26.*

Beauties are tyrants, and if they can reign,
They have no feeling for their subject's pain. **The Patron.**

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved.[†] **The Struggles of Conscience.**

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[*] *See* Rochester: "For all men would be cowards if they durst" p. 264*a*.

[†] *See* references to similar passages under A. H. CLOUGH.

Whose most tender mercy is neglect.
The Village (1783). *Book 1.*

I sought the simple life that Nature yields.
Ib.

These are the tombs of such as cannot die.
The Library (1781).

Fashion, though Folly's child, and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules.
Ib.

Against her foes Religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends.
Ib.

But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of disputatious men. *Ib.*

The more of these Instructors [Newspapers] a man reads, the less he will infallibly understand.
The Newspaper (1785). *To the Reader.*

So idle dreams, the journals of the night,
Are right and wrong by turns, and mingle wrong with right.
The Newspaper (1784).

A master-passion is the love of news. *Ib.*

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.
The Parish Register (1807). *Part 1. Baptisms.*

Our Farmers round, well pleased with constant gain,
Like other farmers, flourish and complain.
Ib.

Pride lives with all; strange names our rustics give
To helpless infants, that their own may live.
Ib.

Had that calm look which seemed to all assent,
And that complacent speech which nothing meant. *Ib.*

A sly old fish, too cunning for the hook.
Part 2. Marriages.

I preach for ever; but I preach in vain. *Ib.*

Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired. *Ib.*

How strange that men,
Who guide the plough, should fail to guide the pen. *Ib.*

His delight
Was all in books; to read them or to write;
Women and men he strove alike to shun,
And hurried homeward when his tasks were done. *Part 3. Burials.*

A people still, whose common ties are gone;
Who, mixed with every race, are lost in none. **The Borough** (1810). *Letter 4.*

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.
Ib., 12.

When youth is fallen, there's hope the young may rise,
But fallen age for ever hopeless lies. *Ib., 21.*

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
Ib., 24.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.
Birth of Flattery.

Who often reads will sometimes wish to write. **Edward Shore.**

Love has a thousand varied notes to move
The human heart. **The Frank Courtship.**

Presumption or meanness are both too often the only articles to be found in a preface.
Preface to **Inebriety, a Poem** (c. 1772).

CRAIGIE, Pearl Mary Teresa (née Richards), "John Oliver Hobbes" (1867–1906).

Women may be whole oceans deeper than we are, but they are also a whole paradise better. She may have got us out of Eden, but as a compensation she makes the earth very pleasant. **The Ambassador** (1898). *Act iii.*

CRAIK, Dinah Maria (née Mulock) (1826–1887)

Say not that she did well or ill,
Only, "She did her best." **Poems** (1852).

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won.
Poem *founded on the Russian Proverb,* "Two hands upon the breast and labour is past."

CRANCH, Christopher Pearse (1813–1892)

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
Stanzas.

CRASHAW, Richard, B.D. (c. 1613–1649)

Why, 'tis a point of faith. Whate'er it be,
I'm sure it is no point of charity.
On a Treatise of Charity.

What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.
Sospetto d'Herode.

It is an armoury of light;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.
On a Prayer Book.

Nothing speaks our grief so well
As to speak nothing.*
Upon the Death of a Gentleman.

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* "Great griefs are silent."—*Prov.*

Sad mortality may hide
In his ashes all her pride,
With this inscription o'er his head :—
All hope of never dying here lies dead.
Another (**on the death of Mr. Herrys**).

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer day.
In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.

And, when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends :—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay ;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away. *Ib.*

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,—
" Here lies a truly honest man ! "
Epitaph on Mr. Ashton.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me :
Where're she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.
Wishes to his supposed Mistress.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend !
Ib.

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old winter's head with flowers.
Ib.

The conscious water saw its God, and blushed.[*] **Epigrammata Sacra.** *l. 96.*

He giveth oft who gives what's oft refused.[†] *l. 103.*

Heaven's great artillery.
The Flaming Heart. *l. 56.*

Love's great artillery. **Prayer.** *l. 18.*

Mighty Love's artillery.
The Wounds of the Lord Jesus. *l. 2.*

Weeping is the ease of woe.
St. Mary Magdalene. *l. 13.*

CREECH, Thomas, B.D. (1659–1700)

Long time men lay oppressed with slavish fear ;
Religion's tyranny did domineer.
Tr. of Lucretius. *1, 63.*

At length a mighty one of Greece [Epicurus] began
To assert the natural liberty of man,
By senseless terrors and vain fancies led
To slavery. Straight the conquered phantoms fled. *Ib., 1, 67.*

His vigorous and active mind was hurled
Beyond the flaming limits of this world
Into the mighty space, and there did see
How things begin, what can, what cannot be.
Ib., 1, 75.

But above all 'tis pleasantest to get
The top of high philosophy, and sit
On the calm, peaceful, flourishing head of it.
2, 6.

Then, like a thankful guest,
Rise cheerfully from life's abundant feast
And with a quiet mind go take thy rest.
3, 952.

Our life must once have end ; in vain we fly
From following Fate ; e'en now, e'en now, we die. *3, 1081.*

Not to admire, is all the art I know ;
To make men happy, and to keep them so.[*]
Translation. *Horace 1, Ep. 6, 1.*

CROLY, George (1780–1860)

Nature's first great title—mind.
Pericles and Aspasia. (*Published* 1830.)

CREWE-MILNES, Robert Offley Ashburton, Earl of Crewe (b. 1858)

And so his blameless years rolled by,
To-day the double of to-morrow ;
No wish to smile, no need to sigh,
No heart for mirth, no time for sorrow.
Stray Verses (1889–90). *The Bookworm.*

The joyous Paradise of Fools
Has space to spare for young and old.
Ib. Fool's Paradise.

Perhaps those simple souls might teach
Lessons as high as we could set them,
And if they're striving heaven to reach
Their own strange road,—by all means let them ! *Ib. Easter in Florence.*

CROMWELL, Oliver (1599–1658)

Subtlety may deceive you ; integrity never will.
Letters. *To Robert Barnard, Jan. 1642.*

A few honest men are better than numbers.
To Sir W. Spring and Maurice Barrow, Sept., 1643.

I had rather have a plain, russet-coated Captain, that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a Gentleman and is nothing else. I honour a Gentleman that is so indeed. *Ib.*

I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken.
To the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Aug. 3, 1650.

Vain men will speak well of him that does ill.
To Richard Mayor, July, 1651.

Necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities, are the greatest cozenage men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by.
Speeches. *To Parliament, Sept. 12, 1654.*

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[*] Translation of Latin epigram by Crashaw on John 2.—" Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit."

[†] Translation of " Sæpe dedit quisquis sæpe negata dedit."

[*] Quoted by Byron, in *Don Juan*, canto 5, st. 100, with the parenthetical lines :
" Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech."

I am not a man scrupulous about words or names or such things. *Ib., April 13, 1657.*

Paint me as I am. If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling. **Remark to the Painter, Lely.**

CROSS, Marian, née Evans (*see* **George Eliot**)

CROWNE, John (c. 1650–1703)

Wherever I go, the world cries "that's a gentleman, my life on't a gentleman!" and when y'ave said a gentleman, you have said all. **Sir Courtly Nice** (1685).

Men of quality are above wit. *Ib.*

Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds,[*]
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.
Thyestes (1681).

Glory and empire are to female blood
More tempting dangerous rivals than a god.
The Destruction of Jerusalem. *Part 1, Act iii. 2.*

There is no hiding from lovers' eyes. *Act iv. 1.*

CULPEPER, Nicholas (1616–1654)

Would you have a settled head,
You must early go to bed;
I tell you, and I tell 't again,
You must be in bed at ten.
As quoted by Swift in a Letter to Stella. *Jan. 19, 1710–1.*

CUMBERLAND, Richard (1732–1811)

Of all bad things by which mankind are cursed,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.
Menander.

Extremes of fortune are true wisdom's test.
And he's of men most wise who bears them best.
Philemon.

CUNNINGHAM, Allan (1784–1842)

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea (1825).

The hollow oak our palace is.
Our heritage the sea. *Ib.*

When looks were fond and words were few.
Poet's Bridal-day Song.

CUNNINGHAM, John (1729–1773)

The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.
The Rose and the Butterfly.

So various is the human mind;
Such are the frailties of mankind!
What at a distance charmed our eyes,
Upon attainment, droops, and dies.
Hymen.

DANIEL, Samuel (1562–1619)

Minions too great argue a King too weak.
The History of the Civil War. *Book 1, st. 38.*

When better choices are not to be had,
We needs must take the seeming best of bad. *Book 2, st. 24.*

Might,
That makes a title where there is no right. *St. 36.*

The thing possessed is not the thing it seems. *St. 104.*

Who reproves the lame must go upright. *Book 3, st. 10.*

The bounds once overgone that hold men in,
They never stay; but on from bad to worse.
Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
But still beget new mischiefs in their course.
Book 4, st. 10.

He hath nothing done that doth not all. *St. 14.*

Devotion, mother of obedience. *Book 6, st. 33.*

The stars that have most glory have no rest.[*] *St. 104.*

And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.
On the Earl of Southampton.

Sweet, silent rhetoric of persuading eyes,
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood
More than the words or wisdom of the wise.
Complaint of Rosamond. *St. 19.*

Jewels, orators of Love. *St. 52.*

Shame leaves us by degrees. *St. 64.*

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.[†]
To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland. *St. 12.*

Sacred on earth; designed a saint above!
Sonnets to Delia. *No. 6.*

The fairest flower that ever saw the light. *No. 37.*

And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither. *No. 48.*

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[*] "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart" (*Don Juan*, canto 1, st. 194).

[*] *See* Bacon, p. 10b.

[†] This is from a classical source. Montaigne (*Essais*, 1580, Bk. 2, ch. 12, *ad fin.*) has the following as from a "pagan writer": "'Oh! what a vile and abject thing,' says he, 'is man unless he can erect himself above humanity.' Here is a *bon mot* and a useful desire, but equally absurd. For to make the handful bigger than the hand, the armful bigger than the arm, and to hope to stride further than the stretch of our legs, is impossible and monstrous. . . . He may lift himself if God lend him His hand of special grace; he may lift himself . . . by means wholly celestial. It is for our Christian religion, and not for his Stoic virtue, to pretend to this divine and miraculous metamorphosis."

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born.*
Ib.

Custom, that is before all law; Nature, that is above all art.
A Defence of Rhyme.

And you shall find the greatest enemy
A man can have is his prosperity.
Philotas—*Tragedy. Dedication, l. 13.*

But years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
Ib., l. 106.

Folly in youth is sin, in age 'tis madness.
The Tragedy of Cleopatra (1594). *Act iii. 2.*

For 'tis some ease our sorrows to reveal,
If they to whom we shall impart our woes,
Seem but to feel a part of what we feel,
And meet us with a sigh, but at the close.
Act iv. 1.

Princes in this case,
Do hate the traitor, though they love the treason.†
Ib.

The absent danger greater still appears;
Less fears he who is near the thing he fears.
Ib.

Pity is sworn servant unto love;
And thus be sure, wherever it begin
To make the way, it lets the master in.
The Queen's Arcadia—*Comedy, iii. 1.*

Ah! 'tis the silent rhetoric of a look,
That works the league betwixt the states of hearts.
Ib., v. 2.

DARLING, Sir Charles John, Judge (b. 1849)

Men would be great criminals did they need as many laws as they make.
Scintillæ Juris.

To sacrifice one's honour to one's party is so unselfish an act that our most generous statesmen have not hesitated to do it. *Ib.*

Reforms are less to be dreaded than revolutions, for they cause less reaction. *Ib.*

Public wrongs are but popular rights in embryo. *Ib.*

Admissions are mostly made by those who do not know their importance. *Ib.*

To convince a poor voter by the common argument of promised reforms is merely to corrupt him with hope. *Ib.*

If a man stay away from his wife for seven years, the law presumes the separation to have killed him; yet, according to our daily experience, it might well prolong his life. *Ib.*

DARWIN, Erasmus, M.B. (1731–1802)

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the field of air.
The Botanic Garden (1792). *Pt. 1, 1, 298.*

The angel Pity shuns the walks of War.
Part 2, 3, 298.

He who allows oppression shares the crime.
Part 2, 3, 458.

He treads unemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health.
Philanthropy of Mr. Howard.

D'AVENANT, Sir Wm. (1606–1668)

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings.
The Lark now Leaves.

Awake, awake, the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.
Ib.

Be not with honour's gilded baits beguiled,
Nor think ambition wise because 'tis brave.
Gondibert (1651). *Book 1, canto 5, st. 75.*

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.
Book 2, canto 5, st. 37.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.
The Just Italian, *v. 1.*

Custom, that unwritten law,
By which the people keep even kings in awe.
Circe. *ii. 3.*

My lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare.
Rivals (*performed* 1664).*

DAVIDSON, John (1857–1909)

Mere by-blows are the world and we,
And time, within eternity,
A sheer anachronism.
Queen Elizabeth's Day.

Know that relentless strife
Remains, by sea and land,
The holiest law of life.
War Song.

From fear in every guise,
From sloth, from love of pelf,
By war's great sacrifice
The world redeems itself.
Ib.

For both were bigots—fateful souls that plague the gentle world.
A Woman and her Son.

The sun is bright on heaven's brow,
The world's fresh blood runs fleet;
Time is as young as ever now,
Nature as fresh and sweet.
A Ballad of Euthanasia.

He cursed the canting moralist,
Who measures right and wrong.
A Ballad of a Poet Born.

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* *See* Fletcher: "Care-charming sleep," p. 137*b*.
† "Though I love the treason, I hate the traitor."—*S. Pepys: Diary*, March 7, 1667.

* This play is said to have been re-cast by John Gay, but the statement is doubtful.

And the shamed listeners knew the spell
  That still enchants the years,
When the world's commonplaces fell
  In music on their ears. *Ib.*

Night and day! night and day!
  Sound the song the hours rehearse!
Work and play! work and play!
  The order of the universe. **Piper, play.**

He kissed the ground her feet did kiss.
A New Ballad of Tannhäuser.

But now that refuge of despair* is shut,
For other lives have twined themselves with mine. **Lammas** (1896).

DAVIES, Sir John (1569–1626)

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burned,
  Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent,
When we have all the learned volumes turned,
  Which yields men's wits both help and ornament,
What can we know or what can we discern?
Nosce teipsum (1599). *Introduction. Sec. 1, st. 14.*

Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
  We learn so little and forget so much.
St. 19.

If aught can teach us aught, Affliction's looks,
  (Making us pry into ourselves so near),
Teach us to know ourselves, beyond all books,
  Or all the learnèd schools that ever were.
St. 38.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see.
Sec. 2, st. 15.

Nor can a man of passions judge aright,
Except his mind be from all passions free.
Sec. 4, st. 18.

For Nature in man's heart her laws doth pen. *Sec. 26, st. 2.*

Although they say, "Come, let us eat and drink;
  Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies":
Though thus they say, they know not what to think;
  But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise. *Sec. 30, st. 4.*

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
St. 50.

If then all souls, both good and bad do teach
  With general voice, that souls can never die;
'Tis not man's flattering gloss, but Nature's speech,
  Which, like God's oracles, can never lie.
St. 81.

For how can that be false, which every tongue
Of every mortal man affirms for true?
Sec. 32, st. 55.

Wit to persuade and beauty to delight.
Orchestra (1596). *St. 5.*

Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
Since man's chief pleasure is society?
St. 32.

Behold the world, how it is whirlèd round,
And for it is so whirl'd is namèd so. *St. 34.*

Dancing, the child of Music and of Love.
St. 96.

Adding once more the music of the tongue
To the sweet speech of her alluring eyes.
St. 97.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
  To public feasts, where meet a public rout;
Where they that are without would fain go in,
  And they that are within would fain go out.* **Contention betwixt a Wife.**

DAVIES, Scrope Berdmore (1783–1852)

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.
Letter. *To Thomas Raikes, May 25, 1835.*

DAVISON, Francis (1575–1619?)

Where Desire doth bear the sway,
The heart must rule, the head obey.
Desire's Government.

Some ease it is hid sorrows to declare.
Sonnet 5. *A Complaint.*

A beggar's life is for a king.
Song (*c. 1613*).

DAVISON, Walter (1581–1608?)

Love most concealed doth most itself discover. **Sonnet** 14.

DECATUR, Stephen (1779–1820)

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.†
Toast. *April, 1816.*

DEFOE, Daniel (1659?–1731)

The grand contention's plainly to be seen,
To get some men put out, and some put in.
The True-Born Englishman (1701). *Introduction.*

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.‡
Part 1, l. 1.

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* Suicide.

* *See* Montaigne ("French Quotations").

† "I hope to find my country in the right; however, I will stand by her, right or wrong."—*J. J. Crittenden, of Kentucky.*

‡ An old proverb. *See* under "Proverbs": "No sooner is a temple built to God."

Drunk'ness, the darling favourite of hell.
l. 51.

That vain, ill-natured thing, an Englishman.
l. 133.

That heterogeneous thing, an Englishman.
l. 280.

Wealth, howsoever got, in England makes
Lords of mechanics, gentlemen of rakes;
Antiquity and birth are needless here;
'Tis impudence and money makes a peer.
l. 360.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.
l. 374.

No panegyric needs their praise record;
An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word.
Part 2, l. 152.

Restraint from ill is freedom to the wise;
But Englishmen do all restraint despise.
l. 206.

For Englishmen are ne'er contented long.
l. 244.

And of all plagues with which mankind are curst,
Ecclesiastic tyranny's the worst.
l. 299.

When kings the sword of justice first lay down,
They are no kings, though they possess the crown;
Titles are shadows, crowns are empty things:
The good of subjects is the end of kings.
l. 313.

For justice is the end of government. *l. 368.*

But English gratitude is always such
To hate the hand which doth oblige too much.
l. 409.

Wise men affirm it is the English way
Never to grumble till they come to pay.
Ib., Britannia, l. 84.

The best of men cannot suspend their fate;
The good die early, and the bad die late.
Character of the late Dr. S. Annesley.

We loved the doctrine for the teacher's sake.
Ib.

Nature has left this tincture in the blood,
That all men would be tyrants if they could.
The Kentish Petition (1701). *Addenda. l. 11.*

The art of war, which I take to be the highest perfection of human knowledge.
The History of Projects (1697). *Introduction.*

Self-destruction is the effect of cowardice in the highest extreme. *Of Projectors.*

Women, in my observation, have little or no difference in them, but as they are or are not distinguished by education.
Of Academies.

I do not prescribe fire and faggot, but as Scipio said of Carthage, Delenda est Carthago.
The Shortest Way with the Dissenters (1702).

Moses was a merciful, meek man, and yet with what fury did he run through the camp, and cut the throats of three-and-thirty thousand of his dear Israelites that were fallen into idolatry. *Ib.*

Alas the Church of England! What with Popery on one hand, and schismatics on the other, how has she been crucified between two thieves! *Ib.*

These [the lawyers] are the mountebanks of State,
Who by the sleight of tongues can crimes create.
A Hymn to the Pillory (1703).

For crime is all the shame of punishment.
Ib.

Tell them the men that placed him here
Are friends unto the times;
But at a loss to find his guilt,
They can't commit his crimes. *Ib.*

Necessity makes an honest man a knave.
Robinson Crusoe (1719). *Serious Reflections.*

In trouble to be troubled
Is to have your trouble doubled.
Robinson Crusoe. *The Farther Adventures.* (1719.)

A true-bred merchant is the best gentleman in the nation. *Ib.*

DEKKER, Thomas (1570 ?–1641 ?)

A wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read.
Old Fortunatus (1600), *i. 1.*

Age is like love, it cannot be hid.
Ib., ii. 1.

Brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of the gentle craft.
The Shoemaker's Holiday (1600), *iii. 1.*

By the lord of Ludgate it's a fine life to be Lord Mayor; it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. *Ib., v. 2.*

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
The Comedy of Patient Grissil.*

To add to golden numbers golden numbers.
Ib.

Honest labour bears a lovely face. *Ib.*

Funeral grief loathes words.
The Honest Whore (1604). *Pt. 1, Act i. 1.*

O what a heaven is love! O what a hell!
Ib.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
Ib., i. 1.

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* Written jointly by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle and William Houghton. The lines quoted are attributed to Dekker

That great fishpond, the sea. *Ib., i. 2.*

Were there no women, men might live like gods. *Ib., Pt. 2, iii. 1.*

There's no music when a woman is in the concert.
Ib., iv. 3.

To drink healths is to drink sickness. *Ib.*

A patient man's a pattern for a king.
Part 2, ad fin.

DENHAM, Sir John (1615–1669)

But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor. **Cooper's Hill** (1642). *l. 122.*

O could I flow like thee,* and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
l. 189.

Variety, which all the rest endears. *l. 228.*

Happy when both to the same centre move,
When Kings give liberty, and subjects love.
l. 333.

Thus Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing Kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
l. 343.

Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concerned than he that spake;
Each seemed to act the part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
On the Earl of Strafford's Trial and Death. *l. 11.*

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear.
Natura Naturata. *l. 16.*

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own.
On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death. *l. 29.*

Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.
l. 35.

For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas, what are they but poems in prose?
To the Five Members of the Hon. House of Commons. *l. 41.*

But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise.
On Mr. John Fletcher's Works. *l. 19.*

But yet beware of councils when too full;
Number makes long disputes.
Of Prudence.* *l. 59.*

Debate destroys despatch. *l. 63.*

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use. *l. 83.*

And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the scale with everlasting death!
l. 139.

When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end.
l. 186.

When justice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce are o'erthrown. **Of Justice.*** *l. 85.*

Darkness our guide, Despair our leader was.†
Essay on Virgil's Æneis.

Nor ought a genius less than his that writ
Attempt translation.
To Sir Richard Fanshaw. *l. 9.*

For never any man was yet so old
But hoped his life one winter more might hold. **Of Old Age.** *Part 1, l. 135.*

But age is froward, uneasy, scrutinous,
Hard to be pleased, and parsimonious.
Part 3, l. 235.

Our nature here is not unlike our wine;
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine. *l. 245.*

Hence from an inn, not from my home
I pass. *Part 4, l. 233.*

Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year. **The Sophy** (1642).

Fear and Guilt
Are the same things, and when our actions are not,
Our fears are, crimes. *Ib.*

Uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Ib.

Why should we
Anticipate our sorrows? 'Tis like those
That die for fear of death. *Ib.*

DENMAN, Thomas, Lord Denman (1779–1854)

A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.
O'Connell v. The Queen.

The mere repetition of the *Cantilena* of the lawyers cannot make it law. *Ib.*

DE QUINCEY, Thos. (1785–1859)

Set up as a theatrical scarecrow for superstitious terrors.
Confessions of an English Opium Eater. *Preface to the Original Edition, 1822.*

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* The Thames.

* These are from the Italian of Mancini.

† *See* Dryden: "Night was our friend," etc.

The memory strengthens as you lay burdens upon it, and becomes trustworthy as you trust it. *Part 1.*

Better to stand ten thousand sneers than one abiding pang, such as time could not abolish, of bitter self-reproach. *Ib.*

Thou hast the keys of Paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium! *Part 2.*

An Iliad of woes. *Ib.*

I feel assured there is no such thing as ultimate *forgetting*; traces once impressed upon the memory are indestructible. *Part 3.*

Books, we are told, propose to *instruct* or to *amuse*. Indeed! . . . The true antithesis to knowledge, in this case, is not *pleasure* but *power*. All that is literature seeks to communicate power: all that is not literature, to communicate knowledge.
Letters to a Young Man. *No. 3.* (*De Quincey adds that he is indebted for this distinction to "many years' conversation with Mr. Wordsworth."*)

The public is a bad guesser.
Essays. *Protestantism.*

Friends are as dangerous as enemies.
Schlosser's Literary History.

DE VERE, Aubrey Thomas (1814–1902)

Of old, between two nations was great war:
Its cause no mortal knew; nor when begun;
Therefore they combated so much the more,
The sire his sword bequeathing to his son.
The Infant Bridal (c. 1855). *Part 1, c. 1.*

The time is coming, it will soon be come,
When those who dare not fight
For God, or for the right,
Shall fight for peace. **Liberalism.**

DE VERE, Edward, 17th Earl of Oxford (1550–1604)

What cunning can express
The favour of her face?
What Cunning can express?

If women could be fair and yet not fond.
Woman's Changeableness.

Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.[*]
Song of Trico. (*Of the lark.*)

DIBDIN, Charles (1745–1814)

For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.
Poor Jack.

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. *Ib.*

What argufies snivelling and piping your eye? *Ib.*

And fancy paints the muffled drum,
And plaintive fife,
And the loud volley o'er the grave,
That sounds sad requiems to the brave.
Farewell and Return.

Then trust me there's nothing like drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en the valiant more brave.
Nothing like Grog.

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry!
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell!
Poor Tom.

If, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,
You must very well know how to hand, reef, and steer. **Sounding the Bowl.**

'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log;
The sailor's sheet anchor is grog.
The Sailor's Sheet Anchor.

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply?
He feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity
Winning each heart and delighting each eye. **The Jolly Young Waterman** (1774).

As he rowed along thinking of nothing at all. *Ib.*

What argufies pride and ambition?
Soon or late death will take us in tow:
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come we must go.
Each Bullet has its Commission.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.
Tom Bowling. (*From "The Oddities," 1788.*)

For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.[*] *Ib.*

In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.[†]
Jack in his Element.

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a day.
Charity.

But 'tis always the way on't; one scarce finds a brother
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle, or storm, or some damned thing or other,
He's popped off the hooks and we ne'er see him more! **Grieving's a Folly.**

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[*] *Cf.* Shakespeare, "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," p. 309*a*; also D'Avenant, "Awake, awake, the morn will never rise," p. 106*b*.

[*] Inscribed on Charles Dibdin's gravestone, in the cemetery of St. James, Camden Town. The song was written on the occasion of the death of the poet's brother, for many years master of a merchant vessel.

[†] *See* Gay, p. 142*b*.

For if bold tars are Fortune's sport,
Still are they Fortune's care.

The Blind Sailor.

And the sign of a true-hearted sailor
Is to give and to take a good joke.

Jack at the Windlass.

Misfortune ever claimed the pity of the
brave.

The Veterans.

Mayhap you have heard that as dear as
their lives
All true-hearted tars love their ships and
their wives.

The Nancy.

But they that han't pity, why I pities they.

True Courage.

If your angels don't like,—I love women.

Nature and Nancy.

But the standing toast that pleased the most
Was, "The wind that blows, the ship that
goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!"

The Standing Toast.
From the Comic Opera, "The Round Robin." (*Produced June 21, 1811.*)

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle.

Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.

DIBDIN, Thos. John (1771–1841)

O, it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

The Snug Little Island (1797).

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the
Norman,
Cried, D—n it, I never liked my land;
It would be much more handy to leave this
Normandy
And live on yon beautiful island. *Ib.*

DICKENS, Charles (1812–1870)

Grief never mended no broken bones, and, as good people's very scarce, what I says is, make the most on 'em.*

Sketches by Boz. *Gin-Shops.*

A smattering of everything, and a knowledge of nothing. (*Minerva House.*)

Sentiment.

If the Parks be "the lungs of London" we wonder what Greenwich Fair is—a periodical breaking out, we suppose—a sort of spring rash. *Greenwich Fair.*

He had used the word in its Pickwickian sense . . . he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view.

Pickwick Papers (1836). *Ch. 1.*

Great men are seldom over scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire. *Ch. 2.*

Half-a-crown in the bill, if you look at the waiter. *Ib.*

Kent, sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops, and women. *Ib.*

Did it ever strike you on such a morning as this, that drowning would be happiness and peace? *Ch. 5.*

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old. *Ch. 6.*

"It wasn't the wine," murmured Mr. Snodgrass, in a broken voice. "It was the salmon." *Ch. 8.*

"I wants to make your flesh creep," replied the boy. *Ib.*

"It is always best on these occasions to do what the mob do."—"But suppose there are two mobs?" suggested Mr. Snodgrass.—"Shout with the largest," replied Mr. Pickwick. *Ch. 13.*

Proud o' the title, as the Living Skellington said ven they showed him. *Ch. 15.*

I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. *Ch. 16.*

Blest if I don't think he's got a main in his head, as is always turned on. *Ib.*

Battledore and shuttlecock's a wery good game, vhen you a'n't the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores, in which case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant. *Ch. 20.*

Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar. *Ib.*

The wictim o' connubiality. *Ib.*

Called me wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath. *Ch. 22.*

"It's a wery remarkable circumstance, sir," said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always seem to go together." *Ib.*

"Wery good power o' suction, Sammy," said Mr. Weller the elder. . . . "You'd ha' made an uncommon fine oyster, Sammy, if you'd been born in that station o' life." *Ch. 23.*

It's over, and can't be helped, and that's one consolation, as they always says in Turkey. *Ib.*

"Dumb as a drum vith a hole in it, sir," replied Sam. *Ch. 25.*

Wery glad to see you, indeed, and hope our acquaintance may be a long 'un, as the gen'l'm'n said to the fi' pun' note. *Ib.*

Our noble society for providing the infant negroes in the West Indies with flannel waistcoats and moral pocket-handkerchiefs. *Ch. 27.*

Wen you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. *Ch. 28.*

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* *See* English proverb: "Good people are scarce."

"Eccentricities of genius, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. *Ch. 30.*

A double glass o' the inwariable. *Ch. 33.*

Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows. *Ib.*

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.
"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'." *Ib.*

If your governor don't prove a alleybi, he'll be what the Italians call reg'larly flummoxed. *Ib.*

She's a-swellin' wisibly before my wery eyes. *Ib.*

It's my opinion, sir, that this meeting is drunk. (*Stiggins.*) *Ib.*

Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know that everybody was gazing at him: a thing which no man ever succeeded in doing yet, or, in all reasonable probability, ever will. *Ch. 34.*

A Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster. *Ib.*

Chops and Tomata Sauce. Yours, Pickwick. Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata Sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? *Ib.*

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.
"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord," replied Sam. *Ib.*

"Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we." *Ib.*

"Little to do; and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Sergeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.
"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.
"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence." *Ib.*

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair of patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but being only eyes, you see, my wision's limited." *Ib.*

Oh Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi? *Ib.*

A friendly swarry, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton with the usual trimmings.* *Ch. 37.*

"You disliked the killibeate taste, perhaps?"
"I don't know much about that 'ere," said Sam. "I thought they'd a wery strong flavour o' warm flat-irons."
"That *is* the killibeate, Mr. Weller," observed Mr. John Smauker, contemptuously. *Ib.*

We know, Mr. Weller—we, who are men of the world—that a good uniform must work its way with the women, sooner or later. *Ib.*

Anythin' for a quiet life, as the man said wen he took the sitivation at the lighthouse. *Ib.*

But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And perwailed on him to stop.
(*Sam Weller's Song.*) *Ch. 43.*

Vich is your partickler wanity? Vich wanity do you like the flavour on best? *Ch. 45.*

"Never see . . . a dead post-boy, did you?" inquired Sam. . . . "No," rejoined Bob, "I never did." "No!" rejoined Sam triumphantly. "Nor never vill; and there's another thing that no man never see, and that's a dead donkey." *Ch. 51.*

Oliver Twist has asked for more.
Oliver Twist (1837–9). *Ch. 2.*

Known by the *sobriquet* of "The Artful Dodger." *Ch. 8.*

There is a passion *for hunting something* deeply implanted in the human breast. *Ch. 10.*

I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy boys and beef-faced boys. *Ch. 14.*

A beadle! a parish beadle, or I'll eat my head! *Ch. 17.*

There, that'll do; don't yer be too affectionate, in case I'm cross with yer. *Ch. 42.*

I wouldn't abase myself by descending to hold no conversation with him. *Ch. 43.*

"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble . . . "the law is a ass—a idiot." *Ch. 51.*

He [Mr. Squeers] had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two.
Nicholas Nickleby (1838–9). *Ch. 4.*

Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human natur'. *Ch. 5.*

There are only two styles of portrait painting, the serious and the smirk. (*Miss La Creevy.*) *Ch. 10.*

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* There are wholesale eaters who can devour a leg of mutton and trimmings at a sitting.—*Thomas Hood: Review of "Arthur Coningsby"* (1838).

Oh! they're too beautiful to live, much too beautiful. (*Mrs. Kenwigs.*) *Ch. 14.*

One mask of brooses both blue and green. *Ch. 15.*

I pity his ignorance and despise him. (*Fanny Squeers.*) *Ib.*

Language was not powerful enough to describe the infant phenomenon. *Ch, 23.*

"I hope you have preserved the unities, sir?" said Mr. Curdle. *Ch. 24.*

Away with him to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat. *Ch. 29.*

A demd damp, moist, unpleasant body. *Ch. 34.*

Every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last. *Ch. 36.*

Pasthry thot aggravates a mon 'stead of pacifying him. (*John Browdie.*) *Ch. 42.*

My life is one demd horrid grind! (*Mr. Mantalini.*) *Ch. 64.*

He has gone to the demnition bow-wows. *Ib.*

"I con-sider," said Mr. Weller, "that the rail is unconstitootional and an inwaser o' privileges."

Master Humphrey's Clock (1840–1). *Further Particulars of Master Humphrey's Visitor.*

Is the old min agreeable? (*Dick Swiveller.*)
The Old Curiosity Shop (1840–1). *Ch. 2.*

What is the odds so long as the fire of souls is kindled at the taper of conwiviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather? (*Dick Swiveller.*) *Ib.*

Codlin's the friend, not Short. *Ch. 19.*

If there were no bad people, there would be no good lawyers. *Ch. 56.*

It was a maxim with Foxey—our revered father, gentlemen—"Always suspect everybody." (*Sampson Brass.*) *Ch. 66.*

Rather a tough customer in argeyment, Joe, if anybody was to try and tackle him.
Barnaby Rudge (1841). *Ch. 1.*

Something will come of this. I hope it mayn't be human gore. (*Simon Tappertit.*) *Ch. 4.*

"He's got his eyes on me!" cried Stagg. "I feel 'em, though I can't see 'em. Take 'em off, noble captain. Remove 'em, for they pierce like gimlets."* *Ch. 8.*

"There are strings," said Mr. Tappertit, ". . . in the human heart that had better not be wibrated." *Ch. 22.*

Oh gracious, why wasn't I born old and ugly? (*Miss Miggs.*) *Ch. 70.*

Ha, ha, ha! See the hangman, when it comes home to him! *Ch. 76.*

The Lord No Zoo.
Martin Chuzzlewit (1843). *Ch. 1.*

Some credit in being jolly. (*Mark Tapley.*) *Ch. 5.*

Captain's biscuits (which are always a moist and jovial sort of viand). *Ib.*

A highly geological home-made cake. *Ib.*

"Let us be merry," said Mr. Pecksniff. Here he took a captain's biscuit. *Ib.*

With affection beaming in one eye and calculation out of the other. *Ch. 8.*

"Don't repine, my friends," said Mr. Pecksniff, tenderly. "Do not weep for me. It is chronic." *Ch. 9.*

Let us be moral. Let us contemplate existence. (*Mr. Pecksniff.*) *Ch. 10.*

Here's the rule for bargains: "Do other men, for they would do you." That's the true business precept. (*Jonas Chuzzlewit.*) *Ch. 11.*

A most remarkably long-headed, flowing-bearded, and patriarchal proverb. *Ch. 13.*

Run a moist pen slick through everything, and start afresh. *Ch. 17.*

"Mrs. Harris," I says, "leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged." (*Mrs. Gamp.*) *Ch. 19.*

Some people . . . may be Rooshans, and others may be Prooshans; they are born so, and will please themselves. Them which is of other naturs thinks different. (*Mrs. Gamp.*) *Ib.*

Therefore I *do* require it, which I makes confession, to be brought reg'lar and drawed mild. (*Mrs. Gamp.*) *Ch. 25.*

"She's the sort of woman now," said Mould, . . . "one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing, and do it neatly, too!" *Ib.*

He'd make a lovely corpse. *Ib.*

"Sairey," said Mrs. Harris, "sech is life. Vich likewise is the hend of all things. (*Mrs. Gamp.*) *Ch. 29.*

Our backs is easy ris. We must be cracked-up, or they rises, and we snarls. . . . You'd better crack us up, you had! *Ch. 33.*

Oh, Sairey, Sairey, little do we know what lays before us. (*Mrs. Harris.*) *Ch. 40.*

"Bother Mrs. Harris!" said Betsy Prig. . . . "I don't believe there's no sich a person!" *Ch. 49.*

The words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive . . . nor worms forget. *Ib.*

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* Your een are like gimlets—augres.—*John Wilson: Noctes Ambrosianæ* (*Ettrick Shepherd*), *Dec.* 1828.

Secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. **A Christmas Carol** (1843). *Stave 1.*

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. *Stave 2.*

Oh, let us love our occupations,
Bless the squire and his relations,
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations.
The Chimes (1844). *2nd Quarter.*

Let us have no meandering.
David Copperfield (1849–50). *Ch. 1.*

"I am a lone lorn creetur," were Mrs. Gummidge's words, . . . "and everythink goes contrairy with me." *Ch. 3.*

"I feel it more than other people," said Mrs. Gummidge. *Ib.*

She's been thinking of the old 'un. *Ib.*

Barkis is willin'. *Ch. 5.*

I live on broken wittles—and I sleep on the coals. *Ib.*

"When a man says he's willing'," said Mr. Barkis, . . . "it's as much as to say, that man's a-waitin' for a answer." *Ch. 8.*

"In case anything turned up," which was his [Mr. Micawber's] favourite expression. *Ch. 11.*

I never will desert Mr. Micawber. (*Mrs. Micawber.*) *Ch. 12.*

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pound ought and six, result misery. (*Mr. Micawber.*) *Ib.*

Mr. Dick had been for upwards of ten years endeavouring to keep King Charles the First out of the Memorial; but he had been constantly getting into it, and was there now. *Ch. 15.*

We are so very 'umble. (*Uriah Heep.*) *Ch. 17.*

'Orses and dorgs is some men's fancy. They're wittles and drink to me. *Ch. 19.*

I only ask for information. (*Miss Rosa Dartle.*) *Ch. 20.*

"It was as true," said Mr. Barkis, . . . "as taxes is. And nothing's truer than them." *Ch. 21.*

What a world of gammon and spinnage it is, though, ain't it? (*Miss Mowcher.*) *Ch. 22.*

"Oh, surely! surely!" said Mr. Spenlow. . . . "I should be happy myself to propose two months, . . . but I have a partner, Mr. Jorkins." *Ch. 23.*

"People can't die, along the coast," said Mr. Peggotty, "except when the tide's pretty nigh out. They can't be born, unless it's pretty nigh in—not properly born, till flood. He's a-going out with the tide."* *Ch. 30.*

But I forgive you. . . . I do, and you can't help yourself. (*Uriah Heep.*) *Ch. 42.*

I am sufficiently behind the scenes to know the worth of political life. I am quite an infidel about it, and shall never be converted. *Ch. 43.*

I'm Gormed—and I can't say no fairer than that! (*Mr. Peggotty.*) *Ch. 63.*

This is a London particular . . . a fog, miss. **Bleak House** (1852–3). *Ch. 3.*

"Not to put too fine a point upon it"—a favourite apology for plain-speaking with Mr. Snagsby. *Ch. 11.*

He wos wery good to me, he wos. (*Jo.*) *Ib.*

"My friends," says he, "I remember a duty unfulfilled yesterday. It is right that I should be chastened in some penalty." (*Chadband*). *Ch. 19.*

The Chadband style of oratory is widely received and much admired. *Ch. 19.*

Jobling, there *are* chords in the human mind. (*Guppy.*) *Ch. 20.*

"It is," says Chadband, "the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars. It is the light of Terewth." *Ch. 25.*

It's my old girl that advises. She has the head. But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained. (*Mr. Bagnet.*) *Ch. 27.*

It is a melancholy truth, that even great men have their poor relations. *Ch. 28.*

Never have a mission, my dear child. (*Mr. Jellyby.*) *Ch. 30.*

It was not the custom in England to confer titles on men distinguished by peaceful services, however good and great; unless occasionally, when they consisted of the accumulation of some very large amount of money. *Ch. 35.*

We all draw a little and compose a little, and none of us have any idea of time or money. (*Mr. Skimpole.*) *Ch. 43.*

Hasn't a doubt—zample—far better hang wrong fler than no fler. (*The "debilitated cousin."*) *Ch. 53.*

"You don't happen to know why they killed the pig, do you?" retorts Mr. Bucket. . . . "Why, they killed him . . . on account of his having so much cheek." *Ch. 53.*

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* "Pliny hath an odd and remarkable Passage concerning the Death of Men and Animals upon the Recess or Ebb of the Sea."—Sir Thos. Browne's *Letter to a Friend* (c. 1650), sec. 7. Compare also Shakespeare (*Henry V*, ii. 3), "'A parted even just before twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide."

Why then we should drop into poetry. (*Silas Wegg.*)
Our Mutual Friend (1864–5). *Book 1, Ch. 5.*

Meaty jelly, too, especially when a little salt, which is the case when there's ham, is mellering to the organ. *Ib.*

Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of existence. . . . Mr. Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems, by sweeping them behind him. (*Podsnappery.*) *Ch. 11.*

The question [with Mr. Podsnap] was, would it bring a blush into the cheek of the young person? *Ib.*

I know their tricks and their manners. *Book 2, ch. 1.*

O Mrs. Higden, Mrs. Higden, you was a woman and a mother, and a mangler in a million million. *Ch. 9.*

The dodgerest of all the dodgers. *Ch. 13.*

Demon—with the highest respect for you—behold your work! (*Mr. G. Sampson.*) *Book 4, ch. 5.*

Now what I want is, Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life.
Hard Times (1854). *Book 1, ch. 1.*

He's tough, ma'am, tough is J. B. Tough and de-vilish sly.*
Dombey and Son (1848). *Book 1, ch. 7.*

When found, make a note of. (*Captain Cuttle.*) *Ch. 15.*

If he's a change, give me a constancy. *Ch. 18.*

Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old sit under the shade of it. *Ch. 19.*

Cows are my passion. *Ch. 21.*

The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. *Ch. 23.*

I may not be Meethosalem, but I am not a child in arms. *Ch. 44.*

If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is. *Ch. 48.*

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT.
Little Dorrit (1855–7). *Part 1, ch. 10.*

Look here. Upon my soul you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know. *Ib.*

I hate a fool. (*Mr. F.'s Aunt.*) *Ch. 13.*

Take a little time—count five and twenty, Tattycoram. *Ch. 14.*

In company with several other old ladies of both sexes. *Ch. 17.*

A person who can't pay gets another person who can't pay to guarantee that he can pay. Like a person with two wooden legs getting another person with two wooden legs to guarantee that he has got two natural legs. It don't make either of them able to do a walking match. *Ch. 23.*

Father is rather vulgar, my dear. The word Papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism are all very good words for the lips; especially prunes and prism.* *Part 2, ch. 5.*

That's a Blazing strange answer.
A Tale of Two Cities (1859). *Book 1, ch. 2.*

I pass my whole time, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle. *Ch. 4.*

The earth and the fulness thereof are mine, saith Monseigneur. *Book 2, ch. 7.*

Keeping our hearts warm and our heads cool, we clergy need do nothing emphatically. (*The Dean*).
Mystery of Edwin Drood (1870). *Ch. 16.*

DIGBY, Kenelm (1800–1880)

Men take more pains to lose themselves than would be requisite to keep them in the right road. **The Broad Stone of Honour.** *Godefridus, 10.*

DILLON, Wentworth, Earl of Roscommon (1633 ?–1685)

Serene and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be expressed in prose.
Essay on Translated Verse. *l. 41.*

But who did ever, in French authors, see
The comprehensive English energy? *l. 51.*

Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend. *l. 87.*

Choose an author as you choose a friend. *l. 96.*

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense. *l. 118.*

Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong. *l. 183.*

But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!) *l. 252.*

True poets are the guardians of the state. *l. 356.*

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* *See* Smollett.

* "At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P."—Letter from Oliver Goldsmith to Robt. Bryanton, Sept., 1753.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

On the Day of Judgment.[*]

DISRAELI, Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield (1804–1881)

The microcosm of a public school.
Vivian Grey (1826). *Book 1, ch. 2.*

I hate definitions. *Book 2, ch. 6.*

Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action. We cannot learn men from books. *Book 5, ch. 1.*

Variety is the mother of enjoyment. *Ch. 4.*

There is moderation even in excess. *Book 6, ch. 1.*

Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men. *Ch. 7.*

His hump was subdued into a Grecian bend. *Book 8, ch. 1.*

"The age of chivalry is past,"[†] said Miss Dacre. "Bores have succeeded to dragons."
The Young Duke (1831). *Book 2, ch. 5.*

A canter is the cure for every evil.[‡] *Ch. 11.*

Eloquence is the child of Knowledge. *Book 5, ch. 6.*

The lawyer has spoiled the statesman [of Brougham]. *Ib.*

A man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite; I intend in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. *Ch. 7.*

Child of Nature, learn to unlearn.
Contarini Fleming (1832). *Part 1, ch. 1.*

I grew intoxicated with my own eloquence. *Ch. 7.*

Nature is more powerful than education:[§] time will develop everything. *Ch. 13.*

With words we govern men. *Ch. 21.*

The practice of politics in the East may be defined by one word—dissimulation. *Part 5, ch. 10.*

They revenged themselves on tyranny by destroying civilisation. *Ch. 12.*

We cannot eat the fruit while the tree is in blossom. **Alroy** (1833). *Ch. 4.*

No dinner goes off well without him [Apollo]. (*Jupiter.*)
Ixion in Heaven (1833). *Part 1, 1.*

The fruit of my tree of knowledge is plucked, and it is this, "Adventures are to the Adventurous." Written in the Album of Minerva, by Ixion in Heaven. *Part 2, 2.*

Thought is often bolder than speech. *Part 2, 3.*

They [the Furies] mean well; their feelings are strong, but their hearts are in the right place. (*Pluto.*)
The Infernal Marriage (1834). *Part 1, 1.*

"I make it a rule only to believe what I understand," replied Proserpine. *Part 1, 4.*

For the Elysians the sun seems always to have just set. *Part 4, 2.*

In politics experiments mean revolutions.
Popanilla (1828). *Ch. 4. Note (dated 1828).*

I suppose, to use our national motto, *something will turn up.* [Motto of Vraibleusia]. *Ch. 7.*

"I rather like bad wine," said Mr. Mountchesney; "one gets so bored with good wine."
Sybil (1845). *Book 1, ch. 1.*

To do nothing and get something formed a boy's ideal of a manly career. *Ch. 5.*

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge. *Ib.*

As property has its duties as well as its rights, rank has its bores as well as its pleasures.[*] *Book 2, ch. 11.*

Tobacco is the tomb of love. (*Egremont.*) *Ch. 16.*

Little things affect little minds. *Book 3, ch. 2.*

We all of us live too much in a circle. *Ch. 7.*

I was told that the Privileged and the People formed Two Nations. *Book 4, ch. 8.*

There is no wisdom like frankness. *Ch. 9.*

A public man of light and leading.[†] *Book 5, ch. 1.*

Feeble deeds are vainer far than words. *Ch. 3.*

"Frank and explicit"—that is the right line to take when you wish to conceal your own mind and to confuse the minds of others. (*The Gentleman in Downing Street.*) *Book 6, ch. 1.*

The Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity. *Ch. 13.*

Debt is the prolific mother of folly and of crime.
Henrietta Temple (1837). *Book 2, ch. 1.*

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[*] Translation of "*Dies Iræ.*"

[†] *See* Burke.

[‡] *See* Praed.

[§] "La Nature a toujours été en eux plus forte que l'éducation."—*Voltaire: Life of Molière.*

[*] "Property has its duties as well as its rights."—*Phrase used by Thos. Drummond*, Under Secretary for Ireland, in an open letter to Tipperary Landlords (1838). The words are engraved on the pedestal of Drummond's statue in the City Hall, Dublin.

[†] *See* Burke.

The magic of first love is our ignorance that it can ever end. *Book 4, ch. 1.*

Nature has given us two ears but only one mouth. *Ch. 24.*

Tadpole and Taper were great friends. Neither of them ever despaired of the Commonwealth.
Coningsby (1846). *Book 1, ch. 1.*

England is unrivalled for two things—sporting and politics. *Book 2, ch. 1.*

No Government can be long secure without a formidable Opposition. *Ib.*

A Government of statesmen or of clerks? Of Humbug or of Humdrum? *Ch. 4.*

Adventures are to the adventurous. (*Sidonia.*) *Book 3, ch. 1.*

Almost everything that is great has been done by youth. (*Sidonia.*) *Ib.*

Youth is a blunder; Manhood is a struggle; old age a regret. (*Sidonia.*) *Ib.*

You may think there are greater things than war. I do not; I worship the Lord of Hosts. (*Sidonia.*) *Ib.*

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes. (*Sidonia.*) *Ib.*

It seems to me a barren thing this Conservatism—an unhappy cross-breed, the mule of politics that engenders nothing. (*Eustace Lyle.*) *Ch. 5.*

I have ever been of opinion that revolutions are not to be evaded. (*Sidonia.*)
Book 4, ch. 11.

The depositary of power is always unpopular. (*Sidonia.*) *Ch. 13.*

Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions. (*Sidonia.*) *Ib.*

The only useless life is woman's. (*Princess Lucretia.*) *Ch. 15.*

The frigid theories of a generalising age.
Book 9, ch. 7.

Nothing like mamma's darling for upsetting a coach. **Tancred** (1847). *Book 1, Ch. 3.*

Feminine vanity; that divine gift which makes woman charming. *Book 2, ch. 8.*

Guanoed her mind by reading French novels. *Ch. 9.*

That fatal drollery called a representative government. *Ch. 13.*

A majority is always the best repartee.
Ch. 14.

He was fresh, and full of faith that "something would turn up."
Book 3, ch. 6.

Silence is the mother of Truth.
Book 4, ch. 4.

Men moralise among ruins.
Book 5, ch. 5.

London is a modern Babylon. *Ib.*

The divine right of kings may have been a plea for feeble tyrants, but the divine right of government is the keystone of human progress, and without it governments sink into police, and a nation is degraded into a mob.
Lothair. *General Preface* (*1870*).

London is a roost for every bird. *Ch. 11.*

"They say primroses make a capital salad," said Lord A. Jerome. "Barbarian!" exclaimed Lady St. Jerome. *Ch. 13.*

The world is wearied of statesmen, whom democracy has degraded into politicians.
Ch. 17.

"The present interests me more than the past," said the lady, "and the future more than the present." (*Theodora Campian.*)
Ch. 24.

The feeling of satiety, almost inseparable from large possessions, is a surer cause of misery than ungratified desires. (*Theodora Campian.*) *Ch. 25.*

London—a nation, not a city. *Ch. 27.*

The gondola of London [a hansom].[*]
Ch. 27.

When a man fell into his anecdotage it was a sign for him to retire from the world.[†]
Ch. 29.

The morning air is so refreshing when one has lost one's money. *Ib.*

I have always thought that every woman should marry, and no man. (*Hugo Bohun.*)
Ch. 30.

I would not answer for myself if I could find an affectionate family, with good shooting and first-rate claret. (*Hugo Bohun.*) *Ib.*

The blunders of youth are preferable to the triumphs of manhood, or the success of old age. *Ch. 31.*

You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art.
Ch. 35.

"There are amusing people who do not interest," said the Monsignore, "and interesting people who do not amuse." *Ch. 41.*

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[*] This is perhaps derived from *May Fair*, a satire published in 1827.

"There beauty half her glory veils,
In cabs, those gondolas on wheels."

Mr. H. Schütz Wilson, claimed to have originated the saying as applied to a hansom in a novel *The Three Paths* (1859). H. de Balzac in *Physiologie du Mariage* (1829), wrote of French cabs (fiacres) as "ces gondoles parisiennes."

[†] "The world in its anecdotage" is a phrase used by Samuel Rogers and is referred to in the preface to Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. Benjamin Disraeli also mentioned the phrase in his life of his father, Isaac D'Israeli.

"My idea of an agreeable person," said Hugo Bohun, "is a person who agrees with me." *Ch. 41.*

"I don't like Bishops; I think there is no use in them; but I have no objection to him personally; I think him an agreeable man; not at all a bore." (*Lord St. Aldegonde.*) *Ch. 47.*

To close this career of plundering and blundering.
Letter: *To Lord Grey de Wilton, October, 1873.*

I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.
Speeches:—*Maiden Speech in the House of Commons, 1837.*

The Continent will not suffer England to be the workshop of the world.
House of Commons, March 15, 1838.

Free Trade is not a principle; it is an expedient. *April 25, 1843.*

The noble lord (Lord Stanley) is the Rupert of debate.
House of Commons, April, 1844.

The Right Honourable gentleman (Sir Robert Peel) caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes.
House of Commons, February 28, 1845.

My belief that a Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy.
Speech against Sir Robert Peel's Government, House of Commons, March 17, 1845.

A precedent embalms a principle.[*]
House of Commons, February 22, 1848.

The sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents.
House of Commons, February 19, 1850.

England does not love coalitions.
House of Commons, December, 1852.

Batavian grace.[†]
Speech in the House of Commons referring to Mr. Beresford Hope.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.
House of Commons, January 24, 1860.

He thinks posterity a packhorse, always ready to be loaded. *June 3, 1862.*

The characteristic of the present age is a craving credulity.
Speech at Oxford Diocesan Conference, 1864.

The question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I, my lord, am on the side of the angels. *Ib.*

Ignorance never settles a question.
House of Commons, May 14, 1866.

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[*] Also in *Endymion*, Ch. 9, 1, 162. But Lord Chancellor Stowell seems to have originated the saying. (*See* William Scott, Lord Stowell.)

[†] "O crassum ingenium! Suspicor fuisse Batavum."—*Erasmus: Naufragium.* [Oh! dense intelligence! I suspect that it was Batavian, *i.e.* from the Netherlands—otherwise Batavia].

Individuals may form communities, but it is institutions alone that can create a nation. *At Manchester, 1866.*

We have legalised confiscation, we have consecrated sacrilege, we have condoned treason. *House of Commons, 1871.*

I believe that without party Parliamentary Government is impossible.
Manchester, April 3, 1872.

As I sat opposite the Treasury Bench, the Ministers reminded me of those marine landscapes not unusual on the coasts of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. *Ib.*

A university should be a place of light, of liberty, and of learning.
House of Commons, March 11, 1873.

One who is a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers.
(*Referring to his colleague, the Marquis of Salisbury.*) *House of Commons, 1874.*

The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their powers as a State depend.
Speech at Battersea Park, June 22, 1877.

A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.
Speech at the Riding School, London, July 27, 1878.

A series of congratulatory regrets.
July 30, 1878. In reference to Lord Hartington's resolution on the Berlin Treaty.

The hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity. *Speech at Guildhall, London, November 9, 1878.*

One of the greatest of Romans, when asked what were his politics, replied, "Imperium et libertas." That would not make a bad programme for a British Ministry.[*]
Mansion House, London, November 10, 1879.

D'ISRAELI, Isaac (1766–1848)

The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.
Essay on the Literary Character.

He wreathed the rod of criticism with roses.
On Bayle.

The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotations.
Curiosities of Literature (1791).

One may quote till one compiles. *Ib.*

The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract. *Ib.*

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[*] This expression is found in *Divi Britannici* by Sir Winston Churchill, 1675, p. 349; "Here the two great interests IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS, res olim insociabiles (saith Tacitus), began to incounter each other." In Tacitus (*Agricola*, Ch. 3), the expression is "Principatus ac libertas," which are mentioned as "res olim dissociabiles." Cicero has "Libertatem imperiumque" (*Philippica*, 4, 4).

DOBELL, Sydney Thompson (1824–1874)

As grand
And griefless as a rich man's funeral.
A Musing on a Victory.

If England's head and heart were one,
Where is that good beneath the sun
Her noble hands should leave undone?
A Shower in War-time.

DOBSON, Henry Austin (1840)

The ladies of St. James's!
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever,
Their red it never dies;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her colour comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,—
It wavers to a rose.
At the Sign of the Lyre.

Not as ours the books of yore—
Rows of type, and nothing more.
To a Missal of the Thirteenth Century.

Time *goes*, you say? Ah, no!
Alas, Time stays; *we* go. **After Ronsard.**

DODDRIDGE, Philip, D.D. (1702–1751)

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.
Epigram on his Family Arms.*

DODGSON, Rev. Charles Lutwidge ("Lewis Carroll") (1832–1898)

Do cats eat bats? Do bats eat cats?
Alice in Wonderland (1865). *Ch. 1.*

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws! *Ch. 2.*

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again." *Ch. 5.*

Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes;
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases. *Ch. 6.*

For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases. *Ib.*

"They drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M——."
"Why with an M?" said Alice.
"Why not?" said the March Hare. *Ch. 7.*

The Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about, and shouting "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head," about once in a minute. *Ch. 8.*

"Tut, tut, child," said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral if only you can find it." *Ch. 9.*

Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves. *Ib.*

That's nothing to what I could say if I chose. *Ib.*

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked; "because they lessen from day to day." *Ib.*

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail." *Ch. 10.*

But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance. *Ib.*

The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance. *Ib.*

Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. *Ch. 12.*

They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim. *Ch. 13.*

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
Through the Looking-glass (1871). *Ch. 1.*

He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back. *Ib.*

And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy. *Ib.*

Curtsey while you're thinking what to say. It saves time. *Ch. 2.*

Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing. *Ib.*

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet. *Ch. 3.*

And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more. *Ib.*

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* The motto attached to the arms was "Dum vivimus vivamus."

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.” *Ib.*

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
“To play them such a trick,
After we’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“The butter’s spread too thick!” *Ib.*

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said,
“I deeply sympathise”;
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes. *Ib.*

The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day. *Ib.*

As large as life, and twice as natural.
Ch. 7.

It’s my own invention. *Ch. 8.*

His intimate friends called him “Candle-ends,”
And his enemies, “Toasted-cheese.”
The Hunting of the Snark. *Fit 1.*

DODSLEY, Robert (1703–1764)

One fond kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.
The Parting Kiss.

Fashions are for fools.
Sir John Cockle at Court (1738). *Act i. 1.*

DONNE, John, D.D. (1572–1631)

Who are a little wise, the best fools be.
The Triple Fool.

She and comparisons are odious.
Elegies. *No. 8. The Comparison, l. 54.*

Love, built on beauty, soon as beauty dies.
No. 111. The Anagram, l. 27.

This soul, to whom Luther and Mohammed were Prisons of flesh.
Funeral Elegies. *The Progress of the Soul—Infinitati Sacrum, August 16, 1601.*

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought.
On the Death of Mistress Drury, 1610.
The Second Anniversary, l. 244.

The household bird, with the red stomacher.
Epithalamium. *On Frederick Count Palatine, l. 8.*

He was the Word, that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.
Divine Poems. *The Sacrament.*

DORSET, Earl of (*see* Thomas Sackville)

DOUDNEY, Sarah (b. c. 1845)

And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast;
“The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.”[*]
Lesson of the Watermill.

DOUGLAS, Gavin, Bishop of Dunkeld (1474?–1522)

Dame Nature’s minstrels.[†]
Morning in May.

And all small foulis singis on the spray,
Welcome the lord of light, and lamp of day.
Ib.

DRAKE, Joseph Rodman (1795–1820)

Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky. **The Culprit Fay.** *St. 1.*

Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude,
To prison wandering thought and mar sweet solitude? **Bronx.** *St. 7.*

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light.
The American Flag (*May 29*, 1819). *St. 1.*

Flag of the free heart’s hope and home!
By angel hands to valour given;
The stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom’s soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom’s banner streaming o’er us?
St. 5.

[*The concluding four lines are said to be by Fitz-Greene Halleck.*]

DRAYTON, Michael (1563–1631)

Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
Comfort’s a cripple and comes ever slow.
The Barrons Wars (1603). *Book 2, st. 28.*

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
In whom so mixed the elements all lay
That none to one could sovereignty impute,
As all did govern, yet all did obey:
He of a temper was so absolute
As that it seemed when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man.[‡]
Book 3, st. 40.

The mind is free, whate’er afflict the man;
A King’s a King, do Fortune what she can.
Book 5, st. 36.

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[*] “Oh seize the instant time; you never will
With waters once passed by impel the mill.”
—Trench’s *Poems*, ed. 1865, p. 303: “Proverbs, Turkish and Persian.” There is also a Spanish proverb: “Agua passada no muele molino.”

[†] Birds

[‡] *Cf.* Shakespeare: *Julius Cæsar*, Act v. 5.

O Misery! where once thou art possessed,
See but how quickly thou canst alter kind,
And, like a Circe, metamorphosest
The man that hath not a most godlike mind.
Book 6, st. 77.

Thus when we fondly flatter our desires
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars.
Book 6, st. 94.

Ill did those mighty men to trust thee* with their story;
That hast forgot their names who reared thee for their glory.
Poly-olbion (1598–1613). *Song 3, l. 61.*

That shire† which we the heart of England well may call.
Song 13, l. 3.

Where from all rude resort he happily doth dwell.
Song 13, l. 175.

Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again;
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain.
England's Heroical Epistles. *Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, to the Lady Geraldine. l. 87.*

When Time shall turn those amber locks to grey,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay.
l. 123.

None but the base in baseness do delight.
Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy.

The subtlest tempter has the smoothest style;
Sirens sing sweetest when they would betray.
Legend of Matilda the Fair.

For that fine madness he did still retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.
To H. Reynolds. (*Cf. Marlowe*).

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.
Idea (1593). *Sonnet 61.*

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Ib.

Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then."
Pastorals. *Eclogue, 4.*

He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.
Nymphidia. *The Court of Fairy. St. 65.*

DRINKWATER, John (b. 1882)

For all their courteous words they are not one,
This Youth and Age, but civil strangers still;
Age with the best of all his seasons done,
Youth with his face towards the upland hill.
Olton Pools (1916). *Dedication.*

Those book-learnèd fools who miss the world.
Ib. From Generation to Generation.

If all the houses looked as though
Some heart were in their stones.
Ib. Holiness.

When you defile the pleasant streams
And the wild bird's abiding place,
You massacre a million dreams
And cast your spittle in God's face.
Ib. To the Defilers.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.
A Prayer.

Yet never ship upon the sea
Bears blessed merchandise for me.
Vigil.

Yea, though he sang not, he was unto song
A light, a benediction.
The Dead Critic.

We have the challenge of the mighty line—
God grant us grace to give the countersign.
Lines for the opening of Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

For earth's little secret and innumerable ways,
For the carol and the colour, Lord, we bring
What things may be of thanks, and that Thou hast lent our days
Eyes to see and ears to hear and lips to sing.
Morning Thanksgiving.

There are women whose talent it is to serve. And some are great lovers.
Mary Stuart (1921).

Do you want to enjoy her love, or do you want to dominate it? *Ib.*

You can't alter facts by filming them over with dead romances. *Ib.*

[Marlowe] had in him those brave translunary things that the first poets had.
To Harry Reynolds. *Of Poets and Poetry.*

DRUMMOND, William (1585–1649)

Earth's sweetest joy is but disguisèd woe.
Song.

Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppressed.
(Sleep.) **Sonnet.**

He lives who dies to win a lasting name.
Sonnet.

How many troubles are with children born!
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Translation of Verses of St. John Scot.

Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day as if it were thy last.
Flowers of Sin. *Death's Last Will.*

DRUMMOND, Sir William (1770?–1828)

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dares not reason is a slave.
Preface.

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* Stonehenge. † Warwickshire.

DRYDEN, John (1631–1700)

'Bove any Greek or Roman name.[*]
Death of Lord Hastings. *l. 76*

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular?
Death of Oliver Cromwell (1658) *St. 5.*

For he was great ere fortune made him so.
St. 6.

Dominion was not his design. *St. 10.*

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care.
St. 16.

Treacherous Scotland, to no interest true.
St. 17.

For though some meaner artist's skill were shown,
In mingling colours, or in placing light,
Yet still the fair designment was his own.
St. 24.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
Where piety and valour jointly go. *St. 37.*

How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind.
Astræa Redux (1660). *l. 63.*

He made all countries where he came his own.
l. 76.

Roused by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail. *l. 117.*

Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
l. 152.

We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss.
l. 210.

With the submitted fasces of the main.
l. 249.

At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
l. 312.

To one well-born the affront is worse and more,
When he's abused and baffled by a boor.
Satire on the Dutch (1662). *l. 27.*

Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion. *l. 31.*

Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad.
Annus Mirabilis (1666). *St. 1.*

Trade which, like blood, should circularly flow. *St. 2.*

And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.
St. 39.

As one that neither seeks nor shuns a foe.
St. 41.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
Done ought like this upon the land or main,
Where, not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain. *St. 80.*

Women and cowards on the land may lie,
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.
St. 101.

Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds.
St. 175.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.
St. 215.

How dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Essay upon Satire (1679).[*] *l. 1.*

Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts. *l. 11.*

As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
l. 20.

Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies. *l. 78.*

Learn to write well or not to write at all.
l. 281.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin.
Absalom and Achitophel (1681). *Part 1, l. 1.*

Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please. *l. 27.*

Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
l. 83.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
l. 156.

A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves ran high. *l. 159.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.[†]
l. 163.

And all to leave what with his toil he won[‡]
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son.
l. 169.

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state. *l. 174.*

Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
l. 178.

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[*] "Above all Greek, above all Roman fame."—*Pope: Imit. of Horace*, Bk. 2, Ep. 1, 26.

[*] Joint production of Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave.

[†] *Translation* of a Latin proverb.

[‡] *Cf. Pope: Essay on Man*, Ep. 1, 226.

Swift of despatch and easy of access. *l. 191.*

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.* *l. 196.*

For politicians neither love nor hate. *l. 223.*

Drawn to the dregs of a democracy. *l. 227.*

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream !† *l. 238.*

Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds ? *l. 301.*

Desire of greatness is a godlike sin. *l. 372.*

All empire is no more than power in trust. *l. 411.*

Better one suffer, than a nation grieve. *l. 416.*

He meditates revenge who least complains. *l. 446.*

And self-defence is nature's eldest law. *l. 458.*

Who think too little and who talk too much. *l. 534.*

A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long ;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon. *l. 545.*

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil. *l. 557.*

When two or three were gathered to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them. *l. 601.*

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen. *l. 645.*

Youth, beauty, graceful action never fail ;
But common interest always will prevail ;
And pity never ceases to be shewn
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own. *l. 723.*

And peace itself is war in masquerade.‡ *l. 752.*

For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolved by might ?
Nor is the people's judgment always true :
The most may err as grossly as the few. *l. 779.*

Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence. *l. 868.*

Never was patriot yet, but was a fool. *l. 969.*

But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice. *l. 982.*

From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners ! *l. 985.*

Beware the fury of a patient man.* *l. 1005.*

Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease. *Part 2, l. 32.*

They first condemn that first advised the ill. *l. 183.*

And to talk treason for his daily bread. *l. 351.*

Still violent, whatever cause he took,
But most against the party he forsook ;
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conscience to be double knaves. *l. 364.*

This comes of drinking asses' milk and writing. *l. 395.*

Made still a kind of blundering melody ;
Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in ;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad. *l. 413.*

For every inch that is not fool is rogue. *l. 463.*

Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck. *l. 486.*

Our mercy is become our crime. *l. 734.*

The text inspires not them, but they the text inspire. **The Medal** (1682). *l. 166.*

None are so busy as the fool and knave. *l. 186.*

But treason is not owned when 'tis descried ;
Successful crimes alone are justified. *l. 207.*

To live at ease, and not be bound to think. *l. 236.*

A conventicle of gloomy, sullen saints. *l. 284.*

The surly commons shall respect deny,
And justle peerage out with property. *l. 311.*

For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe. **Religio Laici** (1682). *l. 304.*

And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoiled, the waters flow. *l. 340.*

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* Under a portrait in Knolles's *History of the Turks*, printed about 1610, are these lines :
"Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves for Fortune's ice Vertue's firme land."

† Joel 2, 28.

‡ *Cf.* also Part 2, 268 :
"Such subtle covenants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade."

* *See* "Furor fit læsa."

Such difference is there in an oft-told tale;
But Truth, by its own sinews, will prevail.
l. 348.

When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authorised to know;
When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a god, who could but read and spell.
l. 372.

Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congealed, and cannot flow;
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room.
Threnodia Augustalis (1685). *St. 1.*

Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely, and we dreamt of more.
Ib.

Ill news is winged with fate, and flies apace.
St. 2.

Mute and magnificent without a tear. *Ib.*

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher than they took;
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste;
And long inveterate foes saluted as they passed. *St. 4.*

Dissembled hate or varnished love. *Ib.*

Death never won a stake with greater toil.
St. 5.

That peace which made thy prosperous reign to shine,
That peace thou leavest to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh, happy shade, be ever thine.
St. 9.

Freedom! which in no other land will thrive—
Freedom! an English subject's sole prerogative. *St. 10.*

The British cannon formidably roars,
While starting from his oozy bed,
The asserted Ocean rears his reverend head,
To view and recognise his ancient lord again;
And, with a willing hand, restores
The fasces of the main. *St. 16.*

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.
Hind and the Panther (1687).
Part 1. l. 33.

But how can finite grasp infinity? *l. 105.*

Reason to rule and mercy to forgive;
The first is law, the last prerogative. *l. 261.*

And kind as kings upon their coronation day.
l. 271.

Some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity.
l. 443.

As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find;
The word's a weathercock for every wind.
l. 462.

More liberty begets desire of more;
The hunger still increases with the store.
l. 519.

Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a stay?
Part 2, l. 36.

For all have not the gift of martyrdom.
l. 59.

You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
l. 187.

Either be wholly slaves, or wholly free.
l. 285.

No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure.
l. 318.

War seldom enters but where wealth allures.
l. 706.

Much malice mingled with a little wit.
Part 3. l. 1.

For friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity. *l. 47.*

For gifts are scorned where givers are despised.
l. 64.

'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.
l. 202.

For not to ask, is not to be denied. *l. 242.*

For present joys are more to flesh and blood
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.
l. 364.

By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.
l. 389.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey. **MacFlecknoe** (1682). *l. 1.*

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
l. 19.

And torture one poor word a thousand ways.
l. 208.

As there is music uninformed by art.
Epistles. *To Sir R. Howard. l. 1.*

A sober prince's government is best. *l. 54.*

Desert, how known soe'er, is long delayed;
And then, too, fools and knaves are better paid. *To Mr. Lee. l. 21.*

But how would any sign-post dauber know,
The worth of Titian or of Angelo? *l. 51.*

To draw true beauty shows a master hand.
l. 54.

Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debased the majesty of verse to rhymes.
To the Earl of Roscommon. l. 11.

A kind of hobbling prose,
That limped along, and tinkled in the close.
l. 13.

To show the world that now and then
Great ministers are mortal men.
To Sir Geo. Etheredge. l. 43.

Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit.
To Mr. Southerne. l. 3.

Thus all below is strength and all above is grace. *To Mr. Congreve. l. 19.*

And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.
l. 48.

Heaven that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him more. *l. 62.*

Be kind to my remains: and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
l. 73.

How blessed is he who leads a country life,
Unvexed with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoyed his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deserve his love he makes his own;
And, to be loved himself, needs only to be known. *To John Driden of Chesterton. l. 1.*

Lord of yourself, uncumbered with a wife.
l. 18.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
l. 92.

Even victors are by victories undone. *l. 164.*

Patriots in peace, assert the people's right;
With noble stubbornness resisting might.
l. 184.

Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife.
To Sir G. Kneller. l. 18.

Rome raised not art, but barely kept alive.
l. 44.

And rhyme began to enervate poetry. *l. 50.*

Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
l. 84.

Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
Elegies. *In Memory of Mr. Oldham, 1683.*

Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
To the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew, 1685.
St. 1.

While yet a young probationer
And candidate of heaven. *Ib.*

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child. *St. 4.*

Secure of bread as of returning light.
Eleonora. l. 17.

Want passed for merit at her open door.
l. 32.

Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice.
l. 86.

So was she soon exhaled, and vanished hence;
As a sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanished, we can scarcely say she died.[*]
l. 303.

He was exhaled; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
Death of a Very Young Gentleman. l. 25.

Three poets[†] in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn;
The first, in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the other two.
Under Milton's Picture.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.
St. Cecilia's Day, 1687. *St. 1.*

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
St. 2.

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms. *St. 3.*

The soft, complaining flute. *St. 4.*

Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!
Song of Jealousy—"Love Triumphant."

In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Alexander's Feast (1697). *St. 1.*

None but the brave deserves the fair. *Ib.*

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres. *St. 2.*

Bacchus ever fair and ever young. *St. 3.*

Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now gives the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes. *Ib.*

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure. *Ib.*

Sweet is pleasure after pain. *Ib.*

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain. *St. 4.*

Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood.
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes. *Ib.*

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[*] *Cf. Young: Night Thoughts*, 5, 600.

[†] Homer, Virgil, Milton (Dryden borrowed the idea of these lines from the Italian lines addressed to Milton by Selvaggi).

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below. *Ib.*

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning
Think, O think it worth enjoying! *St. 5.*

Sighed and looked, and sighed again. *Ib.*

And like another Helen, fired another Troy. *Ib.*

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire. *Ib.*

He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. *Ib.*

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
Secular Masque (1700). *l. 40.*

There is a mode in plays as well as clothes.
Prologues and Epilogues.
Prologue—Rival Ladies.

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
Prologue—The Tempest.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below. *Prologue—All for Love.*

Poets, like disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left—and that's to rail.
Epilogue—All for Love.

True fops help nature's work, and go to school
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Epilogue—Man of Mode.

When Fortune favours, none but fools will dally. *Epilogue—The Duke of Guise.*

For heaven be thanked we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage.
Epilogue—Mithridates.

Bold knaves thrive, without one grain of sense,
But good men starve for want of impudence.
Epilogue—Constantine the Great.

Whate'er the story be, the moral's true.
Prologue—University of Oxford.

He withers at his heart, and looks as wan,
As the pale spectre of a murdered man.
Palamon and Arcite (1699). *Book 1, l. 528.*

For unforeseen, they say, is unprepared.
Book 2, l. 74.

But love's a malady without a cure. *l. 110.*

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
l. 148.

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven.
l. 291.

Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause. *l. 322.*

His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnified the offence.
l. 334.

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above. *l. 364.*

And Antony, who lost the world for love.
l. 607.

But love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds. *Book 3, l. 808.*

Repentance is but want of power to sin.
l. 813.

Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is comprised in good.
l. 823.

The world's an inn, and death the journey's end. *l. 888.*

All hosts are of an evil kind.
The Cock and the Fox. *l. 264.*

Murder may pass unpunished for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
l. 285.

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
l. 452.

So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seemed the music melted in the throat.
Flower and the Leaf. *l. 199.*

Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind. *l. 432.*

Victorious names, who made the world obey;
Who, while they lived, in deeds of arms excelled,
And after death for deities were held.
l. 518.

Thus through a woman was the secret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
Wife of Bath's Tale. *l. 201.*

What all your sex desire is Sovereignty.
l. 279.

The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is filled with inborn worth, unborrowed from his kind. *l. 384.*

Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow?
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow. *l. 388.*

Do as your great progenitors have done,
And, by their virtues, prove yourself their son.
l. 398.

And seldom three descents continue good.
l. 403.

And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Character of a Good Parson. *l. 11.*

The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are. *l. 121.*

Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.
Translation of Virgil.—*The Æneid. Book 1, 1.*

Night was our friend, our leader was Despair,[*]
Book 2, 487.

For they can conquer who believe they can.[†]
Book 5, l. 300.

Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame.
Book 5, l. 619.

Hunting their sport, and plundering was their trade;
In arms they ploughed, to battle still prepared:
Their soil was barren and their hearts were hard. *Book 7, ad fin.*

The more he was with vulgar hate oppressed,
The more his fury boiled within his breast.
(*Of Turnus*), *Book 12, l. 5.*

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way.[‡]
Book 6, 192.

What god can tell, what numbers can display
The various labours of that fatal day,
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they died?
Book 12, l. 711.

Trust not too much to that enchanting face:
Beauty's a charm; but soon the charm will pass. *Pastoral 2. Alexis.*

Unequal numbers please the gods.
Pastoral 8. Pharmaceutria.

In hell and earth and seas and heaven above,
Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.
Pastoral 10. Gallus.

In youth alone unhappy mortals live;
But ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive.
Georgics. Book 3.

But since the world with writing is possessed,
I'll versify in spite; and do my best
To make as much waste-paper as the rest.
Translation of Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 23.*

Look round the habitable world! How few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue!
Sat. 10, 1.

Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
Translation of Persius. *Sat. 5, 103.*

For not to live at ease is not to live.
Sat. 5, l. 226.

To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day. **Translation of Horace.**

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour. *Ib.*

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
Don Sebastian (1690). *i. 1.*

Art thou a statesman,
And canst not be a hypocrite? Impossible!
Do not distrust thy virtues. *ii. 1.*

I beg no pity for this mouldering clay;
For, if you give it burial, there it takes
Possession of your earth;
If burnt and scattered in the air, the winds
That strow my dust diffuse my royalty,
And spread me o'er your clime: for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know there Sebastian reigns. *Ib.*

There is a mode in plays as well as clothes.
The Rival Ladies (1664). *Prologue.*

One of those little prating girls,
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories.
i. 1.

His voice is soft as is the upper air,
Or dying lovers' words. *i. 3.*

Where passion rules, how weak does reason prove! *ii. 1.*

He most is hated when he most is praised.
iii. 1.

I strongly wish for what I faintly hope;
Like the day-dreams of melancholy men,
I think and think on things impossible,
Yet love to wander in that golden maze.
iii. 1.

The poetry of the foot [dancing]. *iii. 1.*

Though hope be dying yet it is not dead.
iv. 1.

And love's the noblest frailty of the mind.
The Indian Emperor (1667). *ii. 2.*

Repentance is the virtue of weak minds.
iii. 1.

For all the happiness mankind can gain
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.
iv. 1.

That reason of all unreasonable actions [love].
The Assignation (1673). *iii. 1.*

Love either finds equality or makes it;
Like death, he knows no difference in degrees,
But planes and levels all.
Marriage à la Mode (1673). *iii. 1.*

The conscience of a people is their power.
The Duke of Guise (1683). *i. 1.*

Asebia. We never valued right and wrong
But as they serve our cause.
Zelota. Our business was to please the throng,
And court their wild applause.
Asebia. For this we bribed the lawyer's tongue
And then destroyed the laws.
Albion and Albanius (1685). *iii. 1.*

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[*] *See* Denham, "Darkness our guide."

[†] Possunt quia posse videntur.

[‡] Facilis descensus Averni:
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it and is become the most important business in the life of a gentleman. Anciently it was quite otherways. M. Fleury has severely remarked that this extravagant passion for hunting is a strong proof of our Gothic extraction, and shows an affinity of humour with the savage Americans.
Preface to the Pastorals [**of Virgil**].
(*Said to be by William Walsh*, 1663–1708).

We must beat the iron while it is hot ; but we may polish it at leisure.
Dedication of the Æneis.

Valour, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. . . . A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. *Ib.*

A man may be an admirable poet without being an exact chronologer. *Ib.*

Can you pretend to love
And have no pity ? Love and that are twins.
Don Sebastian. *iii. 1.*

O the curst fate of all conspiracies !
They move on many springs ; if one but fail
The restive machine stops. *iv. 1.*

And sure all marriage in repentance ends ;
'Tis good for us to part when we are friends.
Epilogue.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know.
The Spanish Friar (1681). *ii. 1.*

They say everything in the world is good for something. *iii. 2.*

This hour's the very crisis of your fate,
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And the whole colour of your life depends
On this important now. *iv. 2.*

Presence of mind and courage in distress
Are more than armies to procure success.
Aureng-Zebe (1676). *Act ii.*

But she ne'er loved who durst not venture all.
v. 1.

'Tis hard for kings to steer an equal course,
And they who banish one oft gain a worse.
Tarquin and Tullia.

Fool that I was ! upon my eagle wings
I bore this wren, till I was tired with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.
ii. 1.

Fortune came smiling to my youth and wooed it,
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
All for Love ; or, the World well lost (1678).
i. 1.

The wretched have no friends. *iii. 1.*

His virtues he so mingled with his crimes
As would confound their choice to punish one
And not reward the other. *iii. 1.*

Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story feigned for pleasure,

Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood. *iv. 1.*

Men are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain. *Ib.*

And love may be expelled by other love,
As poisons are by poisons. *Ib.*

With how much ease believe we what we wish !
Ib.

Your Cleopatra, Dolabella's Cleopatra, every man's Cleopatra ! * *Ib.*

Welcome, Death !
Thou best of thieves ! who, with an easy key,
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Even steal us from ourselves.† *v. 1.*

Kind Death,
To end with pleasure all my miseries,
Shuts up your image in my closing eyes.
Indian Queen (1665). *v. 1.*

When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
The Conquest of Granada (1672).
Part 1, Act i. 1.

For he wants worth who dares not praise a foe. *ii. 1.*

Thou strong seducer, Opportunity.
Part 2, iv. 3.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong. *Part 2, Act i. 2.*

And for a winding sheet a wave,
I had, and all the ocean for my grave.
Act ii. 1.

And though he stumbles in a full career,
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
Tyrannic Love (1670). *Prologue.*

All delays are dangerous in war. *Act i. 1.*

Keen appetite
And quick digestion wait on you and yours.‡
Cleomenes (1692). *iv. 1.*

Virtue in distress and vice in triumph,
Make atheists of mankind. *Ib.*

Justice is blind, he knows nobody.
The Wild Gallant (1669). *v. 1.*

The business of a poor waiting-woman, here upon earth, is to be scraping up something against a rainy day, called the day of marriage.
Amphitryon (1691). *i. 2.*

I am devilishly afraid, that's certain ; but . . . I'll sing, that I may seem valiant (*Sosia*).
ii. 1.

I went darkling, and whistling to keep myself from being afraid (*Sosia*). *iii. 1.*

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* Imitated from Shakespeare, "Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero." *Much Ado*, iii, 3.

† *Vide* Pope :
" Years following years steal something every day ;
At length they steal us from ourselves away."
—Ep. 2, Bk. 2, 72.

‡ *See* Shakespeare : "Now good digestion wait on appetite."

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years;
And every little absence is an age. *Ib.*

I never saw any good that came of telling truth. *Ib.*

I am the true Amphitryon. *v. 1.*

That's the common fate of your Machiavellians; they draw their designs so subtle that their very fineness breaks them.
Sir Martin Mar-All* (1668). *v. 1.*

Just like the harmony of the spheres, that is to be admired and never heard. *v. 1.*

All heiresses are beautiful.
King Arthur (1691). *i. 1.*

War is the trade of kings. *ii. 2.*

And let in knowledge by another sense.
iii. 2.

Love has a thousand ways to please,
But more to rob us of our ease. *v. 1.*

Thus all things are but altered; nothing dies:
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies.
Tr. of Ovid. *Metam., xv. 158.*

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I.
Suggested Epitaph.

DU MAURIER, Geo. Louis Palmella Busson (1834–1896)

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing, and so—Good-bye.
Trilby. (*Inscribed on his Memorial Tablet, Hampstead Churchyard.*)

DUNBAR, William (Scottish Poet) (1465 ?–1530 ?)

All love is lost but upon God alone.
The Merle and the Nightingale.

Thae termagants, with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Ersch began to chatter,
And roup (croak) like raven and rook;
The devil so deaved (deafened) was with their yell,
That in the deepest pot (pit) of hell
He smorit (smothered) them with smoke.
The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins. (*Description of Highlanders in Hell.*)

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretchit warld of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-nicht, it may be thine to-morrow.
No Treasure without Gladness.

DUNNE, Finley Peter (b. 1867)

"The American nation in the Sixth Ward is a fine People," he says. "They love th' eagle," he says, "on the back iv a dollar."
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War. *Oratory on Politics.*

'Tis startin a polis foorce, to prevint war. . . . How'll they be ar-rmed? What a foolish question. They'll be ar-rmed with love, if coorse. Who'll pay thim? That's a financyal detail that can be arranged later on. What'll happen if wan iv th' rough-necks reaches f'r a gun? Don't bother me with thrifles. *Ib. On making a Will* (1920).

DWIGHT, Timothy, D.D., LL.D. (1752–1717)

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies.
Columbia (1861).

DYER, Sir Edward (1540 ?–1607)

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords, or grows by kind.
My mind to me a Kingdom is.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's pain. *Ib.*

DYER, John (1700 ?–1758)

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have,
Between the cradle and the grave.
Grongar Hill.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view? *Ib.*

There is a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies.
The Ruins of Rome. *346.*

EDGEWORTH, Maria (1767–1849)

Come when you're called,
And do as you're bid;
Shut the door after you,
And you'll never be chid.
The Contrast (1804). *Ch. 1.*

Business was his [young Mr. Folingsley's] aversion; pleasure was his business. *Ib.*

He [Ulick Rooney] can't write, nor rade writing from his cradle, plase your honour; but he can make his mark equal to another, sir.
Love and Law (1803 ?). *iii. 1.*

Sir, it was my partner made that bargain, not myself; and I don't hold myself bound by it, for he is the sleeping partner only, and not empowered to act in the way of business [*Mr. Mordicai, "a famous London coach-maker"*]. **The Absentee.**

Well, some people talk of morality, and some of religion, but give me a little snug property (*Sir Terence O'Fay*).
The Absentee (1809). *Ch. 2.*

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* Written in conjunction with Wm. Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and founded on Molière's *L'Etourdi*.

And all the young ladies said . . . that to be sure a love-match was the only thing for happiness, where the parties could anyway afford it. **Castle Rackrent** (1800). *Continuation of Memoirs.*

We drank Sir Condy's good health and the downfall of his enemies till we could stand no longer ourselves. *Ib.*

He (Sir Condy Rackrent) could never,—God bless him again, I say!—bring himself to ask a gentleman for money, despising such conversation himself. *Ib.*

He (Sir Condy) . . . was very ill-used by the Government about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honourably, and being greatly abused for it, which hurt him greatly, he having the name of a great patriot in the country before. *Ib.*

I've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die (*Sir Condy Rackrent*). *Ib.*

"Ay, Sir Condy has been a fool all his days," said he; and there was the last word he spoke, and died. He had but a very poor funeral after all. *Ib.*

Where's the use of telling lies about the things which everybody knows as well as I do? (*Thady Quirk*). *Ib.*

"The earthquake that had the honour to be noticed by the Royal Society."
Essay on Irish Bulls (1802). *Ch. 2.* (*Quoted as the "exquisitely polite expression of a correspondent of the English Royal Society.*)

Bishop Wilkins prophesied that the time would come when gentlemen, when they were to go a journey, would call for their wings as regularly as they call for their boots. *Ib.*

Our Irish blunders are never blunders of the heart. *Ib., ch. 4.*

During the late Irish rebellion there was a banker to whom they [the rebels] had a particular dislike. . . . Accordingly they got possession of as many of his bank-notes as they could and made a bonfire of them. *Ib., ch. 7.*

There is one distinguishing peculiarity of the Irish bull—its horns are tipped with brass [*i.e.* with impudence or assurance]. *Ib., ch. 7.*

EDWARDS, Richard (1523 ?–1566)

Use May, while that you may,
  For May hath but his time;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
  Too late the tree to climb.
May. *From the Paradise of Dainty Devices.*

EDWARDS, Rev. Thomas (1599–1647)

Little sins make room for great, and one brings in all. **Gangrene of Heresy.**

ELIOT, George (Mrs. Marian Cross, (née Evans) (1819–1880)

"So it will go on, worsening and worsening," thought Adam. "There's no slipping up hill again, and no standing still when you've begun to slip down." **Adam Bede** (1859). *Ch. 4.*

It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crop. *Ch. 18.*

It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world.* *Ch. 32.*

He was like a cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow. *Ch. 33.*

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves. *Ch. 42.*

Them as ha' never had a cushion don't miss it. *Ch. 49.*

Iteration, like friction, is likely to generate heat instead of progress.
The Mill on the Floss (1860). *Book 2, ch. 2.*

The law's made to take care of raskills. *Book 3, ch. 4.*

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand. **Silas Marner** (1861). *Ch. 18.*

In the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause.
Romola (1862). *Book 1, ch. 12.*

To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath. *Ch. 39.*

An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down. *Book 3, ch. 50.*

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving. **Middlemarch** (1871). *Book 2, ch. 17.*

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.
Heading to ch. 70.

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.
Scenes of Clerical Life. *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story.*

In every parting there is an image of death. *Amos Barton.*

That's a bad sort of eddication as makes folks unreasonable. *Ib.*

He looked at Society from a liberal menagerie point of view.
Daniel Deronda (1874).

Men's men: gentle or simple, they're much of a muchness *Book 4, ch. 31.*

One of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of this scattered people [the Jews], made for ages "a scorn and a hissing" . . . is that they have come out of it (in any estimate which allows for numerical proportion) rivalling the nations of all European countries

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* Gabriel Harvey made this annotation in his copy of Foorth's *Synopsis Politica;* "Regula Regularum, to seeke and enforce all possible advantage."

in healthiness and beauty of physique, in practical ability, in scientific and artistic aptitude, and in some forms of ethical value.
Theophrastus Such (1878). *The Modern Hep! Hep!*

One may prefer fresh eggs, though laid by a fowl of the meanest understanding, but why fresh sermons? *Ib. Looking Backward.*

ELLERTON, Edward, D.D. (1770–1851)

Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Stands the voyager at last.
Hymn. *Now the labourer's task.*

ELLIOTT, Ebenezer (1781–1849)

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Epigrams.

Life is short and time is swift;
Roses fade and shadows shift. *Ib.*

ELLIS, George (pseudonym Sir Gregory Gander) (1745–1815)

Snowy, Flowy, Blowy,
Showery, Flowery, Bowery,
Hoppy, Croppy, Droppy,
Breezy, Sneezy, Freezy.
The Twelve Months.*

ELTON, Sir Chas. Abraham (1778–1853)

Lo! ill-rejoicing Envy, winged with lies,
Scattering calumnious rumours as she flies.
Hesiod. *Works and Days, 1,172.*

EMERSON, Ralph Waldo (1803–1882)

I like a church; I like a cowl;
I like a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.
The Problem.

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought. *Ib.*

Wrought in a sad sincerity. *Ib.*

He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew. *Ib.*

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone. *Ib.*

The frolic architecture of the snow.
The Snowstorm.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh † and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
The Rhodora.

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care.
To the Humble Bee.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; and I'm not thine.
Good-bye.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone. *Ib.*

A spot that is sacred to thought and God. *Ib.*

For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet? *Ib.*

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.
Hymn at Completion of Concord Monument.

Ye cannot unlock your heart,
The key is gone with them;
The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem. **Dirge.**

And in their vaunted works of Art,
The master-stroke is still her part. **Nature, 2.**

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth, his hall her azure dome.
Wood-Notes, 1,104.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."
Voluntaries, 3.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.
Translations. *From Omar Chiam.*

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived.
Quatrains. *Borrowing.* (*From the French.*)

The most advanced nations are always those who navigate the most.
Society and Solitude. *Civilization.*

The planet itself splits his stick. *Ib.*

Hitch your waggon to a star. *Ib.*

Thought is the seed of action. *Art.*

We are like the musician on the lake, whose melody is sweeter than he knows. *Art.*

Nature paints the best part of the picture, carves the best part of the statue, builds the best part of the house, and speaks the best part of the oration. *Ib.*

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* According to a writer in the *Athenæum* (Feb 22, 1862), these lines, slightly varied, are in Chambers' *Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy*, viz. "Winter: wheezy, sneezy, breezy; Spring: Slippy, drippy, nippy; Summer: Showery, flowery bowery; Autumn hoppy, croppy, poppy."

† "Marsh" altered to "earth" in later editions.

Raphael paints wisdom, Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakspeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanizes it. *Ib.*

We boil at different degrees. *Eloquence.*

One of our statesmen said "The curse of this country is eloquent men." *Ib.*

Everything is my cousin. *Ib.*

The greatest man in history was the poorest. *Domestic Life.*

Poverty consists in feeling poor. *Ib.*

Happy will that house be in which the relations are formed from character. *Ib.*

Nature works on a method of all for each and each for all. *Farming.*

Invention breeds invention. *Works and Days.*

Can anybody remember when the times were not hard, and money not scarce? *Ib.*

The greatest meliorator of the world is selfish, huckstering trade. *Ib.*

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday. *Ib.*

The use of history is to give value to the present hour and its duty. *Ib.*

Hate at first sight. *Ib.*

Never read any book that is not a year old. *Books.*

Knowledge is the antidote to fear. *Courage.*

They can conquer who believe they can. *Ib.*

Our American people cannot be taxed with slowness in performance, or in praising their performance. *Success.*

Self-trust is the first secret of success. *Ib.*

The sum of wisdom is, that the time is never lost that is devoted to work *Ib.*

'Tis the good reader that makes the good book. *Ib.*

There was never poet who had not the heart in the right place. *Ib.*

The surest poison is time. *Old Age.*

Skill to do comes of doing. *Ib.*

America is the country of young men. *Ib.*

There is properly no history, only biography.*

Essays (*pub.* 1830–1840): *History.*

Whoso would be a man, must be a Nonconformist. *Self-Reliance.*

To be great is to be misunderstood. *Ib.*

Let us never bow and apologise more. *Ib.*

The superstition of Travelling. *Ib.*

Travelling is a fool's paradise. *Ib.*

Every great man is unique. *Ib.*

Society never advances. *Ib.*

The man in the street does not know a star in the sky.* *Ib.*

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. *Ib.*

Men are better than their theology. *Compensation.*

Blame is safer than praise. *Ib.*

The martyr cannot be dishonoured. *Ib.*

All mankind love a lover. *Ib.*

The statue is then beautiful when it begins to be incomprehensible. *Ib.*

Thou art to me a delicious torment. *Friendship.*

The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. *Ib.*

He that despiseth small things will perish by little and little.† *Prudence.*

In skating over thin ice our safety is in our speed. *Ib.*

Begin where we will, we are pretty sure in a short space to be mumbling our ten commandments. *Ib.*

Shallow men believe in luck. *Worship.*

Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right. *Heroism.*

Counsel that I once heard given to a young person, "Always do what you are afraid to do." *Ib.*

We know better than we do. *The Over-Soul.*

We are wiser than we know. *Ib.*

The faith that stands on authority is not faith. *Ib.*

Under every deep a lower deep opens.‡ *Circles.*

New arts destroy the old. *Ib.*

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. *Ib.*

The virtues of society are the vices of the saint. *Ib.*

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* *See Carlyle: On History*, p. 72*a*.

* "Then will come the question of a Dissolution, which one side affirms will take place directly, and the other knowing that the King will not consent to it—knowing as 'the man in the street' (as we call him at Newmarket) always does, the greatest secrets of kings, and being the confidant of their most hidden thoughts."—*Greville Memoirs*, entry dated March 22, 1830.

† Almost verbatim from Ecclesiasticus 1 (*q.v.*).

‡ Deep calleth unto deep.—*Psalm* 42, 7.

Life is a series of surprises. *Ib.*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. *Ib.*

Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. *Art.*

Language is fossil poetry. *The Poet.*

The wise through excess of wisdom is made a fool. *Experience.*

Nature hates calculators. *Ib.*

All writing comes by the grace of God, and all doing and having. *Ib.*

The years teach much which the days never know. *Ib.*

The individual is always mistaken. *Ib.*

Those who listened to Lord Chatham felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said. *Character.*

The city is recruited from the country. *Manners.*

Society . . . being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together. *Ib.*

We do not quite forgive a giver. *Gifts.*

The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference between the beholders. *Nature.*

Of the two great parties which, at this hour, almost share the nation between them, I should say that one has the best cause, and the other contains the best men. *Politics.*

Of all debts men are least willing to pay the the taxes. What a satire this on Government! *Ib.*

Is not every man sometimes a radical in politics? Men are conservative when they are least vigorous, or when they are most luxurious. They are conservatives after dinner. *New England Reformers.*

Men in all ways are better than they seem. *Ib.*

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. *Ib.*

Life is not so short but that there is always room for courtesy. **Social Aims.**

Talent alone cannot make a writer. There must be a man behind the book.
Representative Men. *Goethe.*

Every hero becomes a bore at last. *Uses of Great Men.*

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. **English Traits.**

It is the one base thing, to receive and not to give.
Saying *mentioned in Emerson's Life.*

Glittering generalities! They are blazing ubiquities.
Remark *on someone sneering at the ideas of the Declaration of Independence as "glittering generalities."**

ETHEREGE, Sir George (1635–1694)

Beyond Hyde Park all is a desert.
The Man of Mode (1676). (*Sir Fopling Flutter.*)

EVELYN, John (1620–1706)

A studious decliner of honours and titles.
Diary. *Introduction.*

I stept into Bedlame, where I saw several poore miserable creatures in chaines; one of them was mad with making verses. *April 21, 1657.*

For such a child I blesse God, in whose bosom he is! May I and mine become as this little child. *Jan. 27, 1658.*

I saw Hamlet Prince of Denmark played; but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age. *Oct. 26, 1661.*

FABER, Frederick William, B.D. (1814–1863)

The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Hymn—*Hark, hark, my soul!*

Rest comes at length, though life be long
and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be
passed. *Ib.*

Small things are best;
Grief and unrest
To rank and wealth are given;
But little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to heaven.
Written in a Little Lady's Album.

FAIRFAX, Edward (*d.* 1635)

Each ornament about her seemly lies,
By curious chance, or careless art composed.
Godfrey of Bullogne (1600).†

A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,
That strove to cover what it could not hide. *Ib.*

His sober lips then did he softly part,
Whence of pure rhetoric whole streams
outflow. *Ib.*

FALCONER, William (1732–1769)

A captive fettered to the oar of gain.
The Shipwreck (1762). *Canto 1, 208.*

FANE, Violet (*see* Singleton, Mary M.)

FARQUHAR, Geo. (1678–1707)

Sir, you shall taste my *anno domini.*
The Beaux Stratagem (1707). *Act i. 1.*

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* Rufus Choate (1799–1859), in a letter to the Maine Whig Committee, 1856, wrote: "The glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence."

† A translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered.*

I have fed purely upon ale; I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale. (*Will Boniface.*) *Ib.*

My Lady Bountiful. *Ib.*

Says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith! *Ib.*

There's no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty. *Ib.*

We have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it. *Ib.*

The tuneful serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose. *ii. 1.*

No woman can be a beauty without a fortune. *ii. 2.*

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly. *iii. 1.*

'Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad. Anything for the good of one's country—I'm a Roman for that. *iii. 2.*

Captain is a good travelling name and so I take it. *Ib.*

There are secrets in all families. *iii. 3.*

Of a Monday I drive the coach; of a Tuesday I drive the plough; on Wednesday I follow the hounds, a Thursday I dun the tenants; on Friday I go to market; on Saturday I draw warrants; and a Sunday I draw beer. *Ib.*

How a little love and conversation improve a woman! *iv. 2.*

Pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread. *Ib.*

Spare all I have, and take my life! *v. 2.*

Cupid is a blind gunner.
Love and a bottle (1699). *i. 1.*

I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do. (*Lady Lurewell.*)
The Constant Couple (1700). *i. 1.*

Truth is only falsehood well disguised. *iii. 4.*

The third of all things, they say, is very critical. *Ib.*

Our sex still strikes an awe upon the brave,
And only cowards dare affront a woman. *v. 1.*

Grant me some wild expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst. . . . Words, words, or I shall burst. (*Lady Lurewell.*) *v. 3.*

Charming women can true converts make,
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake.* *Ib.*

She's all sail and no ballast. . . . A fine lady is angry without a cause, and pleased without reason.
Sir Harry Wildair (1701). *i. 1.*

You seamen are like your element, always tempestuous. *Ib.*

I am privileged to be very impertinent, being an Oxonian. (*Beau Banter*). *ii. 1.*

Truly, sir, when a man is ruined, 'tis but the duty of a Christian to tell him of it. (*Balderdash.*) **The Twin-Rivals** (1702). *i. 1.*

I see you have a singing face—a heavy, dull sonata face.*
The Inconstant (1702). *ii. 1.*

Costar: Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?
Kite: Oh, a mighty large bed; bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.
The Recruiting Officer (1706). *i. 1.*

For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away. *ii. 3.*

'Tis a strange thing, Sam, that among us people can't agree the whole week because they go different ways upon Sundays.
Letter. *From Leyden, Oct. 15, 1700.*

FERRIAR, John (1764–1815)

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold.
Bibliomania (1809).

Now cheaply bought, for thrice their weight in gold. *Ib.*

How pure the joy when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnished gold. *Ib.*

FIELD, Nathaniel (1587–1633)

He makes a false wife that suspects a true.
Amends for Ladies (1618). *i. 1.*

FIELDING, Henry (1707–1754)

Petition me no petitions.
Tragedy of Tragedies: or, Tom Thumb the Great (1730). *i. 2.*

Let other hours be set apart for business,
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk. *Ib.*

When I'm not thanked at all I'm thanked enough. *Ib.*

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit. *Ib.*

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes. *Ib.*

Lo when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets;
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done. *Act i. 6.*

Oh! the roast beef of Old England!
And oh! the old English roast beef!
The Roast Beef of Old England.

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.
Love in Several Masques (1728). *iv. 2.*

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* *See* Defoe, p. 108*a*.

* *See* Fletcher, p. 138*a*.

To whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be required.
Joseph Andrews (1742). *Book 2, ch. 8.*

I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species. *Book 3, ch. 1.*

They are the affectation of affectation. *Ch. 3.*

Public schools are the nurseries of all vice and immorality. *Ch. 5.*

I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a truly good action into ridicule. *Ch. 6.*

"There is nothing but heathenism to be learned from plays," replied he (Parson Adams). *Ch. 11.*

Some folks rail against other folks because other folks have what some folks would be glad of. *Book 4, ch. 6.*

Such was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware that Mr. Wild had no money to pay him.
Jonathan Wild the Great (1743).

Build houses of five hundred by a hundred feet, forgetting that of six by two.
Tom Jones (1749). *Book 2, ch. 8.*

Every physician, almost, hath his favourite disease. *Ch. 9.*

Thwackum was for doing justice, and leaving mercy to Heaven. *Ch. 10.*

The rule of right and the eternal fitness of things. *Book 4, ch. 4.*

A late facetious writer, who told the public that whenever he was dull they might be assured there was a design in it.* *Book 5, ch. 1.*

Oh, more than Gothic ignorance! *Book 7, ch. 3.*

Philosophy makes us wiser, but Christianity makes us better men. *Book 8, ch. 13.*

His designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is, that is to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage. *Book 11, ch. 4.*

The republic of letters.† *Book 14, ch. 1.*

Composed that monstrous animal, a husband and wife. *Book 15, ch. 9.*

"*Tace*, madam," answered Murphy, "is Latin for a candle." (*A proverbial expression.*‡) **Amelia** (1752). *Book 1, ch. 10.*

There are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds. *Book 3, ch. 2.*

It hath often been said that it is not death, but dying, which is terrible. *Ch. 4.*

How much richer are you than millions of people who are in want of nothing! *Ch. 11.*

These are called the pious frauds of friendship. *Book 6, ch. 6.*

When widows exclaim loudly against second marriages, I would always lay a wager that the man, if not the wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on. *Ch. 8.*

However few of the other good things of life are thy lot, the best of all things, which is innocence, is always within thy own power. *Book 8, ch. 3.*

One fool at least in every married couple. *Book 9, ch. 4.*

I am not the least versed in the Chrematistic art.* *Ch. 5.*

There is not in the universe a more ridiculous nor a more contemptible animal than a proud clergyman. *Ch. 10.*

FITZGERALD, Edwd. (1809–1883)

You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.
Rubâiyât of Omar Khayyâm. *4th Ed. (1879). St. 3.* (*Unaltered from 1st Ed.*)

The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.
St. 8. (*Not in 1st Ed.*)

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!
St. 12.

1st Ed. (1859), st. 11 :—

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the bough,†
A Flask of Wine, A Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!‡
St. 13.

1st Ed. (1859), st. 12 :—

Ah, take the cash in hand, and waive the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* drum!

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.
St. 16. (*Unaltered from 1st Ed.*)

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* *See* Steele; *also* Swift: "Where I am not understood," etc.

† Une brochure . . . qui doit faire grand bruit dans la république des lettres.—*Le Sage: Gil Blas* (1715), *Bk.* 12, *ch.* 7.

‡ Tace is Latin for a candle. "Brandy is Latin for a goose and Tace is Latin for a candle."—Swift's *Polite Conversation* (c. 1731). The saying is much older, and occurs in Dampier's *Voyages* (1686), according to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (Dec. 6 1851).

* "The art of getting wealth is so-called by Aristotle in his *Politics*.—*Note* by Fielding.

† In the 2nd Ed. the first line reads: "Here with a little Bread beneath the Bough."

‡ 2nd Ed. :—

"Ah, take the Cash, and let the Promise go,
Nor heed the music of a distant Drum!"

Think, in this battered Caravanserai,
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.
St. 17.

In the 1st *Ed.*, Doorways *instead of* "Portals"; *and the last line*, "Abode his Hour or two, and went his way."

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest. *St. 22.*
1st Ed. (1859) :—

Lo! some we loved, and loveliest and the best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest
(*etc. The remainder unaltered*).

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.
St. 27.

1st and 2nd Eds. the last line reads :—

Came out by the same door as in I went.

I came like Water, and like Wind I go.
St. 28. (*Unaltered from 1st Ed.*)

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.
St. 29. (*Unaltered from 1st Ed.*)

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see.
St. 32.

1st Ed. (1859) :—

There was a door to which I found no Key;
There was a Veil past which I could not see.

When you and I behind the Veil are past.
St. 47. (*Not in 1st Ed.*)

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the waste—
And Lo!—the phantom caravan has reached
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!
St. 48.

1st and 2nd Eds. :—

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste![*]

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—*This* life flies;
One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.
Sts. 63 and 64. (*Not in 1st Ed.*)

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your[*] Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.
St. 71.

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where. *St. 74.* (*Not in 1st Ed.*)

O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake;[†]
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—and take!
St. 81.

"Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?" *St. 87.*
In the 1st Ed. this passage is in St. 69 :—

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried—
"Who *is* the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

And much as Wine has played the Infidel,
And robbed me of my Robe of Honour—Well
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell.
St. 95. (*Unaltered from 1st Ed., except that the last line ends* : "the Goods they sell.")

FLATMAN, Thomas (1637–1688)

Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away![‡]
A Thought of Death.

Better thou mayest, but worse thou canst not be
Than in this vale of tears and misery. *Ib.*

Why so serious, why so grave?
Man of business, why so muddy?
Thyself from chance thou canst not save
With all thy care and study.
Look merrily then, and take thy repose:
For 'tis to no purpose to look so forlorn,
Since the world was as bad before thou wert born,
And when it will mend who knows? *Ib.*

FLETCHER, Andrew (of Saltoun) (1655–1716)

I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's [Musgrave's] sentiment that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.
An account of a Conversation concerning a Right to Regulation of Governments. *1703.*

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[*] The last line in the 2nd Ed. being "Draws for the Dawn of Nothing," etc.

[*] "Thy" in 1st Ed.

[†] In the 1st Ed. (1859) this line reads, "And who with Eden didst devise the Snake." The stanza in this edition is No. 58. In the 2nd Ed. the last two lines of the Stanza (No. 88 in this edition) read:
"For all the Sin the Face of wretched Man
Is black with—Man's forgiveness give—and take!"
The stanza is not a translation of Omar's text, but an interpolation by Fitzgerald.

[‡] *Cf. Pope* : "Hark! they whisper; angels say," etc.

FLETCHER, Giles (the younger) (1588 ?–1623)

But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast
Expresses in her song grief not to be expressed.
(*The Nightingale.*)
Christ's Victorie and Triumph (1610).

FLETCHER, John (1579–1625) and BEAUMONT, Francis (1584–1616)

Quotations from works supposed to be by Fletcher *only are marked* (*a*).

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still. (*a*).
Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.

As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour,
After supper. 'Tis their exercise.
Philaster (c. 1609). *Act ii.*

Ye gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withal,
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. *Ib.*

Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!
Act iii.

He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; . . . And thyself,
That are the messenger, shalt ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.
A King and No King (c. 1610). *Act v.*

There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees. *v. 4.*

The man that cries
"Consider," is our foe.
The Scornful Lady (c. 1609). *Act ii.*

There is no other purgatory but a woman.
Act iii.

Thou hast a serious face,
A betting, bargaining, and saving face,
A rich face; pawn it to the usurer. *Ib.*

But when I trust a wild fool, and a woman,
May I lend gratis, and build hospitals. *Ib.*

The bad man's charity (cursing).
The Spanish Curate (1622). *i. 2.*

The fit's upon me now. (*a*).
Wit without Money (1614). *Act v.*

Let's warm our brains with half-a-dozen healths,
And then, hang cold discourse; for we'll speak fireworks. (*a*)
The Elder Brother (1614). *i. 2.*

He breaks his fast
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes
His watering with the Muses, sups with Livy.
Ib.

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers. *Ib.*

'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall forgotten, in a multitude. (*a*)
Humorous Lieutenant (1619). *ii. 2.*

Tell me the cause: I know there is a woman in't. (*a*). *iv. 2.*

He that will use all winds, must shift his sail. (*a*)
The Faithful Shepherdess (c. 1609). *Act I.*

The nightingale among the thick-leaved spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning. (*a*) *Act v.*

As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after-time. (*a*) *Ib.*

You must not look to be my master, sir,
Nor talk in th' house as though you wore the breeches.
Rule Wife and have a Wife (1624). *Act ii.*

Captains are casual things. (*a*)
Ib., iii.

Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back. *Ib., iv.*

Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him. (*a*)
The False One (c. 1620). *ii. 1.*

Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh and blood
Cannot endure.
The Little French Lawyer (c. 1620). *i. 1.*

For anything I know, I am an arrant coward.
ii. 2.

Yet when I hold her best, she's but a woman,
As full of frailty as of faith; a poor slight woman,
And her best thoughts but weak fortifications.
Ib.

I love a dire revenge:
Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last himself. *iv. 1.*

I love you:
I'll cut your throat for your own sake. *Ib.*

I come fairly to kill him honestly. *Ib.*

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,*
Brother to Death . . thou son of Night. (*a*)
The Tragedy of Valentinian (1616). *v. 2.*

Good me no goods.
The Chances (? 1647). *i. 9.*

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* *See* Daniel: "Care charmer sleep," p. 106*a*.

A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making. *ii. 1.*

H'has been a dragon in his days. *iii. 4.*

Trust a woman?
I'll trust the devil first; for he dare be
Better than's word sometime. *Ib.*

Concord can never join
Minds so divided. (*a*) (*with other collaboration*).
Rollo (1637). *Act i. 1.*

And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf, still in October. (*a*) *ii. 3.*

Curse and be cursed! it is the fruit of cursing. (*a*) *iii. 1.*

Bad's the best of us. (*a*) *iv. 2.*

Three merry boys, three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we.
iii. 2 (*Chorus*).[*]

You have the gift of impudence; be thankful;
Every man has not the like talent. I will study
And it may be revealed to me.
The Wild Goose Chase (*pr.* 1652). *i. 2.*

For 'tis a kind of bilboes to be married. *Ib.*

Come, sing now, sing; for I know you sing well;
I see you have a singing face.[†] (*a*) *ii. 2.*

Strike, now or never! *iv. 1.*

And if thou canst be wise, learn to be good too. (*a*)
A Wife for a Month (1624). *Ib.*

The game of death was never played more nobly. (*a*) *v. 1.*

We were the twins of friendship. (*a*) *Ib.*

He loved you well,
And might have lived t'have done his country service. (*a*)
The Lover's Progress (1634). *ii. 1.*

The sin
Is in itself excusable; to be taken
Is a crime. (*a*) *iv. 1.*

The greatest curse brave man can labour under,
Is the strong witchcraft of a woman's eyes.
(*a*) *Ib.*

Can any wind blow rough upon a blossom
So fair and tender?
The Pilgrim (*pr.* 1652). *i. 1.*

Hope never leaves a wretched man that seeks her. (*a*) **The Captain** (c. 1612). *ii. 1.*

'Tis virtue, and not birth, that makes us noble;
Great actions speak great minds, and such should govern. (*a*)
The Prophetess. *ii. 3.*

I've touched the height of human happiness,
And here I fix *nil ultra.* (*a*) *iv. 6.*

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[*] *See* Walker: "Three merry men be we."
[†] *See* Farquhar, p. 134*b*.

Oh, mediocrity,
Thou priceless jewel, only mean men have,
But cannot value. (*a*)
Queen of Corinth (c. 1618). *iii. 1.*

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.[*]

Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhyme. (*a*) *iv. 1.*

I ne'er repented anything yet in my life,
And scorn to begin now. (*a*) *Ib.*

You put too much wind to your sail; discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour. (*a*)
Tragedy of Bonduca (c. 1616). *i. 1.*

Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o' both sides. *iii. 1.*

Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth.[†] *iv. 3.*

For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things.
The Knight of the Burning Pestle (c. 1613). *Prologue.*

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and ginger, cinammon and cloves;
And they gave me this jolly red nose.[‡] *i. 3.*

Plot me no plots. *Act ii.*

To a resolvèd mind, his home is everywhere. *Act v.*

Each person is the founder
Of his own fortune, good or bad.
Love's Pilgrimage (*pr.* 1647). *i. 1.*

But oh, man, man, unconstant, careless man,
Oh, subtle man, how many are thy mischiefs! *iii. 2.*

Naples, the Paradise of Italy,
As that is of the earth.
The Double Marriage. *Act i.*

But what is past my help is past my care *Ib.*

Though a man be a thief, shall a miller
Call him so? Oh, egregious!
The Maid in the Mill (1623).
(*Fletcher and W. Rowley?*) *v. 2.*

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
Pity's the straightest.
The Knight of Malta (1618). (*With Massinger?*) *i. 1.*

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[*] This song is not in the original folio, and has been rejected as a spurious addition. *See* "Weep no more, lady." (*The Friar of Orders Grey.*)

[†] *Cf.* Prior's "Ode to the memory of Col. Villiers": "Light lie the earth"; also Pope's "Elegy in memory of an unfortunate Lady": "And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast."

[‡] Also found in Ravencroft's *Deuteromela*, London, 1609:

"Nose, nose, nose, nose!
And who gave you that jolly red nose?
Sinamont and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose!"

Art thou not he that asked the master gunner where thou might'st lie safest? and he strait answered, Put thy head in that hole, new bored with a cannon, for it was an hundred to one, another shot would not hit there. *ii. 1.*

Hope is a poor salad
To dine and sup with.
The Custom of the Country (1619 or 1620).
(*? By Fletcher and Massinger.*) *ii. 1.*

Every man must fashion his gait according
To his calling. **Love's Cure** (c. 1623). *i. 2.*

Gross feeders, great sleepers;
Great sleepers, fat bodies;
Fat bodies, lean brains!* *ii. 1.*

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother. *ii. 2.*

Thou comedy to men,
Whose serious folly is a butt for all
To shoot their wits at! *iii. 1.*

What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink. *iii. 2.*

A lady's tears are silent orators. *iii. 3.*

The shortest ladies love the longest men. *Ib.*

A woman-friend! He that believes that weakness
Steers in a stormy night without a compass. (*a*)
Women Pleased (c. 1620). *ii. 1.*

Fat old women, fat and five and fifty. (*a*) *iii. 2.*

Juletta. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.
Master. Very likely:
'Tis in our powers then to be hanged and scorn ye.
The Sea Voyage (1622). *iv. 4.*
(*Fletcher and Massinger?*)

Victuals and ammunition
And money too, the sinews of the war. (*a*)†
Fair Maid of the Inn (1626). *Act i.*

A more præternotorious rogue than himself. (*a*) *Ib. Act iv.*

The fool that willingly provokes a woman
Has made himself another evil angel,
And a new hell, to which all other torments
Are but mere pastime.
Cupid's Revenge (1612).
(*Possibly with Massinger.*) *Act iii.*

Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true.
Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger.
Two Noble Kinsmen (c. 1613). *i. 1.*‡

Not to swim
I' th' lead o' th' current, were almost to sink. *Ib., i. 2.*

Either I am
The foremost horse in the team, or I am none. *Ib.*

This world's a city, full of straying streets,
And death's the market place, where each one meets. *Ib., i. 5.*

The ordinary and over-worn trade of jesting at lords, and courtiers, and citizens.
The Woman Hater (*pr.* 1607). *Prologue.*
(*Assigned to Beaumont only.*)

Endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason!
For in the silent grave, no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers!
No careful father's counsels, nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness.
Tragedy of Thierry and Theodoret (1617).
(*With Massinger?*) *Act iv. 1.*

There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, sweetest melancholy! *
The Nice Valour (1625). *iii. 1.*
(*Altered by Middleton?*)

Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy. *iii. 1.*

For he that lives retired in mind and spirit
Is still in Paradise. *v. 2.*

Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so.
The Honest Man's Fortune (c. 1613).

To die
Is to begin to live.
Four Plays in One (c. 1608).

Calamity
Is man's true touchstone.
Ib., Triumph of Honour (1608—*by Beaumont*). *Sc. 1.*

FLETCHER, Phineas, B.D. (1582–1650)

His life is neither tossed in boisterous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease.
Happiness of the Shepherd's Life.

Beauty when most unclothed is clothèd best.
Sicelides (1631). *ii. 4.*

Love is like linen, often changed, the sweeter. *iii. 5*

Only in love they happy prove.
Who love what most deserves their love. *iii. 6.*

The coward's weapon, poison. *v. 3.*

Faint heart fair lady ne'er could win.
Britain's Ida (1628). *Canto 5, st. 1.*

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* *See Prov.*, "Fat paunches," etc.

† *See Latin*, "Nervi belli," etc.

‡ Shakespeare is believed to have collaborated with Fletcher in this play. It was printed (1634) as by John Fletcher and William Shakespeare, but it is also thought to have been revised by Massinger.

* *See* Burton; "Nought so sweet as melancholy." (1621).

Who bathes in wordly joys, swims in a world
of fears.
The Purple Island (1633). *Canto 8, st. 7.*

He is as cowardly
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to
die. *Canto 10, st. 8.*

The way to God is by ourselves.
Ib. To the Reader.

Love knows no mean or measure.
Piscatory Eclogues. *3, 22.*

Love's tongue is in the eyes. *5, 16.*

Sleep's but a short death; death's but a
longer sleep.
Apollyonists. *Canto 1, st. 6.*

FOOTE, Samuel (1720–1777)

Death and dice level all distinctions.
The Minor (1760). *i. 1.*

Woman, I tell you, is a microcosm: and rightly to rule her, requires as great talents as to govern a state.
The Devil upon Two Sticks (1768). *i. 1.*

FORD, John (c. 1586–c. 1640)

Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain.
Broken Heart (1633). *ii. 2.*

Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying. *iii. 5.*

Revenge proves its own executioner.
iv. 1.

Flattery
Is monstrous in a true friend.
Lovers' Melancholy. *i. 1.*

Philosophers dwell in the moon. *iii. 3.*

We can drink till all look blue.
The Lady's Trial. *iv. 2.*

FORDYCE, James, D.D. (1720–1796)

Henceforth the majesty of God revere;
Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear.
To a Gentleman who apologised for Swearing.

FOX, George (1624–1691)

But the black earthly spirit of the priest wounded my life. **Account of his Mission.**

FRANKLIN, Benjamin, D.C.L.(Oxon.) (1706-1790)[*]

Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. **On Early Marriages.**

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read
at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll
find—
They are the mere wastepaper of mankind.
Paper.

Here Skugg lies snug
As a bug in a rug. **Letter to Miss G. Shipley.**

Nothing gives an author so much pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors.
Pennsylvania Almanac, 1758.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.
Ib.

Thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. *Ib.*

Plough deep while sluggards sleep. *Ib.*

What maintains one vice would bring up two children. *Ib.*

Honesty is the best policy. *Ib.*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore. *Ib.*

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. *Ib.*

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. *Ib.*

Necessity never made a good bargain. *Ib.*

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. *Ib.*

One to-day is worth two to-morrows. *Ib.*

Three removes are as bad as a fire. *Ib.*

Alas! says I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle. **The Whistle.**

No nation was ever ruined by trade.
Thoughts on Commercial Subjects.

A man is not completely born until he be dead. **Letter to Miss E. Hubbard.**

There never was a good war or a bad peace.[*]
Letter to Quincey. *Sept. 11th, 1773.*

Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by THE AUTHOR.[†]
Epitaph on Himself.

Man is a tool-making animal.
Quoted by Boswell, "Life of Johnson."

FREEMAN, Thomas (b. c. 1591)

I love thee, Cornwall, and will ever,
And hope to see thee once again!
For why?—thine equal knew I never
For honest minds and active men.
Encomion Cornubiæ. (*Published 1614.*)

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[*] The maxims of "Poor Richard" are often merely current proverbs, but the wording in which Franklin clothed them has endured, and they are therefore given as "quotations."

[*] "It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war."—*S. Butler: Speeches in the Rump Parliament.* (Founded on Cicero, *Epist. ad Att.*, 7, 14.)

[†] *See* Woodbridge, "Lines on John Cotton." *Also* Rev. J. Capen.

FRERE, John Hookham (1769–1846)

A sudden thought strikes me;—let us swear an eternal friendship.*
The Rovers (1798). *i. 1.*

Despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope. *i. 2.*

An easy-minded soul, and always was.
Tr. of Aristophanes. *Frogs, 82.*

FROUDE, James Anthony, LL.D. (1818–1894)

No vehement error can exist in this world with impunity. **Spinoza.**

The poet is the truest historian. **Homer.**

Wild animals never kill for sport. Man is the only one to whom the torture and death of his fellow creatures is amusing in itself. **Oceana.** *Passengers' amusements.*

A nation with whom sentiment is nothing is on the way to cease to be a nation at all.
The Premier.

Nations are but enlarged schoolboys.
Exceptional Conditions.

Moderate reformers always hate those who go beyond them.
Life and Letters of Erasmus. *Lecture 20.*

FULLER, Rev. Thos. (1608–1661)

The pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.
The Holy and the Profane State (1642). *Of Tombs.*

A common-place book contains many Notions in Garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning. *Ib.*

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to Heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.† *The Life of Monica.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. *Of Books.*

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter.
Of Marriage.

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.‡
The True Church Antiquary.

Often the cockloft is empty in those which Nature hath built many stories high.
Andronicus.

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.* *Life of the Duke of Alva.*

He lives long that lives well.
The Good Child.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it is a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil. *Of Self Praising.*

He that will not use the rod on his child his child shall be used as a rod on him.
The Good Parent.

Many little leaks may sink a ship.
The Good Servant.

Mock not the cobbler for his black thumbs.
Of Jesting.

Oh, 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. *Ib.*

Our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image, cut in ebony, as if done on ivory. *The Good Sea-Captain.*

Women's jars breed men's wars.
The Wise Statesman.

Thus this brook hath conveyed his (Wickliffe's) ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.
The Church History. *Sec. 2, Book 4, par. 53.*

[A proverb is] much matter decocted into few words.† **The History of the Worthies of England** (1655). *Ch. 2.*

GALSWORTHY, John (b. 1867)

I don't see the use in drawin' hard and fast rules. You only have to break 'em.
The Eldest Son (1909). *Act i. 2.*

I drink the wine of aspiration and the drug of illusion. Thus I am never dull. (*The Wine Horn Mountain.*)
The Little Dream, etc. *2.*

The Law is what it is—a majestic edifice, sheltering all of us, each stone of which rests on another. (*The Judge.*)
Justice (1910). *Act ii.*

GARRICK, David (1717–1779)

For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.
Hearts of Oak.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;

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* Probably a burlesque on the following: "Let us embrace, and from this moment vow an eternal misery together."—*Otway* (1680): *The Orphan, iv.* 2.

† *See* Waller: "The soul's dark cottage," etc.

‡ *See* Bacon: "A little philosophy," etc.

* *See* Dryden: "A fiery soul," etc.

† The germ of this saying is to be found in medieval definitions of the Lord's Prayer as being "wel short in wordes and wel lang in witte."—*Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt*, a translation (1340) of Frère Lorens' *Le Somme des Vices et des Vertus* (1279).

If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Ib.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
The Gamesters. *Prologue.*

Their cause I plead, plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.
Prologue. *On Quitting the Stage, 1776.*

Let others hail the rising sun:
I bow to that whose course is run.
On the Death of Mr. Henry Pelham, 1754.

The devil's sooner raised than laid.
Prologue. *The School for Scandal.*

You are of the society of the wits and railers; . . . the surest sign is, you are an enemy to marriage, the common butt of every railer. **The Country Girl.*** *Act ii. 1.*

GARTH, Sir Samuel (1671–1719)

And farmers fatten most when famine reigns. **The Dispensary** (1699). *Canto 2, l. 64.*

A barren superfluity of words. *l. 95.*

The patient's ears remorseless he assails;
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.
l. 96.

Dissensions like small streams are first begun;
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
Canto 3, l. 184.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
l. 225.

Whilst others meanly asked whole months to slay,
I oft dispatched the patient in a day.
Canto iv. l. 58.

Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill.
l. 62.

Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way. *l. 98.*

Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
l. 204.

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
Canto 5, l. 321.

Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
And all the faded family of Care.
Canto 6, l. 137.

No Muse is proof against a golden shower.
Claremont. *l. 14.*

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good. *l. 147.*

GASCOIGNE, George (1525 ?–1577)

All men are guests where Hope doth hold the feast. **The Fruits of War.** *l. 88.*

And as with guns we kill the crow,
For spoiling our relief,
The devil so must we o'erthrow,
With gunshot of belief. **Good-morrow.**

My bed itself is like the grave,
My sheets the winding sheet,
My clothes the mould which I must have,
To cover me most meet.
The hungry fleas, which frisk so fresh,
To worms I can compare,
Which greedily shall gnaw my flesh
And leave the bones full bare.
Good-night.

GAY, John (1685–1732)

Now if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.*
Trivia (1716). *Book 1, l. 182.*

What woman can resist the force of praise?
l. 260.

With thee conversing, I forget the way.†
Book 2, l. 480.

What will not Luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransacked for the bill of fare!
Book 3, l. 199.

Moved by the rhetoric of a silver fee. *l. 318.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moored.
Sweet William's Farewell.

We only part to meet again:
Change, as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.
Ib.

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.‡ *Ib.*

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* Founded on the *Country Wife*, by Wycherley (1671 or 1672), in which play the passage is: "You are of the society of the wits and railleurs . . . the surest sign is, since you are an enemy to marriage,—for that, I hear, you hate as much as business or bad wine."

* St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day; if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.
Old Adage as to St. Swithin's Day (July 15).

The French have a similar rhyme about St. Médard's day (June 8) and about the day of SS. Gervais and Protias (June 19). A Swiss version states that if it rains on St. Médard's day there will be rain for six weeks following, unless St. Barnabas (June 11) has set matters right. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* (1599) Sordido, whose chief felicity is in "reading of almanacks," says: "O here, St. Swithin's, the 15th day, variable weather, for the most part rain; good, 'for the most part rain.' Why it should rain forty days after now, more or less; it was a rule held afore I was able to hold a plough."

† *See* Milton: "With thee conversing I forget all time."

‡ *See* Charles Dibdin, p. 110*b*.

"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand. *Ib.*

Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded.
Verses to be placed under Sir R. Blackmore's Picture.

What frenzy dictates, jealousy believes.
Dione.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts. **The Beggar's Opera** (1728). *Act i.*

How like a moth, the simple maid
Still plays about the flame! *Ib.*

By keeping men off, you keep them on. *Ib.*

A jealous woman believes everything her passion suggests. *ii. 2.*

For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life. *Ib.*

Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover? *Ib.*

If with me you'd fondly stray
Over the hills and far away. *Ib.*

To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts, indeed, who cheats a woman. *ii. 1.*

We retrench the superfluities of mankind (*Mat-o'-the-Mint*). *Ib.*

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets. *Ib.*

Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! *Ib.*

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong (*Peacham to Lockit*). *Ib.*

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say. *Ib.*

A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing. *Ib.*

What then in love can woman do?
If we grow fond they shun us;
And when we fly them, they pursue,
And leave us when they've won us. *Ib.*

One wife is too much for most husbands to bear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear. *Ib.*

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met;
The judges are ranged (a terrible show!). *Ib.*

That Jemmy Twitcher (nickname of Lord Sandwich) should 'peach me, I own surprised me. *Ib.*

She who has never loved has never lived.
The Captives (1724). *ii. 1.*

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
Acis and Galatea. *A Serenata.*

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.
My own Epitaph.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
The What d'ye Call't (1715). *ii. 8.*

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more. *Ib., ii. 9.*

Praising all alike is praising none.
Epistle to a Lady.

The only present love demands is love.
The Espousal.

His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.
Fables. *Introduction.*

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil? *Ib.*

Learn to contemn all praise betimes;
For flattery's the nurse of crimes.
Part 1, No. 1.

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save. *Ib.*

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another? *No. 3.*

Of all the plagues that heaven has sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent. *No. 8.*

No author ever spared a brother. *Ib.*

Lest men suspect our tale untrue,
Keep probability in view. *No. 14.*

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse. *No. 17.*

In every age and clime, we see
Two of a trade can ne'er agree. *No. 21.*

Is there no hope? the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head. *No. 27.*

While there is life, there's hopes, he cried. *Ib.*

A lost good name is ne'er retrieved. *No. 29.*

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose. *No. 34.*

Away he scours and lays about him,
Resolved no fray should be without him. *No. 34.*

Envy is a kind of praise. *No. 44.*

But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known. *Ib.*

He makes a foe who makes a jest. *No. 46.*

Friendship, like love, is but a name. *No. 50.*

And, when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place. *Ib.*

I know you lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please.
Part 2, No. 1.

Give me, kind Heaven, a private station,*
A mind serene for contemplation;
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honour shall be mine.
No. 2.

Learning by study must be won,
'Twas ne'er entailed from son to son.
No. 11.

'Tis a gross error, held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools. *No. 12.*

You'll find at last this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves pursue. *Ib.*

Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most what each had done for man.
No. 13. (*Plutus, Cupid and Time.*)

There is no dependence that can be sure, but a dependence upon one's self.
Letter to Swift, *Nov. 9, 1729.*

GIBBON, Edward (1737–1794)

The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher as equally false; and by the magistrate as equally useful.
Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (1776). *Ch. 2.*

Agriculture is the foundation of manufactures; since the productions of nature are the materials of art. *Ib.*

History, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. *Ch. 3.*

The principles of a free constitution are irrecoverably lost when the legislative power is nominated by the executive. *Ib.*

All taxes must, at last, fall upon agriculture.
Ch. 8.

Revenge is profitable, gratitude is expensive. *Ch. 11.*

Amiable weaknesses of human nature.
Ch. 14.

Corruption, the most infallible symptom of constitutional liberty. *Ch. 21.*

The ecclesiastical writers, who, in the heat of religious faction, are apt to despise the profane virtues of sincerity and moderation.
Ch. 26.

In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.† *Ch. 48.*

Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery. *Ch. 49.*

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators. *Ch. 68.*

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance. *Ch. 71.*

Crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure. **Memoir.** *V. 1, p. 116.*

GIBBONS, Thos., D.D. (1720–1785)

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
When Jesus dwelt.

GIFFORD, Humphrey (c. 1550–1600)

Ye curious carpet knights, that spend the
time in sport and play,
Abroad, and see new sights, your country's
cause calls you away. **For Soldiers.**

Unto it boldly let us stand, God will give
right the upper hand. *Ib.*

I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade.
Song. *A woman's face is full of wiles.*

GIFFORD, Rev. Richard (1725–1807)

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
She feels no biting pang the while she sings;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around;
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.*
Contemplation.

GIFFORD, William (1756–1826)

While thy wife's mother lives, expect no
peace.
Translation of Juvenal (1802). *Sat. 6, 332.*

Wealth first, the ready pander to all sin,
Brought foreign manners, foreign vices in.
Sat. 6, 440.

Still we persist; plough the light sand, and
sow
Seed after seed, where none can ever grow.
Sat. 7, 71.

The insatiate itch of scribbling. *Sat. 7, 77.*

Virtue alone is true nobility. *Sat. 8, 32.*

All is not well within; for still we find
The face the unerring index of the mind.
Sat. 9, 21.

The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,
And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh!
Sat. 9, 182.

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[*] *See* Addison: "The post of honour is a private station" (p. 2*a*).

[†] Referring to Andronicus I. Comnenus. *See* Hyde's (Clarendon's) *History of the Revolution*, where a similar expression is used, and is stated to be a quotation of "what was said of Cinna." In the *Letters of Junius* (1770) the same idea occurs, but the wording is varied. *See* "Junius."

[*] Samuel Johnson altered the second line to: "All at her work the village maiden sings"; and in the third line he substituted "while" for "as." A parallel saying current in the French vineyards is "Bouche qui mord à la chanson ne mord pas à la grappe" ("Mouth which is busy with song is not busy with the grapes"), quoted by Edmond About in *Les Mariages de Paris*, with the remark that the singing of the "vendageuses" profits the owner of the vineyard.

Divine philosophy! by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue the right.
Sat. 13, 254.

Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign,
Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain,
He feels, who night and day, devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.
Sat. 13, 267.

In all the sad variety of woe.
The Baviad (1794).

His namby-pamby madrigals of love. *Ib.*

The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains. *Ib.*

GILBERT, Sir William Schwenk (1836–1911)

It is my duty, and I will.
Bab Ballads (1869). *Captain Reece.*

For years I've longed for some
Excuse for this revulsion.
The Rival Curates.

The mildest curate going. *Ib.*

He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.
Sir Macklin.

Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing,
"*Scherzando! ma non troppo, ppp.*"
The Story of Prince Agib.

But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced. *Etiquette.*

He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough. *Ib.*

I'm called little Buttercup,
Dear little Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why.
H.M.S. Pinafore (1878).

Sailors should never be shy. *Ib.*

I know the value of a kindly chorus *Ib.*

You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment. *Ib.*

Bad language or abuse
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it!" I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D. *Ib.*

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly. *Ib.*

His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts. *Ib.*

I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all. *Ib.*

Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee. *Ib.*

His energetic fist
Should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word. *Ib.*

His bosom should heave, and his heart should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow. *Ib.*

Things are seldom what they seem.
Skim milk masquerades as cream. *Ib.*

Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever. *Ib.*

Never mind the why and wherefore. *Ib.*

For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps I-ta-li-an!
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman.[*] *Ib.*

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming. *Ib.*

It's the song of a merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no cup, and who craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.
Yeoman of the Guard (1888).

Wherever valour true is found,
True modesty will there abound. *Ib.*

Husband twice as old as wife,
Argues ill for married life.
Princess Ida (1884).

Politics we bar,
They are not our bent;
On the whole we are
Not intelligent. *Ib.*

To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do. *Ib.*

Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why! *Ib.*

For the rum-tum-tum
Of the military drum;
And the guns that go boom! boom! *Ib.*

Man is Nature's sole mistake. *Ib.*

My natural instinct teaches me
(And instinct is important O!)
You're everything you ought to be,
And nothing that you oughtn't O! *Ib.*

If you'd pooh-pooh this monarch's plan,
Pooh-pooh it;
But when he says he'll hang a man
He'll do it. *Ib.*

Oh, don't the days seem lank and long,
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong?
And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at? *Ib.*

When he is here,
I sigh with pleasure—
When he is gone,
I sigh with grief. **The Sorcerer** (1887).

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[*] *See* Dickens (p. 113*b*): "Some people may be Rooshans," etc.

Time was when Love and I were well acquainted. *Ib.*

I was a pale young curate then. *Ib.*

And if you want it he
Makes a reduction on taking a quantity. *Ib.*

Now to the banquet we press;
Now for the eggs and the ham!
Now for the mustard and cress!
Now for the strawberry jam!
Now for the tea of our host!
Now for the rollicking bun!
Now for the muffin and toast!
Now for the gay Sally Lunn! *Ib.*

She will tend him, nurse him, mend him,
Air his linen, dry his tears;
Bless the thoughtful fates that send him
Such a wife to soothe his years! *Ib.*

And she became a bore intense
Unto her love-sick boy. **Trial by Jury** (1875).

I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue,
A brief which I bought of a booby,
A couple of shirts, and a collar or two,
And a ring that looked like a ruby. *Ib.*

She may very well pass for forty-three,
In the dusk with a light behind her.[*] *Ib.*

And many a burglar I've restored
To his friends and his relations. *Ib.*

It is patent to the mob,
That my being made a nob,
Was effected by a job. *Ib.*

All baronets are bad. **Ruddigore** (1887).

The man who bites his bread, or eats peas with a knife, I look upon as a lost creature. *Ib.*

She's only a darned Mounseer. *Ib.*

And I wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek,
(Which is what them furriners do). *Ib.*

If you wish in this world to advance,
Your merits you're bound to enhance;
You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance! *Ib.*

I'm modesty personified. *Ib.*

I'm diffident, modest, and shy. *Ib.*

For duty, duty must be done;
The rule applies to everyone;
And painful though that duty be,
To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee! *Ib.*

When I'm a bad Bart, I will tell taradiddles. *Ib.*

For she *is* such a smart little craft,
Such a neat little, sweet little craft—
Such a bright little,
Tight little,
Slight little,
Light little,
Trim little, slim little craft! *Ib.*

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[*] "By candle-light nobody would have taken you for above five-and-twenty."—*Isaac Bickerstaff: The Maid of the Mill* (1765), Act i. 2.

Robin: On Tuesday I made a false income tax return. *All:* Ha! ha! *1st Ghost:* That's nothing. *2nd Ghost:* Nothing at all. *3rd Ghost:* Everybody does that. *4th Ghost:* It's expected of you. *Ib.*

Desperate deeds of derring do. *Ib.*

This sort of thing takes a deal of training. *Ib.*

This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter,
Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter! *Ib.*

The constitutional guardian I,
Of pretty young wards in Chancery.
Iolanthe (1882).

For I'm not so old, and I'm not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again. *Ib.*

Spurn not the nobly born with love affected!
Nor treat with virtuous scorn the well-connected! *Ib.*

Hearts just as pure and fair,
May beat in Belgrave Square,
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials. *Ib.*

My learned profession I'll never disgrace,
By taking a fee with a grin on my face,
When I haven't been there to attend to the case. *Ib.*

I see no objection to stoutness—in moderation. *Ib.*

I often think it's comical
How nature always does contrive
That every boy and every gal,
That's born into this world alive,
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative. *Ib.*

Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well. *Ib.*

Then the bed-clothes all creep
To the ground in a heap,
And you pick 'em all up in a tangle. *Ib.*

My object all sublime,
I shall achieve in time—
To make the punishment fit the crime.
Mikado (1885).

I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right as right can be. *Ib.*

Something lingering with boiling oil in it . . . something humorous but lingering—with either boiling oil or melted lead. *Ib.*

The idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this and every country but his own. *Ib.*

The flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case. *Act ii.*

When constabulary duty's to be done
A policeman's lot is not a happy one.
Pirates of Penzance (1880).

He led his regiment from behind
(He found it less exciting).
The Gondoliers (1889).

This young man expresses himself
In terms too deep for me.
Patience (1881).

Oh, Captain Shaw,
Type of true love kept under!
Could thy Brigade
With cold cascade
Quench my great love, I wonder? *Ib.*

As innocent as a new-laid egg.
Engaged. *Farcical Comedy (1877). Act i.*

A woman doth the mischief brew
In nineteen cases out of twenty.
Fallen Fairies (1909).

In all the woes that curse our race
There is a lady in the case. *Ib.*

GILFILLAN, Robert (1798–1850)

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again. **The Exile's Song.**

GLADSTONE, Wm. Ewart (1809–1898)

To apply, in all their unmitigated authority, the principles of abstract political economy to the people and circumstances of Ireland, exactly as if he had been proposing to legislate for the inhabitants of Saturn or Jupiter.
Speeches. *House of Commons. On the Land Law (Ireland) Bill. April 7, 1881.*

The resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted. *Leeds. Oct. 7, 1881.*

I would tell them of my own intention to keep my own counsel . . . and I will venture to recommend them, as an old Parliamentary hand, to do the same.*
House of Commons. Jan. 21, 1886.

Decision by majorities is as much an expedient as lighting by gas. *Ib. 1858.*

National injustice is the surest road to national downfall. *Plumstead. 1878.*

Selfishness is the greatest curse of the human race. *Hawarden. May 28, 1890.*

GODOLPHIN, Sidney (1610–1643)

Or love me less, or love me more;
And play not with my liberty:
Either take all, or all restore;
Bind me at least, or set me free! **Song.**

GOLDSMITH, Oliver (1728–1774)

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.
The Traveller (1764).

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.
Ib.

And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Ib.

And learn the luxury of doing good. *Ib.*

These little things are great to little man. *Ib.*

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
Ib.

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind. *Ib.*

Man seems the only growth that dwindles here. *Ib.*

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child. *Ib.*

But winter lingering chills the lap of May.
Ib.

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Ib.

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please. *(France.) Ib.*

Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land.
Ib.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by. *Ib.*

That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie. *Ib.*

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms.
Ib.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil,
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each. *Ib.*

Law grinds the poor, and rich men rule the law. *Ib.*

Forced from their homes, a melancholy train.
Ib.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind. *Ib.*

Our own felicity we make or find.* *Ib.*

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.
The Deserted Village (1769).

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease.
Ib.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
Ib.

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove. *Ib.*

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* "I did not this with so much art as an old Parliament stager would."—*Roger North* (1685): *Autobiography.*

* This line is said to have been added by Samuel Johnson, *q.v.*

One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain. *Ib.*

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. *Ib.*

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease. *Ib.*

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past. *Ib.*

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. *Ib.*

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise. *Ib.*

He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain. *Ib.*

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won. *Ib.*

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began. *Ib.*

And even his failings leaned to virtue's side. *Ib.*

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. *Ib.*

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. *Ib.*

And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile. *Ib.*

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. *Ib.*

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault. *Ib.*

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For ev'n though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew. *Ib.*

Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round. *Ib.*

The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed at night, a chest of drawers by day.* *Ib.*

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art. *Ib.*

The heart distrusting asks if this be joy. *Ib.*

How wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land. *Ib.*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn. *Ib.*

In all the silent manliness of grief *Ib.*

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so. *Ib.*

The fat was so white and the lean was so ruddy. **The Haunch of Venison.**

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt,

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* Possibly an unconscious echo of:
Where the Rug's twofold use we might display,
By night a blanket, and a plaid by day.
Satires of Juvenal Paraphrastically Imitated by E. B. G. (Edmund Burnaby Greene) (1763).

It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.* *Ib.*

Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth. **Retaliation** (1774).

Here lies our good Edmund,† whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit. *Ib.*

Too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*. *Ib.*

The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong. *Ib.*

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are. *Ib.*

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. *Ib.*

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line. *Ib.*

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting. *Ib.*

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame. *Ib.*

Who peppered the highest was surest to please. *Ib.*

He was, could he help it? a special attorney. *Ib.*

He has not left a wiser or better behind. *Ib.*

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff. *Ib.*

Thou best humoured man with the worst humoured muse.‡ *Postscript.*

Taught by the power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.* **The Hermit** (1767).

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long. *Ib.*

And what is friendship but a name? *Ib.*

Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Song. (*Intended for "She Stoops to Conquer."*)

But I will turn and combat the ruiner;
Not a look not a smile shall my passion discover;
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her
Makes but a penitent and loses a lover.† *Ib.*

No politics disturb their mind. *Ib.*

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay. *Ib.*

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes. *Ib.*

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree. *Ib.*

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man. *Ib.*

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died. *Ib.*

The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.
Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.

The doctor found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal. *Ib.*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late, that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.
Stanzas on Woman.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.
Song. *The Wretch Condemned, etc.*

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain.
Song. *O Memory!*

For life is ended when our honour ends.
Prologue. *Translated from Laberius.*

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* "Like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back."—Tom Brown's *Laconics*.

† Burke.

‡ *See* Wilmot, Earl of Rochester: "The best good man, with the worst natured muse." In Goldsmith's lines the reference was to Caleb Whitefoord (1734–1810).

* *See* Young; also parody by O. W. Holmes.

† Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it;
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show it;
Not a sigh nor a tear my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, as dew on roses.
Dryden: Secret Love, Act iv. 2.

This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.
The Good-Natured Man (1768). *Act i.*

Don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. *Ib.*

I am now no more than a mere lodger in my own house. *Ib.*

Silence is become his mother-tongue. *Act ii.*

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.* *Ib.*

All men have their faults; too much modesty is his. *Ib.*

Lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out of them. *Act iii.*

In my time the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage coach.
She Stoops to Conquer (1773). *Act i.*

I love everything that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine. *Ib.*

As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself. *Ib.*

I never could teach the fools of this age that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain. *Ib.*

The very pink of perfection. *Ib.*

If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly. *Ib.*

Women and music should never be dated. *Act iii.*

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. *Ib.*

One writer, for instance, excels at a plan or title-page, another works away at the book, and a third is a daub at an index.
The Bee. *No. 1.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants, as to conceal them.† *No. 3.*

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again.‡
Art of Poetry on a New Plan. *Vol. 2.*

By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain.§
The Citizen of the World (1762). *No. 3.*

The volume of nature is the book of knowledge. *No. 4.*

A man who leaves home to mend himself and others is a philosopher; but he who goes from country to country, guided by the blind impulse of curiosity, is a vagabond. *No. 7.*

For twenty years upon the very verge of starving, without ever being starved. *No. 27.*

If we take a farthing from a thousand pounds, it will be a thousand pounds no longer. *Ib.*

He writes indexes to perfection. *No. 29.*

To a philosopher no circumstance, however trifling, is too minute. *No. 30.*

They who travel in pursuit of wisdom walk only in a circle, and, after all their labour, at last return to their pristine ignorance. *No. 37.*

On whatever side we regard the history of Europe, we shall perceive it to be a tissue of crimes, follies, and misfortunes.* *No. 42.*

The folly of others is ever most ridiculous to those who are themselves most foolish. *No. 43.*

A life of pleasure is therefore the most unpleasing life in the world. *No. 44.*

The door must either be shut, or it must be open. I must either be natural or unnatural.† *No. 51.*

"Did I say so?" replied he, coolly; "to be sure, if I said so, it was so." *No. 54.*

There is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages . . . well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of *epidemic terror.* *No. 69.*

However we toil, or wheresoever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur to home for tranquillity.‡ *No. 103.*

They must often change, says Confucius, who would be constant in happiness or wisdom. *No. 123.*

A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity.
The Vicar of Wakefield (1766). *Preface.*

A mutilated curtsey. *Ch. 1.*

Handsome is as handsome does. *Ib.*

One virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence—often the only one that is left us at seventy-two. *Ch. 2.*

I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy. *Ch. 3.*

Let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune. *Ib.*

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* *See* Burke: "Measures not men."
† *See* French quotation: "Ils n'emploient les paroles," etc.
‡ *See* Greek, "'Ανὴρ ὁ φεύγων," etc.
§ *See ante,* "And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."—*The Traveller*

* *See* Gibbon.
† *See* Proverbs: "A door must be either open or shut."
‡ *See ante,* "Where'er I roam," etc.—*The Traveller.*

The nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.[*] *Ch. 4.*

There is no character so contemptible as a man that is a fortune-hunter. *Ch. 5.*

The jests of the rich are ever successful. *Ch 7.*

I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir, there I protest you are too hard for me. *Ib.*

With other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. *Ch. 9.*

To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise. *Ch. 10.*

Mr. Burchell . . . at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out "*Fudge!*"—an expression which displeased us all. *Ch. 11.*

The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is a still greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. *Ch. 30.*

I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. *Ch. 32.*

Books teach us very little of the world.
Letter. *To Henry Goldsmith. Feb., 1759.*

Could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet. *Ib.*

I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing.
Expunged passage in "The Vicar of Wakefield" (*quoted by Johnson*).

At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P.
Letter. *To Robt. Bryanton. Sept. 26, 1753.*

GOODRICH, Samuel Griswold ("Peter Parley") (1793–1860)

'Tis as true as the fairy tales told in the books.
Birthright of the Humming Birds.

GORDON, Adam Lindsay[†] (1833–1870)

Though rashness can hope for but one result,
We are heedless, when fate draws nigh us;
And the maxim holds good, *Quem perdere vult*
Deus, dementat prius.
Ye Wearie Wayfarer. *Fytte 2.*

No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way. *Ib., Fytte 4.*

Oh sunderings short of body and breath!
Oh battle and murder and sudden death!
Against which the Liturgy preaches;
By the will of a just, yet a merciful Power,
Less bitter, perchance, in the mystic hour,
When the wings of the shadowy angel lower,
Than man in his blindness teaches.
Ib., Fytte 5.

Yet if once we efface the joys of the chase
From the land, and outroot the Stud,
Good-bye to the Anglo-Saxon race,
Farewell to the Norman blood!
Ib., Fytte 7.

Question not, but hoe and labour
Till yon goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none;
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone—
KINDNESS in another's trouble,
COURAGE in your own. *Ib., Fytte 8.*

Yet some must swim when others sink;
And some must sink when others swim;
Make merry, comrades, eat and drink—
The lights are growing dim.
Sunlight on the Sea.

Ah me! we believe in evil,
Where once we believed in good;
The world, the flesh, and the devil
Are easily understood.
Wormwood and Nightshade.

The restless throbbings and burnings
That hope unsatisfied brings;
The weary longings and yearnings
For the mystical better things. *Ib.*

Yet if man, of all the Creator planned,
His noblest work is reckoned,
Of the works of His hand, by sea or by land,
The horse may at least rank second.
Hippodromania. *Part 1, st. 3.*

A little season of love and laughter,
Of light and life, and pleasure and pain,
And a horror of outer darkness after,
And the dust returneth to dust again.
Then the lesser life shall be as the greater,
And the lover of life shall join the hater,
And the one thing cometh, sooner or later,
And no one knoweth the loss or gain.
The Swimmer. *St. 10.*

She was iron-sinewed and satin-skinned,
Ribbed like a drum and limbed like a deer,
Fierce as the fire and fleet as the wind;
There was nothing she couldn't climb or clear.
The Romance of Britomarte. *St. 6.*

'Gainst the logic of the devil
Human logic strives in vain.
Ashtaroth. *The Wayside House.*

GOSSE, Edmund William (1849)

And Love, that watched us ever from afar,
Came fluttering to our side, and cried, "O ye
Who think to fly, ye cannot fly from me;
Lo! I am with you always where you are."
On Viol and Flute (1873). *15. Reconciliation.*

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[*] Also found in *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act i. 1. *See* p. 150*a*.

[†] He sometimes signed himself "Lionel Gordon."

Weak am I, full of faults, and on the brink
Of Death, perchance with awe my pulse shall move;
I am not fit to die, and yet I think
I have not sinned against the God of Love.
Apologia.

They win who never near the goal;
They run who halt on wounded feet;
Art hath its martyrs like the soul,
Its victors in defeat.
Memorial Verses. *Blake.*

My faith in beauty shall not fail
Because I fail to understand.
Epilogue.

So to my days' extremity.
May I, in patience infinite
Attend the beauty that must be,
And, though it slay me, welcome it. *Ib.*

GOULD, Hannah Flagg (1789-1865)

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn, were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!
The Frost.

GOWER, John (1325 ?–1408)

The heven is fer, the worlde is nigh.
Confessio Amantis. *Prol. 261.*

For every worldès thinge is vain,
And ever goth the whele aboute. *Ib., 560.*

Now here, now there, now to, now fro,
Now up, now down, the world goth so.
And ever hath done and ever shal. *Ib., 569.*

For lovê's lawe is out of reule. *Bk. 1, 18.*

And nethèles there is no man
In al this world so wise, that can
Of love temper the mesure. *Ib., 21.*

Pride is the cause of allè wo. *Bk. 1, 3,006.*

It hath and shal be evermore
That love is maister where he will. *Ib., 33.*

And evermore he said,
"To-morowe." *Bk. 4, 9.*

He hath the sore which no man heleth,
The whiche is clepèd lacke of herte.
Bk. 4, 334.

But she that is the source and welle
Of wele or wo. (Venus.) *Ib., 147.*

Men may recover loss of good,
But so wise man yet never stood
Which may recover time y-lore [lost].*
Bk. 4, 1382.

A fresshe, a free, a frendly man. *Bk. 5.*

The freilé flessh, whose nature is
Ay ready for to sporne and fall,
The firsté foman is of all.
It werreth night, it werreth day,
So that a man hath never rest
Forthy (therefore) is thilké (that same) knight the best,
Through might and grace of goddés sonde (message),
Which that batailé may withstonde.
Bk. 5.

The jolif wo (love).
Bk. 6, 84 (*also Bk. 8*).

Do lawe away, what is a king?
Where is the right of any thing?
Bk. 7.

So goth the world; now wo, now wele.
Bk. 8.

And thus the gyler is begyled. *Bk. 6, 1382.*

GRAHAM, James, Lord Montrose (*see* Montrose)

GRAHAME, James (1765–1811)

Hail Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
The Sabbath (1806). *l. 29 and l. 40.*

What strong, mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent.
l. 404.

GRAINGER, James, M.D. (1721 ?–1766)

What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a transient, shining trouble.
Ode to Solitude.

Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain. *Ib.*

Now, Muse, let's sing of rats.*
The Sugar Cane (1764).

GRANVILLE, George, Lord Lansdowne (1667–1735)

There is no vulture like despair.
Peleus and Thetis. *A Masque.*

There is no heaven like mutual love. *Ib.*

I'll be this abject thing no more;
Love, give me back my heart again.
Adieu l'Amour.

By harmony our souls are swayed;
By harmony the world was made.
The British Enchanters (1706). *i. 1.*

Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark, with a tempestuous wind.
ii. 1.

Of all the plagues with which the world is curst,
Of every ill, a woman is the worst. *Ib.*

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* *See Chaucer: Man of Law's Prologue,* 27, p. 77*b*; also 79*b*.

* Stated by Boswell to have been in the MS. of Dr. Grainger's poem. It was eliminated from the printed version.

Marriage the happiest bond of love might be,
If hands were only joined where hearts agree.
v. 1.

Our present joys are sweeter for past pain;
To Love and Heaven by suffering we attain.
v. 2.

No vengeance like a woman's. *Ib.*

Beauty to no complexion is confined,
Is of all colours, and by none defined.
The Progress of Beauty. *l. 77.*

But oh, what mighty magic can assuage
A woman's envy, and a bigot's rage?
l. 161.

Patience is the virtue of an ass,
That trots beneath his burden, and is quiet.
Heroic Love (1698). *Tragedy. Act i.*

Oh Love! thou bane of the most generous souls!
Thou doubtful pleasure, and thou certain pain.
ii. 1.

Go then, Patroclus, where thy glory calls.
Act iv. 1.

Fate holds the strings, and men like children move
But as they're led; success is from above.
Act v. 2.

Whimsey, not reason, is the female guide.
The Vision. *l. 81.*

'Tis the talk and not the intrigue that's the crime.
The She Gallants (1696). *Act iii. 1.*

Cowards in scarlet pass for men of war.
Act v. 1.

But ah! in vain from Fate I fly,
For first, or last, as all must die,
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first, or last, we all must love.
To Myra.

Whoe'er thou art, thy lord and master see;
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be!
Inscription for a figure representing the God of Love. (*From Voltaire.*)

GRATTAN, Henry (1750?–1820)

At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; and at forty, the judgment.

GRAY, Thomas (1716–1771)

What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learned to melt at others' woe.[*]
Hymn to Adversity. *l. 15.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,[†]
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard (1751).

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds.[*]
Ib.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain.[†] *Ib.*

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
Ib.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. *Ib.*

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
Ib.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,[‡]
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Ib.

Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. *Ib.*

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death? *Ib.*

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. *Ib.*

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Ib.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,[§]
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,[||]
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Ib.

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[*] *See* Whitehead.

[†] "The lowing herds wind."—1st Ed.

[*] "There reigned a solemn stillness over all."
—*Spenser: Faërie Queene.*

[†] "The wailing owl
Screams solitary to the mournful moon."
—*Mallet: Excursion.* (c. 1740).

[‡] "Ah me! what boots us all our boasted power,
Our golden treasure, and our purple state.
They cannot ward the inevitable hour,
Nor stay the fearful violence of fate."
—*Richd. West: Monody on Queen Caroline* (1737).

[§] *See* Joseph Hall.

[||] "Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."
—*Pope: Rape of the Lock*, 4, 157.
"Like beauteous flowers which vainly waste their scent
Of odours in unhaunted deserts."
—*Chamberlayne: Pharonnida* (1659), Pt. 2, Bk. 4.
"And waste their music on the savage race."
—*Young: Universal Passion*, Sat. 5 (1725).

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. *Ib.*

The applause of listening senates to command. *Ib.*

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land. *Ib.*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;[*]
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way. *Ib.*

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. *Ib.*

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die. *Ib.*

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind? *Ib.*

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live our wonted fires.[†] *Ib.*

Mindful of th' unhonoured dead. *Ib.*

His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by. *Ib.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own. *Ib.*

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend. *Ib.*

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God. *Ib.*

Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong.
Progress of Poesy. *1, 8.*

Glance their many-twinkling feet. *1, 35.*

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love. *1, 41.*

Nature's darling.[*] *3, 84.*

Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears. *3, 94.*

Nor second he,[†] that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble as they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night. *3, 97.*

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.[‡] *3, 110.*

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great. (*Dryden*). *3, 122.*

Hence, avaunt ('tis holy ground),
Comus and his midnight-crew!
Ode for Music. *l. 1.*

Servitude that hugs her chain. *l. 6.*

While bright-eyed Science watches round. *l. 11.*

There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime. *l. 15.*

Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more. *l. 48.*

What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain. *l. 57.*

Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude. *l. 63.*

What female heart can gold despise,
What cat's averse to fish?
Ode on the Death of a Cat.

A favourite has no friend. *Ib.*

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade.
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College (1747).

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy. *Ib.*

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed. *Ib.*

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day. *Ib.*

To each his sufferings: all are men
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own. *Ib.*

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,

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[*] "With all thy sober charms possest,
Whose wishes never learnt to stray."
—*Langhorne: Poems,* 2, p. 123 (Park's Ed.).

[†] "Yet in our asshen olde is fyr y-reke."
—*Chaucer: Reve's Prologue,* 28.

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[*] Shakespeare.

[†] Milton.

[‡] *See* Cowley, "Words that weep, etc."; and Mallet, "Strains that sigh."

And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their Paradise.[*]
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise. *Ib.*

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
The Bard (1758). *Canto 1.*

To arms! cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance. *Ib.*

With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air).[†]
Ib.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.[‡] *Ib.*

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room and verge enough [§]
The characters of Hell to trace. *Canto 2.*

Fair laughs the Morn and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm.
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.
Ib.

Ye towers of Julius,[||] London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.
Ib.

And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
Canto 3.

Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darkened air.
The Fatal Sisters (1768).

How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!
Ode. *On the Spring, l. 18.*

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly
Shall end where they began. *l. 31.*

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.[¶]
Alliance of Education and Government.
A Fragment.

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.
A Long Story. *l. 7.*

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,

My grave Lord Keeper[*] led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him.
l. 9.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.
Ode. *On the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude, l. 53.*

Happier he, the peasant, far,
From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of ragged penury.[†] *l. 81.*

Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.[†]
l. 95.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune.
Sketch of his own Character.

GREELEY, Horace (1811–1872)

Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of freedom!
Strong sword-arm of justice! bright sunbeam of truth! **The Press.**

GREEN, Joseph H. (1791–1863)

The house is a prison, the schoolroom's a cell;
Leave study and books for the upland and dell. **Morning Invitation to a Child.**

GREEN, Matthew (1696–1737)

Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well.
The Spleen (1737). *l. 93.*

News, the manna of a day. *l. 169.*

Who their ill-tasted, home-brewed prayer
To the State's mellow forms prefer. *l. 366.*

By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find. *l. 630.*

Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way. *l. 846.*

I live by pulling off the hat.
On Barclay's Apology.

They politics like ours profess,
The greater prey upon the less.
The Grotto. *l. 69.*

GREENE, Robert (1560?–1592)

Treason is loved of many, but the traitor hated of all. **Pandosto.**

Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so!
The Praise of Fawnia.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.
Farewell to Folly (1591). *Song.*

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[*] *See* "Ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν."

[†] *See Paradise Lost*, 537.

[‡] *See Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar*, 2, 2: "As dear to me as are the ruddy drops."

[§] *See Dryden: Don Sebastian*, 1, 1: "Like an ample shield."

[||] The Tower of London.

[¶] This couplet was not incorporated with the rest of the poem.

[*] Sir Christopher Hatton.

[†] These lines are stated to have been added to Gray's poem by the Rev. William Mason, Gray's biographer (1725–1797).

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.
Ib.

The swain did woo; she was nice;
Following fashion, nayed him twice.
Ciceronis Amor. *The Shepherd's Ode.*

GREVILLE, Fulke (Lord Brooke) (1554–1628)

Never did any public misery
Rise of itself: God's plagues still grounded
are
On common stains of our humanity;
And, to the flame which ruineth mankind;
Man gives the matter, or at least gives wind.
Treatie of Warres.

O wearisome condition of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound.
Mustapha. *Act v. 4.*

Fire and People do in this agree,
They both good servants, both ill masters be.
Inquisition upon Fame.

GREVILLE, Mrs. (18th Century)

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.
Prayer for Indifference.

GRIMALD, Nicholas (or Grimoald) (c. 1519–1562)

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men
commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can
countervail a friend? **Of Friendship.**

Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith his friend
to find:
O that the wives in these our days were to
their mates as kind! *Ib.*

In working well, if travail you sustain,
Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain;
But of the deed the glory shall remain,
And cause your name with worthy wights to
reign.
In working wrong, if pleasure you attain,
The pleasure soon shall fade, and void as vain;
But of the deed throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with foul defame.
Musonius the Philosopher's Saying.

People-pestered London.
The Lover to his Dear.

HALIFAX, Marquis of (*see* Geo. Saville)

HALL, Joseph, Bishop of Exeter and of Norwich (1574–1656)

Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store,
And he that cares for most shall find no more.[*]
Satires (1597–8). *Bk. 2, 2.*

Or if thee list not wait for dead men's shoon.
Bk. 2, No. 5.

And were thy fathers gentle? that's their
praise;
No thank to thee, by whom their name
decays.[*] *Bk. 4, No. 3.*

Ah me! how seldom see we sons succeed
Their fathers' praise! *Ib.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.
Epistles. *Dec. 3, Ep. 2.*

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be.[†] **Contemplations.**
Book 4. The Veil of Moses.

Superstition is godless religion, devout impiety. **Of the Superstitious.**

HALL, Robert, D.D. (1764–1831)

His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. (*Referring to Burke.*)
Apology for the Freedom of the Press.

Glass of Brandy and water! That is the current but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.
Life, *by Gregory.*

HALLECK, Fitz-Greene (1790–1867)

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee
Nor named thee but to praise.[‡]
On the death of J. R. Drake.

Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
God—and your native land!
Marco Bozzaris.

For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die. *Ib.*

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his
throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty.
Connecticut.

HAMILTON, Sir William Rowan (1805–1865)

On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind.
Lectures on Metaphysics.

HAMMOND, James (1710–1742)

Nature is free to all; and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.
Elegies. *No. 11.*

Though I am dead my soul shall love thee
still. *No. 13.*

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[*] Sometimes cited as being an instance of entirely monosyllabic poetry.

[*] *Juvenal: Satire*, 8, 19.

[†] *See* Gray: "Full many a gem," etc.

[‡] *See* Rogers: "To know her was to love her."

Thy heart above all envy and all pride,
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.
No. 14.

HARDY, Thomas (b. 1840)

A nice unparticular man.
Far From the Madding Crowd (1874). *Ch. 8.*

We ought to feel deep cheerfulness, as I may say, that a happy Providence kept it from being any worse. (*Joseph Poorgrass.*) *Ib.*

The resolution to avoid an evil is seldom framed till the evil is so far advanced as to make avoidance impossible. *Ch. 18.*

All that's the matter with me is the affliction called a multiplying eye. (*Joseph Poorgrass.*) *Ch. 42.*

Of course poets have morals and manners of their own, and custom is no argument with them.
The Hand of Ethelberta (1876). *Ch. 2.*

Like the British Constitution; she owes her success in practice to her inconsistencies in principle. *Ch. 9.*

A lover without indiscretion is no lover at all. *Ch. 20.*

Don't you go believing in sayings, Picotee; they are all made by men, for their own advantage. *Ib.*

Ethelberta breathed a sort of exclamation, not right out, but stealthily, like a parson's damn. *Ch. 26.*

Dialect words—those terrible marks of the beast to the truly genteel.
The Mayor of Casterbridge (1886). *Ch. 20.*

A little one-eyed, blinking sort o' place.
Tess of the D'Urbervilles (1891).
Phase 1, ch. 1.

Always washing, and never getting finished. (*Mrs. Durberfied.*) *Ch. 4.*

The New Testament was less a Christiad than a Pauliad to his intelligence.
Phase 4, ch. 1.

Life's little ironies. *Title of Novel* (1894).

For winning love, we run the risk of losing.
Revulsion. *St. 2.*

Dullest of dull-hued days.
A Commonplace Day.

Those house them best who house for secrecy.
Heiress and Architect. *St. 6.*

When false things are brought low,
And swift things have grown slow,
Feigning like froth shall go,
Faith be for aye.
Between us now. *St. 3.*

When shall the softer, saner politics,
Whereof we dream, have play in each proud land?
Departure. *l. 11.*

I saw a dead man's finer part
Shining within each faithful heart
Of those bereft. Then said I, "This must be
His Immortality."
His Immortality.

Yet saw he something in the lives
Of those who ceased to live
That rounded them with majesty,
Which living failed to give.
The Casterbridge Captains.

No man can change the common lot to rare.
To an unborn Pauper Child.

Whence comes solace? Not from seeing
What is doing, suffering, being;
Not from noting life's conditions,
Not from heeding Time's monitions;
But in cleaving to the Dream
And in gazing at the gleam
Whereby grey things golden seem.
On a Fine Morning.

Thou lovest what thou dreamest her;
I am that very dream!
The Well-beloved. *St. 13.*

As newer comers crowd the fore,
We drop behind—,
We who have laboured long and sore,
Times out of mind,
And keen are yet, must not regret
To drop behind. **The Superseded.**

O Memory, where is now my youth,
Who used to say that life was truth?
Memory and I.

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away,
Ere the barncocks say
Night is growing grey?
Song of the Soldiers (1914).

HARE, Archdeacon Julius Charles (1795–1855)

Man, without religion, is the creature of circumstances.* **Guesses at Truth** (1827). *Vol. 1.*

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping. *Ib.*

Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine, of Honour. *Ib.*

HARRINGTON, Sir John (1561–1612)

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.
Epigrams. *Of Treason.*

HARRIS, Joel Chandler (1848–1908)

Brer Fox, he lay low.
Legends of the Old Plantation. *Ch. 2.*

Ez soshubble ez a baskit er kittens. *Ch. 3.*

Ole man Know-All died las' year.
Plantation Proverbs.

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* Man is the creature of circumstances.—*Robt. Owen: The Philanthropist.*

Lazy fokes' stummucks don't git tired. *Ib.*

Winter grape sour, whedder you kin reach 'im or not. *Ib.*

Jay-bird don't rob his own nes'. *Ib.*

Licker talks mighty loud w'en it git loose from de jug. *Ib.*

Hungry rooster don't cackle w'en he fine a wum. *Ib.*

Youk'n hide de fier, but w'at you gwine do wid de smoke? *Ib.*

"My brekkuss'll be col', en lakwise my dinner, en ef dey's sump'n' what I 'spizes hit's col' vittles."
Nights with Uncle Remus (1882). *Ch. 15.*

"Law, Brer Tarrypin," sez Brer Fox, sezee, "you ain't see no trouble yit. Ef you wanter see sho' nuff trouble, you des oughter go 'longer me; I'm de man w'at kin show yer trouble," sezee. *Ib., ch. 17.*

W'en folks git ole en strucken wid de palsy, dey mus' speck ter be laffed at. *Ch. 23.*

Hit look lak sparrer-grass, hit feel like sparrer-grass, hit tas'e lak sparrer-grass, en I bless ef 'taint sparrer-grass. (*Brer Rabbit.*) *Ch. 27.*

Promise is a promise, dough you make it in de dark er de moon. *Ch. 39.*

I journeyed fur, I journeyed fas'; I glad I
foun' de place at las'!
Ib., ch. 35.

All by my own-alone self. *Ib., ch. 36.*

No 'polligy ain't gwine ter make h'ar come back whar de biling water hit. *Ib., ch. 45.*

Plough-hoss don't squeal en kick w'en dey puts n'er [another] hoss in he place. *Ch. 47.*

We er sorter po'ly, Sis Tempy, I'm blige ter you. You know w'at de jay-bird say ter der squinch-owls, "I'm sickly but sassy." *Ch. 50.*

HARTE, Francis Bret (1839–1902)

Thar ain't no sense in gittin' riled. **Jim.**

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Plain Language from Truthful James (1870)

But his smile it was pensive and childlike. *Ib.*

The smile that was childlike and bland. *Ib.*

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour. *Ib.*

His language is painful and free.
His Answer.

Do I sleep? do I dream?
Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?
Further Language from Truthful James.

Nor should the individual, who happens to be meant,
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent. **The Society upon the Stanislaus.**

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. *Ib.*

With unpronounceable, awful names.
The Tale of a Pony.

For there be women, fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.
Mrs. Judge Jenkins.

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"
More sad are these we daily see:
"It is, but hadn't ought to be!" *Ib.*

Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry;
Never a lip is curved with pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again.
The Lost Galleon.

HARVIE, Christopher (1597–1663)

He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himself, needeth no farther go.
The Synagogue. *Travels at Home.*

HASTINGS, Lady Flora Elizabeth (1806–1839)

Grieve not that I die young. Is it not well
To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness?
Swan Song.

HAVARD, William (1710?–1778)

The greatest glory of a freeborn people
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.
Regulus.

Our country's welfare is our first concern,
And who promotes that best—best proves his duty. *Ib.*

HAWEIS, Rev. Hugh Reginald (1838–1901)

There is no music in Nature, neither melody or harmony. Music is the creation of man.
Music and Morals (c. 1872). *Book 1, 1.*

Emotion, not thought, is the sphere of music. *Ib.*

HAWES, Stephen (fl. 1502–1521)

When th' little birdes swetely did sing
Lauds to their Maker early i' th' morning.
Passetyme of Pleasure (1506).

For though the day be never so longe,
At last the belles ringeth to evensonge.
Ib., ch. 42.

HAWKINS, Anthony Hope ("Anthony Hope") (b. 1863)

Good families are generally worse than any others.
The Prisoner of Zenda (1894). *Ch. 1.*

Telling the truth to people who misunderstand you is generally promoting falsehood, isn't it?
The Dolly Dialogues (1894). *No. 14.*

"A book," I observed, "might be written on the Injustice of the Just." *No. 15.*

Unless one is a genius, it is best to aim at being intelligible. *Ib.*

"Boys will be boys." "And even that," I interposed, "wouldn't matter if we could only prevent girls from being girls." *No. 16.*

"*Bourgeois*," I observed, "is an epithet which the riff-raff apply to what is respectable, and the aristocracy to what is decent." *No. 17.*

He is very fond of making things which he doesn't want, and then giving them to people who have no use for them. *Ib.*

There's always a comparison. *No. 20.*

HAWTHORNE, Nathaniel (1804–1864)

I don't want to be a doctor, and live by men's diseases; nor a minister to live by their sins; nor a lawyer to live by their quarrels. So I don't see there's anything left for me but to be an author.
Remark (*to his mother*).

HAY, John (1838–1905)

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim.
Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men. **Jim Bludso.**

For ever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we will trust to thee.
Liberty.

HAYES, Rutherford Birchard (1822–1893)

He serves his party best who serves the country best.
Inaugural Address. *March 5, 1877.*

HAYLEY, William (1745–1820)

And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.
The Afflicted Father.

HAZLITT, William (1778–1830)

We are all of us more or less the slaves of opinion.
Political Essays. *On Court Influence.*

Man is a toad-eating animal.
On the Connection between Toad-Eaters and Tyrants.

The love of liberty is the love of others; the love of power is the love of ourselves. *Ib.*

Those who make their dress a principal part of themselves, will, in general, become of no more value than their dress.
On the Clerical Character.

The greatest offence against virtue is to speak ill of it. **Sketches and Essays.** *On Cant and Hypocrisy.*

The most fluent talkers or most plausible reasoners are not always the justest thinkers.
On Prejudice.

We never do anything well till we cease to think about the manner of doing it. *Ib.*

Of all eloquence a nickname is the most concise; of all arguments the most unanswerable. *On Nicknames.*

Rules and models destroy genius and art.
On Taste.

Words are the only things that last for ever.
Table Talk. *On Thought and Action.*

A thing is not vulgar merely because it is common. *On Vulgarity.*

I do not think there is anything deserving the name of society to be found out of London. . . . You can pick your society nowhere but in London. *On Coffee-House Politicians.*

The English (it must be owned) are rather a foul-mouthed nation. *On Criticism.*

We can hardly hate anyone that we know.
Why Distant Objects Please.

Venerate art as art. *On Patronage.*

All uneducated people are hypocrites.
On the Knowledge of Character.

He [Coleridge] talked on for ever; and you wished him to talk on for ever.
Lecture on the Living Poets.

All country people hate each other.
Lecture on Mr. Wordsworth's Excursion.

There is nothing good to be had in the country, or, if there be, they will not let you have it. *Ib.*

London is the only place in which the child grows completely up into the man.
Essay. *On Londoners and Country People.*

His sayings are generally like women's letters; all the pith is in the postscript.[*] [*In reference to Chas. Lamb.*]
Boswell Redivivus. *Conversation with Northcote.*

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[*] *Cf.* Bacon, p. 10*b*.

HEATH, Robert (c. 1617–c. 1660)

Where beauty is, there will be love.
Nature, that wisely nothing made in vain,
Did make you lovely to be loved again.
To Clarastella, *saying she would commit herself to a nunnery.*

HEBER, Reginald, Bishop of Calcutta (1783–1826)

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence.* **Palestine** (1804).

Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here.
Hymns. *Fourth Sunday in Advent.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid! *Epiphany.*

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.
Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand.
Before a Collection for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile. *Ib.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower:
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour. *At a Funeral.*

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb. *Ib.*

And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,
For love, once extinguished, is kindled no more. **Song to a Welsh Air.**

I see them on their winding way,
Above their ranks the moonbeams play,
And nearer yet, and yet more near,
The martial chorus strikes the ear.
Lines written to a March.

Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow;
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the wave below.
Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.
On Heavenly and Earthly Hope.

HELPS, Sir Arthur (1813–1875)

Remorse does but add to the evil which bred it, when it promotes not penitence, but despair.
Friends in Council (1847–1859). *Bk. 1, 3.*

If ever a people required to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons—heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could; many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter. *Ib., Book 1, 4.*

Those awful goddesses, Appearances, are to us what the Fates were to the Greeks. *Ib., Book 1, 5.*

Benevolent people are very apt to be one-sided and fussy, and not of the sweetest temper if others will not be good and happy in their way. *Ib., Book 1, 6.*

We must remember, however, that fiction is not falsehood. *Ib., Book 1, ch. 6.*

The great danger, as it appears to me, of representative government, is lest it should slide down from representative government to delegate government. *Ib.*

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. *Ib., Book 1, 7.*

Somebody, I suppose, was excusing something on the score of temper to which the Bishop [of ——] replied, "Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity." *Ib., Book 1, 8.*

Humility is the true cure for many a needless heartache. *Ib., Book 1, 9.*

A thing of ugliness is potent for evil. It deforms the taste of the thoughtless; it frets the man who knows how bad it is. *Ib., Book 1, 10.*

Public money is scarcely ever so well employed as in securing bits of waste ground and keeping them as open spaces. *Ib.*

History is the chart and compass for national endeavour. *Ib., Book 1, 11.*

Was anything real ever gained without sacrifice of some kind? *Ib., Book 2, 1.*

Reading is sometimes an ingenious device for avoiding thought. *Ib.*

Extremely foolish advice is likely to be uttered by those who are looking at the labouring vessel from the land. *Ib., Book 2, 2.*

The absence of humility in critics is something wonderful. *Ib.*

He who has been wont to pronounce so fluently upon the defects of another's rule and management, finds, when in power himself, what a different thing it is to act and to talk. *Ib.*

There is the silent criticism of silence, worth all the rest. *Ib.*

Our friendship was so assured that we could be silent without the slightest danger of offence. *Ib.*

My sister manages the house for me and does not leave me much to do as regards the management of myself. *Ib., Book 2, 3.*

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* In later editions "No hammers fell" was altered to "No workman steel."

His art is of the lambent and not of the forked kind. *Ib.*

An Act, passed, I believe, in Elizabeth's reign, which forbade cottages to be erected unless a certain quantity of land were laid to each cottage, and denominated all cottages failing in this respect "silly cottages."
Ib., Book 2, 4.

You cannot imagine the beauty of an intricate, mazy law process, embodying the doubts and subtleties of generations of men. I say, looked at in that way, there is something picturesque in an Act of Parliament.
Ib., Book 3, 1.

Is there to be no such thing as advance beyond any portion of the Bible? . . . Were the ideas of inspired persons upon all subjects absolutely right?
Ib., Book 3, 2.

Deduct all that men of the humbler classes have done for England in the way of inventions only; and see where she would have been but for them. *Ib., Book 3, 2.*

Impossibilities recede as experience advances. *Ib., Book 3, 5.*

What a blessing this smoking is!—perhaps the greatest that we owe to the discovery of America. *Second Series. Ch. 1.*

There is one statesman of the present day of whom I always say that he would have escaped making the blunders that he has made if he had only ridden more in omnibuses.
Ib., ch. 17.

Fortune is a woman, and therefore friendly to the young, who with audacity command her.
(*Fr. of Machiavelli: Il Principe, ch. 25.*)
Ib., ch. 18.

HEMANS, Felicia Dorothea, née Browne (1793–1835)

Home of the Arts!* where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering pile.
Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy.

And for their birthplace moan, as moans the ocean-shell.
The Forest Sanctuary. *St. 4.*

Oh! what a crowded world one moment may contain! **The Last Constantine.** *59.*

Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall. **The Bride of the Greek Isle.**

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men! **Bernardo del Carpio.**

I come, I come! ye have called me long.
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,

By the primrose-stars, in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
The Voice of Spring.

The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The Homes of England.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains. *Ib.*

Alas, for love! if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth!
The Graves of a Household.

I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore;
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
The Better Land.

Not there, not there, my child! *Ib.*

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled. **Casabianca.**

Checked in the glory of his mid career.
Death of Princess Charlotte. *St. 4.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!
The Hour of Death.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Our light is flown,
Our beautiful, that seemed too much our own
Ever to die! **The Two Voices.**

HENLEY, William Ernest (1849–1903)

Much is she worth and even more is made of her.
In Hospital. *10. Staff-Nurse: Old style.*

His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties.
15. The Chief.

Father of honour,
And giver of kingship,
The fame-smith, the song-master,
Bringer of women. **The Song of the Sword.**

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.
Echoes. *4. To R. J. H. B.*

Old Indefatigable
Time's right-hand man, the sea.
Rhymes and Rhythms. *14. To J. A. C.*

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
"Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!

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* Italy.

Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown, England." *Ib.*, *25.*

With what a genius for administration
We rearrange the rumbling universe,
And map the course of man's regeneration,
Over a pipe. **Inter Sodales.**

Where's the use of sighing?
Sorrow as you may,
Time is always flying—
Flying!—and defying
Men to say him nay. **Villanelle.**

HENRY, Rev. Matthew (1662–1714)

Rolled under the tongue as a sweet morsel.
Commentaries. *Psalm 78.*

HENRY, Patrick (1736–1799)

I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death! **Speech.** *March, 1775.*

HENRYSON, Robert (Scottish Poet) (c. 1425–1500)

They drank the water clear,
Instead of wine, but yet they made good cheer. **The Town and Country Mouse.**

For evermore, I wait, and longer too. *Ib.*

Who has enough, of no more has he need. *Ib.*

HERBERT, Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1583–1648)

Sleep, nurse of our life, care's best reposer.
To his Mistress, for her Picture.

Our life is but a dark and stormy night,
To which sense yields a weak and glimmering light,
While wandering man thinks he discerneth all
By that which makes him but mistake, and fall. *Ib.*

HERBERT, George (1593–1633)

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
The Temple. *The Church Porch.*

Abstain wholly, or wed. *Ib.*

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' incloser; but since now
God hath impaled us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough. *Ib.*

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee. *Ib.*

Pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round. *Ib.*

Be not a beast in courtesy, but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface. *Ib.*

Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain:
But the cheap swearer, through his open sluice,
Lets his soul run for nought, as little fearing;
Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing. *Ib.*

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need. *Ib.*

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby. *Ib.*

Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not, for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave. *Ib.*

O England! full of sin, but most of sloth,
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory. *Ib.*

For he that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five. *Ib.*

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power),
Be sure to do it, though it be but small. *Ib.*

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the King sees thee still; for his King does. *Ib.*

Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live and use it. *Ib.*

Use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone. *Ib.*

Wealth is the conjuror's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him. *Ib.*

Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear. *Ib.*

Would have their tale believèd for their oaths. *Ib.*

Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing. *Ib.*

Play not for gain but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart,—
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore. *Ib.*

Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds his crackt name at length in the church-glass. *Ib.*

Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost. *Ib.*

In conversation boldness now holds sway;
But know, that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness. *Ib.*

A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way. *Ib.*

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs least. *Ib.*

All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein. *Ib.*

Many affecting wit beyond their power
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour. *Ib.*

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion. *Ib.*

The giggler is a milk-maid. *Ib.*

Towards great persons use respective boldness. *Ib.*

But love is lost; the way of friendship's gone;
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John. *Ib.*

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
Error a fault and truth discourtesie. *Ib.*

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire. *Ib.*

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish, thy pleasing presence still. *Ib.*

Who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree. *Ib.*

Slackness breeds worms. *Ib.*

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a present for a mighty king,)
Much less make any one thine enemy. *Ib.*

Man is God's image; but a poor man is Christ's stamp to boot. *Ib.*

Sundays observe: think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music. *Ib.*

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love. *Ib.*

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there than thou. *Ib.*

Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking: quit thy state.
All equal are within the church's gate. *Ib.*

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest!
Stay not for th' other pin. *Ib.*

Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures hither. *Ib.*

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speaks something good: if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preaches patience. *Ib.*

Play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go. *Ib.*

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth flee, the joy remains.
Church Porch (ad fin.).

But who does hawk at eagles with a dove.
The Sacrifice.

The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health. *Holy Baptism.*

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sin.*

There was no month but May. *Affliction.*

A peasant may believe as much
As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Faith.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove. *Grace.*

We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree. *Sin.*

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood.
Sunday.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-days are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there. *Ib.*

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope. *Ib.*

Thou art a day of mirth,
And, where the week-days trail upon the ground,
Thy flight is higher. *Ib.*

Money, thou bane of bliss and source of woe.
Avarice.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die. *Virtue.*

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die. *Ib.*

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie. *Ib.*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives. *Ib.*

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him. *Man.*

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold;
Who opens it, hath it twice told.
Charms and Knots.

Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
Ib.

He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature.
The Pulley.

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast. *Ib.*

Let foreign nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords;
I like our language, as our men and coast;
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
The Sun.

Like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunshine. *The Answer.*

Beauty and beauteous words should go together. *The Forerunners.*

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath;
O my God,
Take the gentle path. *Discipline.*

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of war. *Ib.*

Who can 'scape his bow? *Ib.*

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine. *The Elixir.*

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold. *Ib.*

Religion always sides with poverty.
The Church Militant.

He shoots higher, that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree.
A Priest to the Temple. *Preface.*

The book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort, the Holy Scriptures. *Ch. 4.*

But stories and sayings they will well remember. *Ch. 7.*

The parson exceeds not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency. *Ib.*

Do well and right, and let the world sink.
Ch. 29.

HERRICK, Robert (1591–1674)

Fight thou with shafts of silver and o'ercome,
When no force else can get the masterdom.*
Money gets the Mastery (1648).

No man at one time can be wise and love.
Hesperides (1648). *No. 10. To Silvia.*

Then in that Parly, all those powers
Voted the Rose the Queen of flowers.
No. 11. The Parliament of Roses.

He loves his bonds, who, when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.
No. 42.

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
No. 48. Sorrows Succeed.

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy.
No. 53. Cherry-Ripe.

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say:
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
No. 75. The Rock of Rubies.

A sweet disorder in the dress.
No. 83. Delight in Disorder.

Nature with little is content.
No. 100. No Want where there's Little.

You say to me-wards your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
No. 143. Love me Little, Love me Long.

Let bounteous Fate your spindles full
Fill, and wind up with whitest wool.
No. 149. An Epithalamie.

Tears are the noble language of the eye.
No. 150.

So let our love
As endless prove;
And pure as gold for ever.
No. 172. A Ring Presented to Julia.

Hear all men speak; but credit few or none.
No. 177. Distrust.

Gather ye rosebuds, while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.* *No. 208.*
To the Virgins, to make much of Time.

Only a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er
And bid the world Good-night.
No. 211. His Poetrie his Pillar.

The first act's doubtful, but we say
It is the last commends the play. *No. 225.*

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee,
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee. *No. 268.*
To Anthea, who may command him anything.

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* Adapted from the response said to have been given to Philip of Macedon by the Oracle at Delphi. "Fight thou with silver shafts and thou shalt conquer all things." The expression "silver bullets" was used by Mr. Lloyd George, in 1914, in reference to the war with Germany.

* "Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered."—*Wisdom of Solomon*, 2, 8; *See also* Spenser: "Gather therefore the roses whilst yet is prime."—*Faërie Queene*, Book 2, canto 12, st. 75. *Also* Sir T. Wyatt (c. 1525):

"Therefore fear not to assay
To gather, ye that may,
The flower that this day
Is fresher than the next."
—*That the Season of Enjoyment is Short.*

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see ! *Ib.*

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee. *Ib.*

Thou art my love, my life, my heart,
The very eyes of me :
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee. *Ib.*

Though good things answer many good intents,
Crosses do still bring forth the best events.
No. 276. Crosses.

Blest is the Bride on whom the sun doth shine. *No. 284. A Nuptial Song.*

Because thou prizest things that are
Curious and unfamiliar.
No. 294. Oberon's Feast.

By time and counsel do the best we can,
Th' event is never in the power of man.
No. 295. Event of Things not in our Power.

It is the end that crowns us, not the fight.
No. 309.

Great men by small means oft are overthrown. *No. 488.*

Love in extremes can never long endure.
No. 495. A Caution.

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at Bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.*
No. 526. Upon her Feet.

I do love I know not what ;
Sometimes this and sometimes that.
No. 586. No Luck in Love.

Seldom comes Glory till a man be dead.
No. 624. Glory.

Go to your banquet, then, but use delight
So as to rise still with an appetite.
No. 634. Connubii Flores.

Yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
No. 663. The Country Life.

O happy life ! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood ! † *Ib.*

If little labour, little are our gains :
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.
No. 754.

Men are suspicious ; prone to discontent :
Subjects still loathe the present government.
No. 922. Present Government Grievous.

Nothing so hard but search will find it out. ‡
No. 1009. Seek and Find.

The only comfort of my life
Is that I never yet had wife.
No. 1053. His Comfort.

Love of itself's too sweet. The best of all
Is when love's honey has a dash of gall.
No. 1085. Another of Love.

Give, if thou canst, an alms : if not, afford,
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word.
Noble Numbers (1647). *No. 71. Alms.*

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean
And clean ?
No. 228. To Keep a True Lent.

No, 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.
It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate ;
To circumcise thy life.
To show a heart grief-rent
To starve thy sin,
Not bin.
And that's to keep thy Lent. *Ib.*

HERVEY, John, Lord Hervey (1694–1743)

Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.
Translation of Juvenal.

Even now, while I write, time steals on our youth,
And a moment's cut off from thy friendship and truth. **To a Friend.**

HERVEY, Thomas Kibble (1799–1859)

The tomb of him who would have made
The world too glad and free.
The Devil's Progress.

A love that took an early root
And had an early doom. *Ib.*

Like ships that sailed for sunny isles
But never came to shore ! *Ib.*

HEYWOOD, Jasper, D.D. (son of John Heywood, d. 1580 ?) (1535–1598)

There Sackville's sonnets sweetly sauced
And featly finèd be.
Metrical Preface *to "Thyestes" of Seneca, translated into English verse.*

HEYWOOD, John (1497 ?–1580 ?)

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert.
Be Merry Friends.

Let the world slide, let the world go ;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe !
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.
Ib.

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* *See* Suckling : "Her feet beneath her petticoat," etc.

† *Translation* of Latin : "O fortunatos," etc.

‡ "Nil tam difficile est quin quærendo investigari possit."—*Terence.*

HEYWOOD, Thomas (d. 1650 ?)

I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.
Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels.

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead,
Who living had no roof to shroud his head.
Ib

HICKEY, Emily Henrietta (b. 1845)

Beloved, it is morn.
A redder berry on the thorn,
A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good day new-born.
Pray, Sweet, for me.
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.
Beloved, it is Morn.

Now God bless all true workers, let us pray :
The night-time cometh when we all must rest :
Strive we, and do, lest by-and-by we sit
In that blind life to which all other fate
Is cause for envy ; with the naked souls
Who never lived, knowing nor praise nor blame,
But kept themselves in mean neutrality,
Hateful alike to God and to His foes.
Michael Villiers, Idealist.

HICKSON, Wm. Edward (1803–1870)

'Tis a lesson you should heed:
Try, try, try again.
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.
Try and Try Again.

HILL, Aaron (1685–1750)

First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on't ;
If she will do't, she will ; and there's an end on't.*
Epilogue to Zara (1735).

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains ;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
Written on a Window in Scotland.

'Tis the same with common natures ;
Use 'em kindly, they rebel ;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.
Ib.

Thy soul and mine, by mutual courtship won,
Meet like two mingling flames, and make but one.
Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make,
And sympathy of mind keeps love awake.
Alzira.

HOBBES, John Oliver. (*See* Craigie, Mrs.)

HOBBES, Thomas (1588–1679)

Imagination and memory are but one thing, which for divers considerations hath divers names. **The Leviathan** (1651). *Part 1, ch. 2.*

Geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind. *Ib., ch. 4.*

For words are wise men's counters ; they do but reckon by them. But they are the money of fools. *Ib.*

He that takes up conclusions on the trust of authors, . . . loses his labour, and does not know anything, but only believeth. *Ib., ch. 5.*

Last of all, men vehemently in love with their own new opinions, though never so absurd, and obstinately bent to maintain them, gave those their opinions also that reverenced name of conscience. *Ib., ch. 7.*

The " value " or " worth " of a man, is, as of all other things, his price ; that is to say, so much as would be given for the use of his power. *Ib., ch. 10.*

They that approve a private opinion, call it opinion ; but they that mislike it, heresy : and yet heresy signifies no more than private opinion. *Ib., ch. 11.*

Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues. *Ib., ch. 13.*

The first and fundamental law of Nature, which is " to seek peace and follow it." The second, the sum of the right of Nature, which is, " by all means we can to defend ourselves." *Ib., ch. 14.*

The obligation of subjects to the sovereign is understood to last as long, and no longer, than the power lasteth by which he is able to protect them. *Ib. Part 2, ch. 21.*

All the sentences of precedent judges that have ever been cannot altogether make a law contrary to natural equity. *Ib., ch. 26.*

A man's conscience and his judgment is the same thing, and as the judgment, so also the conscience, may be erroneous. *Ib., ch. 29.*

Unnecessary laws are not good laws, but traps for money. *Ib., ch. 30.*

Leisure is the mother of Philosophy.
Ib. Part 4, ch. 46.

If we will reverence the age, the present is the oldest. . . . But if it be well considered the praise of ancient authors proceeds not from the reverence of the dead, but from the competition and mutual envy of the living. *Ib. Conclusion.*

HOCCLEVE, Thomas (*or* Occleve) (1370 ?–1450)

O Youth, alas, why wilt thou not incline
And unto ruléd reason bowé thee,
Syn Reason is the verray straighté line
That leadeth folk into felicitee ?
La male règle.

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* On a pillar erected in the Dane John Field, Canterbury, were inscribed, according to the *Examiner* (May 31, 1829), the lines—
" Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will ?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't ;
And if she won't, she won't ; so there's an end on't."

Woe be to him that lust to be alone,
For if he fallé, helpé hath he none.
De Regimine Principum.

Some man, for lakke of occupacioún,
Musethé ferther than his witte may streeche;
And all thurghe the fiendé's instigacioún
Dampnable erroure holdethe. *Ib.*

And elles woot I never what is what.
Dialogue. *l. 178.*

HOLCROFT, Thomas (1745–1809)

The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
From a morsel a morsel will give,
Welladay!
Gaffer Gray.

Dull as an alderman at church, or a fat lapdog after dinner.
Duplicity (1781). *Act i. 1.*

There is a maxim indeed which says—"Friendship can only subsist between equals."
The School for Arrogance. *iii. 1.*

HOLLAND, Hugh (d. 1633)

I would both sing thy praise and praise thy singing. **To Giles Farnaby.**

HOLLAND, Sir Richard (fl. 1450)

O Dowglas, O Dowglas, tendir and trewe.
The Buke of the Howlat. *St. 31.*

HOLMAN, Joseph Geo. (1764–1817)

Every difficulty yields to the enterprising.
The Votary of Wealth. *Act iv. 1.*

HOLMES, Oliver Wendell (1809–1894)

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!
Earlier Poems. *Old Ironsides.*

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale! *Ib.*

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb. *The Last Leaf.*

And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh. *Ib.*

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that,
Are so queer! *Ib.*

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way. *To an Insect.*

Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way? *My Aunt.*

Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span. *Ib.*

It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot.
The Music Grinders.

Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace. *Ib.*

You think they are crusaders sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of time. *Ib.*

And Silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of sound. *Ib.*

It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round. *Ib.*

Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat! *Ib.*

And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.
The Height of the Ridiculous.

I sometimes sit beneath a tree
And read my own sweet songs.
The Last Reader.

When the last reader reads no more. *Ib.*

He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress,
What others feel more fitly can express.
Poetry. *A Metrical Essay.*

The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.
Ib.

The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed.
Additional Poems. *Nux Postcœnatica.*

The warm, champagny, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling. *Ib.*

Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong.
A Song of other Days (*Parody on Goldsmith*).

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!
A Rhymed Lesson (*Urania*).

Uncursed by doubt our earliest creed we take;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake.
Ib.

Once more; speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall. *Ib.*

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs.* *Ib.*

Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
The pleasing game of interchanging praise.
An After Dinner Poem.

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,
Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise!
Ib.

Where go the poet's lines?—
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!
Miscellaneous Poems. *The Poet's Lot.*

I read it in the story-book that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here.
The Ballad of the Oysterman.

The old, old story,—fair, and young,
And fond,—and not too wise.
Songs in Many Keys. *I. Agnes. Part 1.*

Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow, and turn the other cheek;
It is not written what a man shall do,
If the rude caitiff smite the other too!
Non-Resistance.

Feels the same comfort while his acrid words
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds.
The Moral Bully.

Call him not old whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
The Old Player.

Truth is for other worlds, and hope for this;
The cheating future lends the present's bliss.
Ib.

Dream on! there's nothing but illusion true!
Ib.

Poets are prosy in their common talk,
As the fast trotters, for the most part, walk.
The Banker's Dinner.

The man that often speaks but never talks.
Ib.

See how he throws his baited lines about,
And plays his men as anglers play their trout.
Ib.

Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!
II. The Voiceless.

Not always right in all men's eyes,
But faithful to the light within.
A Birthday Tribute.

Behold—not him we knew!
This was the prison which his soul looked through.
The Last Look.

We greet the monarch-peasant.
For the Burns Centennial Celebration.

We praise him not for gifts divine,—
His muse was born of woman,—
His manhood breathes in every line,—
Was ever heart more human? *Ib.*

Man has his will,—but woman has her way.
Poems from the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table (1857–8). *Prologue.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
The Chambered Nautilus.

When she was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.
Poems from the Poet at the Breakfast Table (1871–2). *Aunt Tabitha.*

How wicked we are, and how good they were then! *Ib.*

Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.
Poems of the Class of '29. *The Boys.*

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop at his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all! *Ib.*

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation, evermore!
Voyage of the Good Ship "Union."

Time could not chill him, fortune sway,
Nor toil with all its burdens tire. *F. W. C.*

Boston State-house is the hub of the Solar System.
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table (1857–8).

No love so true as love that dies untold.
The Mysterious Illness.

It is the folly of the world constantly which confounds its wisdom.
The Professor at the Breakfast Table (1859). *Ch. 1.*

Life is a great bundle of little things. *Ib.*

A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience. *Ch. 10.*

Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper-chamber, if he has common-sense on the ground floor
The Poet at the Breakfast Table (1871). *Ch. 5.*

It is the province of knowledge to speak, and it is the privilege of wisdom to listen. *Ch. 10.*

Life is a fatal complaint, and an eminently contagious one. *Ch. 12.*

HOME, Rev. John (1722–1808)

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
As women wish to be, who love their lords.
Douglas (*produced* 1756). *Act i. 1.*

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store. *ii. 1.*

I am not what I have been; what I should be. *Ib.*

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die. *Ib.*

He seldom errs
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind. *ii. 3.*

Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe. *iii. 1.*

The truly generous is the truly wise. *Ib.*

HOOD, Thomas (1799–1845)

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
The Bridge of Sighs (1844).

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair! *Ib.*

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements. *Ib.*

Loving not loathing. *Ib.*

All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly. *Ib.*

Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful. *Ib.*

Still for all slips of hers
One of Eve's family. *Ib.*

Was there a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one,
Yet, than all other? *Ib.*

Alas! for the rarity,
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none. *Ib.*

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged. *Ib.*

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world! *Ib.*

Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can! *Ib.*

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour! *Ib.*

Touched with the dewy sadness of the time,
To think how the sweet months had spent their prime.
Plea of the Midsummer Fairies (1827).

And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes. *Ib.*

Gaunt was he as a wolf of Languedoc. *Ib.*

Methought a scornful and malignant curl
Showed on the lips of that malicious churl,
To think what noble havocs he had made. *Ib.*

The shrill sweet lark. *Ib.*

The bird forlorn
That singeth with her breast against a thorn. *Ib.*

But wouldst thou hear the melodies of time,
Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll
Over hushed cities, and the midnight chime
Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep bells toll,
Like a last knell over the dead world's soul. *Ib.*

Those veilèd nuns, meek violets. *Ib.*

Great giants work great wrongs—but we are small,
For love goes lowly; but Oppression's tall. *Ib.*

A little sorrowful deserted thing,
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting. *Ib.*

His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,
Lay half-way open like a rose-lipped shell. *Ib.*

Pity it is to slay the meanest thing. *Ib.*

We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
Or nurse November in the lap of June. *Ib.*

I know the signs of an immortal man—
Nature's chief darling, and illustrious mate.[*] *Ib.*

And beaux were turned to flambeaux where she came. **Bianca's Dream** (1827).

As if to show that love had made him smart
All over—and not merely round his heart. *Ib.*

'Tis horrible to die
And come down with our little all of dust,
That Dun of all the duns to satisfy. *Ib.*

And all the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds. *Ib.*

For what sad maiden can endure to seem
Set in for singleness? *Ib.*

Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal. *Ib.*

For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in toe.
Lieutenant Luff (1830).

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[*] Shakespeare.

The wavy waste. **Ode to Rae Wilson** (1837).

Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls. *Ib.*

Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious. *Ib.*

All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As anybody's rotten borough. *Ib.*

On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk,
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk. *Ib.*

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole. *Ib.*

That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly. *Ib.*

One place there is—beneath the burial sod,
Where all mankind are equalised by death;
Another place there is—the Fane of God,
Where all are equal who draw living breath. *Ib.*

Dear bells! how sweet the sound of village bells,
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcome! faint, now, as farewells. *Ib.*

A daw's not reckoned as a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple. *Ib.*

Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week. *Ib.*

I lie, I cheat, do anything for pelf,
But who on earth can say I am not pious? *Ib.*

That very thing so many Christians want—
Humility. *Ib.*

Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,
Resemble copper wire or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther. *Ib.*

People who hold such absolute opinions
Should stay at home in Protestant dominions. *Ib.*

The blue significant Forget-me-not. *Ib.*

A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected Saint. *Ib.*

That bid you baulk
A Sunday walk,
And shun God's work as you should shun your own. *Ib.*

Calling all sermons contrabands,
In that great Temple that's not made with hands. *Ib.*

Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome. *Ib.*

Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love. *Ib.*

Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds, where no clouds be.
Ode to Melancholy (1827).

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid. *Ib.*

All things are touched with Melancholy. *Ib.*

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy. *Ib.*

Where folks that ride a bit of blood
May break a bit of bone.
The Epping Hunt (1829).

The field kept getting more select;
Each thicket served to thin it. *Ib.*

A jolly wight there was, that rode
Upon a sorry mare. *Ib.*

Thus pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after happiness
We only hunt a slipper. *Ib.*

In fact he did not find M.D.'s
Worth one D — M. **Jack Hall.**

Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again.
To a false friend.

I love thee, I love thee,
'Tis all that I can say;
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day. **I Love Thee.**

There are three things which the public will always clamour for, sooner or later; namely, Novelty, novelty, novelty.
Announcement of Comic Annual for 1836.

For my part getting up seems not so easy
By half as lying.
Morning Meditations (1839).

I don't set up for being a cosmopolite, which to my mind signifies being polite to every country except your own.
Up the Rhine (1839–1840).

Holland . . . lies so low, they're only saved by being dammed. *Ib.*

They [the Germans] say *ve* for *we*, and wisy wersy. *Ib.*

And took more Port than was exactly portable. **The Green Man** (1838).

The sedate, sober, silent, serious, sad-coloured sect [Quakers].
The Doves and the Crows (1839).

Extremes meet, as the whiting said with its tail in its mouth. *Ib.*

Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry.
Table of Errata (1839).

The famous Gate of Billing
That does not lead to cooing.
The Turtles (1842).

Of all games or sports Cricket appears to be the most trying to the temper, for a player cannot lose his wicket without being put out.
The Whispering Gallery (1842).

Hys was the Blisse of Ignorance, but We, being born to bee learned, and unhappye withal, have noght but the Ignorance of Blisse.
Sentimental Journey from Islington to Waterloo Bridge (1822).

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions.
The Haunted House (1844).

A House—but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication. *Ib.*

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted. *Ib.*

But Time was dumb within that Mansion old,
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners. *Ib.*

Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown.
Ode—Clapham Academy.

Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and age at last
A sorry *breaking-up*! *Ib.*

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves. **The Seasons.**

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No-vember!
No! (1844).

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die? **Ballad.**

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red.
Song of the Shirt. *Published in Punch, Dec. 16, 1843.*

Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt. *Ib.*

It's Oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work! *Ib.*

It is not linen you're wearing out
But human creatures' lives! *Ib.*

Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt. *Ib.*

Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap! *Ib.*

A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread. *Ib.*

He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig.
The Irish Schoolmaster (1826).

That sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.
Ib.

He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod, and never spares the child.
Ib.

Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well!
Ib.

He comes in at one year,
To go out by the other.
Ode to the late Lord Mayor (1826).

I like you, Tom! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise.
Stanzas to Tom Woodgate.

The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one. **Flowers.**

Summer is gone on swallow's wings.
The Departure of Summer.

Seeing would certainly have led to *D—ing.*
Legend of Navarre.

They talked together like two egotists,
In conversation made all up of *eyes*. *Ib.*

But evil is wrought by want of Thought
As well as want of Heart!
The Lady's Dream (1844).

Oh! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily. **To Hope.**

Farewell! I did not know thy worth;
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized;
So angels walked unknown to earth,
But when they flew were recognised.
To an Absentee.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. **The Death Bed.**

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out. *Ib.*

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died. *Ib.*

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy. **I remember.**

She was a dumpy woman, though
Her family was high. **John Trot.**

Let those who have no homes at all,
Go battle for a long one. **The Volunteer.**

But barely had they gone a mile,
  When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
  Was not so very small. **The Wee Man.**

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
  That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
  That came so small and thin. *Ib.*

But when was ever honey made
  With one bee in a hive?
The Last Man (1826).

And her woe began to run afresh,
  As if she'd said Gee woe!
Faithless Sally Brown.

They went and told the sexton, and
  The sexton tolled the bell. *Ib.*

Man, born of woman, must of woman die.
A Valentine.

For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,
Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets.
A Recipe.

Or hand his tracts to the untractable. *Ib.*

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
  And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes,
  Like the ocean,—to cast her weeds.
The Mermaid of Margate.

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
  Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
  On the land than in the sea. *Ib.*

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf a-down and come,
Share my harvest and my home.
Ruth (1827).

From runninge slow he standeth faste.
The fall of the Deer.

And goreth them that seek his Gore. *Ib.*

His love was great though his wit was small.
Equestrian Courtship.

Of all our pains, since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental.
A True Story.

The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago. *Ib.*

He knocked at his wife's head, until
  It opened unto him. **Tim Turpin.**

A great judge, and a little judge,
  The judges of a-size. *Ib.*

Whitee—as well as blackee—man-cipation.
The Monkey Martyr.

  The whole thing seemed
  So fine, he deemed
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!
Ib.

Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze.
  Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail. **A Parthian Glance.**

Beer will grow *mothery*, and ladies fair
  Will grow like beer.
The Stag-Eyed Lady.

Pulling his beard because he had no heir.
Ib.

For here I leave my second leg,
  And the Forty-second Foot!
Faithless Nelly Gray.

The love that loves a scarlet coat,
  Should be more uniform! *Ib.*

Much study had made him very lean,
  And pale, and leaden-eyed.
Eugene Aram (1829).

  Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
  Who spill life's sacred stream. *Ib.*

There was manhood in his look,
  That murder could not kill. *Ib.*

But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
  That lighted me to bed. *Ib.*

The bounding pinnace played a game
Of dreary pitch and toss;
A game that, on the good dry land,
Is apt to bring a loss! **The Sea Spell.**

Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul.* *Ib.*

Alas! my everlasting peace
  Is broken into pieces. *Ib.*

For hark! the last chime of the dial has ceased,
  And Old Time, who his leisure to cozen,
Has finished the Months, like the flasks at a feast,
  Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen!
For the New Year.

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
  And been bowed to the earth by its fury;
To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently passed
  Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury—
Still, fill to the Future! and join in our chime,
  The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
And having obtained a New Trial of Time,
  Shout in hopes of a kindlier dozen. *Ib.*

Love prays devoutly when it prays for love.
Hero and Leander. *20.*

A moment's thinking is an hour in words.
Ib., 41.

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hailed and wooed as a Lord!

And that to be shunned like a leper!
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar only, and pepper.
Miss Kilmansegg (1840). *Her Birth.*

Plutus, as sponsor, stood at her font,
And Midas rocked the cradle. *Ib.*

Hundreds of men were turned into beasts,
Like the guests of Circe's horrible feasts,
By the magic of ale and cider. *Ib.*

A name?—if the party had a choice,
What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?
Or any such nauseous blazon?
Her Christening.

And then in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water. *Ib.*

And as sure as London is built of bricks.
Her Education.

She had an idea from the very sound
That people with naught were naughty. *Ib.*

Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk. *Ib.*

To gratify stern ambition's whims,
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs
On a field of battle we scatter.
Her Fame.

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,
A lighthouse without any light atop.
Her First Step.

As many more
Crowd round the door,
To see them going to see it.
Her Fancy Ball.

And rubbed his hands, and smiled aloud
And bowed, and bowed, and bowed, and bowed,
Like a man who is sawing marble. *Ib.*

Earls that dated from early years. *Ib.*

For people who stand on legs of gold,
Are sure to stand well with society. *Ib.*

For one of the pleasures of having a rout
Is the pleasure of having it over.
Her Dream.

What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep—and not to know it? *Ib.*

Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head.
Ib.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice and nerves,
Where other people would make preserves,
He turns his fruit into pickles:
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles. *Ib.*

Oh! there's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather.
Her Courtship.

But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch;
The more the fish, the worse the catch;
The more the sparks, the worse the match;
Is a fact in Woman's history. *Ib.*

Alas! for the love that's linked with gold.
Ib.

For next to that interesting job,
The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,
There's nothing so draws a London mob
As the noosing of very rich people. *Ib.*

Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing!
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troop"
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it!
Her Marriage.

From a tower in an ivy-green jacket. *Ib.*

For bells are Music's laughter. *Ib.*

Men, whom their fathers had helped to gild,
And men who had had their fortunes to build,
And—much to their credit—had richly filled
Their purses by *pursy-verance.* *Ib.*

But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange,
And takes the most eccentric range,
Is the moon—so called—of honey!
Her Honeymoon.

There's double beauty whenever a Swan
Swims on a lake with her double thereon. *Ib.*

And garnished with trees that a man might cut down,
Instead of his own expenses. *Ib.*

Home-made dishes that drive one from home.
Her Misery.

Home-made physic that sickens the sick. *Ib.*

And of all the griefs that mortals share,
The one that seems the hardest to bear
Is the grief without community. *Ib.*

So sorrow is cheered by being poured
From one vessel into another. *Ib.*

A lull like the lull of the treacherous sea.
Her Last Will.

There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living. *Ib.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.
Her Moral.

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould,
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary. *Ib.*

What he hit is history,
  What he missed is mystery.
Impromptu. (*In reference to a guest's shooting stories.*)

HOOK, Theodore Edward (1788–1841)

The greater the fool the better the dancer.
Maxim. *Ascribed to Hook.*[*]

My little dears, who learn to read,
  Pray early learn to shun
That very foolish thing indeed
  The people call a PUN.
Cautionary Verses to Youth of Both Sexes.

A reply to a newspaper attack resembles very much the attempt of Hercules to crop the Hydra, without the slightest chance of his ultimate success.
Gilbert Gurney (1836). *Vol. 2, ch. 1.*

You laugh and you are quite right,
For yours is the dawn of the morning,
And God send you a good night!
Impromptu at Fulham.[†]

HOOKER, Rev. Richard (1554?–1600)

The time will come when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness and wit.
Ecclesiastical Polity (1594).

To live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery. *Ib.*

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers. *Ib.*

Change is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better.
Quoted *by Johnson, as from Hooker, in the Preface to the "English Dictionary."*[‡]

HOOPER, Ellen (née Sturgis) (19th Century)

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Published in "The Dial," July, 1840.

HOPE, Anthony (*see* Anthony Hope Hawkins)

HOPKINSON, Joseph (1770–1842)

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heavenborn band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause.
Hail, Columbia (1798).

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[*] *Vide Life and Remains*, by Barham (1877), p. 91; also Quotation under Miscellaneous: "The better the worse."

[†] Other versions of this famous impromptu (in allusion to young Stopford, who had laughed heartily at the previous verse) give the last line: "For me is the solemn good night." J. R. Planché, who was present, vouches for the version given above as correct.

[†] *See*, however, Bacon (p. 9*a*): "In government change is suspected, though to the better."

HOUGHTON, Lord (*see* Milnes)

HOUSMAN, Laurence

In a wrong fight fell a good knight:
  So a good night to Sir Bevil!
Who won his laurel in an ill quarrel,
  And whose cause went to the devil.
On Lansdown Hill.

O willing hearts turned quick to clay,
  Glad lovers holding death in scorn,
Out of the lives ye cast away
  The coming race is born. **The Settlers.**

Human minds so move about,
Only if fenced round with doubt;
Only if denied their grasp
Gain the everlasting clasp.
Only streams which fettered be
Fret their way at last to sea. **Bonds.**

Minority is no disproof:
Wisdom is not so strong and fleet
As never to have known defeat.[*]
Advocatus Diaboli.

HOWARD, Henry (*see* Earl of Surrey)

HOWARD, Sir Robert (1626–1698)

D'ye think that statesmen's kindnesses proceed
From any principles but their own need?
The Vestal Virgin.

Pity is love when grown into excess. *Ib.*

HOWARD, Samuel, Mus. D. (1710–1782)

Gentle Shepherd, tell me where. **Song.**

HOWE, Julia (née Ward) (1819–1910)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
    His Truth is marching on.
Battle Hymn of the Republic, *Dec., 1861.*

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
    While God is marching on. *Ib.*

HOWE, Nathanael, D.D. (1764–1837)

The way of this world is to praise dead saints and persecute living ones. **Sermon.**

To do nothing is the way to be nothing.
A Chapter of Proverbs for Common Life.

Leisure is time for doing something useful. *Ib.*

HOWELL, James (1594?–1666)

Some hold translations not unlike to be
The wrong side of a Turkey tapestry.
Poems. *Of Translations.*

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[*] The minority is always right.—*Ibsen: An Enemy of Society.*

The People's Voice the voice of God we call;
And what are proverbs but the People's Voice?
Before a great Volume of Proverbs.

Words are the soul's ambassadors, who go
Abroad upon her errands to and fro.
Of the strange vertu of Words. l. 1.

Opinion is that high and mighty Dame
Which rules the world.
Before " The Vocal Forest."—To the Common Reader.

Love is the life of friendship; letters are
The life of love.
Touching the vertu and use of Familiar Letters. l. 1.

They [letters] are the soul of trade. *l. 41.*

As keys do open chests,
So letters open breasts.
To the Sagacious Reader.

This life at best is but an inn,
And we the passengers.
A Fit of Mortification.

Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it.
Familiar Letters. *Book 1, sec. 1, 6.*

Love is the marrow of friendship, and letters are the Elixir of love. *Sec. 1, 17.*

Friendship is the great chain of human society, and intercourse of letters is one of the chiefest links of that chain.
Sec. 2, 18. To Dr. Prichard.

It is a rule in friendship, when Distrust enters in at the foregate, Love goes out at the postern. *Sec. 5, 20. To Dr. H. W.*

One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen.*
Book 2, sec. 4. To T. D., Esq.

Nature, the Handmaid of God Almighty.
Sec. 6. To Dr. T. P.

Women were created for the comfort of men.
Sec. 51. To Master Sergeant D.

HUGHES, John (1677–1720)

To live long is almost everyone's wish, but to live well is the ambition of a few.
The Lay Monk (1713–14). *No. 18.*

HUME, David (1711–1776)

Avarice, the spur of industry.
Essays. *No. 12. Of Civil Liberty.*

What better school for manners than the company of virtuous women?
No. 14. The Rise of Arts and Sciences.

Custom, then, is the great guide of human life. **Inquiry concerning Human Understanding.** *Sec. 5, Part 1.*

HUNT, James Henry Leigh (1784–1859)

Write me as one that loves his fellow men.
Abou Ben Adhem.

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.
Ib.

Not oaks alone are trees, nor roses flowers;
Much humble wealth makes rich this world of ours. **On reading Pomfret's Choice.**

An Adonis of fifty.
Article in " The Examiner."
(Referring to George IV.)

Truth is for ever truth, and love is love.
Hero and Leander. *c. 1.*

Glorious time of great Too-Much.
Christmas.

Right thy most unthrifty glee,
And pious thy mince-piety. *Ib.*

Yet his look with the reach of past ages was wise,
And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes.
Feast of the Poets (1814). *(Referring to Apollo.)*

'HUNTER, Anne (1742–1821)

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one would wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.
The Lot of Thousands.

HURD, Richard (1720–1808)

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested.
Sermons. *Vol. 2, p. 287.*

HUTCHESON, Francis, the Elder (1694–1746)

That Action is *best* which procures* the *greatest Happiness* for the greatest *Numbers*; and *that worst*, which in like *manner*, occasions misery.† **Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue** (1725).
Treatise 2, Sec. 3: An Inquiry concerning Moral Good and Evil.

Wisdom denotes the pursuing of the best ends by the best means. *Sec. 5.*

To make Uniformity amidst Variety the occasion of pleasure. *Sec. 8.*

HUXLEY, Thomas Henry (1825–1895)

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?
Science and Culture: *On Elementary Instruction in Physiology.*

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* Proverb—" Beauty draws more than oxen," *q.v.* *See also* Pope: " And beauty draws us with a single hair."

* " Accomplishes " in the first edition.

† A similar phrase appears in the Marquis de Beccaria's *Dei Delitte e delle Pene* (1764), p. 4, viz.: " The greatest happiness distributed amongst the greatest number." *See also* Priestley *and* Jeremy Bentham.

Irrationally held truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors.
The Coming of Age of the Origin of Species.

It is the customary fate of new truths, to begin as heresies, and to end as superstitions.
Ib.

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men.
Animal Automatism.

Veracity is the heart of morality.
Universities Actual and Ideal.

The great end of life is not knowledge, but action. *Technical Education.*

The chessboard is the world; the pieces are the phenomena of the universe; the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance.

HYDE, Edward, Earl of Clarendon (1609–1674)

What was said of Cinna might well be applied to him [John Hampden]; he had a head to contrive, and a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, any mischief.*
History of the Rebellion. *Book 7.*

INGE, Wm. Ralph, Dean of St. Paul's, London (b. 1860)

Literature flourishes best when it is half a trade and half an art.
The Victorian Age (1922).

INGELEND, Thomas (fl. 1560)

A man without knowledge, an' I have read,
May well be compared to one that is dead.
The Disobedient Child.

INGELOW, Jean (1820–1897)

And didst thou love the race that loved not thee? **Honours.**

There are worse losses than the loss of youth.
The Star's Monument.

INGRAM, Rev. John Kells, LL.D. (1823–1907)

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
Song. *Published in "The Dublin Nation,"* April 1, 1843.

IRVING, Washington (1783–1859)

The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land.†
The Creole Village.

A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.
Rip Van Winkle.

I am always at a loss to know how much to believe of my own stories.
Tales of a Traveller (1824). *Preface.*

A woman's whole existence is a history of the affections. **The Broken Heart.**

JAMES I. of Scotland (1394–1437)

Worshippe, ye that lovers bene, this May!
For of your bliss the calends are begun;
And sing with us, "Away! winter, away!
Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun!". *The King's Quair, St. 15.*

Beauty enough to make a world to dote.
St. 28.

JAMES I. of England and JAMES VI. of Scotland (1566–1625)

A branch of the sin of drunkenness, which is the root of all sins.
A Counterblast to Tobacco (*pub.* 1604).

Herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke. *Ib.*

A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.
Ib.

JEFFERSON, Thomas (1743–1826)

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.
Summary View of the Rights of British America.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.
Declaration by the Representatives of the United States.

A little rebellion now and then is a good thing.
On the Shays' Rebellion (c. 1790).

The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.
Writings. *Vol. 4.*

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.
Inaugural Address.

JENYNS, Soame (1704–1787)

A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away.
The Immortality of the Soul. *Translated from the Latin of Isaac Hawkins Browne.*

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* *See* Gibbon (Note, p. 144*a*).

† "The Almighty Dollar" is the only object of worship.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger, Dec.* 2, 1836. The phrase "almightie gold" is in Ben Jonson's *Epistle to Elizabeth Countess of Rutland.*

Learn'd or unlearn'd, we all are politicians.
Horace (*imitated*). *Ep. 1, Book 2.*

A man whose eloquence has power
To clear the fullest house in half an hour.
Ib.

We poets are, in every age and nation,
A most absurd, wrong-headed generation.
Ib.

He must be dull as a Dutch commentator.
Ib.

On parchment wings his acres take their flight.
The Modern Fine Gentleman.

Faction, Disappointment's restless child.
On a late attempt on his Majesty's life.

JEROME, Jerome Klapka (b. 1859)

I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me: the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart.
Three Men in a Boat (1889). *Ch. 15.*

It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do.
Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow (1889). *On Being Idle.*

Love is like the measles; we all have to go through it. *On being in love.*

Conceit is the finest armour a man can wear. *On being shy.*

We drink one another's healths and spoil our own.[*] *On Eating and Drinking.*

The world must be getting old, I think; it dresses so very soberly now.
On Dress and Deportment.

It is always the best policy to speak the truth, unless of course you are an exceptionally good liar. **The Idler.** *Feb.*, 1892.

JERROLD, Douglas William (1803–1857)

The only athletic sport I ever mastered was backgammon. **Attributed.**

The greatest animal in creation, the animal who cooks. *Ib.*

Earth is so kindly there [Australia] that tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.
Letter. (*As recorded by Blanchard Jerrold.*)

Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth. **A Man made of Money.**

A modern Moses who sits on Pisgah with his back obstinately turned to that promised land, the Future; he is only fit for those old maid tabbies, the Muses.
Review *of Wordsworth's Poems.*

If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.
Remark *quoted in Life by Blanchard Jerrold, as made by Douglas Jerrold in the Museum Club.*

Religion's in the heart, not in the knee.
The Devil's Ducat.

JEWEL, John, Bishop of Salisbury (1522–1571)

Error cannot be defended but by error. Untruth cannot be shielded but by untruth.
A Defence of the Apology for the Church of England (1567).

Evils must be cured by their contraries.
Ib.

To maintain a fault known is a double fault.
Ib.

Vessels never give so great a sound as when they are empty.[*] *Ib.*

A contentious man will never lack words. *Ib.*

JOHNSON, Samuel (1709–1784)

Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy.
London (1738).

London! the needy villain's general home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome.
Ib.

All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues. *Ib.*

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart. *Ib.*

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed. *Ib.*

There every bush with Nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings. *Ib.*

Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Ib.

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;[†]
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life.
Vanity of Human Wishes (1749).

Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good. *Ib.*

Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
Ib.

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[*] So the sailors in this ship (the *Carouse*) have taken a use to drink other men's healths, to the amplifying of their own diseases.—*John Taylor* (1580–1653): *Navy of Land Ships.*

[*] *See* Proverb: "Empty vessels make the most noise."

[†] "De Paris au Pérou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome."—*Boileau, Sat.* 8, 3 (1667).

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust. *Ib.*

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.
Ib.

He left the name, at which the world grew
pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Ib.*

That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy
And shuts up all the passages of joy. *Ib.*

An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away. *Ib.*

The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend. *Ib.*

Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage. *Ib.*

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of
dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show. *Ib.*

What ills from beauty spring. *Ib.*

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Ib.

Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Ib.

Each change of many-coloured life he drew;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain.
Prologue (1747).

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method and invent by rule. *Ib.*

Cold Approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could
praise. *Ib.*

The wild vicissitudes of taste. *Ib.*

The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Ib.

Officious, innocent, sincere;
Of every friendless name the friend.
On the death of Mr. R. Levett.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind. *Ib.*

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh.*
His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed. *Ib.*

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,†
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way. *Ib.*

Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.
Epitaph on Claude Phillips.

Our own felicity we make or find.
Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.
Lines added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

No man was ever great by imitation. *Ib.*

"To him that lives well," answered the hermit, "every form of life is good." *Ib.*

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures. *Ib.*

All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity. *Ib.*

This man I thought had been a Lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among Lords.
From Boswell's "Life."
Remark, 1754.

Men do not suspect faults which they do not commit.
Letter to Bennet Langton, 1755.

Towering in the confidence of twenty-one.
Ib., 1758.

The worst of Warburton is, that he has a rage for saying something when there's nothing to be said.
Remark to Dr. Burney, 1758.

No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in jail with the chance of being drowned. . . . A man in a jail has more room, better food, and commonly better company. *Remark, 1759.*
[*See Burton, p.* 50*a*.]

The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road, that leads him to England. *Remark to Mr. Ogilvie, 1763.*

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons. *Remark to Boswell, 1763.*

Your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves.* *Ib.*

A very unclubbable man. *Ib., 1764.*
The reference is to Sir John Hawkins.†

He that voluntarily continues ignorance is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces.
Letter to W. Drummond, Aug. 13, 1766.

Every man has a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place.
Letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1770.

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* "His ready help was always nigh." First edition.

† "Then with no throbs of fiery pain." First edition.

* Levelling is comfortable, as we often say: levelling, yet only down to oneself.—*Carlyle: French Revolution, Pt.* 2, Bk. 5, ch. 4.

† "Sir John was a most unclubbable man."—*Remark as recorded by Fanny Burney,* Aug. 3, 1778.

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young. *Remark, 1772.*

The Irish are a fair people; they never speak well of one another.
Remark to Dr. Barnard, Bishop of Killaloe.

Was ever poet so trusted before?
Letter to Boswell referring to Goldsmith's debts at his death, July 4, 1774.

We may take Fancy for a companion, but must follow Reason as our guide.
Letter to Boswell, 1774.

In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath. *Remark to Dr. Burney, 1775.*

There are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money. *Remark to Dr. Strahan, cited 1775.*

I never think I have hit hard, unless it rebounds. *Remarks, 1775.*

A man will turn over half a library to make one book. *Ib.*

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
Ib.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. *Ib.*

When men come to like a sea life they are not fit to live on land.
Remark to Boswell, 1776.

There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. *Ib.*

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn. *Ib.*

No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money. *Ib.*

A man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority. *Remark, 1776.*

Surely the voice of the public, when it calls so loudly, and only for mercy, ought to be heard. *Letter to Boswell, 1777.*

When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford. *Remark to Boswell, 1777.*

All argument is against it, but all belief is for it.* *Remark, 1778.*

Though we cannot out-vote them, we will out-argue them. *Ib.*

Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea. *Ib.*

No good and worthy man will insist upon another man's drinking wine.
Remark to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1778.

Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. *Remark at dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds', 1779.*

Remember that all tricks are either knavish or childish. *Letter to Boswell, 1779.*

If you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle. *Ib.*

There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow. *Letter to Mrs. Thrale, 1781.*

We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.*
Remark on the sale of Thrale's Brewery, 1781.

Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.
Remark to Wilkes, 1781.

A wise Tory and a wise Whig, I believe, will agree. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different.
Of "Tory and Whig." *Written statement given to Boswell, 1783.*

My dear friend, clear your mind of cant.
Remark to Boswell, 1783.

Boswell (said he) is a very clubbable man.
Note by Boswell, 1783.

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." *Parody on the line "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free." Quoted by Boswell, 1784.*

Sir, if they should cease to talk of me I must starve. *Remark, 1784.*

A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.
Remark to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Illness makes a man a scoundrel.
Saying quoted by Thos. Twining; Letter to Fanny Burney, Jan., 1788.

Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed.
Irene (1749).

The labyrinths of treason. *Ib.*

For when was power beneficent in vain?
Ib.

Grown old in courts.
Translation of a Speech of Aquileio.

That saw the manners in the face.
Lines on Hogarth's Death.

Life declines from thirty-five.
To Mrs. Thrale.

Catch then, O catch the transient hour;
  Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower:
  He dies—alas! how soon he dies.
Winter.

But what are the hopes of man? I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure. (*Alluding to Garrick's death.*)
Lives of the Poets (1781). *Life of Edwd. Smith.*

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* The appearance of men's spirits after death.

* *See* Edward Moore's *The Gamester.*

The modesty of praise wears gradually away. *Life of Halifax.*

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.
Life of Addison.

The true Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. *Life of Cowley.*

Language is the dress of thought. *Ib.*

To be of no church is dangerous.
Life of Milton.

An acrimonious and surly republican. *Ib.*

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth. (*Presumed to be an adapted quotation from Milton.*) *Ib.*

The great source of pleasure is variety.
Life of Butler.

Pointed axioms and acute replies fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate. *Life of Waller.*

The father of English criticism [Dryden].
Life of Dryden.

Not below mediocrity, nor above it.
Life of A. Phillips.

I may be truly said to have squandered my estate, without honour, without friends, and without pleasure.
The Adventurer. *No. 34.*

While he (Junius) walks like Jack the Giant Killer in a coat of darkness, he may do much mischief with little strength.
Falkland's Islands.

He that raises false hopes to serve a present purpose, only makes a way for disappointment and discontent. **The Patriot** (1774).

To be prejudiced is always to be weak.
Taxation no Tyranny (1775).

The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.
Journey to the Western Islands (1775).

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. **Preface** *to Shakespeare.*

In all pointed sentences, some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness.
On the Bravery of the English Common Soldiers.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we
tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.
The Rambler. *No. 7.*
(*Translated from Boethius.*)

He looked upon the whole generation of woollen-drapers to be such despicable wretches that no gentleman ought to pay them. *No. 9.*

A man guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected. *No. 26.*

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor. *No. 57.*

Men seldom give pleasure where they are not pleased themselves. *No. 74.*

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour. *No. 110.*

I gleaned jests at home from obsolete farces. *No. 141.*

Beasts of each kind their fellows spare,
Bear lives in amity with bear. *No. 160.*
(*Translated from Juvenal.*)

Corneille is to Shakespeare as a clipped hedge to a forest. *Ib.*

Every man is, or hopes to be, an Idler.
The Idler (1758–60). *No. 1.*

When two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather. *No. 11.*

Among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth by the falsehoods which interest dictates and credulity encourages. A peace will equally leave the warrior and the relater of wars destitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie. *No 30. Nov. 11, 1758.*

What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.
Rasselas (1759).

Promise, large promise, is the soul of an advertisement. *No. 40.*

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought. *No. 58.*

Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment. *Ib.*

What is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.
No. 74.

All this is very judicious; you may talk, sir, as you please, but I will still say what I said at first. (*Bob Sturdy's way of closing a debate.*) *No. 83.*

If he (Phil Gentle) is obliged to speak, he then observes that the question is difficult; that he never received so much pleasure from a debate before; that neither of the controvertists could have found his match in any other company; that Mr. Wormwood's assertion is very well supported, and yet there is great force in what Mr. Scruple has advanced against it. *Ib.*

If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father
Burlesque *of Lopez de Vega's lines,*
" Se acquien los leones vence," etc.

Dear Bathurst (he said to me one day) was a man to my very heart's content. He hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a whig. He was a very good hater.
Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson by Mrs. Piozzi (1786)

You must not mind me, madam; I say strange things, but I mean no harm.
Remark to Fanny Burney (Diary, Aug. 23, 1778)

Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having.
Remark to Hannah More, as reported to Fanny Burney (Burney Diary, 1778).

Law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public.
Remark recorded by Mrs. Piozzi.

A man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner. *Id.*

Life must be filled up, and the man who is not capable of intellectual pleasures must content himself with such as his senses can afford. *Id.*

It is very strange and very melancholy that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them. *Id.*

You could not stand five minutes with that man (Edmund Burke) beneath a shed, while it rained, but you must be convinced you had been standing with the greatest man you had ever yet seen. *Id.*

Books without the knowledge of life are useless. *Id.*

I would be loth to speak ill of any person who I do not know deserves it, but I am afraid he is an attorney. *Id.*

Was there ever anything written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*? *Id.*

Of musick he said,—It is the only sensual pleasure without vice.
Apophthegms, Sentiments, etc. (Sir John Hawkins's Collection).

Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock is a scoundrel. *Ib.*

Alas! another instance of the triumph of hope over experience.
Ib. (On a friend contracting a second marriage.)

What provokes you to risibility, sir? Have I said anything that you understand? Then I ask pardon of the rest of the company.
Remark as recorded in "Recollections," by Richd. Cumberland.

The atrocious crime of being a young man.
Reply of William Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham) to Walpole, *as written by Johnson, March 6, 1741.*

Since all must life resign,
  Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
  And steal inglorious to the silent grave.
Lines added to an Ode by Sir Wm. Jones.

The chief glory of every people arises from its authors.
Dictionary of the English Language (1755). *Preface.*

I am not yet so lost in lexicography, as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.* *Ib.*

Excise: A hateful tax levied upon commodities. *Definition.*

Patron: Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery. *Ib.*

Pension: An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country. *Ib.*

Whig: The name of a faction. *Ib.*

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.
Improvised Translation of Benserade (d. 1691). *Lines "A son lit."*

Wheresoe'er I turn my view,
All is strange, yet nothing new:
Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong;
Phrase that Time has thrown away,
Uncouth words in disarray.
Lines in ridicule of "a well-known author." (Recorded by Mrs. Piozzi.)

JONES, Henry Arthur (b. 1851)

The one cruel fact about heroes is that they are made of flesh and blood.
The Liars (1897), *Act i.*

Coke. I have an unconquerable aversion to Dissenters.—*Sir Christopher Deering.* Oh, I hate 'em! But they saved England, hang 'em! And I'm not sure whether they're not the soundest part of the nation to-day. *Ib.*

If there is one beast in all the loathsome fauna of civilization I hate and despise, it is a man of the world. *Ib.*

Beatrice Ebernoe. But I must enjoy the luxury of self-sacrifice. Tell me how I can drink the deepest of that cup.—*Sir Christopher Deering.* Marry me. I'll give you the most splendid opportunities. *Ib.*

It is the habit of the Englishman to sniff for doctrine everywhere.
The Triumph of the Philistines (1895). *Preface* (1898).

It's a very venerable and useful superstition that one woman is perfectly safe if another woman is pretending to look after her.
Ib. Act i.

I'm not an anti-anythingite (*Sir Valentine Fellowes*). *Ib.*

We mustn't forget that property has duties even if other people forget that it has rights. *Ib.*

JONES, Sir William (1746–1794)

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.[*]
Lines in Substitution for the Old Latin Version.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.
Persian Song of Hafiz.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping, thou sat'st whilst all around thee smiled ;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep. **From the Persian.**

What constitutes a state ?
Not high-raised battlements or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate. . . .
No : men, high-minded men . . .
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain, . . .
These constitute a State.
Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.

And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Ib.

Love's pale sister, Pity. **Hymn to Darga.**

Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow
A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe. **Laura.**

Hope, that with honey blends the cup of pain.
Hymn to Sereswaty. *l. 19.*

Love extinguished, heaven and earth must fail. **Epistles** *1. Ch. 4, 8.*

The only road to the highest stations in this country is that of the law.
Letters. *To C. Revicski, March 17, 1771.*

My opinion is that power should always be distrusted, in whatever hands it is placed.
Ib. To Lord Althorpe, Oct. 5, 1782.

JONSON, Ben (1573 ?–1637)

Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride.
On Lady Bedford.

Man may securely sin, but safely never.
The Forest. *Epode 11* (1616).[†]

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.[*] *Ib. To Celia.*

England's high Chancellor, the destined heir,
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair,
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
On Lord Bacon.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Epitaph. *Lady Pembroke.*

Great honours are great burdens.
Catiline's Conspiracy (1611). *Act iii. 1.*

Ambition like a torrent ne'er looks back. *iii. 4.*

'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that they know no mean, to be entreated either to begin or to end.
The Poetaster (1602). *Act ii. 2.*

He cleaves to me like Alcides' shirt. *iii. 2.*

Apes are apes, though clothed in scarlet. *v. 3.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest.
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,[†]
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Epicœne ; or, the Silent Woman (1609). *Act i. 1.*

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace. *Act i. 1.*

Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart. *Ib.*

Deny 't who can,
Silence in woman is like speech in man.
iii. 3.

This is worst of all worst worsts that hell could have devised. *v. 4.*

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die ;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
Epitaph—*Elizabeth L. H.*

Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life.
Shakespeare's Portrait.

In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme and flowand verse,
With now and then some sense ; and he was paid for it,

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[*] "Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix."
—Lines quoted (in Latin) by Sir E. Coke, and translated by Sir W. Jones.

[†] Derived from Seneca, *Hippolytus*, 164. "Scelus aliqua tutum, nulla securum tulit" ; also Seneca's *Epistles*, 97, 13 (found in Chester's *Love's Martyr*, 1601).

[*] Derived from Philostratus ; *see* Gifford's *Jonson*.

[†] An imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the Variorum edition of Petronius, commencing, "Semper munditiis."

Regarded and rewarded; which few poets are nowadays.*
Masque of the Fortunate Isles (1624).
Vol. 6, p. 192.

Better be dumb than superstitious.
Underwoods. *9. Eupheme.*

Who falls for love of God shall rise a star.
32. To a friend.

Talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak, and to speak well, are two things.
Discoveries.

Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room;
Thou art a monument, without a tomb.
To the Memory of Mr. W. Shakespeare.
Preface to First Folio, 1622.

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek. *Ib.*

He was not of an age, but for all time. *Ib.*

For a good poet's made, as well as born. *Ib.*

Sweet Swan of Avon! *Ib.*

In small proportion we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.
Good Life, Long Life.

Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none; but least to the professors.
Every Man in his Humour (1598). *Act i. 1.*

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones, and none of yours,
Unless you make, or hold it. *Ib.*

Force works on servile natures not the free.
i. 2.

By the foot of Pharaoh! *i. 3.*

Get money; still, get money, boy;
No matter by what means; money will do.
ii. 5.

Be exceeding proud. Stand upon your gentility, and scorn every man. Speak nothing humbly. . . . Love no man. Trust no man. Speak ill of no man to his face; nor well of any man behind his back. . . . Spread yourself on his bosom publicly, whose heart you would eat in private. *iii. 4.*

I do honour the very flea of his dog.
iv. 4.

Yet I hold it not good polity to go disarmed, for though I be skilful I may be oppressed with multitudes. *iv. 7.*

This will I venture upon my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform. *Ib.*

Civilly by the sword. *Ib.*

Anger costs a man nothing. *iv. 8.*

Plagued with an itching leprosy of wit.
Every Man out of his Humour (1600).
Ante-Prologue. (Second Sounding.)

Sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speak. *Act i. 2.*

Let them be good that love me, though but few. **Cynthia's Revels** (1600). *iii. 4.*

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice. *Ib.*

Ambition dares not stoop. *iv. 2.*

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer.
Fall of Sejanus. *Act i.*

Contempt of fame begets contempt of virtue.
Ib.

He threatens many that hath injured one.
Act ii.

'Twas only fear first in the world made gods.
Ib. [From the Greek].

Who nourisheth a lion must obey him.
Act iii.

Posterity pays every man his honour. *Ib.*

What excellent fools
Religion makes of men! *Act v.*

I do love
To note and to observe.
Volpone (*printed* 1616). *Act ii. 1.*

Calumnies are answered best with silence.
Act ii. 2.

I am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation. *Ib.*

All the wide world is little else, in nature,
But parasites, or sub-parasites. *Act iii. 1.*

Somewhat costive of belief.
The Alchemist (1610). *Act ii. 2.*

I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy.
Bartholomew Fair (1614). *Act i. 6.*

Neither do thou lust after that tawney weed tobacco. *Act ii. 6.*

She is my own lawfully begotten wife,
In wedlock. **The New Inn** (1629). *Act iv. 3.*

O, for an engine to keep back all clocks.
Act iv. 4.

One woman reads another's character
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering.
Ib.

Care that is entered once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.
Tale of a Tub (1633). *Act i. 7.*

Indeed there is a woundy luck in names, Sir,
And a main mystery, an' a man knew where
To vind it. *Act iv. 1.*

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* Allusion to Scogan, poet *temp.* Henry IV.

The fiend hath much to do, that keeps a school;
Or is the father of a family;
Or governs but a country academy.
The Sad Shepherd. (*A fragment.*) *Act iii. 1.*

His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. . . . The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end.
On the Lord St. Albans. (*Bacon.*)

In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. *Ib.*

“JUNIUS” (Letters published 1769–1772)

One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate and become law. *Dedication.*

This is not the cause of faction, or of party, or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in Britain. *Ib.*

The liberty of the press is the *palladium* of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman. *Ib.*

Death-bed repentance seldom reaches to restitution. *Ib.*

To be acquainted with the merit of a ministry, we need only observe the condition of the people. *Letter 1. Jan. 21, 1769.*

There is no extremity of distress, which, of itself, ought to reduce a great nation to despair. *Ib.*

In all the mazes of metaphorical confusion.
Letter 7. March 3, 1769.

The right of election is the very essence of the constitution. *Letter 11. April 24, 1769.*

Is this the wisdom of a great minister; or is it the ominous vibration of a pendulum?
Letter 12. May 30, 1769.

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter. *Ib.*

There is a holy, mistaken zeal in politics, as well as religion. By persuading others we convince ourselves.
Letter 35. Dec. 19, 1769.

The fortune which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. *Ib.*

Whether it be the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute. *Letter 37. March 19, 1770.*

The noble spirit of the metropolis is the life-blood of the state, collected at the heart. *Ib.*

The injustice done to an individual is sometimes of service to the public.
Letter 41. Nov. 14, 1770.

Private credit is wealth, public honour is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to earth.
Letter 42. Jan. 30, 1771.

The flaming patriot, who so lately scorched us in the meridian, sinks temperately to the west, and is hardly felt as he descends.
Letter 54. Aug. 15, 1771.

KEATS, John (1795–1821)

A maker of sweet poets. (*The Moon.*)
Early Poems. *I stood a Tiptoe.*

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong.
To G. F. Mathew.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold.
On first looking into Chapman’s Homer.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien. *Ib.*

A money-mong’ring pitiable brood.
Addressed to Haydon.

Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings? *Ib.*

The poetry of earth is never dead.
On the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse,
And thought it Pegasus. **Sleep and Poetry.**

There is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object. **Endymion** (1818). *Preface.*

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceeds mawkishness. *Ib.*

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. *Book 1, 1.*

Breathed words
Would all be lost, unheard, and vain as swords
Against the encasèd crocodile, or leaps
Of grasshoppers against the sun. *Ib., 712.*

He ne’er is crowned
With immortality who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead. *Book 2, 212.*

’Tis the pest
Of love that fairest joys give most unrest.
Ib., 366.

Far-spooming ocean. *Book 3, 70.*

What is there in thee, Moon! that thou should’st move
My heart so potently? *Ib., 144.*

Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight. *Book 4, 142.*

Fair Melody! kind Siren! I've no choice;
I must be thy sad servant evermore;
I cannot choose but kneel here and adore.
Ib., 303.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is, perhaps, at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast.
Lamia (1819–20) *Part 2, 1.*

In pale contented sort of discontent.
Ib., 135.

With reconciling words and courteous mien
Turning into sweet milk the sophist's spleen.
Ib., 171.

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
Ib., 229.

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.
Ib., 234.

Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.
Eve of St. Agnes (1819). *St. 3.*

And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes.
St. 24.

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.
St. 27.

He played an ancient ditty, long since mute.
St. 33.

Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect.
Hyperion. (*1820.*) *Earlier Version.*

That large utterance of the early Gods.
Book 1, 50.

O aching time! O moments big as years!
Ib., 63.

As when upon a trancèd summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
Ib., 72.

Too huge for mortal tongue, or pen of scribe.
Ib., 159.

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty.
Book 2, 202.

A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief.
Book 3, 5.

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth.
Ode to a Nightingale. *St. 2.*

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan.
Ib., st. 3.

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.
Ib., st. 7.

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?
Ib., st. 8.

Thou foster-child of silence and slow time.
Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.* *Ib.*

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! *Ib.*

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
Ib.

On one side is a field of drooping oats,
Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats,
So pert and useless, that they bring to mind
The scarlet coats that pester humankind.
To my Brother George.

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his slip,
Bidding adieu. **Ode to Melancholy.**

There is a budding morrow in midnight.
Sonnet to Homer.

But, for the general award of love
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness.
Isabella. *St. 13.*

Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.
Ib.

Selfishness, Love's cousin. *St. 31.*

What a fool
An injury may make of a staid man!
Otho the Great (1820). *Act iii. 1.*

There are times
When simplest things put on a sombre cast.
Act iv. 1.

What weapons has the lion but himself?
King Stephen. *Scene 3.*

KEBLE, Rev. John (1792–1866)

Next to a sound rule of faith, there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion. **The Christian Year** (1827). *Preface.*

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise! *Morning.*

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice. *Ib.*

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell. *Ib.*

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God. *Ib.*

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* *Cf.* "Love sought is good," etc.

And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. *Ib.*

Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near. *Evening.*

Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove. *Ib.*

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die. *Ib.*

Like infant's slumbers, pure and light. *Ib.*

Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet.
2nd Sunday in Advent.

'Tis wandering on enchanted ground
With dizzy brow and tottering feet.
4th Sunday in Advent.

How happier far than life, the end
Of souls that infant-like beneath their burden bend. *Holy Innocents.*

Art thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and woe? *Circumcision.*

Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,—
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.
1st Sunday after Epiphany.

Unseen by all but Heaven,
Like diamond blazing in the mine.
3rd Sunday after Epiphany.

"Only disperse the cloud," they cry,
"And if our fate be death, give light, and let us die." *6th Sunday after Epiphany.*

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
Septuagesima.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. *Ib.*

'Twas but one little drop of sin
We saw this morning enter in,
And lo! at eventide the world was drowned.
Sexagesima.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure.
1st Sunday in Lent.

There is no light but Thine; with Thee all beauty glows. *3rd Sunday in Lent.*

Or like pale ghosts, that darkling roam,
Hovering around their ancient home,
But find no refuge there.
(*Jewish race.*) *5th Sunday in Lent.*

A hopeless faith, a homeless race,
Yet seeking the most holy place,
And owning the true bliss. *Ib.*

Ye, whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy,

Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by heaven's peculiar grace
God's own work to do on earth!
Palm Sunday.

Sovereign masters of all hearts. *Ib.*

Give us grace to listen well. *Ib.*

As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using. *Ib.*

"Father to me thou art, and mother dear,
And brother too, kind husband of my heart."[*] *Monday before Easter.*

Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.
Wednesday before Easter.

Thou art the Sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays.
Easter Day.

The many-twinkling smile of ocean.
2nd Sunday after Trinity.

No distance breaks the tie of blood;
Brothers are brothers evermore;
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,
That magic may o'erpower. *Ib.*

Oh! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive, do good and love. *Ib.*

Then draw we nearer day by day,
Each to his brethren, all to God;
Let the world take us as she may,
We must not change our road. *Ib.*

Men love us, or they need our love.
7th Sunday after Trinity.

The grey-haired saint may fail at last,
The surest guide a wanderer prove;
Death only binds us fast
To the bright shore of love.
8th Sunday after Trinity.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,[†]
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh? *24th Sunday after Trinity.*

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God.[‡]
The Purification.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart. *Ib.*

Then be ye sure that Love can bless
Even in this crowded loneliness,
Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,
Go—thou art naught to us, nor we to thee—away! *St. Matthew's Day.*

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;

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[*] *See Iliad*, 6, 429.
[†] "Je mourrai seul" (I shall die alone).—*Pascal.*
[‡] St. Matthew, v. 8.

Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.
Ib.

What sages would have died to learn,
Now taught by cottage dames. *Catechism.*

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
Burial of the Dead.

We wish him health ; he sighs for rest,
And Heaven accepts the prayer.
Restoration Day.

To William Wordsworth, true philosopher and inspired poet, who, by the special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he sang of man or of nature, failed not to lift up men's hearts to holy things.
Lectures (Latin) **on Poetry** (1832–41). (*Translation by Edward Kershaw Francis, 1912.*) *Dedication.*

Only that which is startling, not to say monstrous and uncouth, makes a noise and is talked about. The authors are like untrained boys trying to sing : the one aim of each is to sing as loud as he can. Whether they are singing sweetly and in tune they neither know nor care. *Lecture 1.*

Let us therefore deem the glorious art of Poetry a kind of medicine divinely bestowed upon man. *Ib.*

A style of Architecture [the Gothic] which, to me at least, is, in comparison with all others, the most beautiful of all, and by far the most in harmony with the mysteries of religion.
Lecture 3.

We feel that he [Dryden] never heartily and sincerely praised any human being, or felt any real enthusiasm for any subject he took up. *Lecture 5.*

The English Virgil [Spenser]. *Ib.*

Verse has more power to soothe than prose.
Lecture 6.

As he [Homer] could speak of the rich and royal without envy, so he could deal with the poorest of the poor without a touch of slight or contempt. *Lecture 14.*

As fire is kindled by fire, so is a poet's mind kindled by contact with a brother poet.
Lecture 16.

The gift of tears is (as has been said)[*] the best gift of God to suffering man. *Ib.*

Though I am far from denying that to this day the counsels of Divine Goodness regarding dumb creatures are, for us, involved in deep obscurity, yet we see nevertheless that Scripture foretells for them a "glorious liberty," and we are assured that the compassion of Heaven, to which we owe so much, will not be wanting to them. *Lecture 19.*

Poetry, native and true poetry, is nothing else than each poet's innermost feeling issuing in rhythmic language. *Lecture 22.*

Nemesis hangs over men who are overbold in aspiration, whether, like Prometheus, they devise methods and expedients for alleviation of common ills, or, as Io, indulge in building castles in the air, which is the way with most of us in the ignorance of our early years.
Lecture 23.

Pindar blended passing events with ancient times in such wise that he does not seem to be praising the past, but rather fanning into flame the embers of a dying beauty.
Lecture 24.

Strong men delight in forceful speech. Soldiers relish a speaker delivering himself a little unreservedly. *Lecture 25.*

The essence of all poetry to be found, not in high-wrought subtlety of thought, nor in pointed cleverness of phrase, but in the depths of the heart and the most sacred feelings of the men who write. *Lecture 28.*

In real life serious things and mere trifles, laughable things and things that cause pain, are wont to be mixed in strangest medley. It is necessary, then, that Tragedy, as being a mirror of life, must leave room for an element of comic humour. *Ib.*

Which of us is not sometimes affected, almost to despair, by the splendid vision of earth and sky ? *Lecture 31.*

Some are more strongly affected by the facts of human life ; others by the beauty of earth and sky. *Ib.*

Undoubtedly the study of the more abstruse regions of philosophy, which we now call Metaphysics, . . . always seems to have included an element not very much removed from a sort of insanity. *Lecture 34.*

"Praise great estates ; cultivate a small one" (*Georgics* 2, 413). We all know how old farm folk especially delight in aphorisms of this kind, and in this respect, at all events, show much real wit. *Lecture 37.*

It is clear, or at least a probable hypothesis, . . . that poetry was providentially destined to prepare the way for Revealed Truth itself.
Lecture 40.

KEMBLE, Frances Anne (*see* Butler)

KEMBLE, John Philip (1757–1823)

When late I attempted your pity to move,
Why seemed you so deaf to my prayers ?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me downstairs ?
The Panel.[*] (Nov. 28, 1788.) *Act i. 1.*

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[*] Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur
Quæ lacrumas dedit : hæc nostri pars optima sensus.
Juvenal, xv., 131.

[*] This is Bickerstaff's comedy, *'Tis well 'tis no Worse*, adapted and re-set. The lines appear as above

KEN, Thomas, Bishop of Bath and Wells (1637–1711)

Each present day thy last esteem.
Morning Hymn.

Let all thy converse be sincere. *Ib.*

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him, all creatures here below. *Ib.*

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.
Evening Hymn.

KENDRICK, William (d. 1777)

In durance vile.*
Falstaff's Wedding. *Act i. 2.*

KERNAHAN, Coulson (b. 1858)

There are two literary maladies—writer's cramp and swelled head. The worst of writer's cramp is that it is never cured; the worst of swelled head is that it never kills.
Lecture. *Midland Institute, Birmingham.*

Circumstances never made the man do right who didn't do right in spite of them.
A Book of Strange Sins.

KEY, Francis Scott (1779–1843)

'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
The Star-Spangled Banner. *Published in the "Baltimore Patriot,"* Sept. 20, 1814.

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
Ib.

KING, Harriet Eleanor (née Hamilton) (b. 1840)

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.
The Disciples (1878), *c., 1.*

But if Himself He come to thee, and stand, . . .
Pallid and royal, saying, "Drink with Me";
Wilt thou refuse? Nay, not for Paradise!
The pale brow will compel thee. *Ib., c. 2.*

But sleep stole on me unawares,
Even on me at last;
Though drop by drop the minutes faint,
Like hours at midnight passed.
The First of June (1889).

KING, William, D.C.L. (1663–1712)

Beauty from order springs.
Art of Cookery (1708). *l. 55.*

Cornwall squab-pie, and Devon white-pot brings;
And Leicester beans and bacon, food of kings.
l. 165.

Crowd not your table: let your numbers be
Not more than seven, and never less than three.*
l. 259.

A pin a day will fetch a groat a year. *l. 405.*

'Tis by his cleanliness a cook must please.
l. 603.

On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
But write our benefits upon the wave.
The Art of Love (1709). *971.*

KINGSLEY, Canon Charles (1819–1875)

There will be no true freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God and love to your fellow-citizens. Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be *fit* to be free. **Placard.** 1848.

He did not know that a keeper is only a poacher turned inside out, and a poacher a keeper turned outside in.†
The Water Babies (1863). *Ch. 1.*

As thorough an Englishman as ever coveted his neighbour's goods. *Ib.*

The most wonderful and the strongest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see. *Ch. 2.*

Possession means to sit astride of the world,
Instead of having it astride of you.
Saint's Tragedy (1848). *i. 2.*

The castle-born brat is a senator born,
Or a saint if religion's in vogue. *ii. 2.*

This noble soul,
Worth thousand prudish clods of barren clay,
Who mope for heaven because earth's grapes are sour.
ii. 3.

Oh! that we two were Maying. *ii. 9.*

Life is too short for mean anxieties. *Ib.*

Yet waste men's lives, like the vermin's,
For a few more brace of game.
The Bad Squire.

Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep.
Ib.

He that will not live by toil
Has no right on English soil!
Alton Locke's Song.

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in *The Annual Register*, 1783, Appendix, p. 201, among "Miscellaneous Poems," and are headed "An Expostulation"; also in the *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*, 1785, vol. 1, p. 15. In both cases the lines are published anonymously. It is presumed that Kemble was the author, but this is not certain. The lines were not in Bickerstaff's comedy, as produced in 1770.

* This phrase may be of previous occurrence, but has not been traced to any earlier source.

* "Best company consists of five persons."—*Steele: The Tatler*, No. 132.

† "Besides they (the keepers) are themselves so many hired poachers."—*Denis Diderot* (1713-1784): *De l'Homme.*

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best.
The Three Fishers.

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.
Ib.

For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.
Ib.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever:
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,
One grand sweet song.[*]
Farewell. *To C. E. G.*

Do the work that's nearest,[†]
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.
The Invitation.

Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.
My Little Doll. *Water Babies.*

Pain is no evil,
Unless it conquer us.
Saint Maura.

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the thing which lies nearest us, and not hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.[†] **Letters and Memories.**

KIPLING, Rudyard (b. 1865)

O! it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.
Barrack Room Ballads (*pub.* 1892). *Tommy.*

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drum begins to roll.
Ib.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, an' we aren't no blackguards too.
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints.
Ib.

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!
Ib.

So, 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man.
Fuzzy-Wuzzy.

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over head.
The Widow at Windsor.

What should they know of England who only England know?
The English Flag.

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.
Ib.

I've a head like a concertina: I've a tongue like a button-stick.
Cells.

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst.
Mandalay.

Though we called your friend from his bed this night, he could not speak for you,
For the race is run by one and one and never by two and two.
Tomlinson.

But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old:
"It's clever, but is it Art?"
The Conundrum of the Workshop.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!
The Ballad of East and West.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.
The Recessional Hymn (July 17, 1897).

But till we are built like angels, with hammer and chisel and pen,
We will work for ourself and a woman, for ever and ever, Amen.
An Imperial Rescript.

Favouritism governed kissage
Even as it does in this age.
Departmental Ditties. *General Summary.*

Surely in toil or fray,
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say:
"Of no mean city am I!"
The Seven Seas (1896). *Dedication.*

But he couldn't lie if you paid him, and he'd starve before he stole.
The Mary Gloster.

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[*] Printed thus in the *Poems* (1889 edition). In Kingsley's *Life* (1877), edited by his wife, what appears to be the original version is published (Vol. 1, p. 487). The lines are given as above, except that the third reads:
"And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever."
Another form of the stanza, given in the 1882 edition of the *Poems*, is:
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand sweet song."

[†] *See* Carlyle: "Do the duty that lies nearest thee."

The Liner she's a lady.
The Liner she's a Lady.

Sez 'e, "I'm a Jolly—'Er Majesty's Jolly—soldier an' sailor too!"
Soldier an' Sailor too!

'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite—soldier an' sailor too! *Ib.*

For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind!
Kitchener's School.

Casting a ball at three straight sticks and defending the same with a fourth. *Ib.*

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.
The White Man's Burden.*

By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you. *Ib.*

All we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago. **The Old Issue.**

Suffer not the old King under any name. *Ib.*

Step by step and word by word: who is ruled may read,
Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed. *Ib.*

He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great,—
But we and Paul must take him as we find him;
He's out on active service, wiping something off a slate,—
And he's left a lot of little things behind him.
The Absent-minded Beggar (1901).

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!) *Ib.*

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay, pay, pay! *Ib.*

There, till the vision he foresaw,
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined empires draw
To council neath his skies,
The immense and brooding spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul.
C. J. Rhodes, buried April 10, 1902.†

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket, or the muddied oafs at the goals.
The Islanders.

Humble because of knowledge; mighty by sacrifice. *Ib.*

There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?
For All we Have and Are. *Published* Sept. 2, 1914.

The female of the species is more deadly than the male.
The Female of the Species (Oct. 20, 1911).

Man, a bear in most relations, worm and savage otherwise,
Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise.
Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act. *Ib.*

For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O' Grady
Are sisters under their skins.
The Ladies (*last stanza*).

Words are, of course, the most powerful drug used by mankind.
Speech Feb. 14, 1923.

Borrow trouble for yourself, if that's your nature, but don't lend it to your neighbours.
Rewards and Fairies (1910). *Cold Iron.*

I was always likeable with children.
Ib. Simple Simon.

I reckon there's more things told than are true,
And more things true than are told.
Ib. Ballad of Minepit Shaw.

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part,
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart;
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without end, reprieve or rest.
The Sons of Martha April 29, 1907.

They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they see how truly the Promise runs;
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons. *Ib.*

Unheard they work, unseen they win,
That is the custom of "The Trade."
Tales of "The Trade," 1916. ("*No one knows how the title of 'The Trade' came to be applied to the Submarine Service.*")

The blood our fathers spilt,
Our love, our toils, our pains,
Are counted us for guilt,
And only bind our chains.

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* An Address to the United States, published Feb. 4, 1899.

† Read at the burial in the Matoppos.

Before an Empire's eyes
The traitor claims his price.
What need of further lies?
We are the sacrifice.
Ulster April 9, 1912.

What answer from the North?
One law, one land, one throne.
If England drive us forth,
We shall not fall alone. *Ib.*

The 'eathen in his blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
The 'eathen in his blindness must end where he began,
But the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man!
The 'Eathen.

The masterless man, . . . afflicted with the magic of the necessary words . . . Words that may become alive and walk up and down in the hearts of the hearers.
Speech *Royal Acad. Banquet*, London, 1906.

For agony and spoil
Of nations beat to dust,
For poisoned air and tortured soil,
And cold commanded lust,
And every secret woe
The shuddering waters saw—
Willed and fulfilled by high and low—
Let them relearn the Law.
Justice. *Oct. 24, 1918.*

KNOWLES, James Sheridan (1784–1862)

What merit to be dropped on fortune's hill?
The honour is to mount it.
The Hunchback (1832). *Act i. 1.*

I abhor brains
As I do tools: they're things mechanical.
iii. 1.

A castle, after all, is but a house—
The dullest one when wanting company.
iv. 1.

When fails our dearest friend,
There may be refuge with our direst foe.
The Wife. *v. 2.*

A fault confessed
Is a new virtue added to a man.
The Love-Chase (1837). *i. 2.*

KNOX, Isa (née Craig) (1831–1903)

For doth not Song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt or blushes glow,
Or mirth or sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?
Ode on the Centenary of Burns (1896).

Like thee, noble river, like thee,
Let our lives in beginning and ending,
Fair in their gathering be,
And great in the time of their spending.
The Thames.

Blot out those days of darkness evermore,
When in my bitterness I cried for death.
Duchess Agnes.

KNOX, William (Scottish poet), (1789–1825)

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.
Mortality.

LAMB, Charles (1775–1834)

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore. **Hester.**

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
The Old Familiar Faces (*pub.* 1798).

Truths which transcend the searching schoolmen's vein
And half had staggered that stout Stagirite.*
Written at Cambridge.

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.
A Farewell to Tobacco.

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down? †
Work.

That dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood.
Ib.

Sabbathless Satan. *Ib.*

Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
I have not found a whiter soul than thine.
To Martin Charles Burney.

When he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful. **Essays of Elia** (1820–22). *Oxford in the Vacation.*

A votary of the desk. *Ib.*

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend.* *The Two Races of Men.*

What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! *Ib.*

I mean your borrowers of books—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. *Ib.*

I am in love with this green earth.
New Year's Eve.

"A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with

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* Stagirite, *i.e.* Aristotle, born at Stagira.

† "Curse on the man who first business designed,
And by't enthralled a freeborn lover's mind!"
—*Oldham: Complaining of Absence.* II.

God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist.
Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.

They do not play at cards, but only play at playing them. *Ib.*

All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favourite suit. *Ib.*

Man is a gaming animal. *Ib.*

I even think that sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But organically I am incapable of a tune. *A Chapter on Ears.*

To pile up honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness. *Ib.*

You look wise. Pray correct that error.
All Fools' Day.

He who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. *Ib.*

I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings.
Imperfect Sympathies.

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. *Ib.*

The world meets nobody half-way.
Valentine's Day.

C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumpling. I am not certain but he is right. *Grace before Meat.*

Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. *Ib.*

He hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.
Dissertation upon Roast Pig.

"Presents," I often say, "endear Absents."
Ib.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the faces of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly.
A Bachelor's Complaint.

He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred.
Last Essays of Elia (1833). *Preface.*

I love to lose myself in other men's minds.
Detached Thoughts on Books.

Books which are no books . . . things in books' clothing. *Ib.*

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment. *Ib.*

A pun is a noble thing *per se.* O never bring it in as an accessory! . . . it fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet; better.
Letter. *To S. T. Coleridge.*

A little thin, flowery border round,—neat, not gaudy.
Letter. *To Wordsworth.* June, 1806.

LANDON, Letitia Elizabeth (Mrs. Maclean) (1802–1838)

I loved him too as woman loves—
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn.
The Indian Bride.

Ah tell me not that memory
  Sheds gladness o'er the past;
What is recalled by faded flowers,
  Save that they did not last?
Were it not better to forget,
Than but remember and regret?
Despondency.

We might have been—these are but common words,
  And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing.*
Three Extracts from the Diary of a Week.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor.
The Poor.

Oh if thou lovest
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship; never let him know
How dear he is.

LANDOR, Walter Savage (1775–1864)

But was ever pride contented,
Or would Folly e'er be taught?
An Arab to His Mistress.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
  Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art:
I warmed both hands before the fire of Life;
  It sinks, and I am ready to depart.
Dying Speech of an old Philosopher.
Jan. 31, 1849.

A man's vanity tells him what is honour; a man's conscience what is justice.
Imaginary Conversations.
Peter Leopold and President.

Delay of justice is injustice. *Du Paty.*

Nicknames and whippings, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off. *Ib.*

Ambition is but Avarice on stilts and masked. *Lord Brooke and Sir P. Sidney.*

A solitude is the audience-chamber of God.
Ib.

Innocence and youth should ever be unsuspicious. *Beniowski and Aphanasia.*

Religion is the elder sister of Philosophy.
David Hume and John Home.

There is no state in Europe where the least wise have not governed the most wise.
Rousseau and Malesherbes.

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* "For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"
—*Whittier.*

The strength of England lies not in armaments and invasions; it lies in the omnipotence of her industry, and in the vivifying energies of her high civilisation.
Lascy and Merino.

Fame they tell you is air; but without air there is no life for any; without fame there is none for the best. *The Ciceros.*

Every sect is a moral check on its neighbour. Competition is as wholesome in religion as in commerce. *Martin and Jack.*

Is this the mighty Ocean? Is this all?
Geri.

Those who living filled the smallest space,
In death have often left the greatest void. . . .
The good departs, and silent are the good.
Ib.

The heart is hardest in the softest climes;
The passions flourish, the affections die.
Hellenics.

We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors and the rills
Fashion and win their nurslings with their smiles. *Ib.*

And they remember their august abodes,
And murmur, as the ocean murmurs there.
Of Shells.

Such stains there are—as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on.
Catullus.

It often happens a bad pun
Goes farther than a better one.
Last Fruit off an old Tree (1853). *92.*

It appears to me that nothing romantic or poetical can coexist with what is Roman. . . . The Romans were a blunt, flat people.
Letter. *To Southey*, Nov. 30, 1809.

There is something of summer in the hum of insects. *To Southey*, 1810.

It is curious that we should be more anxious to conceal our best passions than our worst.
To Southey, 1811.

I love these beautiful and peaceful tribes [Flowers] and wish I was better acquainted with them. *To Southey*, 1811.

Of all cruelties those are the most intolerable that come under the name of condolence and consolation.
To Southey (*after the death of his son*), 1816.

Nothing is less selfish than a desire of fame, since its only sure acquisition is by labouring for others. *Letter*, 1853.

I think that too many stops stop the way, and that every sixth or seventh is uncalled for. [*Of Punctuation.*] *To John Forster*, 1854.

Architecture should be modified by the climate. *To Forster*, c. 1855.

LANG, Andrew (1844–1912)

The hours are passing slow,
I hear their weary tread. **Ballade of Sleep.**

The gloom and glare of towns.
Ballade of the Midnight Forest.

A house full of books, and a garden of flowers.
Ballade of True Wisdom.

The Love of Books, the Golden Key
That opens the Enchanted Door.
Ballade of the Bookworm.

Like these cool lilies may our loves remain,
Perfect and pure, and know not any stain.
A Vow to Heavenly Venus.

Kiss me, and say good-bye;
Good-bye, there is no word to say but this.
Good-bye.

There is no need to say "forget," I know,
For youth is youth, and time will have it so.
Ib.

Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass.
Scythe Song.

The newspapers of either side,
These joys of every Englishman!
The New Millennium.

Ah splendid Vision, golden time,
An end of hunger, cold, and crime,
An end of rent, an end of rank,
An end of balance at the bank! *Ib.*

He knew
Behind all creeds the Spirit that is One.
Herodotus in Egypt.

Why "words for music" are almost invariably trash now, though the words of Elizabethan songs are better than any music, is a gloomy and difficult question.
Essay on T. H. Bayly.

LANGHORNE, John (1735–1779)

Justice, that in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from Pity's fountain draw. **The Country Justice** (c. 1766).
Introduction. l. 125.

Be this, ye rural magistrates, your plan,
Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.
l. 133.

Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need.
l. 143.

The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptised in tears!
l. 164.

She knew the future, for the past she knew.
l. 214.

Man was never meant to sing:
And all his mimic organs e'er expressed
Was but an imitative howl at best.
Part 2, l. 223.

Fanatic fools, that in those twilight times,
With wild religion cloaked the worst of crimes! *Part 3, l. 122.*

LANGLAND, William (*or* Langley) (1331 ?–1400)

In a somer seyson whan soft was the sonne!
The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman (*c. 1362—from a MS. of date c. 1393*). *Passus 1, l. 1.*

Prechyynge the peple for profit of the wombe [belly],
And glosynge the godspel as hem [them] good lykede.* *1, l. 57.*

A glotoun of wordes. *1, l. 139.*

For better is a litel losse than a long sorrow. *1, l. 195.*

Mesure is medecyne. *Passus 2, l. 33.*

For he [that] is trewe of his tonge, and of his two handes,
And doth the werkes therewith, and willneth no man ille,
He is a god by the gospel. *l. 84.*

Feith without feet † ys febelere (feebler) than nouht,
And ded as a dore-nayle.‡ *l. 183.*

Many chapelayns aren chaste, ac charite is awey;
Aren none hardur ne hongruyour than men of holy churche.
(Many chaplains are chaste, but charity is wanting in them;
There are none harder nor hungrier than men of holy church.) *2, l. 187.*

Love is leche [physician] of lyf and nexte owre lorde selve. *2, 201.*

Whenne alle tresours ben tryed, treuth ys the best. *l. 203.*

Ac kynde wit schal come yit and conscience togideres,
And make of lawe a laborer.
(*From earlier text, c. 1362*). *Passus 3, 297.*

Bakers and brewers, bouchers and cokes [cooks],
For thees men doth most harme to the mene peple. *Passus 4, l. 80.*

Mede (Reward) overmaistrieth lawe. *Passus 4, l. 176.*

The lawe ys so lordlich and loth to maken ende. *l. 199.*

I conscience knowe this, for kynde witt § me tauhte.
That reson shal regne, and reames [realms] governe. *l. 440.*

And ye that seke seynte Iames and seintes of Rome,
Seketh (*i.e.* Seek ye) Seynt Treuthe, for he may save you alle. From *Passus 5, l. 58.*

And learne to labour with londe, for lyflode [livelihood] is swete;
For morthereres aren mony leches (physicians).
Lord hem amende! *Passus 6, l. 274.*

And though I seye hit myself, I servede hym to paye. *Passus 8, l. 192.*

Wolle thou, ne wolle thow, we wolleth habbe oure wil.* *Passus 9, l. 153.*

Wysdom and Wit now is nat worth a carse (curse). *Passus 12, l. 14.*

Ne were mercy in mene men more than in ryght ryche,
Meny time mendynans myghte gon a-fyngred.† *l. 49.*

Ac [but] theologie hath teened [vexed] me ten score tymes;
The more I muse theron, the mystiloker [mistier] it semeth,
And the deppere [deeper] I devyne, the derker me thynketh it. *l. 129.*

Lerne for to love, yf the lyke Dowel (if you like to do well). *l. 135.*

He passede forth pacientliche to perpetuel blisse. *l. 262.*

Ac [but] be thow never the furste the defaute to blame;
Though thow see, sey nat som tyme, that is treuthe;
Thyng that wolde be pryve publisshe thow hit nevere. *Passus 13, l. 36.*

We sholde be lowe and loveliche, and leel, eche man to other,
And pacient as pilgrimes, for pilgrimes arn we alle. *l. 129.*

Adam, whiles he spak nat, had paradys at wylle. *Passus 14, l. 227.*

"I am Ymaginatyf," quath he, "ydel was I nevere." *Passus 15, l. 1.*

So grace is a gyfte of God, and kynde witt [common sense] a chaunce. *l. 33.*

Forthy [therefore] I consaille alle creatures no clerk to dispise. *l. 64.*

Wel may the barn [bairn] blesse that hym to book sette. *l. 127.*

But, Lord, amende us alle,
And give us grace, good God, Charité to folwe. *Passus 15.*

Grammere, that grounde is of alle. *Passus 18, l. 107.*

For venym for-doth [destroys] venym. *Passus 21, l. 156.*

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* Another MS. (1377) gives these lines:
"Preched the peple for profit of themselven;
Glosed the gospel as them good lyked."
† Feet (fet in the 1393 MS.) = works.
‡ Doretree in the earlier MS.
§ Kynde witt = common sense.

* In the 1377 MS.: "Wiltow or neltow, we will have owre will" [Willy-nilly, we will have our way.]
† Were there not more mercy among poor men than among the rich, beggars might many times go very hungry.

"After sharpest shoures," quath Pees [Peace], "most sheene is the sonne;
Ys no weder warmer than after watery cloudes." *l. 456.*

Nother love levere, ne lever freondes
Than after werre and wrake.[*] *l. 458.*

For that that wommen witeth mat nat wel be consail (*i.e.* secret). *Passus 22, l. 162.*

And coroneth [crown] Conscience kyng. *l. 256.*

Let hem [them] chewe as thei chosen (*i.e.* as they have chosen). *l. 237.*

For with the prynces of Pryde
The Prechours dwellen, . . .
And deleth in devynyté
As dogges doth bones.
Piers Plowman's Creed. *l. 705.*

Forthi [therefore] is love ledere
Of the Lordes folk of hevene,
And a meene, as the Maire is
Bitwene the Kyng and the comune. *l. 775.*

Than sat summe, as siphre doth in awgrym,
That noteth a place, and nothing availith.[†]
Richard the Redeles. *Passus 4, l. 53.*

LANSDOWNE, Lord (*see* Granville)

LEACOCK, Stephen Butler, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D. (b. 1869)

In point of morals the average woman is, even for business, too crooked.
The Woman Question.

Men are able to trust one another, knowing the exact degree of dishonesty they are entitled to expect. *Ib.*

As for prohibition, it is going to be recorded as one of the results of the European War, foreseen by nobody. *Ib.*

The parent who could see his boy as he really is, would shake his head and say; "Willie is no good: I'll sell him."
Lot of the Schoolmaster.

I must think it all out. I must analyse myself.
Over the Footlights (1923). *The Soul Call.*

It rather occurs to me that it's the commonplace people who *do* things. *Ib.*

Golf may be played on Sunday, not being a game within the view of the law, but being a form of moral effort.
Other Fancies (1923). *Why I refuse to play Golf.*

LEE, Nathaniel (1653 ?–1692)

Then he will talk,—good gods, how he will talk![‡]
The Rival Queens (1677). *Act i. 1.*

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[*] Nor is there dearer love, nor dearer friends, than after war and wreck.

[†] Some [of the members of Parliament] sat, as a cipher in arithmetic, which marks a place, though worth nothing of itself.

[‡] *See* Fletcher, "It would talk," etc.

He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with such passion, swears with so much grace.
That it is Heaven to be deluded by him. *Ib.*

Love itself, that tyrant of the soul. *Ib.*

See the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums![*]
ii. 1.

When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war. *iv. 2.*

Philip fought men, but Alexander women. *Ib.*

When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis Beauty calls and Glory shows the way.[†]
Ib.

Terror haunts the guilty mind. *v. 1.*

When the sun sets, shadows, that showed at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible.
Œdipus (1679).[‡]

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man.
Theodosius. *Act iii. 2.*

LE GALLIENNE, Richard (b. 1866)

Is Love a lie, and fame indeed a breath;
And is there no sure thing in life—but death?
R. L. Stevenson. *l. 76.*

Paris, half Angel, half Grisette,
I would that I were with thee yet;
But London waits me, like a wife,
London, the love of my whole life.
Paris Day by Day. *St. 10.*

For you the To-come,
But for me the Gone-by;
You are panting to live,
I am waiting to die.
An Old Man's Song.

What are my books? My friends, my loves,
My church, my tavern, and my only wealth.
My Books.

"Villas" now, with sounding names,
All name and door. **Love's Landmarks.**

Great is advertisement! 'tis almost fate;
But, little mushroom-men, of puff-ball fame.
Ah, do you dream to be mistaken great
And to be really great are just the same?
Alfred Tennyson.

But bear to-day whate'er To-day may bring;
'Tis the one way to make To-morrow sing.
In her Diary.

To stretch the octave 'twixt the dream and deed,
Ah, that's the thrill!
The Decadent to his Soul.

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[*] Only in the stage editions. Said to have been first used by Handel in *Joshua*, 1747.

[†] In stage editions, "*leads* the way."

[‡] Dryden's name appeared as joint author of *Œdipus.*

The soul's a sort of sentimental wife,
That prays and whimpers of the higher life.
Ib.

The Cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain,
For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain. **The Cry of the Little Peoples.**

We have learned the lesson of Time, and we know three things of worth;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth. *Ib.*

England, so strong to slay, be strong to spare;
England, have courage even to forgive;
Give back the little nation leave to live.
Christmas in War-Time (1899).

Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this.
O snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.
The Illusion of War.

LEGGETT, William (1802–1839)

The charms, alas! that won me,
I never can forget:
Although thou hast undone me,
I own I love thee yet. **Song.**

LEIGH, Henry Sambrooke (1837–1883)

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
Carols of Cockayne (1869). *The Twins.*

For one of us was born a twin;
And not a soul knew which. *Ib.*

The rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure
Of drinking at somebody else's expense.
Stanzas to an Intoxicated Fly.

I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles. *Only Seven.*

You might have heard a needle fall,
The hush was so profound.
A Last Resource.

But oh! the biggest muff afloat
Is he who takes to anecdote. *Men I Dislike.*

Or talking in an undertone
To some beloved and lovely lady.
A Day for Wishing.

I wish I knew the good of wishing. *Ib.*

If you wish to grow thinner, diminish your dinner,
And take to light claret instead of pale ale;
Look down with an utter contempt upon butter,
And never touch bread till its toasted—or stale. *Ib.*

LELAND, Charles Godfrey (1824–1903)

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—
Vhere ish dat barty now?
Hans Breitmann's Party.

All gon'd afay mit der lager-peer—
Afay in de ewigkeit. *Ib.*

LEVER, Charles James (1809–1872)

For 'tis the capital o' the finest nation,
Wid charming pisintry upon a fruithful sod,
Fightin' like divils for conciliation,
An' hatin' each other for the love of God.*
Of Dublin.

LILLO, George (1693–1736)

The firmest purpose of a woman's heart
To well-timed, artful flattery may yield.
Elmerick (*produced* 1740).

Though cheerfulness and I have long been strangers,
Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me:
There's sure no passion in the human soul
But finds its food in music.
Fatal Curiosity (1736). *Act i. 2.*

Instinct preceded wisdom
Even in the wisest men, and may sometimes
Be much the better guide. *i. 3.*

The fairest day must set in night;
Summer in winter ends;
So anguish still succeeds delight,
And grief our joy attends.
Song from "Sylvia."

LILLY (*see* Lyly)

LINCOLN, Abraham (1809–1865)

Government of the people, by the people, for the people.†
Speech at Gettysburg. *November 19, 1863.*

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.
Speech. *1864.*

Let us have faith that Right makes Might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it. **Speech.**

LLOYD, David (1625–1691)

Slow and steady wins the race.
Fables. *The Hare and the Tortoise.*

LOCKE, John (1632–1704)

New opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason, but because they are not already common.
Essay on the Human Understanding (1690).
Dedicatory Epistle.

Nature never makes excellent things for mean, or no uses. *Book 2, ch. 1, sec. 15.*

No man's knowledge, here, can go beyond his experience. *Sec. 19.*

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* Written in this form by Charles Lever, but founded upon an old Irish ballad, to which reference is made in Lady Morgan's *Diary*, October 30, 1826.

† On May 29, 1850, Theodore Parker, speaking at Boston, said: "There is what I call the American idea . . . a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people." In 1830, Daniel Webster, in a speech, used the expression: "The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people."

'Tis in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving, wherein men find pleasure to be deceived. *Book 3, ch. 10, sec. 34.*

It is one thing to show a man that he is in error, and another to put him in possession of truth. *Book 4, ch. 7, sec. 11.*

He that has but ever so little examined the citations of writers cannot doubt how little credit the quotations deserve, where the originals are wanting; and, consequently, how much less quotations of quotations can be relied on. *Ch. 16, sec. 11.*

All men are liable to error, and most men are, in many points, by passion or interest, under temptation to it. *Ch. 20, sec. 17.*

LOCKER-LAMPSON, Frederick (1821–1895)

Her ringlets are in taste :
What an arm ! and what a waist
For an arm !
London Lyrics. *To my Grandmother.*

LOCKHART, John Gibson (1794–1854)

It is an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more.
Lines sent in a Letter to Carlyle.
April 1, 1842.

LOCKIER, Dr. Francis (1668–1740)

In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman but what was a man of sense. I believe everybody of that country that has any, leaves it as fast as they can.
Scotchmen.

LOGAN, John (1748–1788)

What tragic tears bedim the eyes !
What deaths we suffer ere we die !
Ode on the Death of a Young Lady.

Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year !
Ode Written in a Visit to the Country in Autumn.

I take a long, last, lingering view ;
Adieu ! my native land, adieu !
The Lovers.

Music's the medicine of the mind.
Danish Ode.[*]

LONGFELLOW, Henry Wadsworth (1807–1882)

No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
Sunrise on the Hills.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
Flowers.

Take thy banner ! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave.
Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem.

Look, then, into thine heart and write.
Voices of the Night (1839). *Prelude.*

I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls !
Hymn to the Night.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
" Life is but an empty dream ! "
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
A Psalm of Life.

Life is real ! life is earnest ! *Ib.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,[*]
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave. *Ib.*

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant ;
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act, act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead ! *Ib.*

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time. *Ib.*

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;[†]
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait. *Ib.*

There is a reaper, whose name is Death.
The Reaper and the Flowers.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away. *Ib.*

The star of the unconquered will.
The Light of Stars.

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong. *Ib.*

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest.
It is not always May.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary.
The Rainy Day.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands.
The Village Blacksmith (1842).

He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man. *Ib.*

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose. *Ib.*

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[*] This is attributed to Logan.

[*] *See* Latin : "Ars longa, vita brevis."

[†] *See* Byron : "Here's a heart for every fate" (p. 61*b*).

No one is so accurs'd by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own. **Endymion.**

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought
Love gives itself, but is not bought. *Ib.*

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre!
God's-Acre.

Maiden! with the meek brown eyes.
Maidenhood.

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet! *Ib.*

Oh thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares! *Ib.*

Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June! *Ib.*

The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil. **Nuremburg.**

The great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies. **To a Child.**

I stood on the bridge at midnight.
The Bridge.

A flood of thought came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears. *Ib.*

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior! **Excelsior.**

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where.
The Arrow and the Song.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night.
The Day is done.

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain. *Ib.*

The bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time. *Ib.*

The cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away. *Ib.*

This is the forest primeval.
Evangeline (1847). *Prefatory Note.*

Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics. *Part 1, l. 34.*

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance. *Canto 1, l. 36.*

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music. *l. 62.*

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels. *Canto 3, l. 85.*

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.
Part 2, canto 1, l. 55.

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. *l. 60.*

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever. *Canto 5, l. 88.*

In the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!
The Building of the Ship.

It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain. *Ib.*

Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate! *Ib.*

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee! *Ib.*

My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.
The Secret of the Sea.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.
A Gleam of Sunshine.

Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.
Kavanagh.

Books are sepulchres of thought.
The Wind over the Chimney.

The prayer of Ajax was for light.
The Goblet of Life.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried! *Ib.*

She who comes to me and pleadeth
In the lovely name of Edith.
Lines in a Private Album.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate.
The Spanish Student (1843). *Act i. 2.*

There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate.
ii. 5.

Art is the child of nature. **Keramos,** *l. 358.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair. **Resignation.**

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead. *Ib.*

There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death. *Ib.*

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time.
The Builders.

Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build. *Ib.*

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere. *Ib.*

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place. *Ib.*

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth.
The Singers.

Take them, O Grave! and let them be
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves! **Suspiria.**

Take them, O great eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust. *Ib.*

Consult the dead upon the things that were,
But the living only on things that are.
The Golden Legend. *Part 1.*

A holy family, that make
Each meal a Supper of the Lord. *Ib.*

I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies for ever in the light;
And yet for ever and for ever,
When seeming just within my grasp
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night. *Part 2.*

Time hath laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations. *Ib.*

Some falsehood mingles with all truth. *Ib.*

Sang the song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!
Hiawatha (1855). *Introduction.*

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and nature. *Ib.*

Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break. *Ib.*

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets.
Part 3.

For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was. *Part 4.*

He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers. *Part 6.*

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other! *Part 10.*

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.
The Fire of Driftwood.

The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again. *Ib.*

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
The Courtship of Miles Standish (1848).
Part 3, ad fin.

Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone.
Sonnets. *Giotto's Tower.*

He is the poet of the dawn. *Chaucer.*

Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
Tales of a Wayside Inn (1863). *Part 1.*
Prelude, l. 221.

Forests have ears, and fields have eyes;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair.
The Musician's Tale. Saga of King Olaf. 8.

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.
The Poet's Tale. Birds of Killingworth.

Our ingress into the world
Was naked and bare;
Our progress through the world
Is trouble and care;
Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where:
But if we do well here
We shall do well there.
Part 2. The Student's Tale.
Cobbler of Hagenau.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing;
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness.
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another;
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence.
Part 3. Theologian's Second Tale.
Elizabeth. Canto 4.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.*
Birds of Passage (1858). *Flight 1. The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night. *Ib.*

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.
Haunted Houses.

The long mysterious exodus of death.
The Jewish Cemetery at Newport.

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. *My Lost Youth.*

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead. *Children.*

So, when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.
Flight 3. Charles Sumner.

The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.
Flight 4. The Herons of Elmwood.

Home-keeping hearts are happiest. *Song.*

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
From the Sinngedichte of Friedrich von Logau.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbour honestly,
Die I, so die I. *Ib.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.† *Ib.*

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!
Beware! *From the German.*

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours,

Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.
From Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.
Hyperion. Book 1.

Something the heart must have to cherish.
Book 2.

LOVELACE, Richard (1618–1658)

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you shall too adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.
To Lucasta. *Going to the Wars.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
Seek and Find.

Oh! could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,*
You'd drop a tear,
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye,
Than now you hear. **Orpheus to Beasts.**

And when she ceased, we sighing saw
The floor lay paved with broken hearts.
Gratiana Dancing.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames.
To Althea. *From Prison.*

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty. *Ib.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty. *Ib.*

Oh no! 'tis only Destiny or Fate
Fashions our wills to either love or hate.
Dialogue on a Lost Heart.

She that a clinquant outside doth adore,
Dotes on a gilded statue and no more.
Song. *"Strive not, vain lover, to be fine."*

Wise emblem of our politic world,
Sage snail, within thine own self curled,
Instruct me softly to make haste,
Whilst these my feet go slowly fast.
The Snail.

Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite;
For after death all men receive their right.
On Sanazar's being honoured with 600 **Ducats.**

LOVELL, Maria Anne (née Lacy) (1803–1877)

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.†
Translation of Von Münch Bellinghausen's "Ingomar the Barbarian" (1851).

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* "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus."—*St. Augustine,* Sermon 3, *De Ascensione.* (We make a ladder for ourselves of our vices, if we trample those same vices underfoot.)

† *See* Proverbs.

* *See* Byron, "The music breathing from her face."

† "Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag!"
—*Bellinghausen* (1806–1871).

LOVER, Samuel (1797–1868)

Reproof on her lips but a smile in her eye.
Rory O'More (1826).

For drames always go by cönthrairies, my dear.[*] *Ib.*

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More. *Ib.*

"Here it is," said Father Phil, "here it is, and no denying it—down in black and white; but if they who give are in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all?"
Handy Andy. *Ch. 28.*

When once the itch of litherature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen. *Ib., ch. 36.*

"Now women are troublesome cattle to deal with mostly," said Goggins. *Ib.*

LOWELL, James Russell (1819–1891)

Earth's noblest thing, a Woman perfected.
Irene.

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clue to spiritual things.
Earlier Poems. *Sonnets. 25.*

Who speaks the truth stabs Falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than ever Brutus with his dagger could.
L'Envoi.

Little he loved, but power the most of all;
And that he seemed to scorn, as one who knew
By what foul paths men choose to crawl thereto. **Legend of Brittany.** *St. 17.*

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.
Shepherd of King Admetus.

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
Stanzas on Freedom.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
The Present Crisis.

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne. *Ib.*

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward turns aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified. *Ib.*

They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin. *Ib.*

The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees.
An Indian Summer Reverie.

They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
Their birthright high and holy!
A mountain-stream that ends in mud
Methinks is melancholy.
Interview with Miles Standish.

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed. *Ib.*

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun. *Ib.*

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly,
And bless it upon my breast.
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.
The Changeling.

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
Vision of Sir Launfal. *Prelude to Part 1.*

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays. *Ib.*

He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty.
Part 1, 6.

A reading-machine, always wound up and going,
He mastered whatever was not worth the knowing. **A Fable for Critics.**

And I honour the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think. *Ib.*

An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.
The Biglow Papers. *First Series* (1846). *No. 1.*

Ninepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder. *No. 2.*

But Consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's been true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself.
No. 3. What Mr. Robinson Thinks.

But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee. *Ib.*

A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler,
O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller. *No. 4.*

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[*] "Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary."—*T. Middleton: Family of Love,* iv. 2 (1608). "Dreams, you know, go always by contraries."—*O. Goldsmith: Citizen of the World,* No. 46.

We're the original friends o' the nation
All the rest air a paltry an' base fabrication.
No. 5.

To the people they're ollers ez slick ez molasses,
An' butter their bread on both sides with The Masses. *Ib.*

Constitoounts air hendy to help a man in,
But afterwards don't weigh the heft of a pin. *Ib.*

But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.
No. 6. The Pious Editor's Creed.

An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses. *Ib.*

I *don't* believe in princerple,
But oh, I *du* in interest. *Ib.*

It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudunt course is steadied:
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded. *Ib.*

Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
I sign to thet with all my heart,—
But civilysation *doos* git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart.
No. 7. From a Candidate.

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a Whig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short. *Ib.*

Then you can call me "Timbertoes,"—thet's wut the people likes;
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phrases sech ez strikes. *No. 8.*

God makes sech nights, all white and still,
Fur 'z you can look or listen.
Second Series (1862–66). *The Courtin'.*

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther. *Ib.*

An' never hed a relative thet done a stroke o' work. *No. 1.*

My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is to crow:
Don't never prophesy—onless ye know.
No. 2. Mason and Slidell.

It's most enough to make a deacon swear. *Ib.*

Of all the sarse that I can call to mind,
England *doos* make the most onpleasant kind:
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint;
Wut's good's all English, all thet isn't ain't. *Ib.*

She's all thet's honest, honnable, an' fair,
An' when the vartoos died they made her heir. *Ib.*

The one thet fust gits mad's most ollers wrong. *Ib.*

Folks never understand the folks they hate. *Ib.*

Ef you want peace, the thing you've gut to du
Is jes' to show you're up to fightin', tu. *Ib.*

Taxes milks dry, but, neighbour, you'll allow
That havin' things onsettled kills the cow. *Ib.*

Young folks are smart, but all ain't good thet's new;
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sunthin', tu. *Ib.*

But as they hedn't no gret things to say,
An' sed 'em often, I come right away. *Ib.*

Sence I've ben here, I've hired a chap to look about for me
To git me a transplantable an' thrifty fem'ly-tree. *No. 3.*

I wuz for layin' low a spell to find out where 'twuz leadin'. *Ib.*

I mean a kin' o' hangin' roun' an' settin' on a fence,
Till Prov'dunce pinted how to jump an' save the most expense. *Ib.*

I tell ye wut, my jedgment is you're pooty sure to fail,
Ez lon' 'z the head keeps turnin' back for counsel to the tail. *Ib.*

Knowin' the ears long speeches suit air mostly made to match. *Ib.*

We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag; an' ef this
Ain't to be inderpendunt, why, wut on airth is? *No. 4.*

We're clean out o' money, an' 'most out o' lyin'. *Ib.*

Now warn't thet a system wuth pains in presarvin',
Where the people found jints an' their frien's done the carvin'. *No. 5.*

No, never say nothin' without you're compelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can be held tu. *Ib.*

Democ'acy gives every man
A right to be his own oppressor. *No. 7.*

The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human:
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
To every critter born o' woman. *Ib.*

Nut while the two-legged gab-machine's so plenty. *No. 11.*

But somehow, when the dogs hed gut asleep,
Their love o' mutton beat their love o' sheep. *Ib.*

May is a pious fraud of the almanac.
Under the Willows.

Old loves, old aspirations, and old dreams,
More beautiful for being old and gone.
The Parting of the Ways.

For only by unlearning Wisdom comes. *Ib.*

Happy long life, with honour at the close,
Friends' painless tears, the softened thought of foes!
Memoriæ Positum. *R. G. S.* 2.

Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.
On the Capture of certain Fugitive Slaves.

The many make the household
But only one the home. **The Dead House.**

Whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in.
The Forlorn.

LUCAS, Edward Verrall (b. 1868)

We hunt the sweet berry
With purple-stained ardour.
The Friendly Town (1905). *The Argument.*

But O to hunt books in
The Charing Cross Road! *Ib.*

A man who wants to play billiards must have no other ambition. Billiards is all.
Character and Comedy.

LYDGATE, John (c. 1370–c. 1450)

Woord is but wynd; leave woord and take the dede. **Secreta Secretorum.**

Sithe of our language he[*] was the lodesterre.
The Falls of Princes.

Sith he in English-making was the best,
Pray unto God to give his soul good rest.
Ib.

Beware alway of doubleness.
Balade in the preise or rather dispreise of women for their doubleness.[†]

But for lack of money I could not speed.
The London Lyckpenny.

A penny can do no more than it may. *Ib.*

Against truth falsehood hath no might.
The Story of Thebes. *Part 2.*

Love is more than great richesse. *Part 3.*

Wine and women into apostasie
Cause wise men to fall. **The Remedy of Love.**

LYLY, John (1554?–1606)

I account more strength in a true heart than in a walled citie. **Endymion.**

The sun shineth upon the dunghill, and is not corrupted.[‡]
Euphues or the Anatomy of Wit (1579).

Who stood as though he had a flea in his ear. *Ib.*

Always have an eye to the mayne, whatsoever thou art chaunced at the buy. *Ib.*

He that loseth his honestie, hath nothing else to lose. *Ib.*

Long quaffing maketh a short lyfe. *Ib.*

Young twigges are sooner bent than old trees. *Ib.*

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[*] Chaucer.

[†] Sometimes attributed to Chaucer.

[‡] *See* Bacon: "The sun, which passeth," etc., p. 7*b* and p. 13*b*

Campaspe: Were women never so fair, men would be false.

Apelles: Were women never so false, men would be fond.
Alexander and Campaspe (1584). *Act iii. 3.*

Truste on the dede and not in gaye speechys.
Secreta Secretorum.

LYNDSAY, Sir David, Scottish Poet (1490–c. 1557)

When kirk ne yairnis [desires] na dignity,
Nor wives na soveranitie. **The Complaint.**

To colliers, carters, and to cooks,
To Jack and Tom, my rhyme shall be directed.
The Monarchy.

That night he sleepit never ane wink,
But still did on the lady think.
History of Squire Meldrum.

Luife bene the ladder quhilk hes bot steppis twa,
Be quhilk we may clim up to lyfe againe
Out of this vaill of miserie and wa.
Satire of the Three Estatis.
Pt. 2, line 3,492.

("Love is the ladder which has but two steps by which we may climb up to life again out of this vale of misery and woe"—the two steps being (1) Love God; (2) Love your neighbour.)

LYSAGHT, Sidney Royse (b. 1857)

Dreams that bring us little comfort, heavenly promises that lapse
Into some remote It-may-be, into some forlorn Perhaps. **A Ritual.**
A Confession of Unfaith. St. 32.

And Wisdom cries, "I know not anything";
And only Faith beholds that all is well.
A Lesson. l. 102.

LYTE, Rev. Henry Francis (1793–1847)

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
Eventide.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Ib.

Down, down beneath the deep,
That oft in triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and peaceful sleep,
With the salt waves dashing o'er him.
The Sailor's Grave.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee;
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless ocean round thee. *Ib.*

LYTTELTON, George, 1st Baron Lyttelton (1709–1773)

Without any snivelling signs of contrition or repentance.
Dialogues of the Dead (1760).

Ah, how have I deserved, inhuman maid,
To have my faithful service thus repaid?
Progress of Love (1732). *1.*

Ah, no! the conquest was obtained with ease;
He pleased you by not studying to please.
Ib., *3.*

Not, like a cloistered drone, to read and doze,
In undeserving, undeserved repose.
To the Rev. Dr. Ayscough.

Tell me, my heart, if this be love.
Song. *When Delia.*

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.
Song. *Say, Myra* (*1753*).

Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke.
Monody to the Memory of Lady Lyttelton (1747).

A prudence undeceiving, undeceived,
That nor too little, nor too much believed,
That scorned unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Ib.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.
Epigram.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.
An Irregular Ode.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat.
Advice to a Lady.

The important business of your life is love.
Ib.

Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true. *Ib.*

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.
Ib.

The lover in the husband may be lost. *Ib.*

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wish to blot.
Prologue to Thomson's "Coriolanus."

'Tis easier far to lose than to resign. **Elegy.**

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel!
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.
Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.

LYTTON, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-, 1st Baron Lytton (1803–1873)

Men are valued not for what they are, but for what they seem to be. **Money** (1840). *i. 1.*

Where sense with sound, and ease with weight combine,
In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line.
The New Timon (1846).

Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of debate.*
Part 1, st. 6.

A quaint farrago of absurd conceits,
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats. *Ib.*

Preach as we will in this wrong world of ours,
Man's fate and woman's are contending powers;
Each strives to dupe the other in the game,—
Guilt to the victor—to the vanquished shame!
Part 2, 2.

Love gains the shrine when pity opes the door.
Part 3, 1.

He never errs who sacrifices self. *Part 4, 3.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.
Richelieu (1839). *ii., 2.*

Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it. *Ib.*

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail.* *Ib.*

Keep all you have and try for all you can.
King Arthur (1848). *Book 2, 70.*

That truth once known, all else is worthless lumber;
The greatest pleasure of the greatest number.
Book 8, 70.

Castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up. **The Lady of Lyons** (1838). *i. 3.*

Rank is a great beautifier. *ii. 1.*

The prudent man may direct a state; but it is the enthusiast who regenerates it, or ruins. **Rienzi** (1835). *Book 1, ch. 8.*

An innocent heart is a brittle thing, and one false vow can break it.
Last of the Barons (1843). *Book 1, ch. 2.*

Happy is the man who hath never known what it is to taste of fame—to have it is a purgatory, to want it is a Hell!
Book 5, ch. 1.

There is no anguish like an error of which we feel ashamed.
Ernest Maltravers (1837). *Book 2, ch. 3.*

When the people have no other tyrant, their own public opinion becomes one.
Book 6, ch. 5.

A good heart is better than all the heads in the world. **The Disowned** (1828). *Ch. 33.*

The easiest person to deceive is one's own self. *Ch. 42.*

The deadliest foe to love is custom.
Devereux (1829). *Book 3, ch. 5.*

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* "The Rupert of debate," a term applied by B. Disraeli, April, 1844, to Lord Stanley.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.
The Last Days of Pompeii (1834). *Book 1, ch. 8.*

Poverty makes some humble, but more malignant.
Eugene Aram (1832). *Book 1, ch. 7.*

The magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells. *Ib.*

Fate laughs at probabilities. *Ch. 10.*

Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger.
My Novel (1853). *Book 11, ch. 2.*

None but those whose courage is unquestionable, can afford to be effeminate.
Pelham (1828). *Ch. 44, maxim 5.*

Revolutions are not made with rose-water.
The Parisians (1873). *Book 5, ch. 7.*

Talent convinces—Genius but excites.
Earlier Poems. *Talent and Genius.*

LYTTON, Edward Robert Bulwer-, 1st Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith) (1831–1891)

Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can. **Last Words.**

MACAULAY, Thos. Babington, Lord Macaulay (1800–1859)

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.
Critical and Historical Essays. *Southey's Colloquies (Jan., 1830).*

Nothing is so galling to a people, not broken in from the birth, as a paternal, or, in other words a meddling government, a government which tells them what to read, and say, and eat, and drink, and wear. *Ib.*

A single breaker may recede; but the tide is evidently coming in. *Ib.*

We have heard it said that five per cent. is the natural interest of money. *Ib.*

The immortal influence of Athens.
Mitford's History of Greece.

Free trade, one of the greatest blessings which a government can confer on a people, is in almost every country unpopular. *Ib.*

Our academical Pharisees.
Milton (Aug., 1825).

The dust and silence of the upper shelf. *Ib.*

As civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. *Ib.*

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind. *Ib.*

Of all people children are the most imaginative. *Ib.*

Nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. *Ib.*

A propensity which, for want of a better name, we will christen Boswellism. *Ib.*

Nothing is so useless as a general maxim.
Macchiavelli (March, 1827).

In enterprises like theirs parsimony is the worst profusion.
Hallam's Constitutional History (Sept., 1828).

Public opinion has its natural flux and reflux. *Ib.*

The gallery in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm.* *Ib.*

Everybody who has the least sensibility or imagination derives a certain pleasure from pictures.
Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems (April, 1830).

He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the street mimicked.
Moore's Life of Byron (June, 1831).

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. *Ib.*

A system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife. *Ib.*

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.
Boswell's Life of Johnson (Sept., 1831).

To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion. *Ib.*

A great man who neither sought nor shunned greatness, who found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty.†
John Hampden (Dec., 1831).

The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it is worth.
Lord Mahon's War of the Succession (Jan., 1833).

Lues Boswelliana, or disease of admiration.
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (Jan., 1834).

The history of England is emphatically the history of progress.
Sir J. Mackintosh's History of the Revolution (July, 1835).

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia.
Lord Bacon (July, 1837).

He had a wonderful talent for packing thought close, and rendering it portable. *Ib.*

The chequered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame. *Ib.*

The rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories.
Gladstone on Church and State (April, 1839).

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* *See* "Historical and Traditional" Quotations, *infra.*

† *See* Tennyson: "The path of duty," etc.

He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import. *Ib.*

She [the Roman Catholic Church] may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.*
Ranke's History of the Popes (*Oct., 1840*).

In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall. *Warren Hastings* (*Oct., 1841*).

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.
Frederic the Great (*April, 1842*).

Like Sir Condy Rackrent in the tale,† she survived her own wake, and overheard the judgment of posterity.
Madame d'Arblay (*Jan. 1843*).

It is not given to the human intellect to expand itself widely in all directions at once, and to be at the same time gigantic and well-proportioned. *Ib.*

A sort of broken Johnsonese. *Ib.*

He [Grenville] was the raven of the House of Commons, always croaking defeat in the midst of triumphs.
The Earl of Chatham (*Oct., 1844*).

He [Henry Fox] was the most unpopular of the statesmen of his time, not because he sinned more than many of them, but because he canted less. *Ib.*

He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes.
Review of Atkin's Life of Addison (*July, 1843*).

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?
Lays of Ancient Rome (1842).
Horatius, st. 27.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great. *St. 32.*

As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old. *St. 33.*

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!" *St. 50.*

And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer. *St. 60.*

"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before." *St. 63.*

How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old. *St. 70.*

For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,
And aye upheld the right.
The Battle of Lake Regillus. St. 18.

One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home;
I will lay on for Tusculum
And lay thou on for Rome! *St. 27.*

These be the Great Twin Brethren. *Ib.*

Poured thick and fast the burning words
which tyrants quake to hear. *Virginia.*

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye.
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high. **Ivry.**

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days. **The Armada.**

O wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the north? **Battle of Naseby.**

Persecution produced its natural effect on them. It found them a sect; it made them a faction.
History of England (1855). *Ch. 1.*

He . . . felt towards those whom he had deserted that peculiar malignity which has, in all ages, been characteristic of apostates. *Ib.*

It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians. *Ch. 2.*

The Puritan hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. *Ib.*

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* When London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh . . . some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales, etc.—*Shelley:* Dedication of *Peter Bell the Third* (Dec. 1, 1819).—At last some curious native of Lima will visit London and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St. Paul's.—*H. Walpole:* Letter to Sir H. Mann, Nov. 24, 1774.—The same idea, however, occurred in the following title of a book published in London in 1780: "Poems by a young Nobleman lately deceased [the second Lord Lyttelton, d. Nov. 27, 1779]; particularly the State of England, and the once flourishing City of London. In a letter from an American Traveller, dated from the Ruinous Portico of St. Paul's, in the year 2199, to a friend settled in Boston, the Metropolis of the Western Empire."

† Miss Edgeworth's novel, *Castle Rackrent*, see p. 129*b*.

It is possible to be below flattery, as well as above it. *Ib.*

Intoxicated with animosity. *Ib.*

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles the Second. But the seamen were not gentlemen; and the gentlemen were not seamen. *Ch. 3.*

He [Rumbold] never would believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. *Ch. 5.*

In every age the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found among demagogues. *Ib.*

The Habeas Corpus Act . . . the most stringent curb that ever legislation imposed on tyranny. *Ch. 6.*

McCRAE, Lieut.-Colonel John (Canadian) (d. Jan., 1918)

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.
In Flanders Fields. *Punch,* Dec. 8, 1915.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields. *Ib.*

MACDONALD, George (1824–1905)

Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.
Phantastes. *l. 1.*

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here. **Baby.**

The roses make the world so sweet,
The bees, the birds have such a tune,
There's such a light and such a heat
And such a joy in June. **To ——**

Night with her power to silence day.
Violin Songs. *My Heart.*

We must do the thing we *must*
Before the thing we *may*;
We are unfit for any trust
Till we can and do obey.
Willie's Question. *Part 4.*

You would not think any duty small
If you yourself were great. *Ib.*

This is the highest learning,
The hardest and the best:
From self to keep still turning,
And honour all the rest.
After Thomas à Kempis. *7, St. 1.*

Better to have a loving friend
Than ten admiring foes. *St. 2.*

Grief suages grief, and joy doth joy enhance:
Nature is generous to her children so.
A Book of Sonnets. *To S. F. S.*

He that would sing, but hath no song,
Must speak the right, denounce the wrong.
How shall he sing? *l. 7.*

A bird knows nothing of gladness,
Is only a song machine.
A Book of Dreams. *Part 2, 2.*

Listless and sad, without complaint,
Like dead men in a dream.
The Disciple. *11, st. 8.*

The man that feareth, Lord, to doubt,
In that fear doubteth Thee. *32, st. 15.*

Beauty and sadness always go together.
Within and Without. *Part 4, sec. 3.*

MACKAY, Chas., LL.D. (1814–1889)

The smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each raindrop makes some flow'ret blow;
Each struggle lessens human woe.
The Old and the New. *44.*

Cheer boys, cheer. **Song.** *Published* 1856.

MACKINTOSH, Sir James (1765–1832)

Diffused knowledge immortalises itself.
Vindiciæ Galliæ (1791).

The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity. *Ib.*

Disciplined inaction.
Causes of the Revolution of 1688. *Ch. 7.*

Men are never so good or so bad as their opinions. **Ethical Philosophy** (1830).

MACKLIN, Charles (1697?–1797)

You are as welcome as the flowers in May.
Love à la Mode (1759). *i. 1.*

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it. *ii. 1.*

She looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth. **The Man of the World** (1781). *i. 1.*

MACLEOD, Norman, D.D. (1812–1872)

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the Right.
Trust in God.

MADDEN, Richard Robert, M.D. (1798–1886)

Some grave their wrongs on marble; He, more just,
Stooped down serene, and wrote them in the dust. **Poems on Sacred Subjects.**

MALLET, David (or Malloch) (1705 ?–1765)

Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?
Margaret's Ghost.

O grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.
Translation of Horace.

Strains that sigh and words that weep.[*]
Funeral Hymn. *23.*

Words that weep, and strains that agonise.[*]
Amyntor and Theodora. *2, 306.*

That sovereign bliss, a wife.
Cupid and Hymen.

We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame. **Prologue to the Siege of Damascus.**

MANDEVILLE, Bernard (1670 ?–1733)

They put off hearings wilfully,
To finger the refreshing fee.
Fable of the Bees (1714).

MANNERS, John J. Robert (Duke of Rutland, (1818–1906)

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.
England's Trust, and other Poems. (1841) *Part 3, 227.*

MARLOWE, Christopher (1564–1593)

Come live with me, and be my love.
Song, "*The Passionate Shepherd.*"[†]

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. *Ib.*

Infinite riches in a little room.
The Jew of Malta (c. 1589). *Act i. 1.*

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.
Ib.

Love me little, love me long.[‡] *Ib.*

Religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion. *i. 2.*

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
Hero and Leander (*pub.* 1598). *Sestiad 1.*

Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?[§]
Ib.

All women are ambitious naturally. *Ib.*

Love always makes those eloquent that have it. *Sestiad 2.*

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Faustus. *v. 2.*

O thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. *Ib.*

He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall.
v. 4.

Our swords shall play the orator for us.
Tamburlaine (c. 1586). *Part 1, Act i. 3.*

Virtue is the fount whence honour springs.
Part 1, v. 2.

More childish valorous than manly wise.
Part 2, iv. 1.

MARMION, Shackerley (1603–1639)

Great men's vices are esteemed as virtues.
Holland's Leaguer (1632). *Act i. 1.*

Great joys, like griefs, are silent. *v. 1.*

Familiarity begets coldness.
The Antiquary (1641). *Act i.*

Our love is like our life;
There is no man blest in either till his end.
A Fine Companion. *Act i. 1.*

MARTINEAU, Harriet (1802–1876)

And Sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song.
Hymn. *On, on, for ever.*

MARVELL, Andrew (1621–1678)

The inglorious arts of peace.
Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland. *l. 10.*

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try. *l. 57.*

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed:
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know. *l. 75.*

Choosing each stone, and poising every weight,
Trying the measures of the breadth and height,
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,
Founding a firm state by proportions true.
The First Anniversary.

'Tis not a freedom that, where all command.
Ib.

Self-preservation, nature's first great law,
All the creation, except man, doth awe.[*]
Hodge's Vision from the Monument.

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.[†]
Bermudas.

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere. **The Loyal Scot.**

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[*] *See* Gray: "Thoughts that breathe," etc.

[†] Quoted in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 3, 1.

[‡] *See* Herrick.

[§] Quoted in *As You Like It*, Act iii. 5.

[*] "Self-preservation is the first of laws."—*Dryden: The Spanish Friar*, Act iv. 2 (1681).

[†] "The oars kept time with the notes, and accompanied them with a melancholy sound, like that of mourners in a funeral procession beating their breasts in concert with the music."—*Plutarch: Life of Demetrius.*

But only human eyes can weep.
Eyes and Tears. *l. 48.*

Music, the mosaic of the Air.
Music's Empire.

MASEFIELD, John (b. 1875)

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench. **Captain Stratton's Fancy.**

Oh some that's good and godly ones they holds that it's a sin
To troll the jolly bowl around, and let the dollars spin;
But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,
Says the old bold mate of Harry Morgan. *Ib.*

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries. **The West Wind.**

It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and head,
To the violets and the brown brooks and the thrushes' song
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong. *Ib.*

And skill's a joy to any man.
The Everlasting Mercy. *l. 600.*

And he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,
And he who gives a child a home,
Builds palaces in Kingdom come. *Ib., l. 835.*

I look on martyrs as mistakes,
But still they burned for it at stakes.
Ib., l. 933.

Better a brutal starving nation,
Than men with thoughts above their station.
Ib., l. 965.

Her heart is always doing lovely things,
Filling my wintry mind with simple flowers,
Playing sweet tunes on my untunèd strings,
Delighting all my undelightful hours.
Her Heart.

Man with his burning soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of truth
In which his soul may sail—
Sail on the sea of death;
For death takes toll
Of beauty, courage, youth,
Of all but truth. **Truth.**

The days that make us happy make us wise.
Biography.

The great street paved with water, filled with shipping,
And all the world's flags flying and seagulls dipping. *Ib.* (*Of the Thames.*)

And life made wretched out of human ken,
And miles of shopping women served by men.
Ib.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky.
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking. **Sea Fever.**

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over. *Ib.*

Long since, when all the docks were filled
With that sea beauty man has ceased to build.
Ships.

There is something—something—
Something which gives me
Loathing, terror,
To leave the dead
So alone, so wretched. **They Closed her Eyes.**

And all night long the stone
Felt how the wind was blown;
And all night long the rock
Stood the sea's shock;
While, from the window, I
Looked out, and wondered why,
Why at such length
Such force should fight such strength.
Watching by a Sick-bed.

MASON, Rev. William (1724–1797)

Even mitred dulness learns to feel.
Ode to Independence.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.
Heroic Epistle.

All praise is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, and comes not to the heart. **Musæus.**

Fancy is the friend of woe.
Ode. *No. 7, st. 2.*

Waste is not grandeur.
The English Garden (1772). *Book 2, 20.*

Taste here were sacrilege. *Ib.*

Fashion ever is a wayward child.
Book 4, 430.

MASSEY, Gerald (1828–1907)

And Life is all the sweeter that he lived,
And all he loved more sacred for his sake:
And Death is all the brighter that he died,
And Heaven is all the happier that he's there.
Lines in Memory of Earl Brownlow.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till 'wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.
The Ballad of Babe Christabel.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.
Cries of Forty-Eight. *This world is full of beauty.*

Now, victory to our England!
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear old Land!
England goes to Battle.

One sharp, stern struggle, and the slaves of centuries are free. **The Patriot.** *l. 58.*

To those who walk beside them, great men seem
Mere common earth; but distance makes them stars. **Hood.** *l. 11.*

We're driven back for our next fray
A newer strength to borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.
Song. *'Tis weary watching.*

MASSINGER, Philip (1583–1640)

For any man to match above his rank
Is but to sell his liberty.
Virgin Martyr (1620). *i. 1.*
(*Written in conjunction with Thos. Dekker.*)

The picklock
That never fails. [Money.]
The Unnatural Combat (c. 1619). *i. 1.*

'Tis true, gold can do much,
But beauty more. *Ib.*

The world's wicked.
We are men, not saints, sweet lady; you must practise
The manners of the time, if you intend
To have favour from it. *Ib.*

Serves and fears
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude. *iii. 2.*

There are so many ways to let out life.
Duke of Milan (c. 1618). *i. 3.*

But still remember, that a prince's secrets
Are balm concealed; but poison if discovered. *Ib.*

Honours never fail to purchase silence. *ii. 1.*

I am in,
And must go on; and since I have put off
From the shore of innocence, guilt be thou my pilot. *Ib.*

Pray you use your freedom,
And, so far as you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only; not to be compelled
To take your moral potions. *iv. 3.*

Her goodness doth disdain comparison,
And, but herself, admits no parallel. *Ib.*

Now speak,
Or be for ever silent. *Ib.*

For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten. *v. 1.*

Honours and great employments are great burthens. **The Bondman** (1623). *i. 3.*

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself. *Ib.*

A wise man never
Attempts impossibilities.
The Renegado (1624). *i. 1.*

View yourselves
In the deceiving mirror of self-love.
Parliament of Love (1624). *i. 5.*

Better the devil's than a woman's slave. *ii. 2.*

To have the greatest blessing, a true friend. *iii. 2.*

What pity 'tis, one that can speak so well,
Should, in his actions, be so ill. *iii. 3.*

All words,
And no performance. *iv. 2.*

There are a thousand doors to let out life. *Ib.*

Our aim is glory and to leave our names
To aftertime. **The Roman Actor** (1626). *i. 1.*

To descend
To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,
Dropped from a poet's pen. *Ib.*

This syllable, his *will*,
Stands for a thousand reasons. *i. 2.*

I in my own house am an emperor,
And will defend what's mine. *Ib.*

If there be,
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—*We cannot help it.* *i. 3.*

This many-headed monster. *iii. 2.*

Grim Death. *iv. 2.*

For princes never more make known their wisdom,
Than when they cherish goodness where they find it.
Great Duke of Florence (1627). *i. 1.*

Greatness, which private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we who, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean! *Ib.*

A glorious lazy drone, grown fat with feeding
On other's toil. *i. 2.*

He's blind with too much light. *ii. 1.*

Delights, which to achieve, danger is nothing,
And loyalty but a word. *ii. 3.*

Great men,
Till they have gained their ends, are giants in
Their promises, but, those obtained, weak pigmies
In their performance. And it is a maxim
Allowed among them, so they may deceive,
They may swear anything; for the queen of love,
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smile, at lovers' perjuries. *Ib.*

I am driven
Into a desperate strait; and cannot steer
A middle course. *iii. 1.*

I never told a lie yet; and I hold it
In some degree blasphemous to dispraise
What's worthy admiration: yet, for once,
I will dispraise a little. *Ib.*

At the best, my lord, she is a handsome picture,
And, that said, all is spoken. *Ib.*

Truth, a constant mistress, that
Ever protects her servants. *Ib.*

Let my hand have the honour
To convey a kiss from my lips to the cover of
Your foot, dear signior. *iv. 1.*

He that knows no guilt
Can know no fear. *iv. 2.*

The lilies
Contending with the roses in her cheeks,
Who most shall set them off. *v. 3.*

Like a rough orator, that brings more truth
Than rhetoric, to make good his accusation.
Ib.

Sure the duke is
In the giving vein. *Ib.*

Let other monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud war,
And with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase
Increase of empire, and increase their cares
In keeping that which was by wrong extorted.
Gilding unjust invasions with the trim
Of glorious conquests; we, that would be known
The father of our people, in our study
And vigilance for their safety, must not change
Their ploughshares into swords, and force them from
The secure shade of their own vines, to be
Scorched with the flames of war.
The Maid of Honour (1621?). *i. 1.*

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;
And when we move not forward, we go backward:
Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,
Our health, but a disease. *Ib.*

Think not
Our counsel's based upon so weak a base,
As to be overturned, or shaken with
Tempestuous winds of words. *Ib.*

I now will court her in the conqueror's style;
"Come, see, and overcome." *ii. 1.*

Beauty, youth, and fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafe to marry you. *ii. 2.*

I give him three years and a day to match my Toledo,
And then we'll fight like dragons. *Ib.*

Desert may make a sergeant to a colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher.
Act iii. 1.

O summer-friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadowed us in our
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity. *iii. 2.*

He's a man,
I know, that at a reverent distance loves me;
And such are ever faithful. What a sea
Of melting ice I walk on! *iii. 3.*

He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced:
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity. *Ib.*

Truth is armed
And can defend itself. It must out, madam.
Act v. 1.

Love, how he melts! I cannot blame my lady's
Unwillingness to part with such marmalade lips. **The Picture.** *Act i. 1.*

And what, in a mean man, I should call folly,
Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom.
i. 2.

Be dumb,
Thou spirit of contradiction! *Ib.*

Ill news, madam,
Are swallow-winged, but what's good
Walks on crutches. *Act ii. 1.*

You have said,
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,
That, till I learn to speak, and you to do,
I must take time to thank you. *ii. 2.*

My dancing days are past. *Ib.*

Every soil,
Where he is well, is to a valiant man
His natural country. *Ib.*

He cannot 'scape their censures who delight
To misapply whatever he shall write.
The Emperor of the East. *Prologue.*

The many-headed monster, multitude. *ii. 1.*

An innocent truth can never stand in need
Of a guilty lie. *v. 3.*

They are too old to learn, and I too young
To give them counsel.
The Fatal Dowry (c. 1619). *i. 1.*
(*Written in conjunction with Nathaniel Field.*)

Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain:
Each man's opinion freely is his own
Concerning anything, or anybody. *ii. 2.*

Farewell, uncivil man! let's meet no more;
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.
iii. 1.

That you can speak so well, and do so ill! *iv. 4.*

The devil turned precisian!
A New Way to Pay Old Debts (1625). *i. 1.*

Friendship is but a word. *ii. 1.*

If you like not hanging, drown yourself ; take some course
For your reputation. *Ib.*

I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel ;
Yet, if in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice (but still
Under correction), I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure. *ii. 3.*

I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes. *iv. 1.*

The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife. *Ib.*

Hard things are compassed oft by easy means. *v. 1.*

Patience, the beggar's virtue. *Ib.*

Some undone widow sits upon my arm
And takes away the use of 't ; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. *Ib.*

Pretty pastime, nephew !
'Tis royal sport. [Hawking.]
The Guardian (1633). *Act i. 1.*

Black detraction
Will find faults where they are not. *i. 2.*

Yet we should not,
Howe'er besieged, deliver up our fort
Of life, till it be forced. *ii. 4.*

My being hath been but a living death,
With a continued torture. *Ib.*

A fine method !
This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery ;
Yet it hath a fine twang of all of them. *v. 4.*

Where I love, I profess it ; where I hate,
In every circumstance I dare proclaim it.
A Very Woman (1634). *Act i. 1.*

To doubt is safer than to be secure. *Ib.*

But, like a stoic, with a constancy
Words nor affronts can shake, you still go on,
And smile when men abuse you. *Ib.*

They'll do little
That shall offend you, for their chief desire
Is to do nothing at all, sir. *ii. 1.*

Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls,
Which makes us covet that which hurts us most,
Is not alone sweet, but partakes of tartness. *iv. 2.*

Build on your own deserts, and ever be
A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy. *Ib.*

In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued and served ; long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her,
With all the duty of my soul I served her. *iv. 3.*

Women, giddy women !
In her the blemish of your sex you prove,
There is no reason for your hate or love. *v. 2.*

Though the desire of fame be the last weakness
Wise men put off.* *v. 4.*

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life ;
I shall find one. *Ib.*

Your unexpected courtesies amaze me,
Which I will study with all love and service
To appear worthy of. *v. 6.*

Ambition, in a private man a vice,
Is, in a prince, the virtue.
The Bashful Lover (1636). *i. 2.*

And, confident we have the better cause,
Why should we fear the trial ? *Ib.*

This cause is to be fought, not pleaded. *Ib.*

Fate cannot rob you of deserved applause,
Whether you win or lose in such a cause. *Ib.*

When you give,
Give not by halves. *ii. 3.*

No man's a faithful judge in his own cause. *ii. 7.*

All the eminent and canonised beauties,
By truth recorded, or by poets feigned. *iv. 1.*

Virtue's but a word ;
Fortune rules all. *Ib.*

There is no law for restitution of fees, sir.
The Old Law.† *i. 1.*

A free-tongued woman,
And very excellent at telling secrets. *iv. 2.*

The tale is worth the hearing ; and may move
Compassion, and perhaps deserve your love
And approbation.
Believe as you List (*licensed 1631*).
Prologue.

MATHER, Cotton, D.D. (1663–1728)

In books a prodigal, they say,
A living cyclopædia.
Translation of Epitaph on Anne Bradstreet.

A table-talker rich in sense,
And witty without wit's pretence. *Ib.*

MATHER, Increase, D.D. (1639–1723)

I have only two comforts to live upon. The one is the Perfections of Christ ; the other is the Imperfections of all Christians.
Saying (attributed).

MAY, Thomas (1595–1650)

Absence not long enough to root out quite
All love, increases love at second sight.
Henry II.

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* *See* Milton : "That last infirmity of noble mind." *A Very Woman* was licensed for the stage in 1634, but appears to have been a revision of a former play. It was printed in 1655.

† Printed 1656. Attributed to Massinger, Middleton and Rowley in collaboration.

The law is blind, and speaks in general terms;
She cannot pity where occasion serves.
The Heir (c. 1620). *Act iv.*

MEE, William (19th Century)

She's all my fancy painted her;
She's lovely, she's divine. **Song.**

MELVILLE (*see* Whyte-Melville)

MEREDITH, George (1828–1909)

All wisdom's armoury this man could wield.
The Sage Enamoured. *2.*

Slave is the open mouth beneath the closed.
Ib., 4.

And name it gratitude, the word is poor. *Ib.*

Not till the fire is dying in the grate,
Look we for any kinship with the stars.
Modern Love (1862). *St. 4.*

It is in truth a most contagious game:
HIDING THE SKELETON shall be its name.
St. 17.

No state is enviable. *St. 19.*

The actors are, it seems, the usual three:
Husband, and wife, and lover. *St. 25.*

O! have a care of natures that are mute!
St. 35.

How many a thing which we cast to the ground
When others pick it up becomes a gem!
St. 41.

We drank the pure daylight of honest speech
St. 48.

Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
The Woods of Westermain. *1.*

Change the strongest son of Life. *Ib., 4.*

He who has looked upon Earth
Deeper than flower and fruit,
Losing some hue of his mirth,
As the tree striking rock at the root.
The Day of the Daughter of Hades. *1.*

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instils.
The Lark Ascending.

Through self-forgetfulness divine. *Ib.*

First of earthly singers, the sun-loved rill.
Phœbus with Admetus. *St. 3.*

She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!
Love in the Valley (1851). *St. 2.*

Quaintest, richest carol of all the singing throats. [The blackbird.] *St. 17.*

As the birds do, so do we,
Bill our mate, and choose our tree.
The Three Singers to Young Blood. *1.*

Unfaith clamouring to be coined
To faith by proof. **Earth and Man.** *St. 41.*

But O the truth, the truth! the many eyes
That look on it! the diverse things they see!
A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt. *St. 16.*

Sir spokesman, sneers are weakness veiling rage. *St. 42.*

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some, right scurvy:
Most, a dash between the two.
Juggling Jerry. *St. 7.*

They need their pious exercises less
Than schooling in the Pleasures.
A Certain People.

And chiefly for the weaker by the wall,
You bore that lamp of sane benevolence.
To a Friend Lost.

Now Vengeance has a brood of eggs,
But Patience must be hen.
Archduchess Anne. *St. 12.*

With patient inattention hear him prate.
Bellerophon. *St. 4.*

Full lasting is the song, though he
The singer passes: lasting too,
For souls not lent in usury,
The rapture of the forward view.
A Reading of Earth.
The Thrush in February. *St. 17.*

So near to mute the zephyrs flute
That only leaflets dance.
Outer and Inner. *St. 1.*

So may we read, and little find them cold:
Not frosty lamps illuminating dead space,
Not distant aliens, not senseless Powers.
The fire is in them whereof we are born;
The music of their motion may be ours.
Meditation under Stars.

We spend our lives in learning pilotage,
And grow good steersmen when the vessel's crank. **The Wisdom of Eld.**

There are giants to slay, and they call for their Jack. **The Empty Purse.**

Sword of Common Sense!
Our surest gift. **Ode.** *To the Comic Spirit.*

For he is England; Admiral,
Till the setting of her sun.
Trafalgar Day. (*Of Nelson.*)

God's rarest blessing is, after all, a good woman.
The Ordeal of Richard Feverel (1859). *Ch. 34.*

Cynicism is intellectual dandyism.
The Egoist (1879). *Ch. 7.*

The classic scholar is he whose blood is most nuptial to the webbed bottle . . . Port hymns to his conservatism. *Ch. 19.*

Note the superiority of wine over Venus! I may say the magnanimity of wine; our jealousy turns on him that will not share! *Ib.*

Cleverness is an attribute of the selecter missionary lieutenants of Satan.
Diana of the Crossways (1885). *Ch. 1.*

The sentimental people fiddle harmonics on the string of sensualism. *Ib.*

'Tis Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too. *Ch. 2.*

Observation is the most enduring of the pleasures of life. *Ch. 11.*

She was a lady of incisive features bound in stale parchment. *Ch. 14.*

"But how divine is utterance!" she said. "As we to the brutes, poets are to us." *Ch. 16.*

There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by. *Ch. 43.*

I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilised by man.

MEREDITH, Owen (*see* **Lytton, Edward Robert Bulwer**)

MERIVALE, John Herman (1779–1844)

Fortune and Hope, farewell! I've found the port:
You've done with me; go now with others sport. **Translation of Greek Epigram.***

MERRICK, Rev. James (1720–1769)

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows.
The Chameleon.

You all are right and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you. *Ib.*

Not what we wish, but what we want.
Hymn.

MEYNELL, Alice (née **Thompson**) (d. Nov. 27, 1922)

I come from nothing; but from where
Come the undying thoughts I bear?
The Modern Poet.

A poet's face asleep is this grey morn.
In February.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white.
She guards them from the steep.
The Lady of the Lambs.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right,
She has her soul to keep. *Ib.*

My human song must be
My human thought. Be patient till 'tis done.
I shall not hold my little peace; for me
There is no peace but one.
The Poet to the Birds.
(*Last Poems, pub.* 1923.)

But, visiting sea, your love doth press
And reach in further than you know,
And fills all these; and when you go
There's loneliness in loneliness.
Song. *As the inhastening tide doth roll.*

A mirror faced a mirror: ire and hate
Opposite ire and hate.
Reflexions in Ireland.

New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long.
Unto us a Son is Given.

Flocks of the memories of the days draw near
The dovecote doors of sleep. **At Night.**

MICKLE, William Julius (1735–1788)

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Song 3. "*There's nae luck about the house.*"

For there's nae luck about the house;
There's nae luck at aw;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gude man's awa'. *Ib.*

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like cauler air,
His very foot has music i't,
As he comes up the stair!
And shall I see his face again?
And shall I hear him speak? *Ib.*

The moon, sweet regent of the sky.*
Cumnor Hall.

MIDDLETON, Thomas (1570?–1627)

Whoso loves law dies either mad or poor.
The Phœnix.

Like pearl,
Dropped from the opening eyelids of the morn.† **A Game at Chess** (1624).

Better to go on foot than ride and fall.
Micro-Cynicon. *Sat. 5.*

Truth needs not the foil of rhetoric.
The Family of Love. *v. 3.*

The devil has a care of his footmen.
A Trick to catch the Old One (1608). *i. 4.*

A just cause is strong. *iii. 3.*

Thou that goest upon Middlesex juries, and wilt make haste to give up thy verdict because thou wilt not lose thy dinner. *v. 5.*

Great talkers are never great doers.
Blurt, Master Constable. *i. 1.*

How a good meaning
May be corrupted by a misconstruction!
The Old Law (1656). *i. 1.*

He that hides treasure
Imagines everyone thinks of that place.
iv. 2.

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* *See* Burton; "Mine haven's found," p. 48.

* "Now Cynthia named, fair regent of the night."—*Gay: Trivia*, iii. *See also* Darwin: "And hail their queen" (p. 105). The ballad *Cumnor Hall* is also attributed to Jean Adam (1710–1765).

† *See* Milton's *Lycidas*: "Under the opening eyelids of the morn."

When affection only speaks,
Truth is not always there. *Ib.*

He travels best that knows
When to return. *Ib.*

Justice indeed
Should ever be close-eared and open mouthed;
That is to hear a little, and speak much.
v. 1.

I fear that in the election of a wife,
As in a project of war, to err but once
Is to be undone for ever.
Anything for a Quiet Life (1662). *i. 1.*

London's the dining-room of Christendom.
City Pageant (1617).

MILL, John Stuart (1806–1873)

All that makes existence valuable to anyone depends on the enforcement of restraints upon the actions of other people.
On Liberty (1859). *Ch. 1.*

We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is a false opinion; and even if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still. *Ib., ch. 2.*

He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that. *Ib.*

The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing, when it is no longer doubtful, is the cause of half their errors. *Ib.*

A party of order or stability and a party of progress or reform are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life. *Ib.*

The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited; he must not make himself a nuisance to other people. *Ib., ch. 3.*

Whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called. *Ib.*

Genius can only breathe freely in an atmosphere of freedom. *Ib.*

All good things which exist are the fruits of originality. *Ib.*

That so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time. *Ib.*

The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement.
Ib.

A people, it appears, may be progressive for a certain length of time, and then stop. When does it stop? When it ceases to possess individuality. *Ib.*

That most odious and anti-social of all passions—envy. *Ib., ch. 4.*

The bad workmen, who form the majority of the operatives in many branches of industry, are decidedly of opinion that bad workmen ought to receive the same wages as good. *Ib.*

The only ground, therefore, on which restrictions on Sunday amusements can be defended must be that they are religiously wrong; a motive of legislation which can never be too earnestly protested against. *Ib.*

The worth of a State in the long run is the worth of the individuals composing it.
Ib., ch. 5.

MILMAN, Henry Hart, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, London (1791–1868)

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow.
Hymn. "*When our heads.*"

She smiled; then drooping mute and broken-hearted
To the cold comfort of the grave departed.
The Apollo Belvidere.
Newdigate Prize Poem (*1812*).

And the cold marble leapt to life a god. *Ib.*

Too fair to worship, too divine to love! *Ib.*

MILNES, Richard Monckton, 1st Baron Houghton (1809–1885)

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet. **The Men of Old.**

Great thoughts, great feelings came to him,
Like instincts, unawares. *Ib.*

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.
Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube. *St. 2.*

The virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize.
The World to the Soul. *9,* 1.

The beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.
"I Wandered by the Brookside."

MILTON, John (1608–1674)

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden.
Paradise Lost (c. 1663).—*Book 1, l. 1.*

Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.
l. 16.

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to Men. *l. 27.*

For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
l. 32.

As far as angels' ken. *l. 59.*

Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell: hope never comes,
That comes to all. *l. 62.*

As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.
l. 73.

But O how fallen! how changed
From him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright! *l. 84.*

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
And hazard in the glorious enterprise. *l. 88.*

Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind
And high disdain from sense of injured merit.
l. 97.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome? *l. 105.*

Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair.
l. 126.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil.
l. 157.

What re-inforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair. *l. 190.*

Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail horrors, hail! *l. 249.*

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same.
l. 253.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.
l. 261.

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle. *l. 276.*

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa. *l. 302.*

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. *l. 330.*

First Moloch, horrid King, besmeared with blood. *l. 392.*

For spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure.
l. 423.

But, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aëry purposes. *l. 428.*

And when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
l. 500.

With high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainted courage, and dispelled their fears.
l. 528.

The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind.
l. 536.

A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
l. 542.

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders. *l. 550.*

Instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat.
l. 553.

Chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. *l. 557.*

He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured. *l. 589.*

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. *l. 597.*

Care
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. *l. 601.*

Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. At last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way. *l. 619.*

That strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire.
l. 623.

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
l. 648.

Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. *l. 678.*

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. *l. 690.*

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation. *l. 710.*

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star.
l. 742.

The suburb of their straw built citadel. *l. 773.*

While over head the moon
Sits arbitress. *l. 784.*

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope. *Book 2, l. 1.*

Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us. *l. 39.*

The strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength; and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all. *l. 44.*

My sentence is for open war: of wiles
More unexpert I boast not. *l. 51.*

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. *l. 105.*

But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels. *l. 112.*

Th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair. *l. 139.*

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? *l. 146.*

His red right hand.* *l. 174.*

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end. *l. 185.*

Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring. *l. 221.*

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counselled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace. *l. 226.*

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements. *l. 274.*

In his rising seemed
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air. *l. 301.*

To sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires. *l. 377.*

And through the palpable obscurefind out
His uncouth way. *l. 406.*

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light. *l. 432.*

Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour. *l. 452.*

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. *l. 476.*

O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational. *l. 496.*

For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense. *l. 556.*

And reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost. *l. 558.*

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurèd breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel. *l. 565.*

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog. *l. 592.*

And feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire. *l. 598.*

Worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire. *l. 626.*

If shape it might be called that shape had none. *l. 667.*

Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. *l. 670.*

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape? *l. 681.*

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings. *l. 699.*

The grisly terror. [Death.] *l. 704.*

Their fatal hands
No second stroke intend. *l. 712.*

So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown. *l. 719.*

Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded Death. *l. 788.*

Grim death. *l. 804.*

Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled. *l. 845.*

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* *Horace: Odes*, Book 1, 2, "Rubente dextra."

The fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe. *l. 871.*

She opened; but to shut
Excelled her power. *l. 883.*

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery. *l. 898.*

Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave. *l. 907.*

To compare
Great things with small. *l. 921.*

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. *l. 949.*

Sable-vested Night, eldest of things. *l. 962.*

And Discord, with a thousand various mouths. *l. 967.*

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded. *l. 995.*

Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain. *l. 1009.*

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he. *l. 1021.*

This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.* *l. 1052.*

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven firstborn,
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? *Book 3, l. 1.*

The rising world of waters dark and deep. *l. 11.*

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers. *l. 37.*

Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine. *l. 41.*

From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. *l. 46.*

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall. *l. 99.*

To prayer, repentance, and obedience due. *l. 191.*

Dark with excessive bright. *l. 380.*

O unexampled love!
Love nowhere to be found less than Divine! *l. 410.*

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery. *l. 474.*

Into a Limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown. *l. 495.*

Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these His wondrous works, but chiefly man. *l. 663.*

For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone. *l. 682.*

And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. *l. 686.*

Thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess. *l. 694.*

Now Conscience wakes Despair
That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be. *Book 4, l. 23.*

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads. *l. 34.*

And understood not that a grateful mind,
By owing, owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged. *l. 55.*

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven. *l. 73.*

Such joy ambition finds. *l. 92.*

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good! *l. 108.*

The first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge. *l. 121.*

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest. *l. 162.*

So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew.
Sat like a cormorant. *l. 192.*

A Heaven on Earth. *l. 208.*

The unpiercèd shade. *l. 245.*

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm. *l. 248.*

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose. *l. 256.*

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* *Cf. Measure for Measure*, iii. 1.

The mantling vine. *l. 258.*

For contemplation he and valour formed;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad. *l. 297.*

Which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway
And by her yielded, by him best received;
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay. *l. 307.*

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve. *l. 323.*

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds. *l. 393.*

Imparadised in one another's arms. *l. 506.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad. *l. 598.*

All but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires. *l. 602.*

Till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. *l. 606.*

The timely dew of sleep. *l. 614.*

God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise. *l. 637.*

With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike,
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train;
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet. *l. 639.*

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep. *l. 677.*

Eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear. *l. 739.*

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else. *l. 750.*

Blest pair! and O yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more. *l. 774.*

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve. *l. 800.*

Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires. *l. 808.*

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness. *l. 810.*

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown. *l. 830.*

Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is. *l. 846.*

Came not all hell broke loose? *l. 918.*

Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains. *l. 970.*

Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved. *l. 987.*

Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued; nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn
With violence of this conflict. *l. 990.*

Fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night. *l. 1014.*

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl. *Book 5, l. 1.*

His sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred. *l. 3.*

Hung over her enamoured, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. *l. 13.*

My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight. *l. 18.*

Since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows. *l. 71.*

Best image of myself and dearer half. *l. 95.*

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then! *l. 153.*

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day. *l. 166.*

A wilderness of sweets. *l. 294.*

On hospitable thoughts intent. *l. 332.*

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.
l. 449.

The bright consummate flower. *l. 481.*

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers. *l. 601.*

All seemed well pleased; all seemed, but
were not all. *l. 617.*

They eat, they drink, and in communion
sweet,
Quaff immortality and joy. *l. 637.*

Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence. *l. 667.*
An host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
l. 744.

Begirt th' almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. *l. 868.*

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal. *l. 896.*

Till morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light. *Book 6, l. 2.*

Servant of God, well done! well hast thou
fought
The better fight, who singly hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth. *l. 29.*

Universal reproach (far worse to bear
Than violence). *l. 34.*
On they move
Indissolubly firm. *l. 68.*

Arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
Of conflict. *l. 209.*

Inextinguishable rage. *l. 217.*

Cancelled from Heaven, and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
l. 379.
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.
l. 385.

But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience. *l. 461.*

He onward came; far off his coming shone.
l. 768.

Though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.
Book 7, l. 25.

Fit audience find, though few;
But drive far off the barb'rous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers. *l. 31.*

Endued
With sanctity of reason. *l. 507.*

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed
to hear. *Book 8, l. 1.*

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.
l. 43.

Gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb. *l. 82.*

Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence. *l. 90.*

God, to remove His ways from human sense,
Placed heaven from earth so far, that earthly
sight
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. *l. 119.*

Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there. Be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures
there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been revealed
Not of earth only, but of highest heaven.
l. 172.

Taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life. *l. 182.*

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence. *l. 192.*

And feel that I am happier than I know.
l. 282.

In solitude
What happiness? Who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
l. 364.

I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure.
l. 478.

Grace was in all her steps! Heaven in her
eye!*
In every gesture dignity and love! *l. 488.*

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be
won. *l. 502.*
All heaven
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence! *l. 511.*

To light the bridal lamp. *l. 520.*

What she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded. *l. 549.*

Accuse not Nature; she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wisdom. *l. 561.*

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* "Paradys stood formed in her eyen."—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 5,818 (*Of Criseyde*).

Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right.
l. 571.

In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges. *l. 588.*

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions. *l. 600.*

With a smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue. *l. 618.*

My unpremeditated verse. *Book 9, l. 24.*

Long choosing, and beginning late. *l. 26.*

But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to ? *l. 168.*

Revenge, at first, though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils. *l. 171.*

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
l. 232.

Smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food.
l. 239.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
l. 249.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays ;
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
l. 267.

At shut of evening flowers. *l. 278.*

For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul. *l. 296.*

Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience. *l. 367.*

As one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air.
l. 445.

She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods.
l. 489.

So glozed the Tempter. *l. 549.*

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. *l. 633.*

God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice. *l. 652.*

Earth felt the wound ; and Nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe. *l. 782.*

Inferior, who is free ? *l. 825.*

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt.
l. 853.

A pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between.
l. 1106.

Thus it shall befall
Him, who to worth in women overtrusting,
Lets her will rule. Restraint she will not brook ;
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.
l. 1182.

And of their vain contest appeared no end.
l. 1189.

Yet shall I temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Book 10, l. 77.

This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine. *l. 137.*

Sagacious of his quarry from so far. *l. 281.*

Returned
Successful beyond hope. *l. 462.*

He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn. *l. 506.*

How gladly would I meet
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible ! how glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap ! There I should rest,
And sleep secure. *l. 775.*

Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts. *Book 11, l. 3.*

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ! thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods ! *l. 269.*

Gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound. *l. 298.*

Then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see.
l. 414.

Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness. *l. 485.*

And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.
l. 491.

If thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught. *l. 530.*

So mays't thou live till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.
This is old age. *l. 535.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to Heaven.
l. 553.

A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress. *l. 582.*

The evening star,
Love's harbinger. *l. 588.*

Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye. *l. 618.*

Spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above. *l. 666.*

So violence
Proceeded, and oppression and sword-law. *l. 671.*

Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid. *l. 698.*

The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar:
All now was turned to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance. *l. 713.*

Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste. *l. 784.*

Regardless whether good or evil fame. *Book 12, l. 47.*

Tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse. *l. 95.*

In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.
But first among the priests dissension springs!
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace. *l. 351.*

A deathlike sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life. *l. 434.*

Truth shall retire
Bestuck with sland'rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found. *l. 535.*

And to the faithful, death the gate of life. *l. 571.*

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way. *l. 645.*

Deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age.
Paradise Regained (1671). *Book 1. l. 14.*

Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate. *l. 94.*

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear. *l. 231.*

Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek. *l. 335.*

I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness. *l. 377.*

I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous. *l. 380.*

Fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load. *l. 401.*

For lying is thy sustenance, thy food;
Yet thou pretend'st to truth. *l. 429.*

Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who asked have seldom understood. *l. 435.*

Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk. *l. 478.*

Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore. *l. 482.*

Him, their joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone. *Book 2, l. 9.*

Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlooked for, are we fallen! *l. 30.*

His life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative. *l. 80.*

Enchanting tongues
Persuasive. *l. 158.*

Tangled in amorous nets. *l. 162.*

Beauty stands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive. *l. 220.*

Honour, glory, and popular praise,
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wrecked. *l. 227.*

Nature hath need of what she asks. *l. 253.*

If at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first. *l. 426.*

They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want. *l. 430.*

A crown
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights. *l. 458.*

For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears. *l. 463.*

Thy actions to thy words accord. *Book 3, l. 9.*

Glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits. *l. 25.*

Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment. *l. 37.*

And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar? *l. 49.*

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.
l. 56.

Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obeyed. *l. 194.*

For where no hope is left, is left no fear.
l. 206.

Elephants endorsed with towers. *l. 329.*

Triumph, that insulting vanity.
Book 4, l. 138.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous then
By wisdom ; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world.
l. 220.

Error by his own arms is best evinced.
l. 235.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence. *l. 240.*

The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long. *l. 244.*

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmined over Greece.
l. 267.

From whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools
Of Academics old and new. *l. 276.*

Epicurean and the Stoic severe. *l. 280.*

He who receives
Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true.
l. 288.

The first and wisest of them all professed
To know this only, that he nothing knew.*
l. 293.

For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade. *l. 307.*

Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.
l. 327.

As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
l. 330.

In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so.
l. 361.

Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey.
l. 426.

Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter.
Preface to Paradise Lost, 1669 edition.

The troublesome and modern bondage of Rhymeing. *Ib.*

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
Samson Agonistes (1671). *l. 80.*

To live a life half dead, a living death. *l. 100.*

Wisest men
Have erred, and by bad women been deceived;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
l. 210.

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all.
l. 293.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe? *l. 560.*

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving. *l. 710.*

If weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness. *l. 831.*

That grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield. *l. 865.*

Against the law of nature, law of nations.
l. 889.

In argument with men, a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.
l. 903.

Yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore.
l. 961.

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end.
l. 1008.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
Which way soever men refer it. *l. 1010.*

What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Imbarked with such a steers-mate at the helm? *l. 1044.*

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
l. 1350.

Lords are lordliest in their wine. *l. 1418.*

For evil news rides post, while good news baits. *l. 1538.*

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* Socrates.

Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now, and full discharge.
l. 1572.

So fond are mortal men
Fallen into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite.
l. 1684.

And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl. *l. 1694.*

Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic. *l. 1709.*

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
l. 1721.

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks and sights unholy! **L'Allegro** (1632). *l. 1.*

So buxom, blithe, and debonair. *l. 24.*

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles.
l. 25.

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. *l. 31.*

The clouds in thousand liveries dight. *l. 62.*

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale. *l. 67.*

Meadows trim with daisies pied. *l. 75.*

Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes. *l. 79.*

Of herb, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses. *l. 85.*

To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade. *l. 95.*

On a sunshine holiday. *l. 98.*

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale. *l. 100.*

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men. *l. 117.*

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms. *l. 121.*

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream. *l. 127.*

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild. *l. 133.*

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal Verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out. *l. 135.*

The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. *l. 143.*

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred.
Il Penseroso (1632). *l. 1.*

As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams.
l. 7.

Hail, divinest Melancholy. *l. 12.*

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. *l. 39.*

Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet. *l. 46.*

And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure. *l. 49.*

The Cherub Contemplation. *l. 54.*

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy. *l. 61.*

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth. *l. 79.*

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by. *l. 97.*

Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *l. 104.*

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
l. 120.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale. *l. 155.*

With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear
As may, with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes. *l. 159.*

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.[*] *l. 173.*

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie.
Arcades (1633). *Song 1.*

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof. *Song 2.*

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth. **Comus** (1634). *l. 5.*

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity. *l. 12.*

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[*] "From hence, no question, has sprung an observation . . . confirmed now into a settled opinion, that some long experienced souls in the world, before their dislodging, arrive to the height of prophetic spirits."—Old translation of Erasmus's *Praise of Folly.*

An old and haughty nation proud in arms. *l. 33.*

The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger. *l. 38.*

Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity. *l. 103.*

What hath night to do with sleep? *l. 122.*

'Tis only day-light that makes sin. *l. 126.*

Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice Morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin loop-hole peep. *l. 138.*

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. *l. 160.*

When the grey-hooded Even
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. *l. 188.*

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory. *l. 205.*

O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings! *l. 213.*

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night? *l. 221.*

Who as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium. *l. 256.*

Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength. *l. 329.*

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid? *l. 362.*

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. *l. 373.*

He that has light, within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon. *l. 381.*

The unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure. *l. 398.*

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity:
She that has that, is clad in complete steel. *l. 420.*

So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her. *l. 453.*

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbèd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *l. 476.*

What the sage poets taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind. *l. 515.*

And filled the air with barbarous dissonance. *l. 550.*

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death. *l. 560.*

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled. *l. 589.*

But evil on itself shall back recoil. *l. 593.*

If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. *l. 597.*

Praising the lean and sallow abstinence. *l. 709.*

If all the world
Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised. *l. 720.*

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons. *l. 727.*

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stalk with languished head. *l. 743.*

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn? *l. 752.*

Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb. *l. 759.*

Swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. *l. 776.*

Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence. *l. 790.*

Sabrina fair,
  Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
  In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair. *l. 859.*

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run. *l. 1012.*

Love Virtue; she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her. *l. 1019.*

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Lycidas (1637). *l. 1.*

He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
l. 10.

Hence, with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
l. 18.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill.
l. 23.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn.[*] *l. 26.*

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
l. 37.

The gadding vine. *l. 40.*

As killing as the canker to the rose. *l. 45.*

Flowers that their gay wardrobe wear. *l. 47.*

Whom universal Nature did lament. *l. 60.*

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)[†]
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life. *l. 64.*

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.
l. 78.

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed.
l. 83.

The felon winds. *l. 91.*

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
l. 100.

The pilot of the Galilean lake.[‡] *l. 109.*

Such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
l. 114.

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
l. 119.

Their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.
l. 123.

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
l. 130.

Throw hither all your quaint, enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
l. 139.

The rathe primrose that forsaken dies. *l. 142.*

The pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet. *l. 145.*

The well-attired woodbine. *l. 146.*

Cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.
l. 147.

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves. *l. 167.*

Thus sang the uncouth swain. *l. 186.*

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.
l. 193.

Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day.
Sonnets. *To the Nightingale.*

As ever in my great Task-master's eye.
On being arrived to the age of 23.

And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth.
To a Virtuous Lady

No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth. *Ib.*

Killed with report that old man eloquent.
To the Lady M. Ley.

A book was writ of late called Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form and style;
The subject new; it walked the town awhile,
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom pored on. *On the Detraction, etc.*

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[*] "Like pearl
Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn."
—*Middleton: The Game at Chess* (1624).

[†] "Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur."—*Tacitus: Hist.*, 4, 6.—(Even from the wise the lust of glory is the last passion to be discarded.) "Des humeurs desraisonnables des hommes, il semble que les philosophes mesmes se desfacent plus tard et plus envy de cette cy que de nulle autre: c'est la plus revesche et opiniastre; *quia etiam bene proficientes animos tentare non cessat*" [*Augustine: De Civit. Dei*, 5, 14]. Of the unreasoning humours of mankind it seems that (fame) is the one of whch the philosophers themselves have disengaged themselves from last and with most reluctance: it is the most intractable and obstinate; for [as St. Augustine says] it persists in tempting even minds nobly inclined."—*Montaigne*, Book 1, Ch. 41.

[‡] St. Peter.

Those rugged names, . . .
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp. *Ib.*

Hated not learning worse than toad or asp. *Ib.*

Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good. *On the Same.*

Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee. *To Mr. H. Lawes.*

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life; which us from death doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
On the Memory of Mrs. Thomson.

For what can war but endless war still breed?
To Lord Fairfax.

In vain doth valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land. *Ib.*

Guided by faith and matchless fortitude.
To Cromwell.

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war. *Ib.*

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.
Ib.

The triple Tyrant. *On the late Massacre.*

That one talent which is death to hide.
On his Blindness.

God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.
Ib.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste? *To Mr. Lawrence.*

In mirth, that after no repenting draws.
To Cyriac Skinner.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know,
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains. *Ib.*

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. *To the Same.*

Of which all Europe rings from side to side. *Ib.*

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined. *On his Deceased Wife.*

But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night. *Ib.*

Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul. *On the new Forcers of Conscience.*

New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. *Ib.*

This is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free.
Translation. *Euripides.*

O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted.
Death of an Infant. *l. 1.*

Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent.
l. 74.

And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright.
Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity (1629). *l. 21.*

Nor war, nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung.
l. 53.

The winds that wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist. *l. 64.*

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold.
l. 135.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so. *l. 149.*

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.
l. 172.

The oracles are dumb. *l. 173.*

Time is our tedious song should here have ending. *l. 239.*

But headlong joy is ever on the wing.
The Passion. *l. 5.*

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe. *l. 8.*

Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse. **At a Solemn Music.**

Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire.
On May Morning.

Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have.
Epitaph. *Lady Winchester.* *l. 47.*

What needs my Shakspere for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
On Shakspere (1630).

Under a star-y-pointing pyramid. *Ib.*

Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument. *Ib.*

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. *Ib*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.*
Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce (1633–4).

The greatest burden in the world is superstition, not only of ceremonies in the church, but of imaginary and scarecrow sins at home. *Ib.*

Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live. *Ib.*

The faultless proprieties of nature. *Ib. Preface.*

God gave quails in his wrath, and kings in his wrath; yet neither of these things evil in themselves. *Ib., Book 2, ch. 5.*

The law of England is, at best, but the reason of parliament. **Eiconoclastes.** *Sec. 10.*

None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but licence.
Tenure of Kings and Magistrates (1649).

Who knows not that the king is a name of dignity and office, not of person? *Ib.*

Just deeds are the best answer to injurious words. **Observations upon the Articles of Peace with the Irish Rebels** (1649).

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees. **Tractate of Education** (1644).

Brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. *Ib.*

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing. *Ib.*

To which [the study of Plato, Aristotle, etc.] poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. *Ib.*

As good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book: who kills a Man kills a reasonable Creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the die. **Areopagitica** (1644).

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a Life beyond Life. *Ib.*

Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably. *Ib.*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam. *Ib.*

Let her and Falsehood grapple! Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? *Ib.*

Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. *Ib.*

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes, by transgressing, most truly kept the law. **Tetrachordon** (c. 1645).

Fever, the eternal reproach to the physicians. **Reason of Church Government** (1641). *Preface.*

In this manner of writing [*i.e.* prose] knowing myself inferior to myself . . . I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand. *Book 2. Introduction.*

A poet, soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him. *Ib.*

By labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die. *Ib.*

Inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery [of prelaty]. *Ib.*

The best apology against false accusers is silence and sufferance, and honest deeds set against dishonest words.
Apology for Smectymnuus (1642). *Introd.*

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem. *Ib.*

How well dost thou now appear to be a chip of the old block? *Ib., sec. 8.*

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command. *Ib., sec. 12.*

The fickleness which is attributed to us as we are islanders. **Ready and Easy Way** (1660).

MINCHIN, James Geo. Cotton (b. 1851)

In political discussion heat is in inverse proportion to knowledge.
The Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula (1886).

MOIR, David Macbeth ("Delta") (1798–1851)

We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee, everywhere.
Casa Wappy.

Weep not for her!—Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night:
Weep not for her!
A Dirge. *Blackwood's Magazine, July, 1826.*

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* *See* Bacon: "The sun, which passeth through pollutions," etc., pp. 7*b* and 13*b*.

MONSELL, Rev. John Samuel Bewley, LL.D. (1811–1875)

Ridden you need not fear to be,
By prophet or by priest,
Since Balaam's dead,—and none but he
Would choose you for his beast.
On a public man proclaiming that he would not be "priest-ridden."

MONTAGU, Lady Mary Wortley (née Lady Mary Pierrepoint) (1689–1762)

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.[*]
To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace. (*Pope.*)

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide:
In part she is to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied.[†]
The Lady's Resolve.

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.
The Lover.

But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.
The Answer.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary! kiss me, and be quiet.
Summary of Lord Lyttelton's Advice.

Copiousness of words, however ranged, is always false eloquence, though it will ever impose on some sort of understandings.
Letter to Lady Bute. *July 20, 1754.*

People are never so near playing the fool as when they think themselves wise.
March 1, 1755.

General notions are generally wrong.
Letter to Mr. Wortley Montagu. *March 28, 1710.*

Life is too short for any distant aim;
And cold the dull reward of future fame.
Epistle to the Earl of Burlington.

MONTGOMERY, James (1771–1854)

Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee—
Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown.
The Common Lot.

He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be. *Ib.*

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Home.

Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end. **Friends.**

Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.
Ib.

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
At Home in Heaven.

Who that hath ever been
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?
The Falling Leaf.

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
Issues of Life and Death.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love. *Ib.*

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story.
Aspirations of Youth.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge. *Ib.*

When the good man yields his breath,
(For the good man never dies).
The Wanderer of Switzerland. *Part 5.*

The friend of him who has no friend—
Religion. **The Pillow.**

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Hymns. *Prayer.*

The sad relief
That misery loves—the fellowship of grief.
The West Indies. *Part 3.*

To joys too exquisite to last,
And yet more exquisite when past.
The Little Cloud.

Bliss in possession will not last,
Remembered joys are never past. *Ib.*

Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.
Battle of Alexandria.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!
The Earth is full of God's Goodness.

A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Is worth an age of splendid discontent.
Greenland (1827). *Canto 2.*

Labour is but refreshment from repose. *Ib.*

Where justice reigns, 'tis freedom to obey.
Ib., 4.

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[*] *See* Young: "As in smooth oil the razor best is whet," etc. *Sat.* 2.

[†] Taken from Overbury. *See* "In part to blame is she," etc. *See* p. 240*a*.

MONTGOMERY, Robert (1807–1855)

The solitary monk that shook the world.
Luther. *Man's need and God's supply.* *l. 67.*

MONTROSE, Marquis of (James Graham) (1612–1650)

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.*
My Dear and only Love.

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword. *Ib.*

MOORE, Abraham (1766–1822)

Virtue's achievement, Folly's crime,
Whate'er of guilt or good the past has known,
Not e'en the Sire of all things, mighty Time,
Hath power to change, or make the deed undone.
Tr. of Pindar. *Olympian Odes. ii. 29.*

O'er woes long wept Oblivion softly lays
Her shadowy veil. *Ib., ii. 34.*

And Wealth, more bright with Virtue joined,
Brings golden Opportunity. *Ib., ii. 96.*

The lofty lucre of renown.
Ib. Isthmian Odes. i. 62.

MOORE, Edward (1712–1757)

I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.
The Gamester.† *ii. 2.*

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
Fables. *No. 10. The Spider and the Bee.*

The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensured to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never close. *No. 15.*

Beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,
And love unrewarded soon sickens and dies.
Song. *12.*

Poverty! thou source of human art,
Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!
Hymn to Poverty.

MOORE, George (b. 1855?)

Acting is therefore the lowest of the arts, if it is an art at all. **Mummer-worship.**

Cruelty was the vice of the ancient, vanity is that of the modern, world. *Ib.*

We distribute tracts, the French distribute medals. **Meissonier and the Salon Julian.**

All reformers are bachelors.
The Bending of the Bough. *Act i.*

The State and the family are for ever at war. *Ib.*

It is not a question of race; it is the land itself that makes the Celt. *Act iii.*

After all there is but one race—humanity. *Ib.*

The difficulty in life is the choice. *Act iv.*

The wrong way always seems the more reasonable. *Ib.*

MOORE, Thomas (1779–1852)

Still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer.
Odes of Anacreon.

Where I love I must not marry,
Where I marry, cannot love.
Love and Marriage.

Weep on; and as thy sorrows flow
I'll taste the *luxury of woe*! **Anacreontic.**

For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past! **Song.**

To love you is pleasant enough,
And, Oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.
To ——

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew. **Song.**

For ah, my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past!
And long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.
Elegiac Stanzas.

Though thus, my friend, so long employed,
And so much midnight oil destroyed,
I must confess, my searches past,
I only learned to doubt at last. **Morality.**

How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage! **To Thos. Hume, Esq.**

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
Irish Melodies. *Go where Glory.*

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
The Harp that once.

And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more. *Ib.*

Fly not yet; 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
Fly not yet.

Oh! stay—oh! stay—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon. *Ib.*

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* In Napier's "Memorials of Montrose" the lines are given:
"That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all."

† *The Gamester*, produced 1753. *See* Samuel Johnson's expression 1781, on the sale of Thrale's brewery (p. 179*b*)

231*a*

Oh ! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now. *Oh ! think not.*

No ; life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns. *Ib.*

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows !
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined. *Ib.*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore.
Rich and rare.

And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride. *Ib.*

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.
And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest. *How dear to me.*

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
Come, send round the wine.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close !
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose. *Believe me, if all.*

Oh, blame not the bard ! *Oh ! blame not.*

The moon looks
On many brooks ;
The brook can see no moon but this.[*]
While gazing on.

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.
Ill Omens.

Oh, remember, life can be
No charm for him who lives not free !
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
ore the Battle.

No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.
Love's young dream.

O Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again. *Weep on, weep on.*

231*b*

They'll wondering ask how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave. *Ib.*

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth.
Lesbia hath.

Eyes of most unholy blue. *By that lake.*

Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all !
Avenging and bright.

This life is all chequered with pleasures and woes. *This life is all.*

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee. *I saw thy form.*

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone. *'Tis the last rose.*

Then awake ! the heavens look bright, my dear ;
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear ;
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.[*] *The young May Moon.*

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still. *Farewell ! but whenever.*

Seasons may roll,
But the true soul,
Burns the same where'er it goes.
Come o'er the sea.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.
Ib.

Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.
When first I met thee.

The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
The time I've lost.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.[†] *Ib.*

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy love is still here. *Come, rest in this bosom.*

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art. *Ib.*

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[*] Suggested by the passage in Sir William Jones: "The moon looks upon many night flowers; the night flowers see but one moon."

[*] "But we that have but span-long life,
The thicker must lay on the pleasure ;
And since time will not stay,
We'll add night to the day,
Thus, thus we'll fill the measure."
—Duet printed 1795, but probably of earlier date.

[†] "The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone ;
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon."
—*Songs and Sonnets* (1557).

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care.
Smooths away a wrinkle. *Fill the bumper.*

Wert thou all that I wish thee,—great, glorious and free—
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea. *Remember thee!*

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame!
Forget not the field.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this. *They may rail.*

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away? *And doth not a meeting.*

To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends.
Corruption (1808).

But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
Ib.

Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid!
Oh! trust me, Self can cloud the brightest cause,
Or gild the worst. **The Sceptic** (1808).

And one wild Shakspeare, following Nature's lights,
Is worth whole planets filled with Stagyrites.
Ib.

A Persian's heaven is easily made,
'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade.
The Twopenny Post Bag. *Letter 6.*

Still the fattest and best-fitted P——e about town. *Letter 7.*

Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood.*
Trifles (1814). *What's my thought like?*

For trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love.
To a Lady with some Manuscript Poems.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.
Sacred Songs. *This world is all.*

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free.
Sound the loud timbrel.

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
Come, ye disconsolate.

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* Answer to the question, "Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?"

Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than words.
Lalla Rookh (1817). *The Veiled Prophet.*

From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shut glances of Kathay. *Ib.*

That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all.
Ib.

This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities! *Ib.*

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long. *Ib.*

Impatient of a scene whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul. *Ib.*

In all the graceful gratitude of power
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour.
Ib.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last. *Ib.*

One Morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate.
Paradise and the Peri.

Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!
Ib.

Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The Gates are past, and Heaven is won! *Ib.*

One of that saintly murderous brood
To carnage and the Koran given.
The Fire Worshippers.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!* *Ib.*

It is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. *Ib.* (*Prologue No. 2.*)

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame! *Ib.*

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips! *Ib.*

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell. *Ib.*

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* I never had a piece of toast,
Particularly long and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,
And always on the buttered side.
—*Anonymous Parody*, published in Walter Hamilton's *Parodies*, vol. 3, p. 268.

Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, even while it errs ;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still. *Ib.*

Deep, deep—where never care or pain,
Shall reach her innocent heart again ! *Ib.*

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love !
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow had more closely tied ;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity ! *Ib.*

And oh ! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this. *Ib.*

None knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together. *Ib.*

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die. *Ib.*

"This *must* be the music," said he, "of the *spears*,
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one ! "
The Fudge Family (1818). *5.*

Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs ?[*] *8.*

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest.
All that's bright.

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells !
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.
Those Evening Bells.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;
The smiles and tears
Of boyhood's years.
Oft in the stilly night.

I feel like one
Who treads alone,
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed ! *Ib.*

At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some perhaps may sigh.
Nets and Cages.

A torture kept for those who know,
Know everything, and, worst of all,
Know and love virtue while they fall.
Loves of the Angels (1823).

Like moonlight on the troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm. *Ib.*

The extremes of *too* much faith, and none.
Fables. *No. 5.*

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade. **Lines on the Death of Sheridan.**

Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go.
Song. *For the Poco-Curante Society.*

For oh, it was nuts to the Father of Lies,
(As this wily fiend is named in the Bible),
To find it was settled by laws so wise
That the greater the truth, the worse the libel. **A Case of Libel.**

For his was the error of head, not of heart.
The Slave.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know, for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy —— up, at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself. **A Speculation.**

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly ;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
How shall I woo?

For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
M.P. : or the Blue Stocking. (*Boat Glee.*)

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here." **Ballad Stanzas.**

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam ?
The Dream of Home.

Good at a fight, but better at a play,
Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.
On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand.

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.
Sovereign Woman.

Howe'er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman's glories is the heart.
Epilogue to the Tragedy " Ina."

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing ;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.
Juvenile Poems. *To ——.*

'Twere more than woman to be wise ;
'Twere more than man to wish thee so.
The Ring.

Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul, he'd rather be
Genteelly damned beside a Duke,
Than saved in vulgar company.
Epitaph on a Tuft-Hunter.

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[*] France. "On connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs."—*De la Reynière.*

MORE, Hannah (1745–1833)

Accept my thoughts for thanks; I have no
words. **Moses.**

In men this blunder still you find:
All think their little set mankind.
Florio.—The Bas Bleu.

Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes. *Ib.*

He liked those literary cooks
Who skim the cream of others' books;
And ruin half an author's graces
By plucking *bon-mots* from their places. *Ib.*

To those who know thee not, no words can
paint;
And those who know thee know all words are
faint. **Sensibility.**

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease;
And though but few can serve yet all may
please;
O! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
To spread large bounties though we wish in
vain
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
l. 293.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast.
Reflections of King Hezekiah. *l. 125.*

A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home;
A drop dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity. *l. 129.*

For you'll ne'er mend your fortunes, nor help
the just cause,
By breaking of windows, or breaking of laws.
Address to the Meeting in Spa Fields (1817).

MORE, Sir Thomas, Lord Chancellor (1478–1535)

So both the Raven and the Ape thincke their owne yonge the fairest.
Utopia (1516). (*Translated from Latin by Ralph Robinson, 1551.*)

For they maveyle that any man be so folyshe as to have delite and pleasure in the doubteful glisteringe of a lytil tryfellynge stone, which maye beholde annye of the starres or elles the sonne it selfe. *Ib.*

What delite can there be, and not rather dyspleasure in hearynge the barkynge and howlynge of dogges? Or what greater pleasure is there to be felte when a dogge followeth a hare than when a dogge followeth a dogge? *Ib.*

The man of law, that never saw
The ways to buy and sell,
Wenyng to rise by merchandise,
I pray God spede him well!
A Merry Jest.

For men use, if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good tourne we will write it in duste.
Richard III.

He should, as he list, be able to prove the moon made of grene cheese.
English Works. *p. 256.*

No more like together than is chalke to coles. *p. 674.*

A fonde olde manne is often as full of woordes as a woman. *p. 1,169.*

Whosoever loveth me loveth my hound.
First Sermon on the Lord's Prayer.

MORLEY, John, Viscount Morley of Blackburn (b. 1838)

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.
Address on Aphorisms. *Edinburgh, Nov. 1887.*

Those who would treat politics and morality apart will never understand the one or the other. **Rousseau.** *p. 380.*

You cannot demonstrate an emotion or prove an aspiration. *p. 402.*

The French tongue, which is the speech of the clear, the cheerful, or the august among men. *p. 436.*

Literature—the most seductive, the most deceiving, the most dangerous of professions.
Burke. *p. 9.*

It is always interesting, in the case of a great man, to know how he affected the women of his acquaintance. *p. 116.*

We could only wish that the years had brought to him what it ought to be the fervent prayer of all of us to find at the long close of the struggle with ourselves and with circumstances—a disposition to happiness, a composed spirit to which time has made things clear, an unambitious temper, and hopes undimmed for mankind. *p. 299.*

No man can climb out beyond the limitations of his own character.
Miscellanies. *Robespierre.* *p. 93.*

A great interpreter of life ought not himself to need interpretation. *Emerson.*

Letter-writing, that most delightful way of wasting time. *Life of Geo. Eliot.*

The most frightful idea that has ever corroded human nature, the idea of eternal punishment. *Vauvenargues.*

Where it is a duty to worship the sun it is pretty sure to be a crime to examine the laws of heat. *Voltaire.*

We are not called upon to place great men of his stamp as if they were collegians in a class-list. *Introduction to Wordsworth.*

It is not enough to do good; one must do it in a good way. **On Compromise.** *p. 58.*

Evolution is not a force but a process, not a cause but a law. *p. 210.*

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him. *p. 246.*

Simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect.
Life of Gladstone. *Vol. 1, p. 194.*

Every man of us has all the centuries in him. *p. 201.*

MORRIS, Charles (1739–1832)

Solid men of Boston, banish long potations;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations.
Pitt and Dundas's return to London.*

A house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, O! a good grove of chimneys for me.
The Contrast.

Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!
Ib.

MORRIS, George Pope (1802–1864)

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
Woodman, Spare that Tree.† (1830.)

Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of our birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth.
Land Ho!

A song for our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union for ever!
The Flag of our Union.‡

MORRIS, Sir Lewis (1833–1907)

Call no faith false which e'er hath brought
Relief to any laden life,
Cessation from the pain of thought,
Refreshment 'mid the dust of strife.
Songs of Two Worlds (1872–5). *Tolerance.*

Rest springs from strife, and dissonant chords beget
Divinest harmonies. *Love's Suicide.*

'Tis better far to love and be poor, than be rich with an empty heart. *Love in Death.*

For this of old is sure,
That change of toil is toil's sufficient cure. *Ib.*

The passionate love of Right, the burning hate of Wrong. **The Diamond Jubilee.**

Knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
While Duty is a path which all may tread.
Epic of Hades (1876–7). *Heré.*

Life is Act, and not to Do is Death.
Sisyphus.

MORRIS, William (1834–1896)

As in a dream a man stands, when draws nigh
The thing he fears with such wild agony,
Yet dares not flee from.
Life and Death of Jason (1867).
Book 4, l. 275.

Except the vague wish that they might not die,
The hopeless hope to flee from certainty,
Which sights and sounds we love will bring on us
In this sweet fleeting world and piteous.
Book 5, l. 385.

Nor did they think that they might long draw breath
In such an earthly Paradise as this;
But looked to find sharp ending to their bliss.
Book 6, l. 508.

And all around was darkness like a wall.
Book 7, l. 157.

Nought but images,
Lifelike but lifeless, wonderful but dead.
Book 8, l. 258.

So spake those wary foes, fair friends in look,
And so in words great gifts they gave and took,
And had small profit, and small loss thereby.
l. 379.

Wert thou more fickle than the restless sea,
Still should I love thee, knowing thee for such. *Book 9, l. 22.*

A far babbled name,
The ceaseless seeker after praise and fame.
l. 189.

So sung he joyously, nor knew that they
Must wander yet for many an evil day
Or ever the dread gods should let them come
Back to the white walls of their long-left home.
l. 330.

For of thy slaying nowise are we fain,
If we may pass unfoughten. *l. 368.*

Sorrow that bides, and joy that fleets away.
l. 436.

Be merry, think upon the lives of men,
And with what troubles three score years and ten
Are crowded oft, yea, even unto him
Who sits at home, nor fears for life and limb.
Book 10, l. 101.

Unwritten, half-forgotten tales of old.
Book 11, l. 464.

For still it savoured of the bitter sea.
Book 12, l. 109.

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* "Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
Solid men of Boston, drink no long potations;
Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sundown;
Never lose your way like the loggerheads of London."
—*Billy Pitt and the Farmer.*

Printed in *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces* (1786) without author's name.

† "Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree."
—*T. Campbell: The Beech Tree's Petition*, 1802.

‡ Then join hand in hand,
Brave Americans all;
By uniting we stand,
By dividing we fall.
John Dickinson: Liberty Song (1768).

The young men well nigh wept, and e'en the wise
Thought they had reached the gate of Paradise.
Book 13, l. 51.

Weep not, nor pity thine own life too much.
l. 315.

Then, when the world is born again
And the sweet year before thee lies,
Shall thy heart think of coming pain,
Or vex itself with memories?
Book 14, l. 213.

Meshed within this smoky net
Of unrejoicing labour. *Book 17, l. 10.*

Each man shall bear his own sin without doubt. *l. 122.*

Now such an one for daughter Creon had
As maketh wise men fools, and young men mad. *l. 199.*

Nor on one string are all life's jewels strung.
l. 1170.

The mischief of grudging and the marring of grasping. **Story of Child Christopher.**

The idle singer of an empty day.
The Earthly Paradise (1868). *Introduction.*

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight? *Ib.*

Lulled by the singer of an empty day. *Ib.*

For grief once told brings somewhat back of peace. *Prologue. The Wanderers. l. 72.*

And like to one he seemed whose better day
Is over to himself, though foolish fame
Shouts louder year by year his empty name.
l. 466.

But boundless risk must pay for boundless gain. *l. 1581.*

Slayer of the winter, art thou here again?
March. l. 1.

And memories vague of half-forgotten things,
Not true nor false, but sweet to think upon.
l. 63.

The strongest tower has not the highest wall.
Think well of this, when you sit safe at home.
The Story of Cupid and Psyche. l. 896.

Say-all-you-know shall go with clouted head,
Say-nought-at-all is beaten.
The Lovers of Gudrun—Tidings brought to Bathstead. l. 121.

Ill comes from ill,
And as a thing begins, so ends it still.
The Stealing of the Coif. l. 140.

Drag on, long night of winter, in whose heart,
Nurse of regret, the dead spring yet has part!
Fostering of Aslang. Conclusion.

Some folks seem glad even to draw their breath. *Bellerophon at Argos. l. 472.*

Not good it is to harp on the frayed string.
l. 479.

For ever must the rich man hate the poor.
l. 515.

The Gods are kind, and hope to men they give
That they their little span on earth may live,
Nor yet faint utterly. *l. 1617.*

Since no grief ever born can ever die,
Through changeless change of seasons passing by. *February. St. 3.*

To such as fear is trouble ever dead?
Bellerophon in Lycia. l. 2230.

Long is it to the ending of the day,
And many a thing may hap ere eventide.
l. 2857.

Trust slayeth many a man, the wise man saith. *l. 2902.*

O Death in life, O sure pursuer, Change,
Be kind, be kind, and touch me not.
l. 3485.

There are such as fain would be the worst
Amongst all men, since best they cannot be,
So strong is that wild lie that men call pride.
The Hill of Venus. Sts. 184 and 185.

Since each trade's ending needs must be the same:
And we men call it Death. *Epilogue. l. 7.*

Ah me! all praise and blame, they heed it not;
Cold are the yearning hearts that once were hot. *l. 83.*

Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant;
Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,
Though still the less we knew of its intent.
L'Envoi. St. 13.

Fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them. **A Dream of John Ball** (1888).

MORTON, Thomas (1764?–1838)

Always ding-dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—What will Mrs. Grundy say? or, What will Mrs. Grundy think?
Speed the Plough (1798). *i. 1.*

I eat well, drink well, and sleep well, but that's all, Tom, that's all. [*Sir Mark Chace.*]
A Roland for an Oliver (1819).

Push on—keep moving!
A Cure for the Headache (1797). *ii. 1.*

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed. *v. 2.*

MOSS, Rev. Thomas (1740–1808)

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have brought him to your door.
The Beggar's Petition (1769).

Oh, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store. *Ib.*

A pampered menial* drove me from the door.
Ib.

MOTHERWELL, William (1797–1835)

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day.
Jeanie Morrison.

MULOCK, Dinah Maria (*see* **Craik**)

MUNDAY, Anthony (1553–1633)

Sloth is a foe unto all virtuous deeds. **Sloth.**

MURPHY, Arthur (1727–1805)

Cheerfulness, sir, is the principal ingredient in the composition of health.
The Apprentice (1756). *ii. 4.*

The people of England are never so happy as when you tell them they are ruined.
The Upholsterer (1758). *ii. 1.*

Let those love now, who never loved before;
And those who always loved, now love the more. **Know your own Mind** (1778). *iii. 1.*

MURPHY, Joseph John (fl. 1870–1880)

Eternity is not, as men believe,
Before and after us an endless line.
Classical and Biblical Studies. *Eternity.*

Why hast Thou made me so,
My Maker? I would know
Wherefore Thou gav'st me such a mournful dower;—
Toil that is oft in vain,
Knowledge that deepens pain,
And longing to be pure, without the power.
Ib.

MURRAY, Robert F. (19th Century)

Every critic in the town
Runs the minor poet down;
Every critic—don't you know it?—
Is himself a minor poet. **Poems** (1893).

MYERS, Frederic Wm. Henry (1843–1901)

Simple and strong and desolate and daring,
Leaps to the great embraces of the sea.
St. Paul (1867).

Died of the kisses of the lips of God.
Ib. (*Of Moses*).

God, with sweet strength, with terror and with trancing,
Spake in the purple mystery of dawn. *Ib.*

NAIRNE, Carolina, Baroness (née **Oliphant** (1766–1645)

I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
The Land o' the Leal.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.
The Laird of Cockpen.

Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men. **Caller Herrin'.**

O, we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin';
O, we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.
We're a' Noddin'.

NEALE, Rev. John Mason (1818–1866)

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Translated from the Greek.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care.
Hymn. *Brief Life.*

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest. **Hymn.**

They whose course on earth is o'er
Think they on their brethren more?
All Souls. *Vespers. St. 1.*

NEAVES, Charles (Lord Neaves) (1800–1876)

Mutton old and claret good were Caledonia's forte,
Before the Southron taxed her drink and poisoned her with port.
Beef and Potatoes.

I'm very fond of water;
It ever must delight
Each mother's son and daughter,
When qualified aright.*
I'm very fond of Water (*June*, 1861).

No customer brings so much grist to the mill
As the wealthy old woman who makes her own Will. **The Jolly Testator.**

So I wonder a woman, the Mistress of Hearts,
Should descend to aspire to be Master of Arts;
A Ministering Angel in woman we see,
And an angel need covet no other Degree.
O why should a Woman not get a Degree.

NEWBOLT, Sir Henry John (b. 1862)

To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth;
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.
The Island Race (1898). *Clifton Chapel.*

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* The words, "A pampered menial," were substituted by Goldsmith for "A livery servant."

* Pure water is the best of gifts that man to man can bring,
But who am I that I should have the best of anything?
Let princes revel at the pump, let peers with ponds make free;
Whiskey or wine or even beer is good enough for me.
Anon. Attributed to the Hon. G. W. E. Russell and also to Lord Neaves, but not published in his "Songs and Verses," where the quatrain above quoted appears. For other versions, see "Notes and Queries," Oct. 23, 1897.

The work of the world must still be done,
And minds are many though truth be one.
The Echo.

Lives obscurely great. *Minora sidera.*

Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong. *Craven.*

But the Gordons know what the Gordons dare,
When they hear the pipers playing.
The Gay Gordons.

And the flags were all a-flutter, and the bells were all a-chime. *San Stephano.*

For bragging-time was over, and fighting-time was come. *Hawke.*

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame! *Admirals All.*

For me, there's nought I would not leave
For the good Devon land. *Laudabunt alii.*

Born to fail,
A name without an echo.
The Non-Combatant.

A bumping pitch, and a blinding light,
An hour to play, and the last man in.
Vitæ Lampada.

The voice of the schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up, play up! and play the game!"
Ib.

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come.
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Drake's Drum.

Where the old trade's plyin', an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him 'ware and wakin', as they found him long ago. *Ib.*

And bitter memory cursed with idle rage
The greed that coveted gold above renown,
The feeble hearts that feared their heritage,
The hands that cast the sea-king's sceptre down,
And left to alien brows their famed ancestral crown. *Væ victis.*

England, on thy knees to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right. *The Vigil.*

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Still thy spirit wanders mad;
All too late they love that wronged thee,
Ireland, Ireland, green and sad.
Ireland, Ireland.

For the Island's sons the word still runs,
"The King, and the King's Highway."
The King's Highway (*Aug., 1914*).

NEWMAN, Cardinal John Henry (1801–1890)

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on! **The Pillar of Cloud.**—
Written at Sea, June 16, 1833.

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
Ib.

Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name. **The Dream of Gerontius.**

Time hath a taming hand. **Persecution.**

From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know of no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery.
Apologia pro Vita Sua (1864). *Ch. 2.*

NEWTON, Sir Isaac (1642–1727)

I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell, than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.
Statement by Sir Isaac Newton.[*]
Brewster's Memoirs. Vol. 2, ch. 27.

If I have done the public any service, it is due to patient thought.
Remark to Dr. Bentley.

NEWTON, John (1725–1807), D.D.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.
The Name of Jesus.

NICHOLS, J. B. B. (20th cent.)

I have no longing for things great and fair,
Beauty and strength and grace of word or deed;
For all sweet things my soul has ceased to care;
Infinite pity—that is all its need.
During Music.

NOEL, Thos. (1799–1861)

Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.
The Pauper's Drive.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
Song.

NORMANBY, Marquis of (*see* Phipps)

NORRIS, Rev. John (1657–1711)

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone:
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright;
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.[†]
The Parting (1687). *St. 4.*

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[*] *See* Milton: "As children gathering pebbles on the shore," p. 223*a*.
[†] *Cf.* Campbell, p. 66*b*.

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay,
They do but visit, and away.
To the Memory of my dear Niece. *St. 10.*

Our discontent is from comparison:
Were better states unseen, each man would
like his own. **The Consolation.** *St. 2.*

Reading without thinking may indeed make a rich common-place, but 'twill never make a clear head.
Of the Advantages of Thinking.

NORTON, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, afterwards Lady Maxwell (née Sheridan) (1808–1877)

I am listening for the voices
Which I heard in days of old.
The Lonely Harp.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
Sorrows of Rosalie (1829).

NUGENT, Robert Craggs, Earl Nugent (1702–1788)

Whoever would be pleased and please,
Must do what others do with ease.
Epistle to a Lady.

Safer with multitudes to stray,
Than tread alone a fairer way:
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong. *Ib.*

Remote from liberty and truth;
By fortune's crime, my early youth
Drank error's poisoned springs.
Ode to Wm. Pulteney.* *St. 1.*

Though Cato lived, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
Yet perished fated Rome. *St. 7.*

OCCLEVE (*see* **Hoccleve**)

O'HARA, Kane (1714?–1782)

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour
of your tongue.
Why flash those sparks of fury from your
eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak the
prejudice is strong. **Midas** (1773?). *i. 4.*

O'KEEFFE, John (1747–1833)

He dying bequeathed to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me.
The Farmer. *Opera, Act i.*

How happy's the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a
day! **The Poor Soldier.**

OLDHAM, John (1653–1683)

I wear my Pen as others do their Sword.
To each affronting sot I meet, the word
Is *Satisfaction*: straight to thrusts I go,
And pointed satire runs him through and
through. **Satire upon a Printer.** *l. 35.*

Whate'er my fate is, 'tis my fate to write.
A Letter from the Country to a Friend in Town.

Praise, the fine diet which we're apt to love,
If given to excess, does hurtful prove. *Ib.*

Fixed as a habit or some darling sin. *Ib.*

Lord of myself, accountable to none.
But to my conscience, and my God alone.
A Satire addressed to a Friend.

On Butler who can think without just rage,
The glory, and the scandal of the age?
A Satire: Spenser dissuading the Author. *l. 175.*

The wretch, at summing up his misspent days,
Found nothing left, but poverty and praise.
l. 182.

And all your fortune lies beneath your hat.
A Satire addressed to a Friend about to leave the University.

As if thou hadst unlearned the power to hate.
To the Memory of Charles Morwent. *St. 15.*

Thy sweet obligingness could supple hate,
And out of it, its contrary create. *St. 17.*

Racks, gibbets, halters were their arguments.
Satires upon the Jesuits.
No. 1. Garnet's Ghost.

A wound, though cured, yet leaves behind a
scar. *No. 3. Loyola's Will.*

Curse on that man whom* business first
designed,
And by 't enthralled a freeborn lover's mind.
Complaining of Absence.

This the just right of poets ever was,
And will be still, to coin what words they
please.
Horace's Art of Poetry: Imitated.

Music's the cordial of a troubled breast,
The softest remedy that grief can find;
The gentle spell that charms our care to rest
And calms the ruffled passions of the mind.
Music does all our joys refine,
And gives the relish to our wine.
An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

Good sense must be the certain standard still
To all that will pretend to writing well. *Ib.*

Lights by mere chance upon some happy
thought. *Ib.*

For there's no second-rate in poetry. *Ib.*

OLDYS, William (1696–1761)

Make the most of life you may—
Life is short and wears away.
Song: *Busy, curious, thirsty fly.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I. *Ib.*

OLIPHANT, Caroline (*see* **Baroness Nairne**)

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* Referring to the poet's renunciation of Roman Catholicism.

* Possibly a misprint for "who."

O'NEILL, Moira (20th Cent.)

Ah, no use o' talkin'! Sure a woman's born to wed,
An' not go wastin' all her life by waitin' till she's dead!
Haven't we the men to mind that couldn't, for the lives o' them,
Keep their right end uppermost, only for the wives o' them?
More Songs of the Glens of Antrim (1922).

OPIE, Amelia (née Alderson) (1769–1853)

But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not!
Go, Youth beloved. *Lines in "Edinburgh Review," i. 16.*

OSGOOD, Frances Sargent (née Locke) (1811–1850)

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.
Little Things (c. 1846).

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the Heaven above. *Ib.*

OTWAY, Thomas (1652–1685)

Justice is lame as well as blind, amongst us.
Venice Preserved (1682). *i. 1.*

Wronged me! in the nicest point—
The honour of my house. *Ib.*

Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten. *Ib.*

O woman, lovely woman, nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair to look like you. *Ib.*

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life. *Ib.*

A brave revenge
Ne'er comes too late. *iii. 1.*

Big with the fate of Rome.[*] *Ib.*

Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue. *Ib.*

Trust not a man: we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant;
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
The Orphan (1681). *Ib., ii. 1.*

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betrayed the Capitol? A woman!

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[*] *See* Addison: "Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome" (p. 1*a*).

Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Ib., iii. 1.

Long she flourished,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye:
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.
Ib., iv. 2.

Polydore. Let us embrace, and from this very moment
Vow an eternal misery together.
Monimia. And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch,
Never grow fond of cheerful peace again?
Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
And find out ways how to increase affliction?
Ib., iv. 2. (Found in original printed edition, but omitted in later versions.)

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven.
Windsor Castle.

For who's a prince or beggar in the grave?
Ib.

Children blessings seem, but torments are;
When young, our folly, and when old, our fear.
Don Carlos.

OVERBURY, Sir Thomas (1581–1613)

Each woman is a brief of womankind.
A Wife (*pub. 1614*).

Or rather let me love than be in love. *Ib.*

Things were first made, then words. *Ib.*

In part to blame is she
Which hath without consent been only tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied.[*]
St. 36.

In the way of love and glory
Each tongue best tells his own story.
Of the Choice of a Wife.

Let others write for glory or reward;
Truth is well paid when she is sung and heard.
Elegy on Lord Effingham. *Ad fin.*

His discourse sounds big, but means nothing.
Characters. *An Affectate Traveller.*

He disdaineth all things above his reach, and preferreth all countries before his own. *Ib.*

She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel), she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune[†] . . . and fears no manner of ill because she means none.
A Fair and Happy Milkmaid.

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[*] Quoted by Lady M. W. Montagu in *The Resolve. See* p. 229*a*.

[†] The lines by Richard Gifford (p. 144*b*), "Verse sweetens toil," etc., seem to have been suggested by this passage.

OXENHAM, John (pseudon.) (b. c. 1860)

He died the noblest death a man may die,
Fighting for God and Right and Liberty;
And such a death is Immortality.
War Poem (1916).

PAINE, Robert Treat (1773–1811)

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls
its waves. **Adams and Liberty.**

PAINE, Thomas (1737–1809)

These are the times that try men's souls.
The American Crisis.

The sublime and the ridiculous are so often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.
Age of Reason (1793). *Part 2* (*note*).

PALEY, Archdeacon William (1743–1805)

Who can refute a sneer?
Moral Philosophy (1785).
Vol. 2, book 5, ch. 5.

PALGRAVE, Francis Turner (1824–1897)

To his own self not always just,
Bound in the bonds that all men share,—
Confess the failings as we must,
The lion's mark is always there!
Nor any song so pure, so great,
Since his, who closed the sightless eyes,
Our Homer of the war in Heaven,
To wake in his own Paradise.
William Wordsworth.

PALMERSTON, Viscount, Henry John Temple (1784–1865)

What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another.
Speeches. (*Quoted by Carlyle in "Shooting Niagara."*)

You may call it an accidental and fortuitous concourse of atoms. *1857.*

PARKER, Edward Hazen, M.D. (1823–1896)

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's victory won,*
Now cometh rest.
Funeral Ode on President Garfield.

PARKER, Martin (d. 1656?)

Ye gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas!
Ye Gentlemen of England.

Then we ride, as the tide,
When the stormy winds do blow. *Ib.*

PARNELL, Thomas (1679–1718)

Remote from man, with God he passed his
days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
The Hermit.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Elegy to an old Beauty.

What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoyed with thee.
Eclogues. *Health.*

PATMORE, Coventry Kersey Dighton (1823–1896)

Grant me the power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words.
The Angel in the House. *Book 1, canto 1.*
(*Prelude 1.*) (1853).

Beauty's elixir vitæ, praise.
Book 2. Prologue (1854).

The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic for defect.
Book 2, canto 11. (*The Wedding, 3.*) (1856).

Her pleasure in her power to charm.
Canto 12. (*The Abdication, 4.*)

PAYNE, John Howard (1791–1852)

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like
home. **Clari, or the Maid of Milan** (1823).
(*Opera*). *Song, "Home, Sweet Home!"*

PEACOCK, Thos. Love (1785–1866)

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
The Misfortunes of Elphin (1829).
Ch. 11. War Song of Dinas Vawr.

His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow our chorus. *Ib.*

It was a dictum of Porson, that "Life is too short to learn German"; meaning, I apprehend, not that it is too difficult to be acquired within the ordinary space of life, but that there is nothing in it to compensate for the portion of life bestowed on its acquirement. **Gryll Grange,** *ch. 3.*

For Nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.
Headlong Hall, *ch. 5* (*Song*).

There are two reasons for drinking: one is, when you are thirsty, to cure it; the other, when you are not thirsty, to prevent it. . . . Prevention is better than cure. [*Mr. Portpipe.*] **Melincourt,** *ch. 16.*

That canker at the heart of national prosperity, the imaginary riches of paper credit. *Ib., ch. 26.*

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* These lines are inscribed on Garfield's tomb. The last lines are often given:
"Life's crown well won,
Then comes rest."

Respectable means rich, and decent means poor. I should die if I heard my family called decent. [*Lady Clarinda.*]
Crotchet Castle, *ch. 3.*

I [Mr. Skionar] never failed to convince an audience that the best thing they could do was to go away. *Ib., ch. 18.*

PEELE, George (c. 1558 ?–1597 ?)

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's Curse,
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.
The Arraignment of Paris (c. 1681). *i. 2.*

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by encreasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen.
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.
Polyhymnia (1590). "*Sonnet,*" *ad finem.**

Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside at every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame.
Old Wives' Tale.

PENN, William (1644–1718)

No pain, no palm; no thorns, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown.†
No Cross, No Crown (1669).

The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious and devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wore here make them strangers.‡ **Some Fruits of Solitude.**

PEPYS, Samuel (1633–1703)

Strange the difference of men's talk!
Diary. *1660.*

A lazy, poor sermon. *Ib.*

There was one also for me from Mr. Blackburne; who with his own hand superscribes it to S. P., Esq., of which God knows I was not a little proud. *March 25, 1660.*

It comes now into my mind to observe that I am sensible that I have been a little too free to make mirth with the minister of our ship, he being a very sober and upright man. *April 11, 1660.*

Gallantly great. *June 9, 1660.*

A silk suit which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. *July 1, 1660.*

Mr. Butler was now all full of his high discourse in praise of Ireland. . . . But so many lies I never heard in praise of anything as he told of Ireland. *July 28, 1660.*

I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. *Oct. 13, 1660.*

If a man should be out and forget his last sentence . . . then his last refuge is to begin with an Utcunque.* *Jan. 23, 1661.*

Indeed it is good, though wronged by my over great expectations, as all things else are. *Jan. 31, 1661.*

Very merry, and the best fritters that ever I ate in my life. *Feb. 26, 1661* (*Shrove Tues.*).

A good, honest, and painfull sermon. *March 17, 1661.*

But good God! what an age is this and what a world is this! that a man cannot live without playing the knave and dissimulation. *Sept. 1, 1661.*

All our talk about the great happiness that my Lady Wright says there is in being in the fashion, and in variety of fashions, in scorn of others that are not so, as citizens' wives and country gentlewomen. *Dec. 3, 1661.*

But methought it lessened my esteem of a king, that he should not be able to command the rain. *July 19, 1662.*

I see it is impossible for the King to have things done as cheap as other men. *July 21, 1662.*

God preserve us! for all these things bode very ill. *Aug. 31, 1662.*

But Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange. *Nov. 28, 1662.*

Good and much company, and a good dinner; most of their discourse was about hunting, in a dialect I understand very little. *Nov. 22, 1663.*

While we were talking came by several poor creatures, carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. . . . I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched. *Aug. 7, 1664.*

Pretty, witty Nell. [Nell Gwynne.] *April 3, 1665.*

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* Another version is published in Segar's *Honor, Military and Civill*" (1602)—
"My golden locks Time hath to silver turned;
(O Time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing!)
My youth 'gainst age, and age 'gainst youth hath spurnd,
But spurnd in vaine; youth waineth by encreasing.
Beauty, strength, and youth flowers fading beene;
Duety, faith, and love, are rootes and ever greene."

† *See* Quarles: "He that had no cross deserves no crown"; *also* Proverb, "No house without a mouse; no throne without a thorn."

‡ We are all of the same religion without knowing it. —*Voltaire: Sermon by "Josias Rossette."*

* Utcunque = howsoever.

But Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the River; and grass grows all up and down Whitehall Court.
Sept. 20, 1665.

Whether the fellow do this out of kindness or knavery, I cannot tell; but it is pretty to observe. *Oct. 7, 1665.*

Strange to see how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody. *Nov. 9, 1665.*

Strange to say what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition. *Dec. 25, 1665.*

And mighty proud I am (and ought to be thankful to God Almighty) that I am able to have a spare bed for my friends.
Aug. 8, 1666.

But, Lord! to see what success do, whether with or without reason, and making a man seem wise. *Aug. 15, 1666.*

I bless God I do find that I am worth more than ever I yet was, which is £6,200, for which the Holy Name of God be praised.
Oct. 31, 1666.

I observe something of ill-nature in myself, more than should be. *Dec. 20, 1666.*

But it is pretty to see what money will do.
March 21, 1667.

What he [Charles II] said was mighty weak.
Sept. 4, 1667.

And here do I see what creatures widows are in weeping for their husbands and then presently leaving off; but I cannot wonder at it, the cares of the world taking place of all other passions. *Oct. 17, 1667.*

A very good and seraphic kind of a sermon, too good for an ordinary congregation.
May 24, 1668. (*Of a sermon by "Jervas Fullword."*)

A good dinner, and company that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. *July 19, 1668.*

PERCIVAL, James Gates (1795–1856)

The world is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies.
Prevalence of Poetry.

PERCY, Thomas, Bishop of Dromore (1729–1811)

It was a friar of orders grey
Walked forth to tell his beads.
The Friar of Orders Grey. (*Old Ballad.*)

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again. *Ib.*

PHELPS, Edward John, Statesman, U.S. (1822–1900)

The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything.* **Speech.**
Mansion House, London, Jan. 24, 1889.

PHILIPS, Ambrose (1675?–1749)

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.
From Holland.

Softly speak and sweetly smile.
Fragment of Sappho.

The flowers anew returning seasons bring,
But beauty faded has no second spring.
Pastoral. *1.*

PHILIPS, John (1676–1708)

Rejoice, O Albion! severed from the world,
By Nature's wise indulgence.
Cider (1708). *Book 2.*

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling.
The Splendid Shilling (1701).

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue?)
An horrid chasm disclosed. *Ib.*

PHILLIPS, Stephen (1868–1915)

How good it is to live, even at the worst!
Christ in Hades (1896). *l. 103.*

The red-gold cataract of her streaming hair.
Herod (1900). *Act i.*

I am deaf with praises, and all dazed with flowers. *Ib.*

It is the fault of dreamers to fear fate. *Ib.*

Might there not be
Some power in gentleness we dream not of?
Ib.

Who stabs at this my heart, stabs at a kingdom;
These veins are rivers, and these arteries
Are very roads; this body is your country.
Ib., Act ii.

They who grasp the world,
The Kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
Must pay with deepest misery of spirit,
Atoning unto God for a brief brightness.
Act iii.

As rich and purposeless as is the rose,
Thy simple doom is to be beautiful.
Marpessa. *l. 51.*

Beautiful Faith, surrendering unto Time.
l. 62.

What is the love of men that women seek it?
l. 74.

We cannot choose; our faces madden men.
Paolo and Francesca (1900). *ii. 1.*

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* "The greatest general is he who makes the fewest mistakes."—Saying attributed to Napoleon. *See also* S. Smiles: "We learn wisdom from failure," etc.

Sing, minstrel, sing us now a tender song
Of meeting and parting, with the moon in it.
Ulysses (1902). *Act i. 1.*

What were revel without wine?
What were wine without a song? *iii. 2.*

A man not old, but mellow, like good wine. *Ib.*

O for a living man to lead!
That will not babble when we bleed;
O for the silent doer of the deed!
One that is happy in his height,
And one that in a nation's night
Hath solitary certitude of light. **A Man.**

PHILPOTTS, Eden (b. 1862)

You thought to grasp the world; but you shall keep
Its curses only, crowned upon your brow.
You that have fouled the purple, broke your vow,
And sowed the wind of death, the whirlwind you shall reap.
Unto this Last (*pub.* Sept. 9, 1914).

A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin';
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,
Wi' a power o' faith in gert tomorrows.
Man's Days. *The Gaffer's Song.*

The universe is full of magical things, patiently waiting for our wits to grow sharper. **A Shadow Passes.**

When the dust of the workshop is still,
The dust of the workman at rest,
May some generous heart find a will
To seek and to treasure his best.
When the dust of the workshop is still.

Spring counts no seed and gleans no treasure. . . . Summer kisses her tired eyes, and takes her crown and sceptre. **Girl and the Faun.**

PHIPPS, Constantine Henry, Marquis of Normanby (1797–1863)

Property has its duties as well as its rights.* **Letter, when Viceroy of Ireland.**

PINDAR, Peter (*see* Wolcot)

PINERO, Sir Arthur Wing (b. 1855)

What beautiful fruit! I love fruit, when it is expensive. (*Paula.*)
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray (1893). *Act i.*

All jealous women are mad. (*Drummle.*) *Act ii.*

If there were *many* more like her [Mrs. Panmure], the stock of halos would give out. **Preserving Mr. Panmure.** *Act i.*

I'm two-and-thirty, and I missed my tip in town; and, such as he is, he's my prize-packet. (*Dulcie.*) *Act ii.*

Married men are viler than bachelors. (*Mrs. Hebblethwaite.*) *Ib.*

Stulkeley. There is only one thing *to* be done.
Woodhouse. What's that?
Stulkeley. To wait and see.
Woodhouse. Wait and see!
Stulkeley. Wait and see what happens. *Act iii.*

I was one of the tempted, and not one of the strong. **The Profligate** (1887). *Act iii.*

In times of tribulation, suspense, affliction, we ought indeed, in seeking deliverance, to try *everything*—even prayer. (*Rev. Stephen Glyn.*) **The Freaks** (1917). *Act ii.*

Regret is a woman's natural food, Mr. Phenyl,—she thrives upon it. (*Minnie Gilfillian.*) **Sweet Lavender** (1893). *Act iii.*

The only rank which elevates a woman is that which a gentle spirit bestows upon her. *Ib.*

Paris is the middle-aged woman's paradise. **The Princess and the Butterfly** (1897). *Act i.*

Those who love deeply cannot age. *Ib., Act v.*

PIOZZI, Hester Lynch (Mrs. Thrale—née Salusbury) (1741–1821)

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
That love of life increased with years,
So much that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
The Three Warnings.

'Tis never for their wisdom that one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittiest; 'tis for benevolence and virtue and honest fondness one loves people; the other qualities make one proud of loving them, too. **Letter.** *To Fanny Burney, 1781.*

A physician can sometimes parry the scythe of death, but has no power over the sand in the hourglass. **Letter.** *To F. Burney, Nov. 12, 1781.*

PITT, Christopher (1699–1748)

To all proportioned terms he must dispense
And make the sound a picture of the sense.*
Translation of Vida's Art of Poetry.

When things are small the terms should still be so,
For low words please us when the theme is low. *Ib.*

Talks much, and says just nothing for an hour.
Truth and the text he labours to display,
Till both are quite interpreted away.
On the Art of Preaching.

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* The letter in which this phrase occurred was, according to Mr. David R. Pigot, Master of the Exchequer in Ireland, and son of Chief Baron Pigot, "jointly composed by Wolfe, Drummond, and Chief Baron Pigot," and "none of them was afterwards able to say who suggested the celebrated phrase."—McLennan's *Memoir of Thos. Drummond* (1867), p. 338.

* *Cf.* Pope: "Make the sound an echo of the sense."

PITT, William, Earl of Chatham (1708–1778)

The atrocious crime of being a young man . . . I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny. **Speeches.** *House of Commons, 1740.*

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom; youth is the season of credulity. *January 14, 1766.*

There is something behind the Throne greater than the King himself. *House of Lords, March 2, 1770.*

Where law ends, tyranny begins. *January 9, 1770.*

PITT, Hon. William (1759–1806)

The remark is just—but then you have not been under the wand of the magician. **In reference to the eloquence of Fox.** *1783.*

Necessity is the plea for every infringement of human freedom. It is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves. **Speeches.** *The India Bill, November 18, 1783.*

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy. *1790.*

England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, I trust, save Europe by her example.[*] **Last Speech,** *Guildhall, Oct.,* 1805. (*Stanhope's version*).

O my country! how I leave my country![†] **Last Words** (*Traditional*).

PITT, William (1790 ?–1840)

A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!
The Sailor's Confession.

PLANCHÉ, James Robinson (1796–1880)

Nothing is so impudent as Success—unless it be those she favours. **Success** (*Burletta*) (*1825*).

For music any words are good enough. **" The Birds " of Aristophanes** (*1846*).

To talk of architecture is a joke,
Till you can build a chimney that won't smoke. *Ib.*

But Cupid is a downy cove,
Wot it takes a deal to hinder;
And if you shuts him out o' the door,
Vy he valks in at the winder.
The Discreet Princess (1855).

PLUMPTRE, Edward Hayes, Dean of Wells (1821–1891)

May Might and Right,
And sovran Zeus, as third, my helpers be!
Trans. of Æschylus. *Coephoroe, 240.*

Long tarries destiny,
But comes to those who pray. *Ib., 462.*

Fame in excess is but a perilous thing. *Ib., Agamemnon, 453.*

And now will I to home and household hearth
Move on, and first give thanks unto the Gods,
Who led me forth and brought me back again. *Ib., 824.*

Make not my path offensive to the Gods
By spreading it with carpets. *Ib., 891.*

The nightingale, who still with sorrowing soul,
And " Itys, Itys " cry,
Bemoans a life o'er-flourishing in ills. *Ib., 1139.*

POE, Edgar Allan (1809–1849)

In the heavens above
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, amid their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of " mother."
To my Mother.

To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome. **To Helen.**

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.
A Dream within a Dream.

A dirge for her, the doubly-dead,
In that she died so young. **Lenore.**

While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore. **The Raven** (1845). *St. 1.*

Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore. *St. 2.*

Darkness there, and nothing more. *St. 4.*

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting; dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before. *St. 5.*

'Tis the wind, and nothing more. *St. 6.*

" Prophet! " said I, " thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us,—by that God we both adore." *St. 16.*

" Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door! "
Quoth the Raven, " Nevermore." *St. 17.*

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme. **The Bells.**

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! *Ib.*

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[*] In 1814 a medal was struck to commemorate the Treaty of Paris, with an inscription, " SEIPSUM CONSTANTIA EUROPAM EXEMPLO." [Herself by fortitude, Europe by example.] Macaulay's version of Pitt's last speech gives the words, " Let us hope that England, having saved herself by her energy, may save Europe by her example."

[†] Or " How I love my country." Both forms are, however, declared to be apocryphal. *See* p. 251*a*.

They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls! *Ib.*

POLLOK, Rev. Robert (1798–1827)

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
The Course of Time (1827). *Book 1, 464.*

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane" *
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Book 4, 389.

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in. *Book 8, 616.*

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
Book 8, 632.

Slander, the foulest whelp of sin. *Book 8, 715.*

POMFRET, Rev. John (1667–1702)

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.†
Verses to his Friend. *l. 45.*

For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.
The Choice (1700). *l. 31.*

Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse.
l. 55.

And when committed to the dust I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropped into my grave.
l. 164.

And who would run, that's moderately wise,
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize?
Love triumphant over Reason. *l. 85.*

What's all the noisy jargon of the schools
But idle nonsense of laborious fools,
Who fetter reason with perplexing rules?
Reason. *l. 57.*

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore.
l. 99.

We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.
l. 112.

POOLE, John (1786?–1872)

I hope I don't intrude. **Paul Pry** (1825).

POPE, Alexander (1688–1744)

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill.
Essay on Criticism (1711). *l. 1.*

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. *l. 6.*

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
l. 15.

Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools. *l. 26.*

All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
l. 33.

One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit. *l. 60.*

Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
l. 66.

Cavil you may, but never criticise. *l. 123.*

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
l. 179.

Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found. *l. 190.*

Pride, the never-failing vice of fools. *l. 204.*

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again. *l. 213.*

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.
l. 232.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
l. 253.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.* *l. 297.*

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
l. 309.

Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile. *l. 327.*

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. *l. 333.*

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
l. 342.

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* Byron, *Childe Harold*, canto 4, 184.

† *See* Dryden, "Bless the hand," etc.; and Pope, p. 248*a*.

* Paraphrased by Johnson in his Life of Cowley: "Wit is that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed."

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.
l. 347.

Where'er you find "the western cooling breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep":
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
l. 350.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
l. 362.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride, or little sense.
l. 384.

For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
l. 391.

Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
l. 406.

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the art brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
l. 419.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
l. 431.

And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
l. 437.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
l. 466.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.* *l. 525.*

All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.
l. 558.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense.
l. 566.

And make each day a critic on the last.
l. 571.

Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do. *l. 573.*

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
l. 574.

Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
l. 583.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.
l. 612.

With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
l. 617.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
l. 625.

Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
(*Homer*) *l. 648.*

And to be dull was construed to be good.
l. 690.

Content if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.
l. 739.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!
The Rape of the Lock (1712). *Canto 1, l. 1.*

Beware of all, but most beware of man.
l. 114.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
l. 134.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Canto 2, l. 7.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
l. 17.

And beauty draws us with a single hair.*
l. 28.

Here, thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea. *Canto 3, l. 7.*

At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
l. 16.

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* "Menschlich ist es bloss zu strafen,
Aber göttlich zu verzeihn." —*P. von Winter* (1755?–1825).

* Said to be in allusion to the lines in Butler's *Hudibras*:
"And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pulled out."
But *see* Howell: "One hair of a woman," etc.; and compare Dryden, "And draw you to her with a single hair."—*Persius, Sat.* 5, 247.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine. *l. 21.*

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes. *l. 117.*

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill! *l. 125.*

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever! *l. 153.*

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane. *Canto 4, l. 123.*

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul. *Canto 5, l. 34.*

Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die),
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
An Essay on Man (1733). *Epistle 1, l. 1.*

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
Say first, of God above, of man below
What can we reason, but from what we know? *l. 8.*

Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star. *l. 25.*

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state. *l. 77.*

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood. *l. 83.*

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. *l. 87.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven. *l. 95.*

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence. *l. 111.*

In pride, in reasoning pride our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods. *l. 123.*

The first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws. *l. 145.*

But all subsists by elemental strife,
And passions are the elements of life. *l. 169.*

Die of a rose in aromatic pain. *l. 200.*

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread and lives along the line. *l. 217.*

What thin partitions sense from thought divide! *l. 226.*

From nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike. *l. 245.*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul. *l. 268.*

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. *l. 276.*

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right. *l. 289.*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.*
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride.
Epistle 2 (1733), l. 1.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world! *l. 13.*

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun. *l. 21.*

What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone. *l. 42.*

Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason, to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad, we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all. *l. 53.*

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* "La vraie science et le vrai étude de l'homme c'est l'homme."—*Pierre Charron* (1541–1603), *Treatise on Wisdom*, Book 1, ch. 1. (In the first edition of *Moral Essays* the line appeared: "The only science of mankind is man.")

Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed. *l. 63.*

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite. *l. 81.*

Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good. *l. 91.*

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.
l. 107.

All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses different objects strike.
l. 127.

And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
l. 131.

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength. *l. 135.*

Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave. *l. 191.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where's the extreme of vice was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where. *l. 217.*

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree.
l. 231.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more.
l. 261.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
l. 275.

In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy.
l. 288.

The hour concealed, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Epistle 3 (1733), *l. 76.*

Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;

To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportioned to their end.
l. 79.

The state of nature was the reign of God.
l. 148.

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
l. 177.

In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law. *l. 191.*

The enormous faith of many made for one.
l. 242.

Forced into virtue thus, by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learned justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
l. 279.

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
l. 303.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity. *l. 307.*

Oh happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.
Epistle 4 (1734), *l. 1.*

Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free. *l. 15.*

There needs but thinking right, and meaning well. *l. 32.*

Order is Heaven's first law, and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.
l. 49.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone.
l. 79.

But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
l. 150.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy. *l. 167.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honour lies.
l. 193.

Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.* *l. 203.*

But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.

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* "Corcillum est quod homines facit, cetera quisquilia omnia."—*Petronius Arbiter*, c. 75.

Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been wrong so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies:
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the points agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.
l. 209.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
l. 247.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. *l. 253.*

Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
l. 267.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
l. 281.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below." *l. 309.*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.*
l. 331.

The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads. *l. 365.*

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
l. 379.

Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
l. 383.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.
l. 390.

For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Showed erring pride, whatever is, is right;
That reason, passion, answers one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.
l. 393.

Father of all! in every age,
  In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
  Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
  Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
  And that myself am blind.
The Universal Prayer (1738).

And binding nature fast in fate
  Left free the human will. *Ib.*

What conscience dictates to be done,
  Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
  That, more than heaven pursue. *Ib.*

And deal damnation round the land,
  On each I judge thy foe. *Ib.*

Save me alike from foolish pride
  Or impious discontent. *Ib.*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me. *Ib.*

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial, for the observer's sake.
Moral Essays. (*In Five Epistles to several persons.*) *Epistle I. To Lord Cobham* (1733). *l. 9.*

Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. *l. 29.*

All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discoloured through our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes. *l. 33.*

When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. *l. 40.*

Itch of vulgar praise. *l. 60.*

Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.
l. 117.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. *l. 135.*

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
l. 149.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
l. 172.

Search, then, the Ruling Passion: there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
l. 174.

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.
l. 179.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!"
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
l. 246.

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* Stated by Warton to be verbatim from Bolingbroke's *Letters to Pope.*

And you, brave Cobham ! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"Oh, save my country, heaven !" shall be your last. *l. 262.*

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Epistle 2. To a Lady. [*Martha Blount*] (1735). *l. 1.*

Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it ;
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it. *l. 15.*

Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. *l. 19.*

Fine by defect and delicately weak. *l. 43.*

See sin in state, majestically drunk. *l. 69.*

With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
With too much thinking to have common thought. *l. 97.*

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
l. 137.

To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.
l. 149.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever. *l. 163.*

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake :
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
But every lady would be queen for life. *l. 215.*

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view. *l. 231.*

See how the world its veterans rewards !
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards. *l. 243.*

Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.
l. 257.

And mistress of herself, though china fall.
l. 268.

Woman's at best a contradiction still. *l. 270.*

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists, like you and me ?
Epistle 3. To Lord Bathurst (1732). *l. 1.*

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last. *l. 15.*

Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly !
l. 39.

But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat. *l. 95.*

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.
l. 153.

Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use. *l. 161.*

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare ;
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst. *l. 171.*

Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross !
l. 250.

Ye little stars ! hide your diminished rays.
l. 282.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
l. 285.

In the worst inn's worst room. *l. 299.*

And tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw.
l. 302.

Alas ! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
l. 305.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies. *l. 339.*

Constant at church, and change. *l. 347.*

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
l. 351.

The tempter saw his time ; the work he plied ;
Stocks and subscriptions poured on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent. per cent.,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.
l. 369.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
Epistle 4. To the Earl of Burlington (1731).
l. 43.

Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
l. 139.

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
l. 143.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite. *l. 149.*

Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend ;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main ;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land ;
These honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.
l. 197.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
Epistle 5. To Addison (1721). *l. 1.*

The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
l. 38.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved.[*]
l. 67.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
Prologue to the Satires.
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot (1734). *l. 1.*

Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me.
l. 12.

A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross.
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross,
l. 17.

Friend to my life, which, did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.
l. 27.

Fired that the house reject him, " 'S death I'll print it,
And shame the fools." *l. 61.*

No creature smarts so little as a fool. *l. 84.*

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;
Destroy his fib or sophistry,—in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines! *l. 89.*

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
l. 127.

This long disease, my life. *l. 131.*

Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables.
l. 166.

Pretty in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
l. 169.

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *l. 187.*

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
l. 197.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike. *l. 201.*

And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged. *l. 208.*

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause. *l. 209.*

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?
l. 213.

Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend,
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.
l. 265.

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.
l. 283.

Let Sporus tremble!—*A.* What that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
l. 305.

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
l. 313.

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust. *l. 333.*

That not in fancy's maze he wandered long;
But stooped to truth, and moralised his song.
l. 340.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise.
l. 398.

The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Satires and Epistles of Horace. Imitated
(1733). *Book 2, Sat. 1, l. 5.*

In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet. *l. 67.*

The feast of reason and the flow of soul. *l. 128.*

It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hanged for very honest rhymes.[*]
l. 145.

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.[†]
l. 158.

In life's cool evening, satiate of applause.
First Book of the Epistles of Horace (Ep. 1) (1737), *l. 9.*

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.
l. 38.

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[*] This line in the epitaph in Westminster Abbey, on James Craggs, reads "Praised, wept, and honoured, by the muse he loved."

[*] John Ball, hanged *temp.* Richard II, reputed author of the lines: "When Adam delve, and Eva span, Who was then the gentleman?"

[†] *See* Pope's *Odyssey*, Book 15, 83.

Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
l. 53.

There, London's voice : " Get money, money still !
And then let virtue follow if she will." *l. 79.*

He's armed without that's innocent within.
l. 94.

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace ;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.
l. 103.

Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.*
Ep. 6, l. 1.

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
l. 27.

A man of wealth is dubbed a man of worth.
l. 81.

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.
Second Book of the Epistles of Horace (*Ep. 1*) (1737), *l. 26.*

Who lasts a century can have no flaw ;
I hold that wit a classic, good in law. *l. 55.*

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.
l. 108.

One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines. *l. 111.*

What will a child learn sooner than a song ?
l. 205.

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
l. 267.

Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
l. 280.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose ;
A breath revives him or a breath o'erthrows.
l. 300.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit. *l. 304.*

What dear delight to Britons farce affords !
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords.
l. 310.

To know the poet from the man of rhymes.
l. 341.

We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd.
l. 358.

The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
l. 406.

" Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."†
l. 413.

Years following years, steal something every day ;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
Ep. 2, l. 72.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.
l. 85.

Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake. *l. 167.*

But ease in writing flows from art, not chance ;
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.* *l. 178.*

A patriot is a fool in every age.
Epilogue to the Satires (1733).
Dialogue 1, l. 41.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.†
l. 135.

Keen, hollow winds howl through the dark recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness.
The Dunciad (1728). *Book 1, l. 35.*

Poetic justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Book 1, l. 52.

But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.
Now mayors and shrieves all hushed and satiate lay,
Yet ate, in dreams, the custard of the day ;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep. *l. 90.*

Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphemed his gods, the dice, and damned his fate. *l. 115.*

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound,
Plunged for his sense but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and floundered on in mere despair.
l. 118.

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.
l. 139.

There, saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear ;
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.‡ *l. 151.*

Yet holds the eel of science by the tail. *l. 280.*

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* These lines are adapted from Creech's translation.

† From a poem, " The Celebrated Beauties " (Anon.), Tonson's *Miscellanies* (1709). In *The Garland*, a collection of poems by Mr. Broadhurst (1721), the line appears : " Praise undeserved is satire in disguise."

* *See Essay on Criticism*, p. 244.

† " Protects me unseen like my guardian angel, and shuns my gratitude like a fairy, who is bountiful by stealth, and conceals the giver when she bestows the gift."—*Dedication* (1692) *of " Cleomenes."*

‡ Nicholas de Lyra (c. 1265–1349), French commentator ; Philemon Holland, M.D. (1552–1637), a wholesale translator.

The field of glory is a field for all.
Book 2, l. 32.

And gentle dulness ever loves a joke. *l. 34.*

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.
l. 44.

Dulness is sacred in a sound divine. *l. 352.*

Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn.
Book 3, l. 109.

Peeled, patched, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others. *l. 115.*

All crowd who foremost shall be damned to fame. *l. 158.*

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full. *l. 171.*

Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns. *l. 243.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Book 4, l. 90.

The Right Divine of kings to govern wrong.
l. 188.

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
l. 248.

Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground.
l. 311.

Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness. *l. 342.*

Even Palinurus nodded at the helm. *l. 614.*

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all. *l. 649.*

Time conquers all, and we must time obey.
Pastorals (1709). *Winter. l. 88.*

Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Windsor Forest (1713). *l. 13.*

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
l. 62.

From old Belerium* to the northern main.
l. 316.

And seas but join the regions they divide.
l. 400.

In a sadly-pleasing strain.
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day (1713). *St. 1.*

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* The Land's End.

While in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow. *Ib.*

In a dying, dying fall. *Ib.*

Love, strong as death, the poet led. *St. 4.*

Music can soften pain to ease. *St. 7.*

Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Choruses to "Brutus." *l. 26.*

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground. **Ode on Solitude.**

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,—
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. *Ib.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame.
The Dying Christian to his Soul (1730)

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away. *Ib.*

Tell me, my soul, can this be death? *Ib.*

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting? *Ib.*

What beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady (1717). *l. 1.*

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
l. 6.

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
l. 9.

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods.
l. 13.

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless unseen as lamps in sepulchres. *l. 19.*

So perish all whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For other's good or melt at other's woe.*
l. 45.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned! *l. 51.*

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame:
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
l. 69.

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* *See Odyssey*, Book 18, 279.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling, with a falling state,
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Prologue to Addison's Cato. *l. 21.*

Ignobly vain and impotently great. *l. 29.*

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid.
Translations and Imitations.
Eloisa to Abelard (1717). *l. 51.*

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole. *l. 57.*

Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
l. 74.

O pious fraud of amorous charity! *l. 150.*

Love finds an altar for forbidden fires. *l. 182.*

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love the offender, yet detest the offence?
l. 189.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
l. 207.

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.* *l. 273.*

He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.
l. 366.

Fame impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
The Temple of Fame (1715). *l. 44.*

And boasting youth, and narrative old age;
Their pleas were different, their request the same,
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
l. 291.

To follow virtue even for virtue's sake. *l. 365.*

And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too.
l. 470.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
l. 513.

Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!
l. 522.

All other goods by Fortune's hand are given;
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
January and May (1709). *l. 51.*

Sir, I have lived a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observed this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
l. 156.

For women, when they list, can cry. *l. 786.*

There swims no goose so grey but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
The Wife of Bath (1714). *l. 98.*

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
Prologue, l. 298.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. *l. 369.*

None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.
l. 810.

Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided power.
Statius of Thebais (1712). *Book 1, l. 182.*

'Tis fixed; the irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
l. 413.

In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confessed a mutual love.
Vertumnus and Pomona (1712). *l. 122.*

There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
Imitations of Horace (*pub.* 1738). *Book 1, Ep. 7* (*Imit. in manner of Swift*), *l. 79.*

I've often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Book 2, Sat. 6 (*Imit. Swift*), *l. 1.*

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty! *l. 220.*

A soul as full of worth, as void of pride.
Epistles. *To James Craggs.* *l. 1.*

Though not too strictly bound to time and place.
To Mrs. Blount with Voiture's Works. *l. 28.*

Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse. *To Mrs. Blount on her leaving the Town* (1717). *l. 29.*

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he died.
On the Hon. Simon Harcourt.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquests she, but o'er herself, desired,
No arts essayed, but not to be admired,

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* "Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight."—*Edmund Smith* (1668-1710): *Phædra and Hippolytus,* 1.

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried!
The saint sustained it, but the woman died.
On Mrs. Corbet.

Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear.
On the Hon. R. Digby.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child.
On Mr. Gay.

Formed to delight at once and lash the age.
Ib.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
On Sir I. Newton.

In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounties fed.
Miscellaneous. *Argus*

Strange! all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee![*]
Epigram on the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.
Epigram.

Fame is at best an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
Prologue, Durfey's Last Play.

Oh! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity,
To rhyming and the devil?
Sandy's Ghost.

What is prudery? 'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
Answer to Mrs. Howe.

When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.
On a Certain Lady at Court.

I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
Epigram.

I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.
On the Duke of Marlborough's House.

Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad.
Epigram.

Smith's no name at all.
Epitaph on James Moore-Smythe.

Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Satires of Donne. No. 2.

"There, take," says Justice, "take you each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you.
'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu!"
Verbatim from Boileau.

One half will never be believed,
The other never read.
Epigram. Long Epitaphs.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride.
They had no poet, and they died.
Trans. of Horace. *Ode 9, Book 4.*

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!
Homer's "Iliad" (1715–1720). *Bk. 1, l. 1.*

To avenge a private, not a public wrong.
l. 208.

Beware, for dreadful is the wrath of kings.
Book 2, l. 234.

That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
l. 242.

Spleen to mankind his envious heart possessed,
And much he hated all, but most the best.
l. 267.

Great in the council, glorious in the field.
l. 335.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.
Book 3, l. 208.

A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault.
Book 5, l. 16.

For what so dreadful as celestial hate?
l. 227.

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise;
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
l. 371; and Book 12, l. 539.

A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way.
Book 6, l. 248.

The first in danger, as the first in fame.
l. 637.

Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend,
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.
Book 7, l. 364.

Cursed is the man and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care:
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war.
Book 9, l. 87.

Pluto, the grisly god, who never spares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers.
l. 209.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
l. 412.

Deceived for once, I trust not kings again.
l. 455.

A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind.
l. 619.

Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfined,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind.
l. 628.

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[*] Included in Pope's works, *but see* John Byrom, p. 53*a*.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows. *l. 725.*

The gods that unrelenting breast have steeled,
And cursed thee with a mind that cannot yield. *l. 749.*

By mutual confidence and mutual aid
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made. *Book 10, l. 265.*

The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame. *Book 11, l. 394.*

Oppressed by multitudes, the best may fall. *l. 587.*

To speak his thought is every freeman's right,
In peace, in war, in council and the fight. *Book 12, l. 249.*

The old, yet still successful, cheat of love. *Book 14, l. 188.*

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes. *l. 252.*

A noble mind disdains not to repent. *Book 15, l. 227.*

Unruly manners, or ill-timed applause
Wrong the best speaker or the justest cause. *Book 19, l. 86.*

Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest on the breast. *Book 22, l. 100.*

Long exercised in woes.
Homer's "Odyssey" (1725–6). *Bk. 1. l. 2.*

Wand'ring from clime to clime, observant strayed,
Their manners noted, and their states surveyed. *l. 5.*

With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.* *l. 23.*

And Follies are miscalled the crimes of Fate. *l. 44.*

Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When, for the dear delight, another pays. *l. 205.*

Ye deedless boasters! *l. 470.*

And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared. *Book 2, l. 312.*

Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace. *l. 315.*

The narrative old man. *Book 3, l. 80.*

Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead. *Book 5, l. 401.*

Even from the chief, who men and nations knew,
The unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew. *Book 7, l. 178.*

For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins, ev'n from the birth, are misery and man. *l. 263.*

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* This line is borrowed from Milton (*Paradise Lost*, 4, 311).

Hunger is insolent, and will be fed. *l. 389.*

Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind. *l. 394.*

He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be changed but for a worse. *Book 8, l. 191.*

Too dear I prized a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace. *l. 359.*

No more was seen the human form divine.* *Book 10, l. 278.*

Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind. *Book 11, l. 74.*

The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the possession of a peaceful grave. *l. 89.*

In beauty's cause illustriously he fails. *l. 358.*

He ceased: but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seemed to hear. *l. 414.*

Aghast I stood, a monument of woe. *Book 12, l. 311.*

And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?† *l. 522.*

Now did the rosy-fingered morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.‡ *Book 13, l. 21.*

Far from gay cities, and the ways of men. *Book 14, l. 410.*

Lost in the children of the present spouse,
They slight the pledges of the former vows. *Book 15, l. 25.*

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme. *l. 79.*

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest. *l. 83.*

Here let us feast, and to the feast be joined
Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind. *l. 432.*

One rogue is usher to another still. *Book 17, l. 251.*

Whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away. *l. 392.*

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe. *Book 18, l. 279.*

Stranger! may fate a milder aspect show,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue! *Book 20, l. 249.*

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* *Cf.* Milton, "Human face divine," book 9, l. 83.

† *Cf.* Shakespeare, *King John*, iii. 4.

‡ The rosy-fingered morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes her tears,
In promise of a glorious day.
Dryden: Albion and Albanius (1685), iii. 3.

Far from the sweet society of men.
Book 21, l. 394.

Oh, every sacred name in one—my friend!
l. 226.

Then heaven decrees in peace to end my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays.
Book 23, l. 298.

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.
The Art of Sinking in Poetry. *Ch. 9.*
Quoted as "Anon."

And thou Dalhousy, the great God of War,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar. *Ib.*

He seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through nature at one glance.
Preface to the Works of Shakespeare.

The dull duty of an editor. *Ib.*

The three chief qualifications of a party writer are to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess. **Letter.**

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. **Thoughts on Various Subjects.**

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian. *Ib.*

POPE, Walter, M.D. (1630?–1714)

May I govern my passion with an absolute
sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my strength
wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.
The Old Man's Wish. *St. 1.*

PORSON, Richard (1759–1808)

When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was Dido dumb.
Facetiæ. Cantab.

I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that most learn'd professor, Brunck;
I went to Worms, and got more drunken
With that more learn'd professor, Ruhncken.
Ib.

PORTEOUS, Beilby, Bishop of Chester and of London (1731–1808)

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Death. *l. 154.*

Teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson, how to die.*
l. 316.

PORTER, Henry (fl. 1596–1599)

Plain-dealing is a jewel, and he that useth
it shall die a beggar.
The Two Angry Women of Abington (1599).

POSTGATE, Margaret (20th Cent.)

Ask me not whether he were friend or foe
That lies beneath,
Nor whether in a worthy fight or no
He came to death.
Pass on, and leave such reckonings unmoved,
Remembering now,
Here lieth one who gave for that he loved
A greater gift than thou.

PRAED, Winthrop Mackworth (1802–1839)

The glory and the glow
Of the world's loveliness have passed away;
And Fate hath little to inflict, to-day,
And nothing to bestow! **Stanzas.**

Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.
School and Schoolfellows (1829). *St. 1.*

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the Speaker. *St. 5.*

Forgotten—like a maiden speech,
Which all men praise, but none remember.
To a Lady. *St. 5.*

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
I remember (1833).

There is no pleasure like the pain
Of being loved, and loving.
Legend of the Haunted Tree.

Lived she?—in sooth 'twere hard to tell,
Sleep counterfeited death so well.
The Bridal of Belmont.

Oh! when a cheek is to be dried,
All pharmacy is folly;

. . . .

There's nothing like a rattling ride
For curing melancholy!
The Troubadour, *c. 1.*

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns:
It passed from Mahomet to Moses.
The Vicar. *St. 5.*

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all their learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning. *St. 9.*

Some jealousy of someone's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.
The Belle of the Ball. *St. 12.*

Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter.
St. 13.

I think that nought is worth a thought
And I'm a fool for thinking.
Chaunt of the Brazen Head (1826).

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* *See* Tickell, p. 372*a*.

PRIOR, Matthew (1664–1721)

With the fond maids in palmistry he deals;
They tell the secret first which he reveals.
Henry and Emma. *l. 134.*

Better not do the deed than weep it done.
l. 313.

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less. *l. 429.*

For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as a dozen.
Alma. *Canto 1, l. 514.*

He's half absolved, who has confessed.
Canto 2, l. 22.

For story and experience tell us,
That man grows old and woman jealous;
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power. *l. 65.*

And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most who have the least to say. *l. 345.*

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em.
Canto 3, l. 13.

The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (whate'er arrives),
And warmer too, than he that drives. *l. 137.*

Salad, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar;
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight. *l. 246.*

Similes are like songs in love:
They much describe; they nothing prove.
l. 314.

And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
l. 362.

What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell?
l. 590.

Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise:
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.
Solomon (*printed* 1718). *Book 1, l. 41.*

Human science is uncertain guess. *l. 740.*

What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Book 2, l. 101.

And if thou wouldst be happy, learn to please.
l. 266.

Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And, though I called another, Abra came.
l. 362.

The apples she had gathered smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their
  taste,
If gentle Abra had not decked the feast;
Dishonoured did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand.
l. 493.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.[*]
Book 3, l. 102.

Hoping at least she may herself deceive;
Against experience willing to believe. *l. 223.*

Who breathes must suffer; and who thinks,
  must mourn;
And he alone is blessed, who ne'er was born.
l. 239.

What is a King? A man condemned to bear
The public burden of the nation's care. *l. 270.*

Silence is the soul of war.
Ode in Imitation of Horace.
Odes 3, 2 (1692). *l. 34.*

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
The Thief and the Cordelier.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
An English Padlock.

When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh.
The Lady's Looking-Glass.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
  Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:
  Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?[†]
Epitaph on himself.

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a
  song? **A Better Answer.**

That, if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they.
Hans Carvel.

The end must justify the means. *Ib.*

The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.[‡]
To the Hon. C. Montague.

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.[§] *Ib.*

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.
Upon a Passage in the Scaligera.

Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects'
  love. **Prologue spoken on Her Majesty's Birthday** (1704).

In vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
A Song.

Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
  But Chloe is my real flame. **An Ode.**

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[*] Quintilian has the following: "Otia animorum et spes inanes, et velut somnia quædam vigilantium"; *see also* Greek, "Ερωτηθεὶς" κ.τ.λ.: p. 471*b*.

[†] *Cf.* "Johnnie Carnegie," etc., p. 444*a*.

[‡] The edition of 1692 prints the lines:
"But all the pleasure of the game,
Is afar off to view the flight."

[§] *Cf.* Gray; "Where ignorance is bliss," etc.

An artful woman makes a modern saint.
Epigrams. *The Modern Saint.*

How partial is the voice of Fame!
Partial Fame.

Examples draw when precept fails,
And sermons are less read than tales.
The Turtle and the Sparrow. *l. 192.*

[Own] life an ill whose only cure is death.
Epistle to Dr. Sherlock.

She should be humble, who would please;
And she must suffer, who can love.
Chloe Jealous. *St. 5.*

Verse comes from Heaven, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by't;
The God, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Epistle to Fleetwood Shephard.
May 14, 1689, l. 41.

Pass their annals by:
Nor harsh reflection let remembrance raise;
Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise.
Carmen Seculare. *l. 104.*

Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.[*]
l. 200.

The song too daring, and the theme too great.
l. 226.

He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice,
Thinks wit the bane of conversation;
And says that learning spoils a nation.
The Chameleon.

Most of his faults brought their excuse with them.
Quoted by Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets." ("*Smith.*")

PROCTER, Adelaide Ann (1825–1864)

The tempest rages wild and high;
The waves lift up their voice, and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky.
The Storm.

A cry goes up of great despair,—
Miserere, Domine! *Ib.*

I do not know what I was playing,[†]
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.
A Lost Chord.

Now Time has fled—the world is strange,
Something there is of pain and change;
My books lie closed upon my shelf;
I miss the old heart in myself. **A Student.**

Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies. **Words.**

Dreams grow holy put in action; work grows fair through starry dreaming;
But where each flows on unmingling, both are fruitless and in vain. **Philip and Mildred.**

See how time makes all grief decay.
Life in Death. *1.*

PROCTER, Bryan Waller (Barry Cornwall) (1787–1874)

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
The Sea (1832).

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go. *Ib.*

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more. *Ib.*

Touch us gently, gentle Time. *Ib.*

As the man beholds the woman,
As the woman sees the man,
Curiously they note each other,
As each other only can.
Never can the man divest her
Of that wondrous charm of sex;
Ever must she, dreaming of him,
That same mystic charm annex.
The Sexes.

He that can draw a charm
From rocks, or woods, or weeds, or things that seem
All mute, and does it—is wise.
A Haunted Stream.

Love is wiser than ambition. **A Vision.**

Most writers steal a good thing when they can. **Diego de Montillo.** *4.*

Her brow was fair, but *very* pale, and looked
Like stainless marble; a touch methought would soil
Its whiteness. O'er her temple one blue vein
Ran like a tendril. **The Magdalen.**

PRYNNE, William (1600–1669)

Plenty is the child of peace.
Histrio-Mastix. *i. 1.*

Plain dealing is the best when all is done.
iii. 1.

PULTENEY, William, Earl of Bath (1684–1764)

Twelve good honest men shall decide in our cause,
And be judges of fact though not judges of laws. **The Honest Jury.** (*Song published in "The Craftsman."*)

QUARLES, Francis (1592–1644)

Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'll flee;
Than she there's none more coy; there's none more fond than she.
Emblems (1635). *Book 1, No. 4.*

O what a crocodilian world is this! *Ib.*

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[*] The Thames, imitated from Denham: "Though deep, yet clear," etc.

[†] This line is so printed in *Legends and Lyrics.* When set to music it is usually given, "I know not what I was playing."

The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land
Bring but a trouble;
The world itself, and all the world's command
Is but a bubble. *No. 6.*

O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes every minute? *No. 9.*

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs, sweet Phosphor, bring the day. *No. 14.*

The last act crowns the play.
No. 15. Epig. ad fin.

We spend our midday sweat, our midnight oil;
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil.
Book 2, No. 2.

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Ib.*

Man is Heaven's masterpiece.
No. 6. Epig. ad fin.

All things are mixed, the useful with the vain,
The good with bad, the noble with the vile.
No. 7.

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears:
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.
No. 10. Epig. ad fin.

The pleasing way is not the right:
He that would conquer Heaven must fight.
No. 11.

The slender debt to Nature's quickly paid,
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made. *No. 13.*

How can I mend my title then? Where can
Ambition find a higher style than man?
Book 3, No. 5.

I see a brimstone sea of boiling fire,
And fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Torturing poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain. *No. 14.*

The road to resolution lies by doubt:
The next way home's the farthest way about.
Book 4, No. 2. Epig. ad fin.

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature.
Book 5, No. 6.

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye.
Ib.

Without Thy presence, wealth are bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet, sadness:
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasure's but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness. *Ib.*

He that had no cross deserves no crown.
Esther.

No man is born unto himself alone;
Who lives unto himself, he lives to none.
Sec. 1, Med. 1.

He husbands best his life that freely gives
It for the public good: he rightly lives
That nobly dies: 'tis greatest mastery
Not to be fond to live, nor fear to die
Upon occasion. *Sec. 15, Med. 15.*

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks. **Divine Poems** (1630).

Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
Lines on Drayton's Monument.

Come then my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!
The Shepherd's Oracles (1646).
Song of Anarchus.

We'll cry both arts and learning down,
And hey! then up go we! *Ib.*

He that begins to live begins to die.
Hieroglyphics (1638) I. *Epig. 1.*

Man is man's A.B.C. There is none can
Read God aright, unless he first spell man. *Ib.*

Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse, that throws the rider. **Miscellanies.**

Our God and soldier we alike adore,
When at the brink of ruin, not before;
After deliverance both alike requited,
Our God forgotten, and our soldiers slighted.*
Epigram.

O heavy burden of a doubtful mind!
A Feast of Worms (1620). *Sec. 1.*

Hard must he wink that shuts his eyes from heaven. *Sec. 3, Med. 3.*

The feast is good, until the reck'ning come.
Sec. 6, Med. 6.

He teaches to deny that faintly prays.
Sec. 7, Med. 7.

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* "God and the Doctor we alike adore
But only when in danger, not before;
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted."
—Epigram by *Robt. Owen* (1771–1858).

A somewhat similar idea, in Latin, is in the works of John Owen, of Oxford, 1647:

"Intrantis medici facies tres esse videntur
Ægrotanti; hominis, Dæmonis, atque Dei.
Cum primum accessit medicus dixitque salutem,
En Deus aut custos angelus, æger ait."

(To the sick man the physician when he enters seems to have three faces, those of a man, a devil, a god. When the physician first comes and announces the safety of the patient, then the sick man says: "Behold a God or a guardian angel!")

"Soldiers are never regarded in time of peace; for when a war is ended soldiers are out of credit."—*Margaret Duchess of Newcastle: The Sociable Companions*, i. 1 (1668). The expression seems to have been a proverb.

QUILLER-COUCH, Sir Arthur Thomas (b. 1863)

Not as we wanted it,
But as God granted it. **To Bearers.**

He that loves but half of Earth
Loves but half enough for me. **The Comrade.**

QUINCY, Josiah (1772–1864)

Amicably if they can, violently if they must.[*] **Speech.** *In Congress, Jan. 14, 1811.*

RALEGH, Sir Walter (1552 ?–1618)

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man; and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Hic jacet.*
History of the World. *Book 5, Part 1.*

Fain would I climb yet fear I to fall.[†]
Written on a Glass Window.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

And Philomel becometh dumb. *Ib.*

Go soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,—
The truth shall be thy warrant. **The Lie.**[‡]

Go tell the Church it shows
What's good, and doth no good. *Ib.*

Tell zeal it wants devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust. *Ib.*

Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness. *Ib.*

Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming. *Ib.*

Tell faith it's fled the city. *Ib.*

Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill. *Ib.*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.
To Spenser.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.
The Silent Lover.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity. *Ib.*

He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion. *Ib.*

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust.
Verses written the night before his Death.

But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust. *Ib.*

Fame's but a hollow echo; Gold, pure clay;
Honour, the darling but of one short day;

. . . .

State, but a golden prison, to live in,
And torture free-born minds.
A Farewell to the Vanities of the World.

Whoso reaps above the rest,
With heaps of hate shall surely be opprest.
In Commendation of the Steele Glas.

You pretty daughters of the Earth and Sun.[*]
The Shepherd to the Flowers.

RALEIGH, Sir Walter, Professor of Eng. Literature, Oxford (1861–1822)

Eat slowly; only men in rags
And gluttons old in sin
Mistake themselves for carpet bags
And tumble victuals in.
Stans Puer ad Mensam.

The nightingale got no prize at the poultry show. **Epigram.** *Laughter from a Cloud.*

God's most candid critics are those of his children whom he has made poets.
Preface. *Oxford Poetry*, 1914.

The sun is a faithful artist, but his choice of emphasis is often too ironical to be intelligible to human faculty. *Ib.*

RAMSAY, Allan (1686–1758)

Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required—let Heaven make out the rest. **The Gentle Shepherd.** *Act i. 2.*

A bleezing ingle, and clean hearth-stane. *Ib.*

You have sae saft a voice and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
Eclogue.

For when I dinna clearly see,
I always own I dinna ken,
And that's the way with wisest men. *Ib.*

RANDOLPH, Thomas (1605–1635)

Men are more eloquent than women made;
But women are more powerful to persuade.
Amyntas. *Prologue.*

He that's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
The Muses' Looking Glass.

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[*] Quoted by Henry Clay in Congress, 1813: "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

[†] Queen Elizabeth is said to have added the line: "If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all."

[‡] Also attributed to Joshua Sylvester (1563–1618) and to Sir John Davies (1570–1626). The poem has been found in MS dating from 1593.

[*] Violets.

Honour is a baby's rattle. *Act iii. 2.*

Marry too soon, and you'll repent too late.
A sentence worth my meditation;
For marriage is a serious thing.
The Jealous Lovers. *Act v. 1.*

There is no piety but amongst the poor.
On the Content he enjoys in the Muses.

O the divinity of being rich!
Hey for Honesty. *Act ii. 8.*

RANDS, William Brighty (1823–1882)

I saw a new world in my dream,
Where all the folks alike did seem:
There was no Child, there was no Mother,
There was no Change, there was no Other.
Lilliput Levée. *I saw a New World.*

And I thought to myself, How nice it is
For me to live in a world like this,
Where things can happen, and clocks can strike,
And none of the people are made alike. *Ib.*

RAY, Rev. John (1628–1705)

He that uses many words for the explaining any subject, doth, like the cuttle fish, hide himself for the most part in his own ink.
On the Creation.

READE, Charles (1814–1884)

Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait. **Recipe for writing novels.**
Given to a young novelist.

It is the characteristic of a certain blunderer called genius to see things too far in advance.

REID, Thomas, D.D. (1710–1796)

Every conjecture we can form with regard to the works of God has as little probability as the conjectures of a child with regard to the works of a man.
Intellectual Powers (1785). *Vol. 1.*

REYNOLDS, Frederic (1765–1841)

As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em.
The Will. *Act i. 1.*

How goes the enemy? [Said by Mr. Ennui, "the time-killer."] *Ib.*

I pay debts of honour,—not honourable debts. *Act iii. 2.*

REYNOLDS, Sir Joshua (1723–1792)

A mere copier of nature can never produce anything great.[*]
Discourses on Painting. *No. 3.*

He who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own will be soon reduced from mere barrenness to the poorest of all imitations; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has before repeated. *Ib.*

If you have genius, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply its place.
Saying. *As quoted by John Graham to Edinburgh Art Students.*

RHOADES, James (1841–1923)

Has he gone to the land of no laughter,
The man who made mirth for us all?
On the Death of Artemus Ward (1868).

RHODES, William Barnes (1772–1826)

Get out of my sight or I'll knock you down.
Bombastes Furioso (1810).

Hope told a flattering tale,[*]
Much longer than my arm,
That love and pots of ale
In peace would keep me warm. *Ib.*

This morn, as sleeping in my bed I lay,
I dreamt (and morning dreams come true they say).[†] *Ib.*

No, no, I'll love no more; let him who can
Fancy the maid who fancies every man;
In some lone place I'll find a gloomy cave,
There my own hands shall dig a spacious grave:
Then all unseen I'll lay me down and die
Since woman's constancy is—all my eye. *Ib.*

But ah! should she false-hearted prove,
Suspended, I'll dangle in air;
A victim to delicate love,
In Dyot Street, Bloomsbury Square. *Ib.*

"Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face,"
Thus do I challenge all the human race. *Ib.*

Bombas: So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.
King: So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore!
Ib.

Oh, I am slain!
I'd give a pot of beer to live again. *Ib.*

Fate cropped him short—for be it understood
He would have lived much longer, if he could!
Ib.

ROBERTSON, Rev. Fredk. William (1816–1853)

Whenever opposite views are held with warmth by religious-minded men, we may take it for granted there is some higher truth which embraces both. All high truth is the union of two contradictions.

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[*] "There are those who think that not to copy nature is the rule for attaining perfection."—*Hazlitt: Table Talk*: "A Landscape of N. Poussin."

[*] *See* "Hope tells a flattering tale."—*Wrother*, p. 403a.

[†] "Namque sub Aurorâ jam dormitante lucernâ, (Somnia quo cerni tempŏre vera solent)."—*Ovid*, Ep. 19, *Hero Leandro*, 195.—"Post mediam noctem visus, quum somnia vera."—*Horace: Satires*, Book 1, 10, 31. The same idea occurs in Tibullus and Moschus.

ROCHESTER, John Wilmot, Earl of (1647–1680)

Reason, an ignis fatuus of the mind.
A Satire Against Mankind.[*] *l. 11.*

Books bear him up awhile, and make him try
To swim with bladders of philosophy. *l. 20.*

Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.[†]
l. 25.

For all men would be cowards if they durst.[‡]
l. 157.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man, with the worst-natured Muse.
An Allusion to Horace.
Sat. 10, Book 1.

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.
On the King.

Angels listen when she speaks:
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder.
A Song.

Nothing! thou elder brother even to shade.
Upon Nothing.

Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.
A Dialogue. *l. 31.*

Womankind more joy discovers
Making fools, than keeping lovers. *l. 71.*

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.
Written on Charles II.'s Bedchamber Door.
(*Traditional.*)

ROGERS, Samuel (1763–1855)

When all things pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
Pleasures of Memory (1792). *Part 1.*

'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give. *Ib.*

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain. *Ib.*

Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail.
Part 2.

Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned,[§]
Grant me, like thee whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,

To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content. *Ib.*

If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away. *Ib.*

Read in the temper that he wrote,
And may his gentle spirit guide thee!
Voyage of Columbus (1810).
Inscription on the Original MS.

Praise cannot wound his generous spirit now.
Canto 1.

I sing a Man, amid his sufferings here,
Who watched and served with humbleness and fear;
Gentle to others, to himself severe.[*] *Canto 6.*

Yet ah, how lovely in her tears!
Jacqueline (1814). *Part 1.*

Oh! she was good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.[†] *Ib.*

Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted;
Like music to the heart it went.
And her dark eyes—how eloquent!
Ask what they would 'twas granted. *Ib.*

True as the echo to the sound. *Part 2.*

The Good are better made by Ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still. *Part 3.*

Think nothing done while aught remains to do.
Human Life (1819).

Holds secret converse with the Mighty Dead.
Ib.

A guardian angel, o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.
Ib.

To fire-side happiness, and hours of ease,
Blessed with that charm, the certainty to please. *Ib.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before. *Ib.*

To pleasure such as leaves no sting behind.
Ib.

On he moves,
Careless of blame while his own heart approves.
Ib.

Through the wide world he only is alone
Who lives not for another. Come what will,
The generous man has his companion still. *Ib.*

Age has now
Stamped with its signet that ingenuous brow.[‡]
Ib.

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[*] Imitation of Boileau.

[†] These lines were quoted by Goethe, in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, as an example of the gloomy misanthropy of English poetry. "Volumes," says Goethe, "might be written on the 'dreadful text' of this passage."

[‡] *See* Crabbe (p. 102*b*).

[§] "Devout, yet cheerful; pious, not austere;
To others lenient, to himself sincere."
—*On a Friend*, by J. M. Harney, M.D., native of Kentucky, c. 1816.

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[*] *See* the preceding note.

[†] *See* Burns: "To see her is to love her," p. 48*b*.

[‡] *See* Scott (1810):
"On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage."
Rogers' lines were written in 1819.

But there are moments which he calls his own:
Then, never less alone than when alone,
Those whom he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,
He gathers round him. *Ib.*

Giant Error, darkly grand,
Grasped the globe with iron hand.
Ode to Superstition. *2, 1.*

That very law* which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
On a Tear.

Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal.
Written to be spoken by Mrs. Siddons.

The sweet expression of that face,
For ever changing, yet the same. **A Farewell.**

Gone to the world where birds are blest!
Where never cat glides o'er the green.
Epitaph on a Robin.

The only universal tongue. [Music.]
Italy (1822). *Bergamo.*

Subtle, discerning, eloquent, the slave
Of Love, of Hate, for ever in extremes;
Gentle when unprovoked, easily won,
But quick in quarrel—through a thousand shades
His spirit flits, chameleon-like; and mocks
The eye of the observer. [Sketch of Italian character.] **Italy.** *Venice.*

When all the illusions of his Youth were fled,
Indulged perhaps too much, cherished too long. *Arquà* (*Pt. 2, pub.* 1828).

He is now at rest;
And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,
Gone like a star that through the firmament
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little; nothing there
Sordid or servile. *Bologna.*

Thou art gone;
And he that would assail thee in thy grave,
Oh, let him pause! For who among us all,
Tried as thou wert—even from thine earliest years,
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a highland boy—
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame;
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,
Her charmèd cup—ah, who among us all
Could say he had not erred as much, and more?
Ib.

There's such a charm in melancholy
I would not, if I could, be gay **To ——.**

That old hereditary bore,
The steward. **A Character.**

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* The law of gravitation.

ROGERS, James Edwin Thorold (1823–1890)

The good live longest; to the good alone
The record of the past remains their own.
Critics.

Why is it that the meed of changeless fame
Is grudged the present, granted to the past?
To George Waring.

All lawyers, be they knaves or fools,
Know that a seat is worth the earning,
Since Parliament's astounding rules
Vouch for their honour and their learning.
On the Eagerness of Lawyers to obtain Seats in the House (1876).

ROSCOMMON, Earl of (*see* Dillon)

ROSE, Geo. ("Arthur Sketchley") (1817–1882)

For me, I neither know nor care
Whether a parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress;
I have a trouble of my own,
A wife who preaches in a gown
And lectures in a night-dress.
The Athenæum (Jan., 1907) states that these lines appear in Oxford Ed. of Hood's *Poetical Works*, p. 657.

ROSEBERY, Archibald Primrose, 5th Earl of (b. 1847)

Few speeches which have produced an electrical effect on an audience can bear the colourless photography of a printed record.
Life of Pitt. *Ch. 13.*

It is beginning to be hinted that we are a nation of amateurs. **Rectorial Address.** *Glasgow. Nov. 16, 1900.*

The first advice I have to give the party is that it should clean its slate.
Speech. *Chesterfield. Dec. 16, 1901.*

ROSS, Alexander (1699–1784)

Wooed, and married, and a',
Married and wooed and a'!
And was she nae very weel off
That was wooed, and married, and a'? **Song.**

ROSSETTI, Christina Georgina (1830–1894)

Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.
Goblin Market (1862).

Their mother hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives. *Ib.*

For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands. *Ib.*

She sang the tears into his eyes,
The heart out of his breast. **Maiden-Song.**

Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no morn shall break.
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace. **Dream Land.**

Harsh towards herself, towards others full of ruth. **A Portrait.** *1.*

And hated all for love of Jesus Christ. *Ib.*

We Englishmen, trim, correct,
All minted in the self-same mould,
Warm hearted but of semblance cold,
All-courteous out of self-respect. **Enrica.**

Swift-footed to uphold the right
And to uproot the wrong. **Noble Sisters.**

And in his heart my heart is locked,
And in his life my life. *Ib.*

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land.
Remember.

Better by far you should forget and smile,
Than that you should remember and be sad.
Ib.

There is no music more for him,
His lights are out, his feast is done:
His bowl that sparkled at the brim
Is drained, is broken, cannot hold.
A Peal of Bells.

Once it came into my heart, and whelmed me like a flood,
That these too are men and women, human flesh and blood;
Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden down like mud.
A Royal Princess. *St. 12.*

Weep not, O friend, we should not weep:
Our friend of friends lies full of rest:
No sorrow rankles in her breast,
Fallen fast asleep.
She sleeps below,
She wakes and laughs above;
To-day, as she walked, let us walk in love;
To-morrow, follow so. **My Friend.**

For what is knowledge duly weighed?
Knowledge is strong, but love is sweet;
Yea all the progress he had made
Was but to learn that all is small
Save love, for love is all in all.
The Convent Threshold.

The girls might flout and scout me,
But the boys would hang about me.
The Iniquity of the Fathers.

No wonder that his soul was sad,
When not one penny piece he had. **Johnny.**

Men work and think, but women feel.
An "Immurata" Sister.

All things that pass
Are wisdom's looking-glass.
Passing and Glassing.

And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.
Song. *When I am dead, my Dearest.*

And where are you going with your love-locks flowing? **Amor Mundi.**

ROSSETTI, Dante Gabriel (1828–1882)

The hour when you too learn that all is vain,
And that Hope sows what Love shall never reap. **Sonnets.** *No. 44.*

My name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.
No. 97.

The sea hath no king but God alone.
The White Ship.

Burns of all poets is the most a Man.
On Burns.

Fond of fun,
And fond of dress, and change and praise,
So mere a woman in her ways. **Jenny.**

But the wine is bright at the goblet's brim,
Though the poison lurk beneath.
The King's Tragedy.

Unto the man of yearning, thought
And aspiration to do aught
Is in itself almost an act. **Soothsay.**

ROWE, Nicholas (1674–1718)

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow,
Poor Colin sat weeping and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.
Song. *Ah Willow.*

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.*
The Fair Penitent (1703). *Prologue.*†

At length the morn and cold indifference came.
Act i. 1.

Guilt is the source of sorrow, 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings. *iii. 1.*

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love? *Ib.*

I am myself the guardian of my honour. *Ib.*

Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?
v. 1.

Minds,
By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery. **Royal Convert** (1707).

I trust thee with the partner of my soul,
My wife, the kindest, dearest, and the truest,
That ever wore the name. *Act ii. 1.*

War, the needy bankrupt's last resort.
Pharsalia. *Book 1, 343.*

Thus some, who have the stars surveyed,
Are ignorantly led
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom Fool to bed.
On a Fine Woman who had a Dull Husband. *St. 4.*

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* *Cf.* "None think the great unhappy, but the great."—*Young: Love of Fame.*

† Adapted without acknowledgment from Massinger and Field's *Fatal Dowry* (c. 1619).

A purer soul, and one more like yourselves,
Ne'er entered at the golden gates of bliss.
Lady Jane Grey (1715). *Act i. 1.*

ROWLEY, William (1585 ?–1642 ?)

The longest sorrow finds at last relief.
A New Wonder, a woman never vexed (1632). *iv. 1.*

ROYDON, Matthew (fl. 1580–1622)

To heare him speake and sweetly smile
You were in Paradise the while.
An Elegy or Friend's Passion for his Astrophill [*i.e. Sir Philip Sidney*]. *St. 17.*

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes;
I trowe that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.
St. 18.

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long. *St. 19.*

RUNKLE, Bertha Brooks (V.S.A.) (20th Cent.)

O canny sons of Jacob, to fret and toiling tied,
We grudge you not the birthright for which your father lied;
We own the right of roaming, and the world is wide.
Song of the Sons of Esau.

RUSKIN, John (1819–1900)

The faculty of degrading God's works which man calls his "imagination."
Modern Painters (1843). *1. Preface.*

He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.
1, Part 1, Sec. 1, Ch. 2, Sec. 9.

They are good furniture pictures, unworthy of praise, and undeserving of blame.
1, Part 11, Sec. 5, Ch. 1, Sec. 20.

They are the weakest-minded and the hardest-hearted men, that most love variety and change. 2 (1846), *Part 2, Ch. 6, Sec. 7.*

Vulgarity is only in concealment of truth, or affectation. *Ib.*

The higher a man stands, the more the word "vulgar" becomes unintelligible to him.
3 (1856), *Part 4, Ch. 7, Sec. 9.*

We English have many false ideas about reverence: we should be shocked, for instance, to see a market-woman come into church with a basket of eggs on her arm. *Ch. 10, Sec. 22.*

To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion,—all in one. *Ch. 16, Sec. 28.*

Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all; it is merely being "sent" to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel. *Ch. 17, Sec. 24.*

Your railroad, when you come to understand it, is only a device for making the world smaller. *Sec. 35.*

Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.
4 (1856), *Part 5, Sec. 22.*

False things may be imagined, and false things composed; but only truth can be invented. *5* (1860), *Part 8, Ch. 4, Sec. 23.*

Gentlemanliness, being another word for intense humanity. *5, Part 9, Ch. 7, Sec. 23.*

That mysterious forest below London Bridge. *Ch. 9, Sec. 7.*

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and only comes by practice.
The Seven Lamps of Architecture (1849). *Ch. 2, Sec. 1.*

Among the first habits that a young architect should learn, is that of thinking in shadow.
Ch. 3, Sec. 13.

It is the very temple of discomfort, and the only charity that the builder can extend to us is to show us, plainly as may be, how soonest to escape from it. [This refers to the architecture of railway stations.] *Ch. 4, Sec. 21.*

That treacherous phantom which men call Liberty. *Ch. 7, Sec. 1.*

The purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most.
The Stones of Venice (1851–3). *2, Ch. 5, Sec. 30.*

No architecture is so haughty as that which is simple. *Ch. 6, Sec. 73.*

He who has the truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.
Sec. 99 (*Infidelitas*).

The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.
Sesame and Lilies (1865). *Sec. 1, 3.*

Nothing is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalship, nor nobly which is done in pride. **Ethics of the Dust** (1866).

A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness of fools.
Crown of Wild Olive (1866). *War, 114.*

There is only one way of seeing things rightly, and that is, seeing the whole of them.
The Two Paths. *Lecture 2.*

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart go together. *Ib.*

No human being, however great, or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. *Lecture 5.*

You may either win your peace or buy it: win it, by resistance to evil; buy it, by compromise with evil. *Ib.*

God never imposes a duty without giving time to do it.
Lectures on Architecture. *No. 2.*

Our respect for the dead, when they are *just* dead, is something wonderful, and the way we show it more wonderful still.
Political Economy of Art. *Lecture 2.*

RUSSELL, Lord John, 1st Earl Russell (1792–1878)

The wit of one man, the wisdom of many.[*]
Quarterly Review. *September, 1850.*

Conspicuous by its absence.[†]
Election Address to the Electors of the City of London. *April 6, 1859.*

SACKVILLE, Thomas, Earl of Dorset (1536–1608)

So, in this way of writing without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.
Satire on Edward Howard.

His drink, the running stream; his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard, cold ground.
Mirrour for Magistrates (1559–63). *Misery.*

Went on three feet, and sometimes crept on four.
Old Age.

His withered fist still knocking at death's door.
Ib.

ST. JOHN, Henry, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678–1751)

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature because it seems inseparable from self-love.
On the Study and Use of History. *Letter 1.*

I have read somewhere or other—in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think—that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.[‡]
Letter 2.[§]

Nations, like men, have their infancy.
Letter 4.

All our wants, beyond those which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary.
Letter. *To Swift, March 17, 1719.*

Plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose. *July 28, 1721.*

Pests of society; because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man.[*] *Sept. 12, 1724.*

Suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life. *July 24, 1725.*

Truth lies within a little and certain compass, but error is immense.
Reflections upon Exile.

SALISBURY, Marquis of (Robt. A. Talbot Cecil, 3rd Marquis) (1830–1903)

Can it be maintained that a person of any education can learn anything worth knowing from a penny paper? It may be said that people may learn what is said in Parliament. Well, will that contribute to their education?
Speeches. *House of Commons, 1861.*[†]

More worthy of an attorney than a statesman. *Ib.*[‡]

With his hand upon the throttle-valve of crime. *House of Lords, 1889.*[§]

SANDYS, Sir John Edwin, Litt.D., LL.D. (b. 1844)

Oh, the bards of olden days, blessed bards in song-craft skilled,
Happy henchmen of the Muses, when the field was yet untilled. **Tr. of Choerilus ap. Arist.** *Rhet., iii. 14, 1.*

SAVAGE, Richard (1698?–1743)

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
The Bastard (1728). *l. 7.*

Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cipher in the state.
l. 39.

O Memory! thou soul of joy and pain! *l. 57.*

No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained.
l. 87.

When anger rushes, unrestrained, to action,
Like a hot steed, it stumbles in its way.
Sir Thos. Overbury.

Once to distrust is never to deserve.
The Volunteer Laureate. *No. 4.*

Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction;
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.
Verses to a Young Lady.

Worth is by worth in every rank admired.
Epistle to Aaron Hill.

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[*] Claimed by Lord John Russell as his original definition of a proverb.

[†] The idea of this saying was derived from a passage in Tacitus: "Præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus eo ipso, quod effigies eorum non visebantur."—*Annals*, Book 3, concluding paragraph. (Cassius and Brutus were the more distinguished for that very circumstance that their portraits were absent—*i.e.* from the funeral of Junia, wife of Cassius and sister to Brutus—although the insignia of twenty illustrious families were carried in the procession.)

[‡] Quoted from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who was quoting Thucydides.

[§] Invariably (and frequently) quoted by Carlyle. "History is philosophy teaching by experience." *See* "Ἱστορία."

[*] Referring to free-thinkers and religion.

[†] On the Repeal of the Paper Duties.

[‡] The remark was afterwards withdrawn as being "a great injustice to the attorneys."

[§] On the Parnell Commission, 1889.

Those little creatures whom we are pleased to call the Great. **Letter to a Friend.**

SAVILLE, George, Marquis of Halifax (1633–1695)

Friends are not so easily made as kept.
Maxims of State. *12.*

Justice must tame, whom mercy cannot win.
On the Death of Charles II.

SAXE, John Godfrey, LL.D. (1816–1887)

But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.
The Way of the World.

SCOT, Alexander (1525 ?–1584 ?)

They would have all men bound and thrall
To them, and they for to be free.
Of Womankind.

SCOTT, Sir Walter (1771–1832)

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear.
Marmion (1808). *Canto 1. Introduction.*

The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows. *Ib.*

And wit that loved to play, not wound. *Ib.*

If ever from an English heart,
O *here* let prejudice depart! *Ib.*

Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nailed her colours to the mast. *Ib.*

Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line. *Ib.*

Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age.
Canto 1, St. 5.

His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,
Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps, a leader sage. *Ib.*

And frame love ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair. *St. 7.*

Stout heart, and open hand. *St. 10.*

For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.
St. 13.

We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where should we find leash or band
For dame that loves to rove?

Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing.
St. 17.

I love such holy ramblers; still
They know to charm a weary hill
With song, romance, or lay;
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend at the least,
They bring to cheer the way. *St. 25.*

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Canto 2. Introduction.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone. *Ib.*

Love, to her ear, was but a name
Combined with vanity and shame. *St. 3.*

Her hopes, her fears, her joys were all
Bounded within the cloister wall. *Ib.*

Her kinsman bade her give her hand
To one who loved her for her land. *St. 5.*

In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round. *St. 10.*

Built ere the art was known
By pointed aisles, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone. *Ib.*

'Tis an old tale, and often told. *St. 27.*

And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last. *St. 30.*

Still from the grave their voice is heard.
Canto 3. Introduction.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest. *St. 4.*

Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldiers' hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand, and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy. *Ib.*

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle,
With groans of the dying. *St. 11.*

Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never! *Ib.*

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse! *St. 13.*

Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind. *St. 30.*

Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind!
Canto 4. Introduction.

The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome. *St. 7.*

Remains of rude magnificence. *St. 11.*

The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay. *St. 15.*

'Twere good
That kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has blessed
'Tis better to sit still and rest,
Than rise, perchance to fall. *St. 29*

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land? *St. 30.*

But looking liked, and liking loved.
Canto 5. Introduction.

Bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws. *Ib.*

And, oh! he had that merry glance
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain. *St. 9.*

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar. *St. 12.*

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye. *Ib.*

But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men. *St. 16.*

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.
Canto 6. Introduction.

Power laid his rod and rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed her pride. *Ib.*

If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong. *Ib.*

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year. *Ib.*

Small thought was his, in after-time
E'er to be hitched into a rhyme. *Ib.*

A life both dull and dignified. *St. 1.*

And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? *St. 14.*

Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive! *St. 17.*

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air. *St. 25.*

Good-night to Marmion. *St. 28.*

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! *St. 30.*

Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man. *Ib.*

A sinful heart makes feeble hand. *St. 31.*

The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers. *St. 32.*

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion. *Ib.*

O for a blast of that dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne! *St. 33.*

With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong,
If every devious step, thus trod,
Still led thee farther from the road;
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;
But say, "He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right."
St. 37.

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song? **L'Envoi.**

To all, to each, a fair good-night
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light! *Ib.*

Comparing what thou art,
With what thou might'st have been.
Waterloo. *18.*

The stag at eve had drunk his fill.
Lady of the Lake (1810). *Canto 1, st. 1.*

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er. *St. 6.*

Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed. *St. 7.*

Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey! *St. 9*

Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase. *St. 10.*

The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret. *St. 11.*

In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand. *St. 17.*

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown?
St. 18.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew. *Ib.*

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth. *St. 21.*

The will to do, the soul to dare. *Ib.*

His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold. *Ib.*

His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command. *Ib.*

Well showed the elder lady's mien
That courts and cities she had seen. *St. 30.*

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking. *St. 31.*

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done. *St. 32.*

True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear!
Canto 2, st. 2.

Thy mirth refrain,
Thy hand is on a lion's mane. *St. 12.*

Children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe.
St. 14.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
St. 19.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.
St. 22.

The chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war. *St. 26.*

And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.
St. 34.

Time rolls his ceaseless course.
Canto 3, st. 1.

Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees.
St. 2.

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever. *St. 16.*

Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.
St. 18.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears. *Canto 4, st. 1.*

At length the fateful answer came. *St. 6.*

Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife. *Ib.*

I love to hear of worthy foes. *St. 8.*

Each silent, each upon his guard. *St. 20.*

That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear. *Canto 5, st. 2.*

Your own good blades must win the rest.
St. 7.

Secret path marks secret foe. *St. 8.*

He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
And back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!" *St. 10.*

Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel. *Ib.*

Can nought but blood our feud atone!
St. 13.

Thou add'st but fuel to my hate. *St. 14.*

I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword. *Ib.*

Now truce, farewell, and ruth, begone! *Ib.*

And all too late the advantage came. *St. 16.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain?
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed, monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy King? *St. 30.*

Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.
Canto 6, st. 18.

The plaided warriors of the North. *St. 19.*

The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power.
St. 28.

The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending.
Conclusion.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses grey
Seemed to have known a better day.
Lay of the Last Minstrel (1805).
Introduction.

The unpremeditated lay. *Ib.*

Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime. *Ib.*

And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear. *Ib.*

Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war. *Ib.*

His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please. *Ib.*

The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot. *Ib.*

They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred. *Canto 1, st. 4.*

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall. *St. 7.*

Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had locked the source of softer woe;
And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the rising tear to flow. *St. 9.*

To her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air. *St. 12.*

What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate? *St. 16.*

Steady of heart, and stout of hand. *St. 21.*

Sir William of Deloraine, good at need. *St. 22.*

Ambition is no cure for love. *St. 27.*

Yet through good heart and Our Lady's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place. *St. 29.*

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight. *Canto 2, st. 1.*

O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid! *St. 10.*

I was not always a man of woe. *St. 12.*

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me. *St. 22.*

My heart is dead, my veins are cold:
  I may not, must not, sing of love. *St. 30.*

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love. *Canto 3, st. 2.*

The meeting of these champions proud
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud. *St. 5.*

He was always for ill, and never for good. *St. 12.*

And laughed, and shouted, "Lost! Lost!
  Lost!" *St. 13.*

He never counted him a man,
  Would strike below the knee. *St. 17.*

Along thy wild and willowed shore. *Canto 4, st. 4.*

Dear to me is my bonny white steed;
Oft has he helped me at pinch of need. *St. 10.*

For ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear.
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile. *St. 35.*

Call it not vain:—they do not err,
  Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
  And celebrates his obsequies. *Canto 5, st. 1.*

True love's the gift which God has given
  To man alone beneath the heaven. *St. 13.*

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. *Ib.*

Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he longed to see the fight. *St. 18.*

Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me. *St. 26.*

As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine! *Ib.*

He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
  Though rude, and scant of courtesy. *St. 28.*

Yet, rest thee God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe. *St. 29.*

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
  From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. *Canto 6, st. 1.*

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! *St. 2.*

Unknown the manner of his death. *St. 7.*

For love will still be lord of all. *St. 11.*

Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
  That mourns the lovely Rosabelle. *St. 23.*

From many a garnished niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned. *St. 29.*

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away. *St. 31.*

Oft had he changed his weary side,
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought
By effort strong to banish thought.
Sleep came at length, but with a train
Of feelings true and fancies vain,
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,
The expected future with the past.
Rokeby (1813). *Canto 1, st. 2.*

He woke and feared again to close
His eyelids in such dire repose. *St. 4.*

He saw and scorned the petty wile. *St. 6.*

Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes, and scorned them all. *St. 8.*

Assumed despondence bent his head,
While troubled joy was in his eye.
The well-feigned sorrow to belie. *St. 14.*

Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears
Saddened and dimmed descending years. *St. 17.*

Thoughts from the tongue that slowly part,
Glance quick as lightning through the heart. *St. 19.*

Hour after hour he loved to pore
On Shakespeare's rich and varied lore.
St. 24.

Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,
And praise, the poet's best reward! *St. 27.*

For not to rank nor sex confined
Is this vain ague of the mind. (Superstition.)
Canto 2, st. 11.

The sparkle of his swarthy eye. *Canto 3, st. 4.*

Speak thy purpose out;
I love not mystery or doubt. *St. 11.*

He bids the ruddy cup go round,
Till sense and sorrow both are drowned.
St. 15.

Much then I learned, and much can show,
Of human guilt and human woe,
Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings, known
A wretch whose sorrows matched my own.
Canto 4, st. 23.

His face was of the doubtful kind
That wins the eye, but not the mind.
Canto 5, st. 16.

His was the subtle look and sly,
That, spying all, seems nought to spy. *Ib.*

So flits the world's uncertain span!
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.
Canto 6, st. 1.

And sidelong glanced, as to explore,
In meditated flight, the door. *St. 6.*

Fell as he was in act and mind,
He left no bolder heart behind;
Then give him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet. *St. 33.*

So—now, the danger dared at last,
Look back, and smile at perils past.
Bridal of Triermain (1813).
Introduction. St. 2.

Like Collins, ill-starred name!
Whose lay's requital was, that tardy Fame,
Who bound no laurel round his living head,
Should hang it o'er his monument when dead.
St. 8.

So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seemed an angel's whispered call
To an expiring saint. *Canto 1, st. 4.*

Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin? *St. 21.*

For priests will allow of a broken vow,
For penance or for gold. *Canto 2, st. 17.*

Brand him who will with base report,—
He shall be free from mine. *St. 18.*

Lordlings and witlings not a few,
Incapable of doing aught,
Yet ill at ease with nought to do. *St. 28.*

But answer came there none. *Canto 3, st. 10.*

Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his frown. **Harold the Dauntless** (1817).
Introduction.

An evil counsellor is despair. *Canto 1, st. 21.*

And thus Hope me deceived, as she deceiveth all. *Canto 3, st. 1.*

'Tis wisdom's use
Still to delay what we dare not refuse.
Canto 4, st. 11.

O, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.
Lullaby of an Infant Chief.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded!
Pibroch of Donald Dhu.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever. **MacGregor's Gathering.**

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods.
The Search after Happiness. *15.*

Their hearts were made of English oak, their swords of Sheffield steel.
The Bold Dragoon.

The dew that on the violet lies
Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes.
The Lord of the Isles (1815). *Canto 1, st. 3.*

To show the form it seemed to hide. *St. 5.*

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven. *St. 20.*

And I will say, as still I've said,
Though by ambition far misled,
Thou art a noble knight. *Canto 3, st. 5.*

Thus, then, my noble foe I greet:
Health and high fortune till we meet,
And then—what pleases Heaven. *St. 6.*

Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains.
Canto 4, st. 11.

O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
Canto 5, st. 18.

Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!
Canto 6, st. 24.

Waverley drove through the sea of books, like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder.
Waverley (1814). *Ch. 3.*

Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.
Guy Mannering (1815). *Ch. 4.*

"That sounds like nonsense, my dear."
"May be so, my dear; but it may be very good law for all that." *Ch. 9.*

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" exclaimed Dominie Sampson. *Ch. 14.*

"Knowest thou not me?" the Deep Voice cried;
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?
Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay." (Time.)
The Antiquary (1815). *Ch. 11.*

But with the morning cool repentance came.
Rob Roy (1817). *Ch. 12.*

To the timid and hesitating everything is impossible because it seems so. *Ch. 16.*

Among the sea of upturned faces. *Ch. 20.*

To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.[*]
Old Mortality (1816). *Ch. 34.*

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor. *Ch. 24.*

Like all rogues, he was a great calumniator of the fair sex.
Heart of Midlothian (1818). *Ch. 18.*

In poetry there is always fallacy, and sometimes fiction.
Bride of Lammermoor (1819). *Ch. 21.*

For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There was never a widow could say him nay.
Ivanhoe (1819). *Ch. 40.*

Old Homer's theme
Was but a dream,
Himself a fiction too. **Monastery** (1820).
Answer to the Introductory Epistle.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries! *Ch. 12.*

And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn. *Ib.*

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[*] Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

These lines are part of a poem of fourteen stanzas in *The Edinburgh Bee*, October 12, 1791, said to be written by Major [Thos. Osbert] Mordaunt (1730-1809). Scott was twenty-one at the time of the publication, and was in Edinburgh, but there is no evidence to prove that he wrote this stanza, which is strikingly superior to the rest of the poem.

Compare:
One hour of right-down love
Is worth an age of dully living on.
—*Mrs. Aphra Behn*, The Rover, pt. 2 (1681), Act v. 1.
Each moment of the happy lover's hour
Is worth an age of dull and common life.
—*Mrs. Aphra Behn*, The Younger Brother, Act iii. 3 (*produced posthumously*, 1696; *written probably* c. 1681–2).

Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,
Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat:
False man hath sworn, and woman hath believed—
Repented and reproached, and then believed once more.
Fortunes of Nigel (1822). *Ch. 20.*

For a con-si-de-ra-tion. *Ch. 22.*

The wise man is his own best assistant. *Ib.*

Though his suit was rejected,
He sadly reflected,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck that's once broken
Can never be set.
Peveril of the Peak (1823). *Ch. 39.*

He comes and gangs like a flap of a whirlwind, or sic loike.
Red Gauntlet (1824). *Ch. 5.*

Widowed wife, and wedded maid,
Betrothed, betrayer, and betrayed.
The Betrothed (1825). *Ch. 15.*

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?
Woodstock (1826). *Vol. 2, ch. 37.*

But with the morning cool reflection came.[*]
The Highland Widow (1827).
Introductory. Ch. 4.

We talk of a credulous vulgar without always recollecting that there is a vulgar incredulity, which in historical matters, as well as in those of religion, finds it easier to doubt than to examine.
Fair Maid of Perth (1828). *Introductory.*

A torturer of phrases into sonnets.
Auchindrane. *iii. 1.*

Ill fares it with the flock
If shepherds wrangle when the wolf is nigh.
Halidon Hill. *i. 2.*

SCOTT, William, Lord Stowell (1745–1836)

A dinner lubricates business. **Sayings:**
Quoted in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.
Campbell's Chancellors. Vol. 10, ch. 212.
(*See* note, p. 118a.)

SCROPE, Sir Carr (1649–1680)

Thou canst hurt no man's fame with thy ill word;
Thy pen is full as harmless as thy sword.
On the Earl of Rochester.

SEAMAN, Sir Owen (b. 1861)

There must be something good in you, I know,
Or why does everyone abuse you so?
In Praise of Fog.

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[*] *See* Rowe (p. 266b): "At length the morn and cold indifference came."

Yet in a hundred scenes, all much the same,
I know that weekly half a million men
(Who never actually played the game),
Hustling like cattle herded in a pen,
Look on and shout,
While two-and-twenty hirelings hack a ball about.
The People's Sport.

She looked him frankly in the face,
And told a wicked, wicked lie.
A Vigo Street Eclogue.

Oxford ! of whom the poet said
That one of your unwritten laws is
To back the weaker side, and wed
Your gallant heart to wobbling causes.
The Scholar Farmer.

Great is advertisement with little men.
Ode to Spring in the Metropolis.

New Art would better Nature's best,
But Nature knows a thing or two.
Ars Postera.

This was the "Day" foretold by yours and you
In whispers here, and there with beery clamours—
You and your rat-hole spies and blustering crew
Of loud Potsdamers.
And lo, there dawns another, swift and stern,
When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice' token,
Breaker of God's own Peace, you shall in turn
Yourself be broken.
Dies Iræ. *To the German Kaiser.*
Punch, Aug. 19, 1914.

SEDLEY, Sir Charles (c. 1639–1701)

When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.
Reasons for Constancy.

Let fools the name of loyalty divide :
Wise men and gods are on the strongest side.
Death of Marc Antony. *iv. 2.*

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain, and to defer a joy.
Song. "*Love still has something of the sea.*"

Phyllis is my only joy !
Faithless as the winds or seas ;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please. **Song.**

She deceiving,
I believing,
What can lovers wish for more ? *Ib.*

What shall become of man so wise,
When he dies ?
None can tell
Whether he goes to heaven or hell.
Out of Lycophron.

Out of our reach the gods have laid
Of time to come th' event,
And laugh to see the fools afraid
Of what the knaves invent. *Ib.*

SELDEN, John (1584–1654)

Scrutamini Scripturas. These two words have undone the world.
Table Talk. *Bible, Scripture.*

Ceremony keeps up all things. *Ceremony.*

To preach long, loud, and Damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that Damns us, and we run after him to save us. *Damnation.*

Equity is a Roguish thing . . . Equity is according to the Conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is Equity. . . . One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same thing in the Chancellor's Conscience. *Equity.*

No man is the wiser for his learning, wit and wisdom are born with a man.
Learning.

More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels.* *Libels.*

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract.
Marriage.

There is not a thing in the world more abused than this sentence, *Salus populi suprema lex esto.* *People.*

The parish makes the Constable, and when the Constable is made he governs the Parish.
Ib.

'Tis the most pleasing flattery to like what other men like. *Pleasure.*

The Pope sends for him . . . and (says he), We will be merry as we were before, for thou little thinkest what a little Foolery governs the whole world.† *Pope.*

Syllables govern the world. *Power, State.*

Preachers say, Do as I say, not as I do.
Preaching.

Why does the nurse tell the child of Rawhead and Bloody-bones ? To keep it in awe.
Priests of Rome.

Women and princes must trust somebody.
Women.

SEWALL, Jonathan Mitchell (of Massachusetts) (1748–1808)

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.
Epilogue to Cato.

SEWARD, W. Henry (1801–1872)

There is a higher law than the Constitution.
Speech. *March 11, 1850.*

SEWELL, George, M.D. (d. 1726)

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death ; the brave live on.
The Suicide.
From Martial, Book 11, Epigram 56.

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* Libels = pamphlets (*libellum*, a small book).

† "You do not know, my son, with how little wisdom men are governed."—Saying of Count Axel Oxenstierna to his son. *See* "With how little wisdom," etc., p. 458*b*.

SHADWELL, Thomas (1642?–1692)

Instantly, in the twinkling of a bedstaff.
Virtuoso.

Words may be false and full of art;
Sighs are the natural language of the heart.
Psyche. *Act iii.*

SHAKESPEARE, William (1564–1616)

The pleasing punishment that women bear.
The Comedy of Errors (c. 1593). *Act i. 1.*

A wretched soul bruised with adversity. *ii. 1.*

They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch;
A living dead man. *v. 1.*

He hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Titus Andronicus (c. 1594). *Act i. 2.*

He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.
Ib.

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
Act ii. 1.

Sorrow concealèd, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Act ii. 5.

Comfortless
As frozen water to a starvèd snake.
Act iii. 1

Two may keep counsel when the third's away.* *Act iv. 2.*

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby.
Act iv. 4.

If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.
Act v. 3.

Let the world slide. **Taming of the Shrew** (c. 1594). *Induction. Sc. 1.*

And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.
Sc. 2.

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy. *i. 1.*

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. *Ib.*

Doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool. *Ib.*

There's small choice in rotten apples. *Ib.*

Love in idleness. *Ib.*

I come to wive it wealthily. *i. 2.*

Nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
Ib.

And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Ib.

And where two raging fires do meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury. *ii. 1.*

Old fashions please me best. *iii. 1.*

And thereby hangs a tale.* *iv. 1.*

Honest mean habiliments. *iv. 3.*

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
iv. 4.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
v. 2.

O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured! *Ib.*

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
Ib.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
Ib.

Spite of cormorant devouring Time.
Love's Labour's Lost (c. 1594). *i. 1.*

Fat paunches have lean pates. *Ib.*

Or having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
Ib.

Why all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain. *Ib.*

As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile. *Ib.*

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixèd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are. *Ib.*

And men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. *Ib.*

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* This is a proverbial expression. *See:* "For thre may kepe a counsel, if twain be awaie."—*Chaucer: The Ten Commandments of Love*, 41; *also*, "Three may keepe counsayle, if two be away."—*J. Heywood: Proverbs.*

* Also found in *Othello*, Act iii. 1; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. 4; *As you Like it*, Act ii. 7.

That unlettered, small-knowing soul. *Ib.*

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. *Ib.*

Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and until then, sit thee down, Sorrow!* *Ib.*

In thy condign praise. *i. 2.*

I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster. *Ib.*

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but, I think, now 'tis not to be found. *Ib.*

Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet.† Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio! *Ib.*

Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well. *ii. 1.*

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal;
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest. *Ib.*

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravishèd;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse. *Ib.*

Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire. *Ib.*

By my penny of observation. *iii. 1.*

The heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. *Ib.*

A very beadle to a humorous sigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable. *Ib.*

This wimpled, whining, purblind wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents. *Ib.*

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. *Ib.*

Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. *iv. 3.*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire. *Ib.*

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye? *Ib.*

The heavenly rhetoric of thine eye. *Ib.*

As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair. *iv. 1.*

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. *v. 1.*

Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve. *Ib.*

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. *Ib.*

In the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon. *v. 1.*

The word is well culled, chose; sweet, and apt,
I do assure you, sir, I do assure. *Ib.*

O, I am stabbed with laughter. *v. 2.*

It can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity. *Ib.*

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation. *Ib.*

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes. *Ib.*

A heavy heart bears but a humble tongue. *Ib.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Ib.*

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight. *Ib.*

And coughing drowns the parson's saw. *Ib.*

Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince. *Ib.*

The weakest goes to the wall.
Romeo and Juliet (c. 1594). *i. 1.*

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. Is the law of our side if I say ay? *Ib.*

Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *Ib.*

An hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east. *Ib.*

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.* *Ib.*

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.† *Ib.*

Saint-seducing gold. *Ib.*

He that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. *Ib.*

And 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace. *i. 2.*

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* This is the reading of the First Folio. A common reading is: "Till then, sit thee down, Sorrow."
† "Sonnet" in all the old copies. "Sonnetteer" is the later and received reading.

* The Folio and earlier editions have "same" for "sun."
† "Uncharmed" in the Folio and earlier editions.

When well apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads. *Ib.*

One fire burns out another's burning;
One pain is lessened by another's anguish. *Ib.*

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow. *Ib.*

For I am proverbed with a grand-sire phrase. *i. 4.*

Oh, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web,
Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams. *Ib.*

Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid. *Ib.*

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers. *Ib.*

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep. *Ib.*

And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. *Ib.*

I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind. *Ib.*

But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail![*] *Ib.*

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please. *i. 5.*

For you and I are past our dancing days. *Ib.*

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs[†] upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. *Ib.*

He bears him like a portly gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth. *Ib.*

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. *Ib.*

My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late! *Ib.*

When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid. *ii. 1.*

He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *ii. 2.*

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek! *Ib.*

O, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? *Ib.*

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name[*] would smell as sweet. *Ib.*

For stony limits cannot hold love out. *Ib.*

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity. *Ib.*

I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight. *Ib.*

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek. *Ib.*

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment! *Ib.*

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. *Ib.*

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond. *Ib.*

I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange. *Ib.*

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb. *Ib.*

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry. *Ib.*

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens. *Ib.*

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. *Ib.*

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep. *Ib.*

All this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial. *Ib.*

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world. *Ib.*
O for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies. *Ib.*

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[*] "Direct my suit" in the folio and quarto of 1609.

[†] Later editions read: "Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night."

[*] "By any other word" in the Folio and the quarto of 1609.

279*a*

How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears! *Ib.*

So loving-jealous of his liberty. *Ib.*

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. *Ib.*

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest! *Ib.*

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified. *ii. 3.*

It argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And, where care lodges, sleep will never lie. *Ib.*

When, and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass. *Ib.*

Pronounce this sentence, then,
Women may fall when there's no strength in men. *Ib.*

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love. *Ib.*

Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast. *Ib.*

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. *ii. 4.*

More than prince of cats. *Ib.*

Why, is it not a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois?* *Ib.*

O flesh! flesh! how thou art fishified! *Ib.*

My business was great; and in such a case a man may strain courtesy. *Ib.*

I am the very pink of courtesy. *Ib.*

Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting: it is a most sharp sauce. *Ib.*

Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? *Ib.*

One, . . . that God hath made himself to mar. *Ib.*

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. *Ib.*

279*b*

As pale as any clout in the varsal world. *Ib.*

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die. *ii. 6.*

O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air. *Ib.*

Till holy church incorporate two in one. *Ib.*

Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. *iii. 1.*

Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat. *Ib.*

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I. *Ib.*

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! *Ib.*

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses! *Ib.*

I thought all for the best. *Ib.*

O, I am fortune's fool! *Ib.*

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. *Ib.*

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion. *iii. 2.*

When he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. *Ib.*

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! *Ib.*

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! *Ib.*

There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. *Ib.*

He was not born for shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth. *Ib.*

Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity. *iii. 3.*

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. *Ib.*

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. *Ib.*

Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet. *Ib.*

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops. *iii. 5.*

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. *iii. 5.*

Villain and he be many miles asunder. *Ib.*

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. *iv. 1.*

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. *iv. 2.*

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. *iv. 5.*

"Music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding. *Ib.*

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne. *v. 1.*

Meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones. *Ib.*

A beggarly account of empty boxes. *Ib.*

Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it. *Ib.*

My poverty, but not my will, consents. *Ib.*

The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea. *v. 3.*

Can vengeance be pursued further than death? *Ib.*

Tempt not a desperate man. *Ib.*

Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury. *Ib.*

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book. *Ib.*

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. *Ib.*

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! *Ib.*

Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at length run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! *Ib.*

A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. *Ib.*

But earthly happier[*] is the rose distilled,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
A Midsummer Night's Dream (c. 1595). *i. 1.*

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth. *Ib.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind. *Ib.*

This is Ercles' vein. *i. 2.*

I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. *Ib.*

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire. *ii. 1.*

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. *ii. 2.*

And the imperial votaress passèd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free. *Ib.*

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. *Ib.*

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.[*] *Ib.*

I know a bank, where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.[†] *Ib.*

The will of man is by his reason swayed. *ii. 3.*

God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living. *iii. 1.*

Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *Ib.*

To say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. *Ib.*

Lord, what fools these mortals be! *iii. 2.*

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. *Ib.*

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye. *Ib.*

Cupid is a knavish lad
Thus to make poor females mad. *Ib.*

Jack shall have Jill,
Nought shall go ill,
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. *Ib.*

Who will not change a raven for a dove? *iii. 3.*

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[*] In all the old copies the reading is "earthlier happy." In the Folio the words are "earthlier happie." The "r" is supposed to have been transposed.

[*] The reading of Fisher's quarto. In the Folio the passage appears as one line: "I'll put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes."

[†] Steevens amends this to "whereon the wild thyme blows," and alters "luscious woodbine" to "lush woodbine."

I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones. *iv. 1.*

But as the fierce vexation of a dream. *Ib.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,—
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. *v. 1.*

Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear! *Ib.*

Very tragical mirth. *Ib.*

For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it. *Ib.*

And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence. *Ib.*

That is the true beginning of our end. *Ib.*

Our true intent is—all for your delight. *Ib.*

The best in this kind are but shadows. *Ib.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. *Ib.*

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona (c.1595). *i. 1.*

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs. *Ib.*

I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so. *Ib.*

Since maids, in modesty, say "No," to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay." *Ib.*

O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day! *Ib.*

Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.* *i. 2.*

They love least, that let men know their love. *Ib.*

And yet another yet. *ii. 1.*

A jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple! *Ib.*

I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son. *ii. 3.*

I have done penance for contemning love. *ii. 4.*

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. *Ib.*

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage. *ii. 7.*

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. *Ib.*

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. *iii. 1.*

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Except I look on Sylvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon. *Ib.*

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind. *Ib.*

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. *Ib.*

Hope is a lover's staff. *Ib.*

Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy. *iii. 2.*

A man I am, crossed with adversity. *iv. 1.*

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Is she kind, as she is fair? *iv. 2.*

Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness. *iv. 4.*

Is she not passing fair? *Ib.*

How use doth breed a habit in a man! *v. 4.*

Were man
But constant, he were perfect. *Ib.*

I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not. *Ib.*

In sooth I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
I am to learn.
The Merchant of Venice (c. 1596). *i. 1.*

And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. *Ib.*

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. *Ib.*

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* Founded on Ovid, *Metam.*, 4, 64. *See* "Quoque magis," etc., *p.* 642*a*.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Ib.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one. *Ib.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? *Ib.*

As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing. *Ib.*

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff: You shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have found them, they are not worth the search. *Ib.*

My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all unlocked to your occasions. *Ib.*

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advisèd watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both. *Ib.*

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. *i. 2.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. *Ib.*

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. *Ib.*

I dote on his very absence. *Ib.*

Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land rats and water rats. *i. 3.*

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
Ib.

Even there where merchants most do congregate. *Ib.*

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
Ib.

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Ib.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
Ib.

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness. *Ib.*

For when did friendship take,
A breed of barren metal of his friend? *Ib.*

O father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others! *Ib.*

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind. *Ib.*

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun.
ii. 1.

If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man? The greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand!
Ib.

O heavens, this is my true-begotten father!
ii. 2.

According to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and other branches of learning. *Ib.*

It is a wise father that knows his own child.
Ib.

Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam. *Ib.*

These foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit. *ii. 3.*

And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife.
ii. 5.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoyed.
How like a younker, or a prodigal
The scarfèd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embracèd by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weathered ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind! *Ib.*

For love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies they themselves commit.
ii. 6.

I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable. *ii. 8.*

A kinder gentleman treads not the earth. *Ib.*

Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! *ii. 9.*

The ancient saying is no heresy:—
Hanging and wooing goes by destiny. *Ib.*

The Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word. *iii. 1.*

Let him look to his bond. *Ib.*

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. *Ib.*

Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? *Ib.*

The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. *Ib.*

No satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill-luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding. *Ib.*

Thou stick'st a dagger into me. *Ib.*

He makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. *iii. 2.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head? *Ib.*

So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? *Ib.*

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts. *Ib.*

Thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas! *Ib.*

Rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear and green-eyed jealousy. *Ib.*

Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn. *Ib.*

And swearing, till the very roof was dry,
With oaths of love. *Ib.*

He did entreat me past all saying nay. *Ib.*

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! *Ib.*

I will have my bond. *iii. 3.*

I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now. *iii. 4.*

This comes too near the praising of myself. *Ib.*

How every fool can play upon the word! *iii. 5.*

What a wit-snapper are you! *Ib.*

Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning. *Ib.*

Let it serve for table talk. *Ib.*

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy. *iv. 1.*

Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat. *Ib.*

Do all men kill the thing they do not love? *Ib.*

A harmless necessary cat. *Ib.*

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? *Ib.*

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong? *Ib.*

The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it. *Ib.*

I am a tainted wether of the flock. *Ib.*

I never knew so young a body with so old a head. *Ib.*

On what compulsion must I? tell me that. *Ib.*

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. *Ib.*

We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Ib.*

Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong. *Ib.*

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example
Will rush into the state. *Ib.*

A Daniel come to judgment! *Ib.*

Is it so nominated in the bond? *Ib.*

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. *Ib.*

Speak me fair in death. *Ib.*

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip. *Ib.*

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live. *Ib.*

He is well paid that is well satisfied. *Ib.*

I pray you know me when we meet again. *Ib.*

You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answered. *Ib.*

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines[*] of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. *v. 1.*

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. *Ib.*

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:

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[*] "Patens" in the Folio. The paten or patine is the small flat dish used in the service of the altar.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted! *Ib.*

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Ib.*

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband. *Ib.*

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise, and true perfection! *Ib.*

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick. *Ib.*

These blessed candles of the night. *Ib.*

So doth the greater glory dim the less. *Ib.*

Much Ado about Nothing (c. 1598). *i. 1.*

He is a very valiant trencher-man. *Ib.*

They never meet but there is a skirmish of wit between them. *Ib.*

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat. *Ib.*

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books. *Ib.*

What, my dear lady Disdain! *Ib.*

Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? *Ib.*

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.* *Ib.*

Benedick the married man. *Ib.*

There live we as merry as the day is long. *ii. 1.*

Speak low, if you speak love. *Ib.*

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. *Ib.*

Silence is the perfected herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. *Ib.*

Every why hath a wherefore. (Proverb.) *ii. 2.*

He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. *ii. 3.*

Note this before my notes.
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting. *Ib.*

Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never. *Ib.*

Sits the wind in that corner? *Ib.*

Man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his old age. *Ib.*

Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? *Ib.*

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. *Ib.*

Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. *iii. 1.*

So turns she every man the wrong way out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. *Ib.*

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. *Ib.*

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. *Ib.*

Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it. *iii. 2.*

He brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode? *Ib.*

Are you good men and true? *iii. 3.*

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature. *Ib.*

You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man. *Ib.*

You shall comprehend all vagrom men. *Ib.*

For the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured. *Ib.*

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. *Ib.*

Comparisons are odorous. *iii. 5.*

I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I. *Ib.*

A good old man, sir, he will be talking; as they say, "When the age is in, the wit is out." *Ib.*

An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. *Ib.*

O, what men dare do! what men may do!
What men daily do, not knowing what they do! *iv. 1.*

I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes. *Ib.*

For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value. *Ib.*

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* Thos. Watson (1560–1591) has a sonnet with the line: "In time the bull is brought to bear the yoke." Ovid (*Tristia*, 4, 6, 1) has: "Tempore ruricolæ patiens fit taurus aratri."

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination. *Ib.*

Into the eye and prospect of his soul. *Ib.*

O that I were a man for his sake! *Ib.*

But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment. *Ib.*

Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so presently. *iv. 2.*

Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.* *Ib.*

Flat burglary as ever was committed. *Ib.*

O that he were here to write me down an ass!—but masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. *Ib.*

A fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him. *Ib.*

Patch grief with proverbs. *v. 1.*

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow. *Ib.*

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently. *Ib.*

In a false quarrel there is no true valour. *Ib.*

Runs not this speech like iron through your
blood? *Ib.*

He is composed and framed of treachery. *Ib.*

No, I was not born under a rhyming planet. *v. 2.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues. *v. 3.*

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather. **Julius Cæsar** (c. 1599). *i. 1.*

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? *Ib.*

Beware the Ides of March. *i. 2.*

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself. *Ib.*

"Dar'st thou Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the
word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow. *Ib.*

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. *Ib.*

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. *Ib.*

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? *Ib.*

There was a Brutus once, that would have
brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king. *Ib.*

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous. *Ib.*

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves. *Ib.*

For mine own part, it was Greek to me.* *Ib.*

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite. *Ib.*

Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced? *Ib.*

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Act ii. 1.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream. *Ib.*

For he will never follow anything
That other men begin. *Ib.*

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flatterèd. *Ib.*

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Ib.*

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded? *Ib.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death
of princes. *ii. 2.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once. *Ib.*

How hard it is for women to keep counsel! *ii. 4.*

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* Eftest = quickest.

* Hum, I think this is heathen Greek; I'm sure 'tis so to me.—*Aphra Behn: False Count* (1682), *iv.* 1.

But I am constant as the northern star.
iii. 1.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? *Ib.*

The choice and master spirits of this age. *Ib.*

Though last, not least in love. *Ib.*

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times. *Ib.*

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.
Ib.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent that ye may hear.
iii. 2.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. *Ib.*

As he was valiant I honour him: but, as he was ambitious I slew him. *Ib.*

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak: for him have I offended.

Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak: for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak: for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. *Ib.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. *Ib.*

For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men. *Ib.*

He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
Ib.

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. *Ib.*

But here I am to speak what I do know. *Ib.*

You all did love him once, not without cause.
Ib.

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! *Ib.*

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now, lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Ib.*

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men.
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it. *Ib.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
Ib.

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Ib.

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Ib.*

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
. . . great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Ib.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Ib.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not. *Ib.*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend. *Ib.*

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know.
Ib.

But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Ib.

Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt! *Ib.*

Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. *Ib.*

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
iv. 2.

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment. *iv. 3.*
You yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm.
Ib.

The foremost man of all this world. *Ib.*

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. *Ib.*

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish. *Ib.*

I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say better? *Ib.*

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind. *Ib.*

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Ib.

A friendly eye could never see such faults. *Ib.*

All his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. *Ib.*

Carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again. *Ib.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.[*] *Ib.*

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless. *v. 1.*

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. *Ib.*

For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made. *Ib.*

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come! *Ib.*

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show, to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not? *v. 3.*

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! *Ib.*

Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. *v. 4.*

This was the noblest Roman of them all. *v. 5.*

He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!" *Ib.*

I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it.
The Merry Wives of Windsor (c. 1600). *i. 1.*

All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors that come after him, may. *Ib.*

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love. *Ib.*

Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts. *Ib.*

Lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter. *Ib.*

Word of denial, froth and scum, thou liest! *Ib.*

I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here. *Ib.*

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt. *Ib.*

There's the humour of it.[†] *Ib.*

"Convey" the wise it call. "Steal!" foh, a fico for the phrase! *i. 3.*

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk! *Ib.*

Thou art the Mars of malcontents; I second thee; troop on! *Ib.*

Here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the King's English. *i. 4.*

His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. *Ib.*

We burn daylight. *ii. 1.*

They do no more adhere and keep pace together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." *Ib.*

Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. *Ib.*

If money go before, all ways do lie open. *ii. 2.*

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. *Ib.*

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues. *Ib.*

Hiding mine honour in my necessity. *Ib.*

Marry, this is the short and the long of it. *Ib.*

Unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate. *Ib.*

Like a fair house built on another man's ground. *Ib.*

By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him. *ii. 3.*

Ah, sweet Anne Page! *iii. 1.*

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is. *iii. 2.*

O, what a world of vile, ill-favoured faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year. *iii. 4.*

If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! *Ib.*

If I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. *iii. 5.*

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. *Ib.*

The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril. *Ib.*

A man of my kidney. *Ib.*

Your husband is in his old lunes again. *iv. 2.*

Life is a shuttle. *v. 1.*

They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. *Ib.*

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. *v. 3.*

Let the sky rain potatoes! let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves"! *v. 5.*

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[*] There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it.
Fletcher and Massinger: The Custom of the Country (1619). ii. 1.

[†] This was inserted by Theobald from the quarto.

What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced. *Ib.*

Ford: And one that is as slanderous as Satan?
Page: And as poor as Job?
Ford: And as wicked as his wife? *Ib.*

O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. *Ib.*

The courtesy of nations allows you my better; in that you are the first-born.
As You Like It (c. 1600). *i. 1.*

Therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. *Ib.*

The dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. *i. 2.*

Unmuzzle your wisdom. *Ib.*

Well said! that was laid on with a trowel. *Ib.*

Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. *Ib.*

Now Hercules be thy speed, young man! *Ib.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother. *Ib.*

Celia: Not a word? *Ros.*: Not one to throw at a dog. *i. 3.*

O, how full of briars is this working-day world! *Ib.*

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. *Ib.*

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside. *Ib.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.* *ii. 1.*

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase. *Ib.*

Thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. *Ib.*

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens! *Ib.*

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter. *Ib.*

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! *ii. 3.*

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood. *Ib.*

My age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. *Ib.*

O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up. *Ib.*

But travellers must be content. *ii. 4.*

We that are true lovers, run into strange capers. *Ib.*

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of. *Ib.*

Under the greenwood tree. *ii. 5.*

I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. *Ib.*

I'll rail against all the first-born in Egypt. *Ib.*

And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms. *ii. 7.*

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags." *Ib.*

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot:
And thereby hangs a tale. *Ib.*

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer. *Ib.*

Motley's the only wear. *Ib.*

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage—he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. *Ib.*

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please. *Ib.*

The "why" is plain as way to parish church. *Ib.*

Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness. *Ib.*

If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church. *Ib.*

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

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* Experto crede; aliquid amplius in silvis invenies quam in libris. Ligna et lapides docebunt te quod a magistris audire non possis. (Believe one who has had experience; you will find something more in woods than in books. Trees and stones will teach you that which you cannot learn from masters)—*St. Bernard* (1091-1153): *Epistle* (106) *to Master Henry Murdach* (afterwards Abbot of Fountains and Archbishop of York).

Then the whining schoolboy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. *Ib.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
    As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
    Although thy breath be rude. *Ib.*

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly. *Ib.*

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. *iii. 2.*

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? *Ib.*

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends. *Ib.*

Thou art in a parlous state. *Ib.*

Helen's cheek, but not her heart. *Ib.*

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping! *Ib.*

Do you not know I am a woman? what I think, I must speak.[*] *Ib.*

I do desire we may be better strangers. *Ib.*

You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. *Ib.*

The lazy foot of time. *Ib.*

I am he, that unfortunate he. *Ib.*

Touch. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry. *Ib.*

Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest. *Ib.*

I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. *iii. 3.*

Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love. *iii. 5.*

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?[*] *Ib.*

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him. *Ib.*

Wraps me in a most humorous sadness. *iv. 1.*

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. *Ib.*

He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him on the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole. *Ib.*

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *Ib.*

Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? *Ib.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. *Ib.*

You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.[†] *Ib.*

Chewing the food[‡] of sweet and bitter fancy. *iv. 3.*

Kindness, nobler ever than revenge. *Ib.*

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways. *v. 1.*

No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason. *v. 2.*

Oh how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! *Ib.*

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own. *v. 4.*

The Retort courteous . . . the Quip modest . . . the Reproof valiant . . . the Countercheck quarrelsome . . . the Lie circumstantial . . . the Lie direct. *Ib.*

Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if." *Ib.*

If it be true that, "good wine needs no bush," 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. *Epilogue.*

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[*] *See Chaucer: Marchauntes Tale, l.* 1061.

[*] Quoted as a "dead shepherd's saw." The "dead shepherd" was Marlowe, who died in 1593, and the line is from his "Hero and Leander," *see* page 205.

[†] A proverbial saying. *See* Chaucer's *Marchauntes Tale, l.* 1027: "For lakke of answer noon of [t]hem shall dyen."

[‡] Amended in some editions to "cud," but without authority.

For this relief much thanks.
Hamlet (c. 1601). *i. 1.*

O! farewell, honest soldier. *Ib.*

Ber. What is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him. *Ib.*

Is not this something more than fantasy? *Ib.*

This bodes some strange eruption to our state. *Ib.*

Whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week. *Ib.*

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day. *Ib.*

Of unimprovèd metal hot and full. *Ib.*

Some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't. *Ib.*

In the most high and palmy state of Rome. *Ib.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence. *Ib.*

And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. *Ib.*

So hallowed and so gracious is the time. *Ib.*

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern* hill. *Ib.*

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves. *i. 2.*

With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole. *Ib.*

The head is not more native to the heart. *Ib.*

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent. *Ib.*

A little more than kin, and less than kind. *Ib.*

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity. *Ib.*

Ay, madam, it is common. *Ib.*

Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes,† shows of grief,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe. *Ib.*

But to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient. *Ib.*

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed! Things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this! *Ib.*

Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. *Ib.*

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. *Ib.*

Frailty, thy name is woman! *Ib.*

A little month. *Ib.*

Like Niobe, all tears. *Ib.*

A beast, that wants discourse of reason. *Ib.*

But no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. *Ib.*

It is not, nor it cannot come to good *Ib.*

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart. *Ib.*

The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio! *Ib.*

In my mind's eye, Horatio. *Ib.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. *Ib.*

In the dead vast* and middle of the night. *Ib.*

Armed at all points. *Ib.*

These hands are not more like *Ib.*

But answer made it none. *Ib.*

A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger. *Ib.*

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred. *Ib.*

A sable silvered. *Ib.*

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. *Ib.*

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
I will requite your loves. *Ib.*

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* "Eastward" in the quartos.

† "Modes" is the modern reading; "moods" in the Folio and quartos.

* "Waist" in many editions; afterwards printed "waste." "Vast" in the quarto of 1603.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. *Ib.*

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting.
The perfume and suppliance of a minute. *i. 3.*

His greatness weighed, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state. *Ib.*

And keep you in the rear of your affection. *Ib.*

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,[*]
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent. *Ib.*

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear. *Ib.*

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Ib.*

A double blessing is a double grace. *Ib.*

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops[†] of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee! *Ib.*

'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it. *Ib.*

You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance. *Ib.*

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends[*] the tongue vows. *Ib.*

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence. *Ib.*

It is a nipping and an eager air. *i. 4.*

But to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance. *Ib.*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! *Ib.*

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. *Ib.*

Let me not burst in ignorance! *Ib.*

In complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous. *Ib.*

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls. *Ib.*

Look, with what courteous action
It waves[†] you to a more removèd ground. *Ib.*

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself? *Ib.*

Go on; I'll follow thee. *Ib.*

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. *Ib.*

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. *Ib.*

Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further. *i. 5.*

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list! *Ib.*

Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural. *Ib.*

With wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love. *Ib.*

O my prophetic soul! mine uncle! *Ib.*

O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,

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[*] *See Love's Labour's Lost:* "The firstborn infants of the spring," i. 1.

[†] "Hooks" in many editions, but without authority.

[*] "Gives" in the Folio; "lends" in the quartos.

[†] "Wafts" in the Folio.

That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage. *Ib.*

But soft! methinks, I scent the morning's air. *Ib.*

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not. *Ib.*

Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. *Ib.*

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there. *Ib.*

Within the book and volume of my brain. *Ib.*

O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain! *Ib.*

My tables—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;*
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. *Ib.*

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this. *Ib.*

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray. *Ib.*

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord. *Ib.*

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you. *Ib.*

Art thou there, truepenny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage. *Ib.*

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! *Ib.*

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your† philosophy. *Ib.*

Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit. *Ib.*

The time is out of joint;—O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! *Ib.*

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimèd blood. *ii. 1.*

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth. *Ib.*

By indirections find directions out. *Ib.*

He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk. *Ib.*

This is the very ecstasy of love. *Ib.*

Such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance. *ii. 2.*

Thou still hast been the father of good news. *Ib.*

Brevity is the soul of wit. *Ib.*

More matter with less art. *Ib.*

That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true; a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art. *Ib.*

And now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect, defective, comes by cause. *Ib.*

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase. *Ib.*

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
  Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
  But never doubt I love. *Ib.*

Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
When I have positively said "'Tis so,"
And it proved otherwise? *Ib.*

Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters. *Ib.*

Hamlet. You are a fishmonger.
Polonius. Not I, my lord.
Hamlet. Then I would you were so honest a man. *Ib.*

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.* *Ib.*

Still harping on my daughter. *Ib.*

Words, words, words! *Ib.*

The satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward. *Ib.*

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it. *Ib.*

These tedious old fools. *Ib.*

As the indifferent children of the earth. *Ib.*

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button. *Ib.*

Hamlet. What news?
Rosencrantz. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.
Hamlet. Then is doomsday near? *Ib.*

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* "The smyler with the knyf under the cloke."—*Chaucer: Knightes Tale, l.* 1141.

† The original reading is "our philosophy."

* "Two thousand" in the Folio; "ten" in the quartos.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.[*] *Ib.*

O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams. *Ib.*

The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. *Ib.*

I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but shadow's shadow. *Ib.*

Beggar that I am, I am poor even in thanks. *Ib.*

It goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling, you seem to say so. *Ib.*

There was no such stuff in my thoughts. *Ib.*

And the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for it. *Ib.*

'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy. *Ib.*

There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. *Ib.*

I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw. [*i.e.* a "heron-shaw," or "heron".] *Ib.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality. *Ib.*

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general. *Ib.*

Let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you lived. *Ib.*

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. *Ib.*

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! *Ib.*

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? *Ib.*

He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears. *Ib.*

A dull, and muddy-mettled rascal. *Ib.*

But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter.[*] *Ib.*

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab. *Ib.*

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. *Ib.*

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. *Ib.*

I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. *Ib.*

'Tis too much proved,—that with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. *iii. 1.*

To be, or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep:—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud[†] man's contumely,
The pangs of despised[‡] love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,[§]
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution

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[*] Adeo nihil est miserum nisi cum putes (so nothing is wretched unless when you think it so).—*Boethius.*

[*] Sure he is a pigeon, for he has no gall: *Dekker: The Honest Whore*, Pt. 1, i, 5 (1604).

[†] "The poor man's contumely" in the Folio.

[‡] "Dispriz'd" in the Folio; "despis'd" in the quarto.

[§] "Who would these fardels bear," in the Folio.

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,*
And lose the name of action. *Ib.*

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered. *Ib.*

For, to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind. *Ib.*

Get thee to a nunnery. *Ib.*

I am myself indifferent honest. *Ib.*

What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all. *Ib.*

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. *Ib.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. *Ib.*

If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. *Ib.*

I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourself another. *Ib.*

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite, down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and figure of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me!
To see what I have seen, see what I see! *Ib.*

Madness in great ones must not unwatched go. *Ib.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. *iii. 2.*

Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. *Ib.*

It out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. *Ib.*

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. *Ib.*

The purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature. *Ib.*

Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. *Ib.*

Not to speak it profanely. *Ib.*

Having neither the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man. *Ib.*

I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. *Ib.*

I hope we have reformed that indifferently. *Ib.*

O, reform it altogether. *Ib.*

That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. *Ib.*

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. *Ib.*

Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits? *Ib.*

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. *Ib.*

A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this. *Ib.*

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. *Ib.*

Here's metal more attractive. *Ib.*

Your only jig-maker. *Ib.*

Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. *Ib.*

Died two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r lady, he must build churches then. *Ib.*

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot. *Ib.*

Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief. *Ib.*

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* "Awry" in the quarto; "away" in the Folio.

Hamlet : Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?
Oph. : 'Tis brief, my lord.
Ham. : As woman's love. *Ib.*

O confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed the first. *Ib.*

I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory. *Ib.*

If she should break it now! *Ib.*

Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! *Ib.*

The lady doth protest too much, methinks. *Ib.*

No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world. *Ib.*

We that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. *Ib.*

Why let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away. *Ib.*

Put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair. *Ib.*

O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! *Ib.*

The proverb is something musty. *Ib.*

'Tis as easy as lying. *Ib.*

It will discourse most eloquent[*] music. *Ib.*

You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass. *Ib.*

Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. *Ib.*

It is backed like a weasel. *Ib.*

Very like a whale. *Ib.*

They fool me to the top of my bent. *Ib.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world; now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. *Ib.*

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none. *Ib.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! *iii. 3.*

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent. *Ib.*

May one be pardoned, and retain th' offence? *Ib.*

Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent? *Ib.*

Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe. *Ib.*

Now might I do it, pat. *Ib.*

Some act
That has no relish of salvation in it. *Ib.*

Words without thoughts never to heaven go. *Ib.*

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with. *iii. 4.*

How now! a rat?
Dead, for a ducat, dead! *Ib.*

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff. *Ib.*

Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty. *Ib.*

As false as dicers' oaths. *Ib.*

Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? *Ib.*

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on his brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station [attitude] like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. *Ib.*

Like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. *Ib.*

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed
And batten on this moor? *Ib.*

At your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment. *Ib.*

O shame, where is thy blush? *Ib.*

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket. *Ib.*

A king of shreds and patches. *Ib.*

Do you not come your tardy son to chide? *Ib.*

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. *Ib.*

For use almost can change the stamp of nature. *Ib.*

Tears, perchance, for blood. *Ib*

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[*] In Knight's edition, "excellent music."

This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in. *Ib.*

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test. *Ib.*

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. *Ib.*

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come. *Ib.*

For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg. *Ib.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. *Ib.*

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat. *Ib.*

And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you. *Ib.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. *Ib.*

For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard; and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them to the moon. *Ib.*

He keeps them, like an ape does nuts, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed. *iv. 2.*

A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear. *Ib.*

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. *iv. 3.*

Your worm is your only emperor for diet. *Ib.*

We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name. *iv. 4.*

What is a man
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not,
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unused. *Ib.*

Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. *Ib.*

We know what we are, but know not what we may be. *iv. 5.*

We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. *Ib.*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Ib.*

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would. *Ib*

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit! *Ib.*

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. *Ib.*

You must wear your rue with a difference. *Ib.*

They say he made a good end. *Ib.*

And will he not come again? *Ib.*

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again. *Ib.*

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
Grammercy on his soul! *Ib.*

His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation. *Ib.*

And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall. *Ib.*

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou." *iv. 7.*

A very riband in the cap of youth. *Ib.*

He grew into his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast. *Ib.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. *Ib.*

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will. *Ib.*

Crowner's-quest law. *v. 1.*

There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession. *Ib.*

Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating. *Ib.*

Hath this fellow no feeling of his business? *Ib.*

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. *Ib.*

The pate of a politician, . . . one that could circumvent God. *Ib.*

Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? *Ib.*

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead. *Ib.*

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Ib.*

The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. *Ib.*

Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. *Ib.*

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own jeering? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. *Ib.*

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? *Ib.*

'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.[*] *Ib.*

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Ib.*

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring! *Ib.*

I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling. *Ib.*

Sweets to the sweet: farewell! *Ib.*

Sir, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous. *Ib.*

Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou. *Ib.*

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping. *Ib.*

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *Ib.*

This grave shall have a living monument. *Ib.*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *v. 2.*

It did me yeoman's service. *Ib.*

What imports the nomination of this gentleman? *Ib.*

The phrase will be more german to the matter. *Ib.*

Not a whit! We defy augury: there's a providence in the fall of a sparrow. *Ib.*

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother. *Ib.*

I do receive your offered love, like love,
And will not wrong it. *Ib.*

A hit, a very palpable hit. *Ib.*

Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric:
I am justly killed with my own treachery. *Ib.*

This fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest. *Ib.*

Report me and my cause aright. *Ib.*

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane. *Ib.*

Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. *Ib.*

The rest is silence. *Ib.*

If music be the food of love, play on.
Twelfth Night (c. 1601). *i. 1.*

That strain again—it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. *Ib.*

Care's an enemy to life. *i. 3.*

I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit. *Ib.*

What says Quinapalus?[*] "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." *i. 5.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive. *Ib.*

And leave the world no copy. *Ib.*

Not to be abed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. *ii. 3.*

Journeys end in lovers meeting. *Ib.*

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. *Ib.*

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? *Ib.*

Ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too. *Ib.*

These most brisk and giddy-paced times. *ii. 4.*

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,[†]
Than women's are. *Ib.*

Duke. And what's her history?
Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

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[*] "Platon estime qu'il y ait quelque vice d'impiété à trop curieusement s'enquerir de Dieu et du monde."—*Montaigne*: *Essais* (1580), Book 2, ch. 12. (Plato holds that there is some vice of impiety in *enquiring too curiously* about God and the world.)

[*] An imaginary author.

[†] "Won" in most modern editions, but "worn" in the original.

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,[*]
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love. *Ib.*

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too. *Ib.*

Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *ii. 5.*

Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you. *Ib.*

But be not afraid of greatness; some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. *Ib.*

The trick of singularity. *Ib.*

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit. *iii. 1.*

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip! *Ib.*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. *Ib.*

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose pen, no matter. *iii. 2.*

Why, this is very midsummer madness. *iii. 4.*

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. *Ib.*

Let thy tongue tang with arguments of state. *Ib.*

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. *Ib.*

An I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. *Ib.*

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness. *Ib.*

In nature there's no blemish but the mind.
None can be called deformed but the unkind. *iii. 5.*

As the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is, is."[†] *iv. 2.*

Out, hyperbolical fiend! *Ib.*

There is no darkness but ignorance. *Ib.*

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. *v. 1.*

For the rain it raineth every day. *Ib.*

A great while ago the world begun. *Ib.*

I have had my labour for my travail.
Troilus and Cressida (c. 1602). *i. 1.*

Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man? *i. 2.*

Women are angels, wooing. *Ib.*

Men prize the thing ungained more than it is. *Ib.*

The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. *i. 3.*

Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed
By showing the worst first. *Ib.*

Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on. *Ib.*

Modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise. *ii. 2.*

What is aught, but as 'tis valued? *Ib.*

'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god. *Ib.*

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly
May easily untie. *ii. 3.*

He that is proud eats up himself. *Ib.*

Words pay no debts. *iii. 2.*

To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might. *Ib.*

As false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid. *Ib.*

Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. *iii. 3.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. *Ib.*

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. *Ib.*

And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air. *Ib.*

A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. *Ib.*

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[*] *Cf. Chaucer*: *Parlement of Foules*, l. 242:
Dame Pacience sitting ther I fond,
With face pale, upon an hille of sond.

[†] According to Francis Douce (1757–1834) this "hermit of Prague" (obviously not Jerome of Prague, who lived in the 15th century and was not a hermit) was "another of that name [Jerome], born likewise at Prague and called *the hermit of Camaldoli in Prague*"—meaning apparently a hermit of the Camaldolese (Tuscan) order, which was not founded till about A.D. 980. The legendary Gorboduc, King of Britain, is represented by Geoffrey of Monmouth to have been contemporary with Romulus and Remus, whose traditional date is 750 years before Christ. The hermit and the niece of Gorboduc were probably humorous inventions of Shakespeare, and entirely imaginary.

What's past, and what's to come, is strewed
with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion. *iv. 5.*

The end crowns all. *Ib.*

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man. *v. 3.*

A bright particular star.
All's Well that Ends Well (c. 1602). *i. 1.*

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none. *Ib.*

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. *Ib.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. *Ib.*

"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits." *i. 2.*

He must needs go that the devil drives. *i. 3.*

My friends were poor but honest.* *Ib.*

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits. *ii. 1.*

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister. *Ib.*

Highly fed and lowly taught. *ii. 2.*

To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home. *ii. 3.*

A young man married is a man that's marred. *Ib.*

To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing. *ii. 4.*

For the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design. *iii. 6.*

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. *iv. 3.*

There's place and means for every man alive. *Ib.*

Whose words all ears took captive. *v. 3.*

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. *Ib.*

Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time. *Ib.*

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves.
Measure for Measure (c. 1604). *i. 1.*

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes,
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. *Ib.*

He was ever precise in promise-keeping. *i. 2.*

And liberty plucks justice by the nose. *i. 4.*

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted. *i. 5.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. *Ib.*

And let him learn to know when maidens sue,
Men give like gods. *Ib.*

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,—
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror. *ii. 1.*

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I do not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in a sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. *Ib.*

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it. *Ib.*

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. *Ib.*

At war 'twixt will and will not. *ii. 2.*

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it? *Ib.*

No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. *Ib.*

O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. *ii. 2.*

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? *Ib.*

But man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep. *Ib.*

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Ib.*

Our compelled sins
Stand more for number than for account. *ii. 4.*

O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not
what we mean. *Ib.*

The miserable have
No other medicine but only hope. *iii. 1.*

Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. *Ib.*

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms. *Ib.*

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* *See* Middleton, *The Witch*, iii. 2:
"Though I be poor I'm honest."

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region[*] of thick-ribbèd ice ;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world ! *Ib.*

The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Ib.*

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. *iii. 1.*

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow. *iii. 2.*

Back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. *Ib.*

Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking ! *Ib.*

When rich villains have need of poor ones,
Poor ones may make what price they will. *iii. 3.*

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn.[†] *iv. 1.*

Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain. *Ib.*

Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *iv. 2.*

A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. *v. 1.*

My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna. *Ib.*

They say best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad. *Ib.*

For truth is truth
To th' end of the reckoning. *Ib.*

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. *Ib.*

Horribly stuffed with epithets of war.
Othello (c. 1604). *i. 1.*

A fellow almost damned in a fair wife ;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows,
More than a spinster. *Ib.*

The bookish theoric. *Ib.*

Mere prattle without practice
Is all his scholarship. *Ib.*

'Tis the curse of service ;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. *Ib.*

We cannot all be masters. *Ib.*

Whip me such honest knaves. *Ib.*

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am. *Ib.*

Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. *Ib.*

Who would be a father ? *Ib.*

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contrived murder. I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service. *i. 2.*

The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation. *Ib.*

For my particular grief
Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows. *i. 3.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more ! Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace. *Ib.*

The tented field. *Ib.*

And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. *Ib.*

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. *Ib.*

A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself. *Ib.*

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances ;
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery. *Ib.*

Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was my process ;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline. *i. 3.*

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;
She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me ;

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[*] In some editions "regions."

[†] This stanza, with an additional one, is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rollo*, v. 2. The song is possibly a ballad current in Shakespeare's time, but Malone and other editors prefer to believe that it is by Shakespeare.

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft I have used. *Ib.*

Take up this mangled matter at the best :
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands. *Ib.*

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Ib.*

The robbed that smiles, steals something from the thief. *Ib.*

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war,
My thrice-driven bed of down. *Ib.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind. *Ib.*

A moth of peace. *Ib.*

She has deceived her father, and may thee. *Ib.*

I will incontinently drown myself. *Ib.*

Virtue ! a fig ! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. *Ib.*

Put money in thy purse. *Ib.*

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. *Ib.*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse. *Ib.*

Framed to make women false. *Ib.*

I have 't ;—it is engendered ;—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. *Ib.*

A maid
That paragons description and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens. *ii. 1.*

Do not put me to 't,
For I am nothing if not critical. *Ib.*

I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. *Ib.*

She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind. *Ib.*

To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer. *Ib.*

O most lame and impotent conclusion ! *Ib.*

Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor ? *Ib.*

He speaks home, madam ; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar. *Ib.*

A subtle slippery knave. *Ib.*

Making him egregiously an ass. *Ib.*

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop
Not to outsport discretion. *ii. 3.*

Potations pottle deep. *Ib.*

And let me the canakin clink !
A soldier's a man ;
A life's but a span ;
Why, then, let a soldier drink. *Ib.*

Most potent in potting. *Ib.*

'Tis pride that pulls the country down.[*] *Ib.*

'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep. *Ib.*

Silence that dreadful bell ! *Ib.*

The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. *Ib.*

But men are men ; the best sometimes forget. *Ib.*

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter. *Ib.*

Cassio, I love thee ;
But never more be officer of mine. *Ib.*

Ay, past all surgery. *Ib.*

Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. *Ib.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil ! *Ib.*

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains ! *Ib.*

Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. *Ib.*

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil. *Ib.*

Come, come ; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. *Ib.*

How poor are they that have not patience !
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees ? *Ib.*

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. *Ib.*

Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee ! And when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again. *iii. 3.*

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Ib.*

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. *Ib.*

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[*] From the old ballad, "Take thy old cloak about thee." In Percy's *Reliques* the line is given : "Itte pride that putts this countrye downe."

But, O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet fondly loves.* *Ib.*

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough. *Ib.*

To be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved. *Ib.*

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. *Ib.*

I am declined
Into the vale of years. *Ib.*

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. *Ib.*

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Ib.*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. *Ib.*

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all. *Ib.*

O, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumèd troops,† and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone ! *Ib.*

Be sure of it : give me the ocular proof. *Ib.*

No hinge, nor loop
To hang a doubt on. *Ib.*

On horror's head horrors accumulate :
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed. *Ib.*

But this denoted a foregone conclusion. *Ib.*

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives !
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge. *Ib.*

O, hardness to dissemble ! *iii. 4.*

The hearts of old gave hands :
But our new heraldry is—hands not hearts. *Ib.*

I would have him nine years a killing. *iv. 1.*

O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear ! *Ib.*

But yet the pity of it, Iago !—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago ! *Ib.*

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words. *iv. 2.*

Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction ; had he rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience : but, alas, to make me
A fixèd figure, for the time of scorn*
To point his slow unmoving finger at ! † *Ib.*

Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin. *Ib.*

O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born ! *Ib.*

I will be hanged if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander. *Ib.*

Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible. *Ib.*

O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west ! *Ib.*

Sing willow, willow, willow. *iv. 3.*

'Tis neither here nor there. *Ib.*

Nay, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my game. *v. 1.*

He hath a daily beauty in his life. *Ib.*

This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. *Ib.*

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—
It is the cause. *Ib.*

That whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. *v. 2.*

Put out the light, and then—put out the light ?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me ;—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. *Ib.*

I will kill thee,
And love thee after. *Ib.*

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all. *Ib.*

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* In the quarto edition "strongly loves" is the reading, instead of "fondly loves."

† Troops. The quarto has "troop."

* "Time of scorn"—perhaps a misprint for "hand of scorn."

† In the Folio :
"The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at."

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon. *Ib.*

It is the very error of the moon. *Ib.*

Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh. *Ib.*

A guiltless death I die. *Ib.*

O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil! *Ib.*

She was false as water. *Ib.*

If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it. *Ib.*

But why should honour outlive honesty? *Ib.*

Who can control his fate? *Ib.*

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. *Ib.*

I have done the state some service, and they know 't. *Ib.*

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme: of one, whose hand
Like the base Indian,[*] threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe: of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unuséd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. *Ib.*

All that is spoke is marred. *Ib.*

I kissed thee, ere I killed thee. *Ib.*

1st Witch:
When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2nd Witch:
When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Macbeth (c. 1605). *i. 1.*

Fair is foul, and foul is fair. *Ib.*

Banners flout the sky. *i. 2.*

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed. *i. 3.*

What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? *Ib.*

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not. *Ib.*
To be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief. *Ib.*

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. *Ib.*

The insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner. *Ib.*

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. *Ib.*

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. *Ib.*

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings. *Ib.*

Nothing is
But what is not. *Ib.*

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *Ib.*
Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle. *i. 4.*

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. *Ib.*

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. *i. 5.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. *Ib.*

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. *Ib.*

Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. *Ib.*

Coigne of vantage. *i. 6.*

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. *i. 7.*

That but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here. *Ib.*

So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off. *Ib.*

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other. *Ib.*
I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people. *Ib.*

Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage.[*] *Ib*

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[*] "Judean" for "Indian" in the First Folio.

[*] *See* Proverbs: "The cat would eat fish," etc.

I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none. *Ib.*

Nor time nor place
Did then adhere. *Ib.*

We fail !
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. *Ib.*

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Ib.*

False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. *Ib.*

There's husbandry in heaven ;
Their candles are all out. *ii. 1.*

Shut up
In measureless content. *Ib.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me
clutch thee :—
I have thee not and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain ?
ii. 1.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going.
Ib.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell ! *Ib.*

The fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. *ii. 2.*

The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. *Ib.*

Consider it not so deeply. *Ib.*

I had most need of blessing, and " Amen "
Stuck in my throat. *Ib.*

Methought I heard a voice cry, " Sleep no
more !
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent
sleep ;
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.* *Ib.*

Infirm of purpose ! *Ib.*

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand
will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red. *Ib.*

The labour we delight in physics pain. *ii. 3.*

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
Ib.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. *Ib.*

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and
furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man.
Ib.

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. *Ib.*

There's daggers in men's smiles. *Ib.*

Upon my head they put a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. *iii. 1.*

Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men. *Ib.*

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world. *Ib.*

Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.
iii. 2.

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard ; what's done is
done. *Ib.*

We have scotched the snake, not killed it. *Ib.*

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further. *Ib.*

A deed of dreadful note. *Ib.*

But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined,
bound in. *iii. 4.*

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both ! *Ib.*

Thou canst not say I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me. *Ib.*

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with. *Ib.*

What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. *Ib.*

Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence ! *Ib.*

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admired disorder. *Ib.*

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? *Ib.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. *Ib.*

Macb. What is the night ?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning.
Ib.

And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy. *iii. 5.*

Double, double, toil and trouble. *iv. 1.*

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* In Hanmer's edition the " voice " is continued to the end of Macbeth's speech. Johnson made it stop at " murder sleep " (as above).

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.[*] *Ib.*

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes ;
Open locks, whoever knocks. *Ib.*

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags ! *Ib.*

A deed without a name. *Ib.*

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. *Ib.*

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ? *Ib*

The weird sisters. *Ib.*

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. *iv. 2.*

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. *iv. 3.*

I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot. *Ib.*

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. *Ib.*

Stands Scotland where it did ? *Ib.*

What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break. *Ib.*

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop ? *Ib.*

But I must also feel it as a man ;
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. *Ib.*

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes. *Ib.*

Out, damned spot ! out, I say ! *v. 1.*

Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeared ? *Ib.*

Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him ? *Ib.*

All the perfumes of Arabia will not
Sweeten this little hand. *Ib.*

What's done cannot be undone. *Ib.*

Foul whisperings are abroad. *Ib.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !
Where gott'st thou that goose look ? *v. 3.*

This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have lived long enough ; my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep ; mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. *Ib.*

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ? *Ib.*

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it. *Ib.*

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. *Ib.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still, " They come." Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. *v. 5.*

I have supped full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. *Ib.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Ib.*

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. *Ib.*

There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun. *Ib.*

Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back. *Ib.*

I bear a charmèd life. *v. 7.*

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us with a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. *v. 7.*

Lay on, Macduff ;
And damned be he that first cries, " Hold, enough ! " *Ib.*

So young, and so untender ?
King Lear (c. 1605). *i. 1.*

Come not between the dragon and his wrath. *Ib.*

Hence, and avoid my sight ! *Ib.*

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides. *Ib.*

My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. *i. 2.*

A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king. *i. 4.*

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[*] This song is found in Middleton's *The Witch* (1604). Act v. 2.

That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence. *Ib.*

An thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. *Ib.*

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest. *i. 4.*

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster! *Ib.*

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! *Ib.*

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. *Ib.*

Zed! thou unnecessary letter! *ii. 2.*

He cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know. *Ib.*

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels. *Ib.*

Down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! *ii. 4.*

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm. *Ib.*

O, sir, you are old!
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. *Ib.*

I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary. *Ib.*

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! *Ib.*

To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. *Ib.*

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow! *iii. 2.*

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man. *Ib.*

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass. *Ib.*

I am a man
More sinned against than sinning. *Ib.*

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that! *iii. 4.*

Tom's a-cold. *Ib.*

Take heed o' the foul fiend! *Ib.*

Out-paramoured the Turk. *Ib.*

'Tis a naughty night to swim in. *Ib.*

Drinks the green mantle of the standing pool. *Ib.*

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.[*] *Ib.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman. *Ib.*

Child Roland to the dark tower came,
His word was still—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. *Ib.*

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me. *iii. 6.*

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,[†]
Or bobtail tyke, or trundle-tail. *Ib.*

The worst is not,
So long as we can say, "This is the worst." *iv. 1.*

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. *iv. 2.*

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile. *Ib.*

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. *iv. 3.*

There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes. *Ib.*

Our foster-nurse of Nature is repose. *iv. 4.*

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! *iv. 6.*

Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice. *Ib.*

The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. *Ib.*

Ay, every inch a king. *Ib.*

Down from the waist they are centaurs, though women all above. *Ib.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination. *Ib.*

A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears. *Ib.*

Lear: Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?—*Glo.:* Ay, sir.—*Lear:* And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office. *Ib*

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[*] "Ratons and myse and soche smale dere
That was his mete that vii. yere."
—*Sir Bevis of Hamtoun, MS. Univ. Lib., Cambridge, l.* 1427.

[†] "Brach" and "lym," hunting dogs; "lymeere" is used by Chaucer for a dog led in a "liam," or leash:

I asked oon, ladde a lymere;
"Say, fellow, who shal hunten here?
Book of the Duchesses, l. 365.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks. *iv. 6.*

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. *Ib.*

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. *iv. 7.*

I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind. *Ib.*

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. *v. 2.*

Out-frown false fortune's frown. *v. 3.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague* us. *Ib.*

The wheel has come full circle. *Ib.*

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. *Ib.*

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman. *Ib.*

Vex not his ghost: Oh! let him pass! he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough† world
Stretch him out longer. *Ib.*

He is gone indeed.
The wonder is he hath endured so long:
He but usurped his life. *Ib.*

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
Antony and Cleopatra (c. 1606). *Act i. 1.*

The nature of bad news infects the teller. *i. 2.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again. *Ib.*

Indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow. *Ib.*

In time we hate that which we often fear. *i. 3.*

The demi-Atlas of this earth. *i. 5.*

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment. *Ib.*

Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it. *ii. 2.*

I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech. *Ib.*

We did sleep day out of countenance. *Ib.*

For her own person,
It beggared all description. *Ib.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. *Ib.*

Read not my blemishes in the world's report. *ii. 3.*

Music, moody food
Of us that trade in love. *ii. 5.*

I will praise any man that will praise me. *ii. 6.*

Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, 't had been good service. *ii. 7.*

Ambition,
The soldier's virtue. *iii. 1.*

If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself. *iii. 4.*

Celerity is never more admired,
Than by the negligent. *iii. 7.*

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him. *iii. 11.*

To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight. *iv. 4.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes. *Ib.*

Eros, unarm; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. *iv. 12.*

Wishers were ever fools. *iv. 13.*

O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen. *Ib.*

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion. *Ib.*

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. *v. 1.*

His legs bestrid the ocean: his reared arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
To all the tunèd spheres. *v. 2.*

For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas. *Ib.*

Mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers. *Ib.*

His biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover. *Ib.*

A very honest woman, but something given to lie. *Ib.*

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts and is desired. *Ib.*

He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese.
Coriolanus (c. 1606). *Act i. 1.*

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* In the quartos "scourge" is substituted for "plague."

† Altered by Pope to "rough."

Sighed forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich man only. *Ib.*

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends. *ii. 1.*

'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them. *ii. 2.*

I thank you for your voices, thank you—
Your most sweet voices. *ii. 3.*

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "*shall*"? *iii. 1.*

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent. *Ib.*

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you! *iii. 3.*

3. Servant. Where dwell'st thou?
Cor. Under the canopy . . . I' the city of kites and crows. *iv. 5.*

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine. *Ib.*

Those dove's eyes
Which can make gods forsworn. *v. 3.*

O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! *Ib.*

Chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. *Ib.*

The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. *v. 4.*

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies. *v. 5.*

Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. *Ib.*

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy! *Ib.*

Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life. *Ib.*

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
Timon of Athens (c. 1607). *Act i. 1.*

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. *Ib.*

He that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer. *Ib.*

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. *i. 2.*

Varro's servant. Thou art not altogether a fool.
Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest. *ii. 2.*

They froze into silence. *Ib.*

'Tis lack of kindly warmth. *Ib.*

Every man has his fault, and honesty is his. *iii. 1.*

Policy sits above conscience. *iii. 2.*

The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't. *iii. 3.*

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy. *iii. 5.*

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe. *Ib.*

Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind. *iv. 1.*

We have seen better days. *iv. 2.*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! *Ib.*

The learnèd pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursèd natures,
But direct villainy. *iv. 3.*

I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray—and he's a steward. *Ib.*

To sing a song that old was sung.
Pericles (c. 1608). *Act i. Prelude.*

It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember eves, and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives. *Ib.*

Few love to hear the sins they love to act. *i. 1.*

They do abuse the king, that flatter him;
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin. *i. 2.*

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss. *Ib.*

3rd Fisher. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
1st Fisher. Why, as men do a-land—the great ones eat up the little ones. *Act ii. 1.*

'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit. *ii. 3.*

The cat with eyne of burning coal. *iii. Prelude.*

O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? *iii. 1.*

We are strong in custom. *Ib.*

A thing
Too bad for bad report.
Cymbeline (c. 1609). *i. 1.*

No vizor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery. *Ib.*

There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is. *i. 2.*

Boldness be my friend! *i. 7.*

O sleep, thou ape of death! *ii. 2.*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,*
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise! *ii. 3.*

As chaste as unsunned snow. *ii. 5.*

There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses. *iii. 1.*

You shall find us in our salt-water girdle. *Ib.*

O, for a horse with wings! *iii. 2.*

Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow. *Ib.*

Some griefs are med'cinable. *Ib.*

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk. *iii. 3.*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature! *Ib.*

No; 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile. *iii. 4.*

Men's vows are women's traitors. *Ib.*

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. *Ib.*

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? *Ib.*

Prythee, think
There's livers out of Britain. *Ib.*

As quarrelous as the weasel. *Ib.*

Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. *iii. 6.*

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Ib.*

Society is no comfort
To one not sociable. *iv. 2.*

Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. *Ib.*

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive. *Ib.*

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. *Ib.*

Thou hast finished joy and moan. *Ib.*

Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave! *Ib.*

Every good servant does not all commands. *v. 1.*

He had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
By the sure physician, death. *v. 4.*

A thing of pity. *Ib.*

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favours. *Ib.*

He that sleeps feels not the toothache. *Ib.*

I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. *Ib.*

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. *v. 5.*

Who is 't can read a woman? *Ib.*

Pardon's the word to all. *Ib.*

They that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.
The Winter's Tale (c. 1610). *Act i. 1.*

The wat'ry star.* *i. 2.*

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me. *Ib.*

You put me off with limber vows. *Ib.*

Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal. *Ib.*

Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things; one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages. *Ib.*

He makes a July's day short as December. *Ib.*

Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears, a forked one! *Ib.*

If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourished after, I'd not do 't; but since

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* "None but the lark so shrill and clear!
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings."
—*John Lyly: Alexander and Campaspe* (1584), Act v. 1.

* The moon.

Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy forswear 't. *Ib.*

You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon. *Ib.*

'Tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born. *Ib.*

A sad tale's best for winter;
I have one of sprites and goblins. *ii. 1.*

I will tell it softly,
Yond' crickets shall not hear it. *Ib.*

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails. *ii. 2.*

Slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's. *ii. 3.*

I am a feather for each wind that blows. *Ib.*

There is no truth at all i' the oracle. *iii. 2.*

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! *Ib.*

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. *Ib.*

'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't. *iii. 3.*

Time. I that please some, try all. *iv. Chorus.*

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king. *iv. 2.*

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year. *Ib.*

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants. *Ib.*

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. *Ib.*

My revenue is the silly cheat. *Ib.*

For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. *Ib.*

I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court. *Ib.*

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. *Ib.*

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty. *iv. 3.*

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath. *Ib.*

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave i' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that. *Ib.*

Nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place. *Ib.*

I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best. *Ib.*

I love a ballad in print, a' life; for then we are sure they are true. *Ib.*

To unpathed waters, undreamed shores. *Ib.*

Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! *Ib.*

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance. *Ib.*

Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen. *Ib.*

How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore, I'll not disdain. *Ib.*

All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy. *Ib.*

Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is often led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand. *Ib.*

The odds for high and low's alike. *v. 1.*

If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend. *v. 2.*

What care these roarers for the name of king?
The Tempest (c. 1611). *i. 1.*

He hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. *Ib.*

The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. *Ib.*

In the dark backward and abysm of time. *i. 2.*

Set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear. *Ib.*

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind. *Ib.*

Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *Ib.*

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness. *Ib.*

My library
Was dukedom large enough. *Ib.*

The very rats
Instinctively had quit it. *Ib.*

From the still-vexed Bermoothes. *Ib.*

I will be correspondent to command
And do my spriting* gently. *Ib.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have and kissed,
The wild waves whist. *Ib.*

The strain of strutting chanticleer. *Ib.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,

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* "Spiriting," in some editions.

But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange. *Ib.*

The fringèd curtains of thine eye advance. *Ib.*

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't. *Ib.*

Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds. *Ib.*

He receives comfort like cold porridge. *ii. 1.*

A very ancient and fish-like smell. *ii. 2.*

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. *Ib.*

For she had a tongue with a tang. *Ib.*

Ferd.: Here's my hand.
Miranda: And mine, with my heart in 't. *iii. 1.*

He that dies pays all debts. *iii. 2.*

Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em. *iii. 3.*

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded. *iv. 1.*

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. *iv. 1.*

For aye thy foot-licker. *Ib.*

I do begin to have bloody thoughts. *Ib.*

With foreheads villainous low. *Ib.*

Now does my project gather to a head. *v. 1.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily. *Ib.*

Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone. *Ib.*

THE HISTORICAL PLAYS

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
King John (c. 1595). *i. 1.*

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names. *Ib.*

For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation. *Ib.*

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth. *Ib.*

For courage mounteth with occasion. *ii. 1.*

I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me. *Ib.*

He speaks plain cannon,—fire and smoke and bounce. *ii. 2.*

Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words
Since first I called my brother's father dad. *Ib.*

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—There is no sin, but to be rich;
And, being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—There is no vice, but beggary. *Ib.*

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety! *iii. 1.*

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs! *Ib.*

Old Time, the clock-setter, that bald sexton, Time. *Ib.*

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek. *iii. 4.*

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form. *Ib.*

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Ib.*

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. *Ib.*

And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. *Ib.*

Methinks nobody should be sad but I. *iv. 1.*

How now, foolish rheum! *Ib.*

Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart. *Ib.*

To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *iv. 2.*

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse. *Ib.*

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand. *Ib.*

Why do you bend such solemn brows on me? *Ib.*

The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Ib.*

Another lean, unwashed artificer. *Ib.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done ![*] Hadst thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame. *Ib.*

Out of my sight and never see me more ! *Ib.*

Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best. *Ib.*

Be great in act as you have been in thought. *v. 1.*

Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror. *Ib.*

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself. *v. 7.*

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them : nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. *Ib.*

Time-honoured Lancaster.
King Richard II (c. 1596). *Act i. 1.*

Let's purge this choler without letting blood. *Ib.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barred up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done. *Ib.*

We were not born to sue, but to command. *Ib.*

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts. *i. 2.*

The hopeless word of—never to return. *i. 3.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. *Ib.*

Grief makes one hour ten. *Ib.*

There is no virtue like necessity. *Ib.*

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light. *Ib.*

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse. *Ib.*

Oh, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony. *ii. 1.*

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes. *Ib.*

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection, and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England. *Ib.*

England, bound in with the triumphant sea. *Ib.*

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he. *Ib.*

Cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death. *ii. 2.*

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief. *Ib.*

Alas, poor duke ! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry :
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly. *Ib.*

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends. *ii. 3.*

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste. *Ib.*

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor. *Ib.*

I see my glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
Thy sun sits weeping in the lowly west. *ii. 4.*

Eating the bitter bread of banishment. *iii. 1.*

Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king. *iii. 2.*

If angels fight,
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right. *Ib.*

O, call back yesterday, bid time return ! *Ib.*

The worst is death, and death will have his day. *Ib.*

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate. *Ib.*

Of comfort no man speak :
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills. *Ib.*

And nothing can we call our own but death. *Ib.*

For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings. *Ib.*

He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war. *iii. 3.*

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave. *Ib.*

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[*] "Makes deeds ill done," in the original folio.

They well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get. *Ib.*

Gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long. *iv. 1.*

Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! *Ib.*

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious. *v. 2.*

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives. *v. 5.*

Pride must have a fall. *Ib.*

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
King Henry IV. Part 1. (c. 1597). *i. 1.*

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of. *Ib.*

Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon. *i. 2.*

Thou hast the most unsavoury similes. *Ib.*

The rusty curb of old father antic, the law. *Ib.*

I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! *Ib.*

O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. *Ib.*

And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. *Ib.*

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Ib.*

He was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due. *Ib.*

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee. *Ib.*

I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back. *Ib.*

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work. *Ib.*

A certain lord, neat, and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home;
He was perfumèd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again. *Ib.*

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Ib.*

So pestered with a popinjay. *Ib.*

He made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds. *Ib.*

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed*
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier. *Ib.*

This bald, unjointed chat of his. *Ib.*

Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds. *Ib.*

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare. *Ib.*

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks. *Ib.*

But out upon this half-faced fellowship! *Ib.*

Why what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! *i. 3.*

I know a trick worth two of that. *ii. 1.*

If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else. *ii. 2.*

Argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever. *Ib.*

Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along. *Ib.*

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *ii. 3.*

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate! *Ib.*

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy. *ii. 4.*

As merry as crickets. *Ib.*

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. *Ib.*

A plague on all cowards, still say I. *Ib.*

I am a Jew else; an Ebrew Jew. *Ib.*

Two rogues in buckram suits. *Ib.*

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green. *Ib.*

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* Wherof that many a good felawe
Hath be destraught by sodein chaunce.
—*Gower: Confessio Amantis* (c. 1390), *Book* 3, 6.

If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. *Ib.*

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. *Ib.*

Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. *Ib.*

Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. *Ib.*

Ah! No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me. *Ib.*

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? *Ib.*

I will do it in King Cambyses' vein. *Ib.*

If sack and sugar be a fault, heaven help the wicked! *Ib.*

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. *Ib.*

Play out the play. *Ib.*

O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! *Ib.*

At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning cressets. *iii. 1.*

And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men. *Ib.*

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hotspur. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come when you do call for them? *Ib.*

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil. *Ib.*

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers. *Ib.*

Mincing poetry,—
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag. *Ib.*

But in the way of bargain, mark you me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. *Ib.*

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. *Ib.*

O, he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill. *Ib.*

A good mouth-filling oath. *Ib.*

A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood. *iii. 2.*

By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet, I was wondered at. *Ib.*

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. *iii. 3.*

Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me. *Ib.*

You are so fretful, you cannot live long. *Ib.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?[*] *Ib.*

Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
In such a justling time? *iv. 1.*

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise. *Ib.*

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship. *Ib.*

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. *iv. 2.*

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace. *Ib.*

There's but a shirt and a half in all my company. *Ib.*

Food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. *Ib.*

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. *Ib.*

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, nor more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds. *v. 1.*

I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well. *Ib.*

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? Can honour set-to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. . . . Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it—therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon:—and so ends my catechism. *Ib.*

Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks. *v. 2.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. *v. 4.*

Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. *Ib.*

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[*] A proverbial expression. *See* J. Heywood's proverbs (1546), 10. "To let the world wag and take mine ease in mine inn."

Poor Jack; farewell!
I could have better spared a better man. *Ib.*

The better part of valour is discretion. *Ib.*

Full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword. *Ib.*

Lord, lord, how the world is given to lying! *Ib.*

I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. *Ib.*

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burned.
King Henry IV. Part 2. (c. 1598). *i. 1.*

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath. *Ib.*

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend. *Ib.*

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. *i. 2.*

Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time. *Ib.*

I am poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient. *Ib.*

We that are in the vaward of our youth. *Ib.*

For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. *Ib.*

It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common.[*] *Ib.*

Wake not a sleeping wolf. *Ib.*

O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past and to come seem best; things present,
worst. *i. 3.*

He hath eaten me out of house and home.[†] *ii. 1.*

Thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. *ii. 2.*

So that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him—O won-
drous him!
O miracle of men! *ii. 3.*

A good heart's worth gold. *ii. 4.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my
doleful days!
Why then let grievous, ghastly, gaping
wounds
Untwine the sisters three! *Ib.*

Patch up thine old body for heaven. *Ib.*

O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids
down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness? *iii. 1.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Ib.*

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair? *iii. 2.*

I will maintain the word with my sword to be a good soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated: That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing. *Ib.*

Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. *Ib.*

Most forcible Feeble. *Ib.*

We have heard the chimes at midnight. *Ib.*

I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe a death. *Ib.*

He that dies this year is quit for the next. *Ib.*

How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! *Ib.*

He was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. *Ib.*

A rotten case abides no handling. *iv. 1.*

Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event. *iv. 2.*

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser. *Ib.*

I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome—"I came, saw, and overcame." (*See p.* 679*b note.*) *iv. 3.*

A man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel; he drinks no wine. *Ib.*

If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be—to forswear thin potations. *Ib.*

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet, notwithstanding, being incensed, he's
flint. *iv. 4.*

O polished perturbation! golden care! *Ib.*

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. *Ib.*

Commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways. *Ib.*

A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws. *v. 1.*

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[*] This passage is not in the Folio edition.

[†] A proverbial expression. *Cf. Towneley Papers* (c. 1388), No. 13, line 245: "I were eaten out of house and harbour."

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. *Ib.*

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry. *v. 2.*

A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys. *v. 3.*

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die! *Ib.*

Where is the life that late I led? *Ib.*

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! *Ib.*

Presume not that I am the thing I was. *Ib.*

If you look for good speech now, you undo me. *Epilogue.*

Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him
King Henry V (c. 1599). *i. 1.*

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still. *Ib.*

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighboured by fruit of baser quality.* *Ib.*

And make your chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries. *i. 2.*

For now sits Expectation in the air. *ii. Chorus.*

Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. *ii. 1.*

Base is the slave that pays. *Ib.*

He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child. *ii. 3.*

I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. *Ib.*

Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. *Ib.*

'A said once, the devil would have him about women. *Ib.*

Trust none;
For oaths are straw, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog. *Ib.*

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* Next the foule netle, rough and thikke,
The rose waxeth swote (sweet), and smothe and softe.
—*Chaucer: Troilus*, Book 1, 948. (Taken from Alanus de Insulis (Alan Lisle) *Liber Parabolarum:* "Fragrantes vicina rosas urtica perurit.")

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting. *ii. 4.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead! *Ib.*

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. *iii. 1.*

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career? *iii. 3.*

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull? *iii. 5.*

And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel. *iii. 6.*

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. *Ib.*

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. *Ib.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out. *iv. 1.*

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself. *Ib.*

Art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular? *Ib.*

From my heart-string
I love the lovely bully. *Ib.*

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. *Ib.*

Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread. *Ib.*

The fewer men, the greater share of honour. *iv. 3.*

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive. *Ib.*

Our names,
Familiar in his mouth* as household words. *Ib.*

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. *Ib.*

This story shall the good man teach his son. *Ib.*

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. *Ib.*

And so espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love. *iv. 6.*

And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears. *Ib.*

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. *v. 1.*

An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel. *v. 2.*

For these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again! *Ib.*

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* "Their mouths" in the quarto.

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. *Ib.*

Nice customs curtsey to great kings. *Ib.*

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
King Henry VI. Part 1 (c. 1592). *i. 1.*

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days. *i. 2.*

Glory is like a circle in the water
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought. *Ib.*

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone. *ii. 2.*

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *ii. 4.*

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next. *i. 6.*

Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! *iii. 2.*

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore. *iii. 3.*

He then that is not furnished in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight. *iv. 1.*

I owe him little duty and less love. *iv. 4.*

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won. *v. 3.*

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness. *Ib.*

For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell? *v. 6.*

Rancour will out.
King Henry VI. Part 2 (c. 1591). *i. 1.*

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face. *i. 3.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep. *iii. 1.*

What know I how the world may deem of me? *iii. 2.*

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy. *Ib.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just. *Ib.*

Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably! *iii. 3.*

He dies, and makes no sign: O God, forgive him! *Ib.*

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtains close;
And let us all to meditation. *Ib.*

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day.
Is crept into the bosom of the sea. *iv. 1.*

Small things make base men proud. *Ib.*

There's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand. *iv. 2.*

Beggary is valiant. *Ib.*

The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers. *Ib.*

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? *Ib.*

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school. *iv. 7.*

Kent, in the commentaries of Cæsar writ,
Is termed the civillest place of all this isle. *Ib.*

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven. *Ib.*

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? *iv. 8.*

Was never subject longed to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject. *iv. 9.*

Lord, who would live turmoilèd in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these! *iv. 10.*

The unconquered soul of Cade is fled. *Ib.*

A subtle traitor needs no sophister. *v. 1.*

Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death. *v. 2.*

To make a shambles of the parliament house.
King Henry VI. Part 3 (c. 1591). *i. 1.*

Frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use. *Ib.*

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides. *Ib.*

Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourished him, as I did with my blood. *Ib.*

An oath is of no moment, not being took
Before a true and lawful magistrate. *i. 2.*

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy. *Ib.*

A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre! *i. 4.*

Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion. *Ib.*

But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak. *ii. 1.*

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on. *ii. 2.*

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success ?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell ? *Ib.*

And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns
Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out. *iii. 2.*

For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs. *iii. 3.*

Warwick, peace !
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings ! *Ib.*

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well. *iv. 1.*

Trust not him that once hath broken faith. *iv. 4.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench. *iv. 8.*

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *v. 6.*

Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee thither. *Ib.*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. *Ib.*

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.
King Richard III (1593). *i. 1.*

Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures :
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
And now,—instead of mounting barbèd steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. *Ib.*

Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them. *Ib.*

This weak piping time of peace. *Ib.*

Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven. *Ib.*

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity. *i. 2.*

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman. *Ib.*

Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a man. *Ib.*

To leave this keen encounter of our wits. *Ib.*

I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word ;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. *Ib.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt. *Ib.*

Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ? *Ib.*

Framed in the prodigality of nature. *Ib.*

Because I cannot flatter and speak* fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ? *i. 3.*

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch ;
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack. *Ib.*

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil. *Ib.*

We will not stand to prate ;
Talkers are no good doers. *Ib.*

Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears. *Ib.*

Oh I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time ! *i. 4.*

O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea ;
Some lay in dead men's skulls : and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by. *Ib.*

An outward honour for an inward toil. *Ib.*

They often feel a world of restless cares. *Ib.*

Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me. *Ib.*

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* "Speak" in the quartos ; "look" in the Folio.

First Murderer. Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.
Clarence. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish. *Ib.*

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love. *ii. 1.*

I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility. *Ib.*

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger. *ii. 3.*

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace. *Ib.*

If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me. *ii. 4.*

You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional. *iii. 1.*

So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long. *Ib.*

I moralise two meanings in one word. *Ib.*

So cunning, and so young, is wonderful. *Ib.*

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe. *Ib.*

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks. *iii. 3.*

I think there's never man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his hate or love than he. *iii. 4.*

Lives, like a drunken sailor, on the mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down. *Ib.*

Doubt not, my lad, I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself. *iii. 5.*

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect. *iv. 2.*

Gold were as good as twenty orators. *Ib.*

I am not in the giving vein to-day. *Ib.*

Hover about me with your airy wings. *iv. 4.*

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed! *Ib.*

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. *Ib.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman! *Ib.*

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment. *v. 2.*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Ib.*

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength. *v. 3.*

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. *Ib.*

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! *Ib.*

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. *Ib.*

There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me. *Ib.*

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers. *Ib.*

For the self-same heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him. *Ib.*

A thing devisèd by the enemy. *Ib.*

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe. *Ib.*

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*] *v. 4.*

Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field. *Ib.*

Order gave each thing view.
King Henry VIII (c. 1613). *i. 1.*

The force of his own merit makes his way. *Ib.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. *Ib.*

As merry,
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. *i. 4.*

Two women placed together makes cold weather. *Ib.*

Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with. *ii. 2.*

This bold bad man.[†] *Ib.*

He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. *Ib.*

Verily,
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up, in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. *ii. 3.*

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world. *Ib.*

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable. *ii. 4.*

But your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. *Ib.*

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[*] "A man! a man! My kingdom for a man!"
—*Marston: The Scourge of Villainy* (1598).
"A boat! a boat! a full hundred marks for a boat!"
—*Marston: Eastward Ho* (1605).
"A fool! a fool! my coxcomb for a fool!"
—*Marston: Parasitaster* (1606).

[†] "A bold, bad man."—*Spenser: Faërie Queen*, 36.

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die. *iii. 1.*

A spleeny Lutheran. *iii. 2.*

'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. *Ib.*

And then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have. *Ib.*

O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by ! *Ib.*

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Ib.*

Press not a falling man too far. *Ib.*

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :—
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. *Ib.*

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. *Ib.*

The depths and shoals of honour. *Ib.*

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels. *Ib.*

Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. *Ib.*

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Ib.*

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.
Give him a little earth for charity ! *iv. 2.*

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace. *Ib.*

So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him ! *Ib.*

His own opinion was his law. *Ib.*

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. *Ib.*

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer. *Ib.*

And, to add greater honour to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God. *Ib.*

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
Than such an honest chronicler as Griffith. *Ib.*

Now I am past all comforts here, but prayers. *Ib.*

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her ! *Ib.*

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures. *v. 2.*

'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man. *Ib.*

Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two. *Epilogue.*

POEMS AND SONNETS

Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn. **Venus and Adonis** (1593). *St. 1.*

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. *St. 25.*

"Ah me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind !" *St. 32.*

Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love ? *St. 34.*

Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. *St. 50.*

Like a melancholy malcontent. *St. 53.*

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none. *St. 65.*

Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis plucked.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last. *St. 96.*

For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny.
St. 109.

This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring. *St. 110.*

Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.
St. 115.

Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns.
St. 126.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.
St. 128.

For know, my heart stands armèd in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there.
St. 130.

Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain.
St. 134.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
St. 135.

Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first. *St. 148.*

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies! *St. 155.*

Grief hath two tongues: and never woman yet,
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit. *St. 168.*

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
St. 170.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator.
Lucrece (1594). *St. 5.*

In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes. *St. 12.*

Then where is truth if there be no self-trust?
St. 23.

Or sells eternity to get a toy. *St. 31.*

But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
St. 72.

Pity-pleading eyes. *St. 81.*

Soft pity enters at an iron gate. *St. 85.*

For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look. *St. 88.*

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear.
St. 91.

Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret.
St. 93.

O comfort-killing night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
St. 110.

O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason.
St. 126.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light.
St. 135.

To wrong the wronger till he render right. *Ib.*

And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.
St. 136.

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
St. 144.

Grief best is pleased with grief's society.
St. 159.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore.
St. 160.

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.
Sonnets (*pub.* 1609). *No. 3.*

True concord of well-tunèd sounds. *No. 8.*

And stretchèd metre of an antique song.
No. 17.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May;
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
No. 18.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade. *Ib.*

Yet, do thy worst, old Time. *No. 19.*

The painful warrior, famousèd for fight,*
After a thousand victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
No. 25.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought.
No. 30.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen.
No. 33.

And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
No. 35.

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.
No. 50.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.
No. 55.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.
No. 60.

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* "Famoused for worth," in the original. The want of a rhyme shows that there has been some error in printing.

And Art made tongue-tied by Authority.
No. 66.

And simple truth, miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill. *Ib.*

So all my best is dressing old words new.
No. 76.

You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men. *No. 81.*

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing.
No. 87.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;

. . . . .

All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be.
No. 91.

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.
No. 98.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. *No. 104.*

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme.
No. 106.

My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;
Pity me then and wish I were renewed.
No. 111.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds.
No. 116.

No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own. *No. 121.*

Nor that full star that ushers in the even.
No. 132.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.
No. 138.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
No. 151.

But spite of Heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peeped through lattice of seared age. **A Lover's Complaint.**
Published 1609 *with the Sonnets, and possibly written by Shakespeare.* *St. 2.*

Small show of man was yet upon his chin.
St. 14.

To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill. *St. 18.*

Vows were ever brokers to defiling. *St. 25.*

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
St. 42.

She told him stories to delight his ear;
She showed him favours to allure his eye.
The Passionate Pilgrim. *A selection of poems by Shakespeare and others published by Wm. Jaggard* (1599). *St. 2.*

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty.
St. 5.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely plucked, soon vaded,[*]
Plucked in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
(*Authorship uncertain.*) *St. 10.*

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care.[†] *Ib.*

Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee. *Ib.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good.
(*Authorship uncertain.*) *St. 11.*

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss.
Adapted from Thos. Weelkes's "Madrigals" (1597).[‡] *St. 16.*

All my merry jigs are quite forgot. *Ib.*

The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.[‡] *St. 18.*

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought? [‡] *Ib.*

SHANKS, Edward Buxton (b. 1892)

We said on that first day, we said and swore
That self should be no more;
That we were risen, that we would wholly be
For love and liberty;
And in the exhilaration of that oath
We cast off spite and sloth,
And laboured for an hour, till we began,
Man after piteous man,
To lose the splendour, to forget the dream.
Meditation in June, 1917.

SHAW, George Bernard (b. 1856)

It is clear that a novel cannot be too bad to be worth publishing. . . . It certainly is possible for a novel to be too good to be worth publishing. **Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant.** *Vol. 1. Preface.*

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[*] "Vaded," a form used by Shakespeare for "faded."

[†] "Crabbed age and youth" was a popular song often quoted by Elizabethan dramatists, and probably was not written by Shakespeare.

[‡] Probably not by Shakespeare.

A great devotee of the Gospel of Getting On. *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (1893). *Act iv.*

The fickleness of the woman I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me. *The Philanderer* (1893). *Act ii.*

There is only one religion, though there are a hundred versions of it. *Vol. 2. Preface.*

There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find Englishmen doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles; he enslaves you on imperial principles. *The Man of Destiny* (1895).

It is easy—terribly easy—to shake a man's faith in himself. To take advantage of that to break a man's spirit is devil's work. *Candida* (1894).

I never expect a soldier to think. *The Devil's Disciple* (1897). *Act iii.*

The British soldier can stand up to anything—except the British War Office. *Ib.*

A thing that nobody believes cannot be proved too often. *Ib.*

Getting Patronage is the whole art of life. A man cannot have a career without it. *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* (1906) *Act iii.*

Surely there must be some meaning beneath all this terrible irony. **Major Barbara** (1905).

Tim. Tell me all me faults as man to man. I can stand anything but flatthery. **John's Bull's Other Island** (1904). *Act i.*

An Irishman's heart is nothing but his imagination. *Ib.*

No Englishman has any common sense, or ever had, or ever will have. *Ib.*

Of course it's all tommy rot; but it's so brilliant, you know! How the dickens do you think of such things? *Ib.*

My way of joking is to tell the truth. It's the funniest joke in the world (*Keegan*). *Act ii.*

First love is only a little foolishness and a lot of curiosity. *Act iv.*

What really flatters a man is that you think him worth flattering. *Ib.*

There are only two qualities in the world: efficiency and inefficiency; and only two sorts of people: the efficient and the inefficient. *Ib.*

The true artist will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than work at anything but his art. **Man and Superman.** *Act i.*

There is no love sincerer than the love of food. *Ib.*

It is a woman's business to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can. *Act ii.*

Hell is full of musical amateurs. Music is the brandy of the damned. *Act iii.*

Englishmen never will be slaves: they are free to do whatever the Government and public opinion allow them to do. *Ib.*

An Englishman thinks he is moral when he is only uncomfortable. *Ib.*

As an old soldier I admit the cowardice: it's as universal as seasickness, and matters just as little. *Ib.*

In the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence, and famine. *Ib.*

Woman reduces us all to the common denominator. **Great Catherine** (1919). *Sc. 1.*

I am well aware that I do not express myself with exactability. Ladies and gentlemen have that power over words that they can always say what they mean, but a common man can't. . . . He has more thoughts than words. **An Unsocial Socialist** (c. 1881). *Ch. 4.*

A gentleman ain't a man—leastways not a common man—the common man bein' but the slave wot feeds and clothes the gentleman beyond the common. *Ib.*

Be like the sun and the meadow, which are not in the least concerned about the coming winter. *Ib., ch. 5.*

Do you know what a pessimist is?—A man who thinks everybody as nasty as himself, and hates them for it. *Ib.*

I think the most ridiculous sight in the world is a man on a bicycle, working away with his feet as hard as he possibly can, and believing that his horse is carrying him, instead of, as anyone can see, he carrying the horse. *Ib., ch. 11.*

You sometimes have to answer a woman according to her womanishness, just as you have to answer a fool according to his folly. *Ib., ch. 18.*

You must not suppose, because I am a man of letters, that I never tried to earn an honest living. **The Irrational Knot.** *Preface* (1905).

Money is indeed the most important thing in the world; and all sound and successful personal and national morality should have this fact for its basis. *Ib.*

Invention is the most expensive thing in the world. It takes no end of time, and no end of money. **The Irrational Knot** (1880), *ch. 3.*

What is the use of straining after an amiable view of things, Marian, when a cynical view is most likely to be the true one? *Ib.*

I never was a good son or a good brother or a good patriot in the sense of thinking that my mother and my sister and my native country were better than other people's, because I happened to belong to them. *Ch. 6.*

Reminiscences make one feel so deliciously aged and sad. *Ch. 14.*

He hates chess. He says it is a foolish expedient for making idle people believe they are doing something very clever, when they are only wasting their time. *Ib.*

That ghostliest of all unrealities, the non-working man. *Ch. 17.*

If you want to see how selfish people are, and how skin-deep fashionable politeness is, take a voyage. . . . An ocean steamer is the next worst thing to the Palace of Truth. *Ch. 18.*

A man who has no office to go to—I don't care who he is—is a trial of which you can have no conception. *Ib.*

Only through the accident of being a hereditary peer can anyone, in these days of Votes for Everybody, get into Parliament, if handicapped by a serious modern cultural equipment.
Heartbreak House (1919). *Introductory. The Cherry Orchard.*

They prescribed inoculations and operations. . . . From such trifles as uvulas and tonsils they went on to ovaries and appendices, until at last no one's inside was safe.
Ib. Hypochondria.

There was only one virtue, pugnacity; only one vice, pacifism. That is an essential condition of war. *Ib. Madness in Court.*

In London we have no theatres for the welfare of the people: they are all for the sole purpose of producing the utmost obtainable rent for the proprietor.
Ib. Commerce in the Theatre.

Truth telling is not compatible with the defence of the realm.
Ib. How War muzzles the Dramatic Poet.

I am a woman of the world, Hector, and I can assure you that if you will only take the trouble always to do the perfectly correct thing, and to say the perfectly correct thing, you can do just what you like (*Lady Utterword*). *Act i.*

Every woman who hasn't any money is a matrimonial adventurer. *Act ii.*

Go anywhere in England where there are natural, wholesome, contented, and really nice English people; and what do you always find? That the stables are the real centre of the household. *Act iii.*

Everybody can see that the people who hunt are the right people, and the people who don't are the wrong ones. *Ib.*

Every drunken skipper trusts to Providence. But one of the ways of Providence with drunken skippers is to run them on the rocks. *Ib.*

The British blockade won the war; but the wonder is that the British blockhead did not lose it. **Preface.** *O'Flaherty, V.C.*, (1919).

You'll never have a quiet world till you knock the patriotism out of the human race.
O'Flaherty V.C. (1915 .

SHEFFIELD, John, Duke of Buckingham (1648–1721)

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
Essay on Poetry. *l. 1.*

There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.
l. 231.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose, but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
l. 322.

The world is made up, for the most part, of Fools and Knaves.
To Mr. Clifford, on his Humane Reason.

How weak and yet how vain a thing is man,
Mean what he will, endeavour what he can!
An Essay on Satire.

Learn to write well, or not to write at all. *Ib.*

Such is the mode of these censorious days,
The art is lost of knowing how to praise.
On Mr. Hobbes. *l. 1.*

Love is the salt of life. **Ode on Love.** *Canto 5.*

SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe (1792–1822)

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep![*]
Queen Mab (1813). *Canto 1.*

In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers. *Ib.*

Nature's unchanging harmony. *Canto 2.*

For when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven. *Canto 3.*

And conscience, that undying serpent, calls
Her venomous brood to their nocturnal task.
Ib.

There needeth not the hell that bigots frame
To punish those who err: earth in itself
Contains at once the evil and the cure;
And all-sufficing Nature can chastise
Those who transgress her law,—she only knows
How justly to proportion to the fault
The punishment it merits. *Ib.*

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[*] These are also the first lines of Shelley's *The Demon of the World* (1815).

Many faint with toil,
That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.
Ib.

The virtuous man,
Who, great in his humility, as kings
Are little in their grandeur. *Ib.*

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bare of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and, of the human frame,
A mechanized automaton. *Ib*

Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. *Canto 4.*

Startling pale midnight on her starry throne.
Ib.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade.
Ib.

Twin-sister of religion, selfishness. *Canto 5.*

Commerce! beneath whose poison-breathing shade
No solitary virtue dares to spring;
But poverty and wealth, with equal hand,
Scatter their withering curses. *Ib.*

Necessity, thou mother of the world!
Canto 6.

Human pride
Is skilful to invent most serious names
To hide its ignorance. *Canto 7.*

The moonlight's ineffectual glow. *Canto 8.*

That sweet bondage which is freedom's self.
Canto 9.

The slimy caverns of the populous deep,
Alastor (1815).

Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought.
Ib.

A dream
Of youth, which night and time have quenched
for ever. *Ib.*

But thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation. *Ib.*

Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean
knows;
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its
appointed sleep. **Stanzas.** *April, 1814.*

Nought may endure but Mutability.
Mutability.

And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of time.
Feelings of a Republican.

Honey from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me. **Lines to a Critic.**

It stirs
Too much of suffocating sorrow.
Rosalind and Helen (1819).

He was a coward to the strong:
He was a tyrant to the weak. *Ib.*

His name in my ear was ever ringing,
His form to my brain was ever clinging. *Ib.*

Darkly forward flowed
The stream of years. *Ib.*

It is unmeet
To shed on the brief flower of youth
The withering knowledge of the grave. *Ib.*

As to the Christian creed, if true
Or false, I never questioned it;
I took it as the vulgar do. *Ib.*

So the priests hated him, and he
Repaid their hate with cheerful glee. *Ib.*

His soul seemed hovering in his eyes. *Ib.*

Fear not the tyrants shall rule for ever,
Or the priests of the bloody faith;
They stand on the brink of that mighty river,
Whose waves they have tainted with death.
Ib.

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on.
Lines written amongst the Euganean Hills.

O, wind,
If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
Ode to the West Wind.

The wingless, crawling hours.
Prometheus Unbound (1820). *Act 1.*

Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous
shapes. *Ib.*

Evil minds
Change good to their own nature. *Ib.*

And the future is dark, and the present is
spread
Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless
head. *Ib.*

Thy words are like a cloud of wingèd snakes.
Ib.

From the dust of creeds out-worn. *Ib.*

Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of
ghosts. *Act ii. 1.*

Those eyes which burn through smiles that
fade in tears,
Like stars half-quenched in mists of silver dew.
Ib.

Sounds overflow the listener's brain,
So sweet, that joy is almost pain. *Act ii. 2.*

He gave man speech, and speech created
thought,
Which is the measure of the universe.
Act ii. 4.

All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil.
Ib.

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
Act ii. 5.

They who inspire it are most fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still. *Ib.*

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing.
Ib.

We have passed Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day.
Ib.

Thetis, bright image of eternity. *Act iii. 1.*

We two will sink on the wild waves of ruin,
Even as a vulture and a snake outspent
Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,
Into a shoreless sea. *Ib.*

Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new.
Act iii. 2.

Death is the veil which those who live call life:
They sleep, and it is lifted. *Act iii. 3.*

Or the dull sneer of self-loved ignorance.
Act iii. 4.

Man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless.
Ib.

Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter. *Act iv.*

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!
Ib.

And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.
The Sensitive Plant. *Part 1, st. 5.*

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows.
St. 10.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert. **To a Skylark.**

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. *Ib.*

We look before and after;
We pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. *Ib.*

I could lie down like a tirèd child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me.
Stanzas, written in Dejection (Dec., 1818).

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift.
Adonais (1821). *St. 32.*

He has out-soared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain,
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain.
St. 40.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness.
St. 49.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity. *St. 52.*

'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,
'Tis anything but thee.
To Harriet. *May, 1814.*

Fame is love disguised. **An Exhortation.**

Kings are like stars—they rise, they set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.*
Hellas (1822).

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense.
Julian and Maddalo (1819). *l. 481.*

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song. *l. 543.*

Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
The Revolt of Islam (1817).
Dedication, st. 6.

Can man be free if woman be a slave?
Canto 2, st. 43.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse. *Canto 5, st. 23.*

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.
The Cloud. *4.*

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die. *Ib. 6.*

I am the friend of the unfriended poor.
To Cambria.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;

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* *See* Bacon, *Essays*, 19, "Of Empire," p. 10*b*.

Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Poems written in 1821. **To ——**

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow. **To ——.**

When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
His best friends hear no more of him.
Letter to Maria Gisborne (1820).

A hooded eagle among blinking owls.* *Ib.*

In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud. *Ib.*

For she was beautiful; her beauty made
The bright world dim, and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade.
The Witch of Atlas (1820). *12.*

Man, who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme.
Sonnet. *Political Greatness.*

Old men are testy, and will have their way.
The Cenci (1819). *i. 2.*

There are deeds
Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue. *iii. 1.*

Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart. *v. 2.*

What 'twas weak to do
'Tis weaker to lament, once being done. *v. 3.*

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?
Love's Philosophy.

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.
To the Men of England.

SHENSTONE, William (1714–1763)

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.
Jemmy Dawson.

For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true. *Ib.*

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise.
The Schoolmistress (1742).

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame. *Ib.*

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield. *Ib.*

For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love. *Ib.*

The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marigold of cheerful hue. *Ib.*

By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced. *Ib.*

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so. *Ib.*

Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly. *Ib.*

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.
Written at an Inn at Henley.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.
Pastoral. *Part 1. Absence.*

Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.
Part 2. Hope.

A picturesque countenance rather than one that is esteemed of regular features.
An Humourist.

His knowledge of books had in some degree diminished his knowledge of the world.
A Character.

A fool and his words are soon parted.
On Reserve.

I am thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.* **Egotisms.**

Not Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinese language, seems half so difficult to me as the language of refusal. *Ib.*

The quarrels of friends in the latter part of life are never truly reconciled. *Ib.*

A man sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger than any other foibles.
Men and Manners.

Think when you are enraged with anyone, what would probably become your sentiments should he die during the dispute. *Ib.*

A justice and his clerk is now little more than a blind man and his dog. *Ib.*

Our old friend Somerville is dead! I did not imagine that I could have been so sorry.
Letter (1742).

Let the gulled fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few.
The Judgment of Hercules.

Love is a pleasing but a various clime.
Elegy. *5.*

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* Referring to Coleridge.

* "The surname which has descended to me is liable to no pun."—*Essays*; "An Humourist."

Oft has good nature been the fool's defence,
And honest meaning gilded want of sense.
Ode to a Lady.

SHEPHERD, Anne, née Houlditch (c. 1815)

Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand.
For a Sunday School.

SHERIDAN, Richd. Brinsley (1751–1816)

I must marry the girl first, and ask his consent afterwards.
St. Patrick's Day (1775). *i. 1.*

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
The Duenna (1775). *i. 3.*

But, to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true. *Ib.*

At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter! *Ib.*

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you. *i. 5.*

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar. *ii. 3.*

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics. *ii. 4.*

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,
Where love has been received a welcome guest. *Ib.*

A progeny of learning. (Mrs. Malaprop.)
The Rivals (1777). *i. 2.*

I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me. She has a most observing thumb. *Ib.*

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you? *iv. 2.*

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. *iv. 3.*

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile. *v. 3.*

My valour is certainly going! It is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands. *Ib.*

I own the soft impeachment. (Mrs. Malaprop.) *Ib.*

Through all the drama—whether damned or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.
Epilogue, *5.*

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.
School for Scandal (1777). *i. 1.*

Steal! to be sure they may, and egad, serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own. **The Critic** (1779). *i. 1.*

If it is abuse, why one is always sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or another. *Ib.*

Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two. *i. 2.*

Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts; the principal are, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. *Ib.*

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope. *ii. 1.*

Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful. *ii. 2.*

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne. *Ib.*

The Spanish fleet thou can'st not see—because—
It is not yet in sight. *Ib.*

An oyster may be crossed in love. *iii. 1.*

The malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick. *Ib.*

Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation. *ii. 2.*

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass!
Drink to the lass!
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass. *iii. 3.*

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance. *iv. 1.*

When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it. *iv. 3.*

There is no trusting to appearances. *v. 2.*

Humanity always becomes a conqueror.
Pizarro (1799). *i. 1.*

Silence is the gratitude of true affection. *ii. 1.*

The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.
Sheridaniana. *Speech in reply to Mr. Dundas.*

I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart. **The Stranger.**

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curst hard reading.
Life of Sheridan. (*Moore.*) *Clio's Protest.*

Hushed be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our Heaven here.
Dry be that tear!
Dry be That Tear.

Believe not each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong,
Which ought not to be true. **Attributed.**

SHERIDAN, Rev. Thomas (1687–1738)

Thou lowest scoundrel of the scoundrel kind,
Extract of all the dregs of all mankind.
Satire. *On Mr. Fairbrother (as mentioned in a letter to Dean Swift, April 3, 1736).*

SHIRLEY, James (1596–1666)

The glories of our blood and state[*]
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses (1659).

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.[†] *Ib.*

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.
Song. *Cupid and Death.*

How little room
Do we take up in death, that living know
No bounds! **The Wedding.**

SHORTHOUSE, Joseph Henry (1834–1903)

When you have lived longer in this world and outlived the enthusiastic and pleasing illusions of youth, you will find your love and pity for the race increase tenfold, your admiration and attachment to any particular party or opinion fall away altogether.
John Inglesant (1881). *Vol. 1, ch. 6.*

All creeds and opinions are nothing but the mere result of chance and temperament. *Ib.*

Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life. *Ib.*

Your northern religions, harsh and bitter as your skies. *Vol. 2, ch. 6.*

"The Church of England," I said, seeing that Mr. Inglesant paused, "is no doubt a compromise." *Ch. 19.*

SIDNEY, Sir Philip (1554–1586)

There have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. **Apology for Poetry.** *Part 2. Subdivisions of Poetry.*

The moral commonplaces.
The Poet's Work and Parts. Sec. 1.

With a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you; with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner.[*]
The Poet Monarch of all Human Sciences.

The bitter but wholesome iambic.
Or Iambic? or Satiric? Sec. 2.

Certainly, I must confess mine own barbarousness, I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.
Or Tragic?

Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympus among his three fearful felicities. *Ib.*

Scoffing cometh not of wisdom.
Objections Stated.

Poetry is the companion of camps.
That Poetry is the Nurse of Abuse.

Admitted into the company of paper-blurrers. *Causes of Defect.*

You cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry. *Last Summary.*

Knitting and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work.[†]
Arcadia. *Book 1.*

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. *Ib.*

A noble cause doth ease much a grievous case. *Ib.*

That only disadvantage of honest hearts, credulity. *Book 2.*

O the cowardice of a guilty conscience!
Book 2.

Nothing is achieved before it be thoroughly attempted. *Ib.*

Who shoots at the midday sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than he who aims at a bush. *Ib.*

He waters, ploughs and soweth in the sand. *Ib.*

My dear, my better half. *Book 3.*

Near acquaintance doth diminish reverent fear. *Ib.*

No is no negative in a woman's mouth. *Ib.*

Have I caught my heavenly jewel?
Astrophel and Stella. *No. 2.*

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently and with how wan a face!
No. 31.

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[*] Printed "birth and state" in Percy's *Reliques.*

[†] *See* Tate and Brady's Psalter:
"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."
—Psalm 112.

In Percy's *Reliques*, Shirley's line is printed, "Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

[*] This resembles a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost:*
Which his fair tongue—conceit's expositor—
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravishèd.

[†] *See* Richard Gifford (p. 144*b*): "Verse sweetens toil."

Come Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low. *No. 39.*

That sweet enemy, France. *No. 41.*

Love fears nothing else but anger. **Song.**

SILLERY, Chas. Doyne (1807–1836)

She died in beauty,—like a rose blown from its parent stem. **Song.**

SIMS, George Robert (1847–1922)

Lor', but women's rum cattle to deal with,
The first man found that to his cost,
And I reckon it's just through a woman the last man on earth'll be lost.
Dagonet Ballads. *Moll Jarvis o' Morley.*

'Gainst minor evils let him pray,
Who fortune's favour curries,—
For one that big misfortunes slay,
Ten die of little worries."
Occasional Lines.

SINGLETON, Mary Montgomerie (née Lamb), afterwards Lady Currie (pseud. "Violet Fane") (1843–1905)

Nothing is right and nothing is just;
We sow in ashes and reap in dust.
A Reverie.

Let me arise and open the gate,
To breathe the wild warm air of the heath,
And to let in Love, and to let out Hate,
And anger at living, and scorn of Fate,
To let in Life, and to let out Death. *Ib.*

Perhaps if we had never met,
I had been spared this vain regret,
This endless striving to forget. **Song.**

Ah, "all things come to those who wait,"
(I say these words to make me glad),
But something answers, soft and sad,
"They come, but often come too late."
Tout vient à qui sait attendre.

SKELTON, John (1460?–1529?)

Laymen say, indeed,
How they take no heed
Their sely sheep to feed,
But pluck away and pull
The fleeces of their wool. **Colin Clout.***

It is a wyly mouse
That can build his dwellinge house
Within the cattes eare. *Ib.*

Thou madde Marche hare.
Replycation against Certayne Yong Scolers.

SMART, Christopher (1722–1771)

And now the matchless deed's achieved,
Determined, dared, and done.
Song to David (1757–8). *St. 86.*

SMILES, Samuel (1812–1904)

No laws, however stringent, can make the idle industrious, the thriftless provident, or the drunken sober. **Self-Help** (1859). *Ch. 1.*

His life was . . . an illustration of the truth of the saying that those who have most to do, and are willing to work, will find the most time. *Ib.*

Cecil's despatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once." *Ch. 9.*

"Punctuality," said Louis XIV., "is the politeness of kings." It is also the duty of gentlemen, and the necessity of men of business. *Ib.*

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what *will* do, by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery. *Ch. 11.*

His (Dr. Priestley's) appointment [to act as astronomer to Captain Cook's expedition to the southern seas] had been cancelled, as the Board of Longitude objected to his theology.
Invention and Industry (1884). *Ch. 3.*

This extraordinary metal [iron], the soul of every manufacture, and the mainspring perhaps, of civilised society. *Ch. 4.*

SMITH, Adam (1723–1790)

The propensity to truck, barter, and exchange one thing for another . . . is common to all men, and to be found in no other race of animals.
The Wealth of Nations (1776). *Book 1, ch. 2.*

No society can surely be flourishing and happy, of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable. *Ch. 8.*

Science is the great antidote to the poison of enthusiasm and superstition.
Book 5, part 3, art. 3.

SMITH, Alexander (1830–1867)

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.
A Life Drama (1853). *Sc. 2.*

In winter, when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines. *Ib.*

A poem, round and perfect as a star. *Ib.*

SMITH, Horace (1779–1849)

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!
Hymn to the Flowers.

In losing fortune, many a lucky elf
Has found himself.
Moral Alchemy. *St. 12.*

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* Partly translated from the *Apocalypse of Golias*, by Walter Mapes.

When Love owes to Nature his charms,
How vain are the lessons of Art!
Horace in London (1813). *Book 1, ode 19.*

Our charity begins at home,
And mostly ends where it begins.
Book 2, ode 15.

SMITH, Horace (1779–1849) and SMITH, James (1775–1839)

Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Rejected Addresses (1812).
No. 1. Loyal Effusion, by W. T. F[itzgerald].

I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.
No. 2. The Baby's Début.
(*Imitation of Wordsworth by James Smith.*)

And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you. *Ib.*

Hence, dear delusion, sweet enchantment hence!
*No. 3. An Address without a Phœnix. By "S. T. P."**

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought.
No. 4. Cui Bono. St. 8.
(*Imitation of Byron by Horace Smith.*)

I prophesied that, though I never told anybody.
No. 5. Hampshire Farmer's Address.
(*Imitation of Wm. Cobbett.*)

Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower Hill to Piccadilly snored!†
No 7. The Rebuilding.
(*Imitation of Southey by James Smith.*)

Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee,
Mounted on roof and chimney. *Ib.*

(*This couplet is stated to have been introduced "by way of bravado, in answer to one who alleged that the English language contained no rhyme to chimney."*)

And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait.
No. 17. The Theatre. By the Rev. G. C[rabbe].
(*By James Smith.*)

"In the name of the Prophet—figs!"
No. 10. Johnson's Ghost.

SMITH, Mary ("May") Louise (née Keeley), wife of Albert Smith (b. 1842)

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold:
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
Sometime (1897).

SMITH, Rev. Samuel Francis, D.D.* (1808–1895)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing. **America** (1832).

SMITH, Rev. Sydney (1771–1845)

A Curate—there is something which excites compassion in the very name of a Curate!
Persecuting Bishops.

It is safest to be moderately base—to be flexible in shame, and to be always ready for what is generous, good, and just, when anything is to be gained by virtue.
Catholic Question.

All great alterations in human affairs are produced by compromise. *Ib.*

And, from long residence upon your living, are become a kind of holy vegetable.
Peter Plymley's Letters (1807). *No. 1.*

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height: the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.
Speech at Taunton. *Oct., 1831.*

A wise man struggling with adversity is said by some heathen writer to be a spectacle on which the gods might look down with pleasure.†
Sermon on the Duties of the Queen. *1837.*

What bishops like best in their clergy is a dropping-down-deadness of manner.
First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.

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* These initials were used to puzzle the critics, this address being not an imitation.

† *See* Southey, p. 337a: *Curse of Kehama.*

* Of whom O. W. Holmes wrote, "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."—*Reunion Poem, "The Boys."*

† "A brave man struggling with adversity is a spectacle for the gods."—*Seneca.* (*See* "Naturalised Phrases," p. 453b.)

"Let me get my arms about you," says the bear. "I have not the smallest intention of squeezing you."
Second Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.

The common precaution of a foolometer, with which no public man should be unprovided. *Ib.*

His [Lord John Russell's] worst failure is that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone, build St. Peter's, or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel Fleet. *Ib.*

Rather too close an imitation of that language which is used in the apostolic occupation of trafficking in fish.
Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.

I like, my dear Lord, the road you are travelling, but I don't like the pace you are driving; too similar to that of the son of Nimshi. I always feel myself inclined to cry out, Gently, John—gently down hill. Put on the drag.
Letter to Lord John Russell.

Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light. **Petition to the House of Congress at Washington.**

Erin go bragh! A far better anthem would be, Erin go bread and cheese.
Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church.

Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half-suspected, animate the whole.
Recipe for Salad.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me: I have dined to-day." *Ib.*

The good of ancient times let others state;
I think it lucky I was born so late.
Modern Changes. (*Translation of Ovid's "Ars Amat.," 3, 121.*)

Bishop Berkeley destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained, after his time, but mind; which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume in 1737. **Sketches of Moral Philosophy** (1804–6). *Introductory Lecture.*

Among the smaller duties of life I hardly know any one more important than that of not praising where praise is not due.
Ib. Lecture 9.

No man can ever end with being superior who will not begin with being inferior. *Ib.*

We shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. *Ib.*

Surprise is so essential an ingredient of art that no wit will bear repetition.
Ib. Lecture 10.

Puns are in very bad repute. . . . The wit of words is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. *Ib.*

There are very few who would not rather be hated than laughed at. *Ib. Lecture 11.*

Justice is pleasant, even when she destroys.
Ib. Lecture 12 (On Taste).

There is one piece of advice, in a life of study, which I think no one will object to; and that is, every now and then to be completely idle,—to do nothing at all.
Ib. Lecture 19.

I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together.
Ib. Lecture 19.

A man who dedicates his life to knowledge becomes habituated to pleasure which carries with it no reproach. *Ib.*

Mankind are always happier for having been happy. . . . A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour.
Ib. Lecture 22.

The messenger of good news is always an object of benevolence. *Ib.*

"Whenever," says Mr. Lancaster* (in his book just published), "I met with a boy particularly mischievous, I made him a monitor: I never knew this fail." The *cause* for the promotion, and the kind of encouragement it must occasion, I confess appear rather singular; but of the *effect* I have no sort of doubt. *Ib.*

Life is to be fortified by many friendships.
Practical Essays. *Of Friendship.*

I look upon Switzerland as an inferior sort of Scotland.
Letters. *To Lord Holland, 1815.*

The luxury of false religion is to be unhappy.
To Francis Horner, Nov. 25, 1816.

I believe the first receipt to farm well is to be rich. *To John Wishaw, April 13, 1818.*

We are all well, and keep large fires, as it behoveth those who pass their summers in England. *To Mrs. Meynell, 1820.*

I have never given way to that puritanical feeling of the Whigs against dining with Tories.
Tory and Whig in turn shall be my host;
I taste no politics in boiled and roast.
To John Murray (no date, c. 1834).

And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. . . . What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors?
To Miss ——, July 22, 1835.

I think every wife has a right to insist upon seeing Paris. *To Countess Grey, Sept. 11, 1835.*

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* Joseph Lancaster (1778–1838), founder of the Lancasterian system of education; author of *Improvements in Education,* 1803.

The weather is beautiful; but as Noodle says (with his eyes beaming with delight), "We shall suffer for this, sir, by-and-by."
To Sir Geo. Phillips, Dec. 22, 1836.

I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life. *To Arthur Kinglake, Sept. 30, 1837.*

I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave.
To Miss G. Harcourt, 1838.

I do all I can to love the country, and endeavour to believe those poetical lies which I read in Rogers and others, on the subject; which said deviations from the truth were, by Rogers, all written in St. James's Place.
To Lady Holland, Jan. 3, 1841.

I have seen nobody since I saw you, but persons in orders. My only varieties are vicars, rectors, curates, and every now and then (by way of turbot) an archdeacon.
To Miss Berry, Jan. 28, 1843.

A comfortable house is a great source of happiness. It ranks immediately after health and a good conscience.
To Lord Murray, Sept. 29, 1843.

If I were to begin life again, I would devote it to music. It is the only cheap and unpunished rapture upon earth.
To the Countess of Carlisle, Aug., 1844.

We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory:—Taxes upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed on the foot . . . taxes on everything on earth, and in the waters under the earth.
Review of Seybert's Statistical Annals of the United States.

Who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue? *Ib.*

The motto I proposed for the [*Edinburgh*] *Review* was: *Tenui musam meditamur avena*—"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal." **Preface to Works.**

"It requires," he used to say, "a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding."
Sayings. *Memoir by Lady Holland. Vol. 1.*

My Scotch servants bargained that they were not to have salmon more than three times a week. *Ib.*

Scotland, that knuckle-end of England, that land of Calvin, oatcakes and sulphur. *Ib.*

No one minds what Jeffrey says—it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator. *Ib.*

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory—nothing so expensive as glory. *Ib.*

Most people sulk in stage-coaches; I always talk. *Ib.*

The Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs. *Ib.*

How can a Bishop marry? How can he flirt? The most he can say is, "I will see you in the vestry after service." *Ib.*

No furniture so charming as books. *Ib.*

I have, alas, only one illusion left, and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury. *Ib.*

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers. *Ib.*

Heat, ma'am! It was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones. *Ib.*

Macaulay is like a book in breeches . . . He has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful. *Ib.*

You never expected justice from a company, did you? They have neither a soul to love nor a body to kick. *Ib.*

Thank God for tea! What would the world do without tea? How did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea. *Ib.*

As the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen. *Ib.*

You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and the twopence. *Ib.*

Praise is the best diet for us, after all. *Ib.*

Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundedly inconvenient. *Ib.*

I think it was Jekyll who used to say that the further he went west, the more convinced he felt that the wise men came from the east. *Ib.*

SMITH, Walter Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. (1824–1908)

Dusting, darning, drudging, nothing is great or small,
Nothing is mean or irksome, love will hallow it all. **Hilda among the Broken Gods.**
Book 2. Hilda, Saint-wife.

God giveth speech to all, song to the few.
Olrig Grange. *Book 1. Editorial, l. 15.*

SMOLLETT, Tobias George, M.D. (1721–1771)

True courage scorns
To vent her prowess in a storm of words;
And, to the valiant, actions speak alone.
The Regicide (c. 1739). *Act i. 7.*

There fled the purest soul that ever dwelt
In mortal clay. *v. 8.*

The blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.
The Reprisal (1757). *ii. 5.* (*Song.*)

'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor.
Advice (1746). *Line 2.*

What though success will not attend on all?
Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.
l. 207.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve,
Thine be the joyless dignity to starve. *l. 236.*

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
The Tears of Scotland (1746).

What foreign arms could never quell
By civil rage and rancour fell. *Ib.*

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky. **Ode to Independence.**

Some folks are wise, and some are otherwise.
Roderick Random (1748). *Ch. 6.*

He was formed for the ruin of our sex. *Ch. 22.*

Death's like the best bower anchor, as the saying is, it will bring us all up. *Ch. 24.*

Got pless my heart, liver, and lungs. *Ch. 26.*

By this time the Demon of Discord, with her sooty wings, had breathed her influence upon our counsels.* *Ch. 33.*

It was his [Tom Bowling's] opinion that no honest man would swerve from the principles in which he was bred, whether Turkish, Protestant, or Roman. *Ch. 42.*

I consider the world as made for me, not me for the world. It is my maxim therefore to enjoy it while I can, and let futurity shift for itself. *Ch. 45.*

A prodigy in learning. *Ib.*

I make good the old saying, we sailors get money like horses, and spend it like asses.
Peregrine Pickle (1751). *Ch. 2.*

The painful ceremony of receiving and returning visits. *Ch. 5.*

I'll be damned if the dog ha'n't given me some stuff to make me love him.† *Ch. 15.*

Mr. Pickle himself . . . was a mere dragon among the chambermaids.‡ *Ch. 82.*

Every person of importance ought to write his own memoirs, provided he has honesty enough to tell the truth.§
The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom (1753). *Ch. 1.*

The genteel comedy of the polite world. *Ib.*

I a'n't dead, but I'm speechless. *Ch. 42.*

To a man of honour (said I) the unfortunate need no introduction. *Ch. 62.*

Facts are facts, as the saying is.
The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves (1762). *Ch. 3.*

I think for my part one-half of the nation is mad—and the other not very sound. *Ch. 6.*

True patriotism is of no party.
Ch. 9. (*Heading*).

A seafaring man may have a sweetheart in every port; but he should steer clear of a wife as he would avoid a quicksand. *Ch. 21.*

Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender. You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want.
Humphrey Clinker (1771).

Her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill for projects. *Ib.*

Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius. *Ib.*

The Great Cham of literature. [S. Johnson.]
Letter to Wilkes.

SOMERVILLE, William (1675–1742)

Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt.
The Chase (1735). *Book 1.*

Hail, happy Britain! highly-favoured isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care! *Ib.*

With countenance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy.
Ib.

Fortune is like a widow won,
And truckles to the bold alone.*
The Fortune-Hunter. *Canto 2.*

The best elixir is a friend. **The Hip.**

The power of kings (if rightly understood)
Is but a grant from Heaven of doing good.
Fables. *No. 12. The Two Springs. Moral.*

SOUTH, Rev. Robert (1634–1716)

Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men whereby to conceal it.
Sermon.

An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise. **Sermon 2.**

SOUTHERN, Thomas (1660–1746)

And when they're worn,
Hacked, hewn with constant service, thrown aside,
To rust in peace, and rot in hospitals.
Loyal Brother (1682).

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* A favourite figure of speech with Smollett. *Cf. Launcelot Greaves*, ch. 3: "Discord seemed to clap her sooty wings in expectation of battle."

† Slightly altered from Shakespeare: "If the rascal," etc. (p. 313*b*).

‡ *Cf. Chaucer*, "Legend of Good Women," l. 1580:
To Colcos comen is this du [e] Jasoun,
That is of love devourer and dragoun.

§ Quoted as a "judicious observation" of Cardinal de Retz.

* *See* Butler: "Honour is like a widow, won."

If marriages
Are made in Heaven, they should be happier.
Isabella ; or, The Fatal Marriage (1694). *iv. 2.*

Do pity me ;
Pity's akin to love. **Oroonoko** (1696). *ii. 1.*

Love stops at nothing but possession. *ii. 2.*

Remember who you are,
A prince, born for the good of other men ;
Whose god-like office is to draw the sword
Against oppression, and set free mankind. *iii. 3.*

Honour should be concerned in honour's cause. *Ib.*

SOUTHEY, Robert (1774–1843)

Of saintly paleness.
Joan of Arc (c. 1792). *Book 1.*

He in his heart
Felt that misgiving which precedes belief
In what was disbelieved. *Ib.*

Happy those
Who in the after-days shall live, when Time
Hath spoken, and the multitude of years
Taught wisdom to mankind !* *Ib.*

Death ! to the happy thou art terrible ;
But how the wretched love to think of thee !
Oh, thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside ! *Ib.*

A toiling man
Intent on worldly gains, one in whose heart
Affection had no root. *Ib.*

Such wondrous tales as childhood loves to hear. *Ib.*

Then my soul awoke,
For it had slumbered long in happiness,
And, never feeling misery, never thought
What others suffer. *Ib.*

No bond
In closer union knits two human hearts
Than fellowship in grief. *Ib.*

The determined foe
Fought for revenge, not hoping victory. *Book 2.*

Our stern foe
Had made a league with Famine. *Ib.*

The foul, corruption-gendered swarm of state. *Book 4.*

The grave
Is but the threshold of eternity.
Vision of the Maid of Orleans.† *Book 2.*

He toiled and toiled, of toil no end to know,
But endless toil and never-ending woe. *Ib.*

The sacrifice septennial, when the sons
Of England meet, with watchful care to choose
Their delegates, wise, independent men,
Unbribing and unbribed. *Ib.*

Mother of Miseries. (Poverty.) *Book 3.*

The vanquished have no friends. *Ib.*

Fame's loudest trump upon the ear of Time
Leaves but a dying echo ; they alone
Are held in everlasting memory
Whose deeds partake of heaven.
Verses spoken at Oxford upon the Installation of Lord Grenville.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends,
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends ;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.
Remembrance.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer !
I to the woodlands wend, and there,
In lovely Nature see the God of Love.
Written on Sunday Morning.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone :
Now tell me the reason, I pray.
The Old Man's Comforts.

In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age. *Ib.*

And other hopes and other fears
Effaced the thoughts of happier years.
To Mary.

No happier lot can I wish thee
Than such as Heaven hath granted me. *Ib.*

But his memory is fresh in the land,
And his name with the names that we love.
The Old Chikkasah to his Grandson.

Mine is no narrow creed,
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless Man. There is another world
For all that live and move, . . . a better one !
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee.
On the Death of a Favourite Spaniel.

They have their passing paragraphs of praise,
And are forgotten. **The Victory.**

Let no man write my epitaph ; let my grave
Be uninscribed, and let my memory rest
Till other times are come, and other men,
Who then may do me justice.
Written after Reading the Speech of R. Emmet.*

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* "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom."—Job 32, 7.

† This formed the 9th Book of *Joan of Arc* in the first edition, but was subsequently struck out and issued as a separate poem.

* Robert Emmet, on his trial and conviction for treason, September, 1803, used the following words : "Let there be no inscription upon my tomb. Let no man write my epitaph. No man can write my epitaph. I am here ready to die. I am not allowed to vindicate my character ; and when I am prevented from vin-

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.
Occasional Pieces. *No. 18.*

The days of childhood are but days of woe.
The Retrospect.

Thy path is plain and straight,—that light is given;
Onward in faith,—and leave the rest to Heaven. *Ib.*

The best of lessons—to respect myself.
Hymn to the Penates.

Or 'twas the cold enquiry, more unkind
Than silence. **Hannah.**

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending. **Cataract of Lodore.**

He is more than halfway
On the road from Grizzle to Grey.
Robert the Rhymer's Account of Himself.

Having some friends, whom he loves dearly,
And no lack of foes, whom he laughs at sincerely. *Ib.*

His coat was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through. **The Devil's Walk.***

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,
And he owned with a grin
That his favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility. *Ib.*

As he passed through Cold Bath fields, he looked
At a solitary cell;
And he was well-pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of Hell. *Ib.*

And leered like a love-sick pigeon. *Ib.*

Wise and foolish, great and small,
March-of-Intellect-Boys all. *Ib.*

And so with glee the verse flow free,
In ding-dong chime of sing-song rhyme. *Ib.*

In vain for a man you might seek
Who could drink more like a Trojan,
Or talk more like a Greek.† *Ib.*

The indignant land,
Where Washington hath left
His awful memory,
A light for after times.
Ode. *Written during the War with America* (1814).

Not thus doth peace return.
A blessed visitant she comes;
Honour in his right hand
Doth lead her like a bride. **Carmen Aulica.**

Man creates the evil he endures.
Inscriptions, *2. For a Cavern Overlooking the Avon.*

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven.
Thalaba (1800). *Book 1, canto 1.*

The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.*
Ib.

Time is not here, nor days, nor months, nor years,
An everlasting NOW of solitude! *Canto 28.*

Nothing in itself is good or evil,
But only in its use. *Book 4, canto 15.*

Day after day, day after day the same—
A weary waste of waters!
Madoc in Wales (1805). *Sec. 4.*

And still at morning where we were at night,
And where we were at morn, at nightfall still—
The centre of that drear circumference,
Progressive, yet no change! *Ib.*

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue. *Sec. 5.*

Blood will have blood, revenge beget revenge,
Evil must come of evil. *Sec. 7.*

We wage no war with women nor with priests.
Sec. 15.

Scorn tempering wrath, yet anger sharpening scorn. *Ib.*

For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so blest as they? **Rudiger** (1796).

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones.
God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop.

All is not false which seems at first a lie.
St. Gualberto. *St. 28.*

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
Cheerful and frank and free,
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.
St. Michael's Chair.

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
Battle of Blenheim (1798).

But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out. *Ib.*

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dicating myself, let no man dare to calumniate me. Let my character and motives repose in obscurity and peace, till other times and other men can do them justice."

* Jointly written by Southey and Coleridge (*see* p. 87*a*).

† A reference to Prof. Porson.

* "Vast plains with lowly cottages forlorn
Rounded about with the low-wavering sky."
—*Henry More.*

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory." *Ib.*

They bowed the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blessed him as he went.
Bishop Bruno.

But they wavered not long, for conscience was strong,
And they thought they might get more,
And they refused the gold, but not
So rudely as before.
The Surgeon's Warning.

A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell. **March to Moscow** (1813). *Canto 8.*

'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost. *Ib.*

At earliest dawn his thrilling pipe was heard;
And when the light of evening died away,
That blithe and indefatigable bird
Still his redundant song of joy and love preferred. (The Thrush.)
A Tale of Paraguay (1825). *Dedication, 4.*

"Eleēmon, Eleēmon,
Thou art sold to the Demon!"
And his heart seemed dying away.
All for Love (1829). *Part 5.*

To prove by reason, in reason's despite,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right,
And white is black, and black is white.
Part 9.

Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep.*
Curse of Kehama (1810). *Part 1, 1.*

And Sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the Curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever. *Part 2, 14.*

But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
Part 10, 10.

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?
Part 10, 11.

Dark is the abyss of Time,
But light enough to guide your steps is given;
Whatever weal or woe betide,
Turn never from the way of truth aside,
And leave the event, in holy hope to Heaven.
Part 12, 4.

Thou hast been called, O Sleep! the friend of Woe,
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so.
Part 15, 12.

The virtuous heart and resolute mind are free.
Thus in their wisdom did the Gods decree
When they created man. Let come what will,
This is our rock of strength; in every ill,
Sorrow, oppression, pain and agony,
The spirit of the good is unsubdued,
And suffer, as they may, they triumph still.
Part 18, 10.

And worst of enemies, their Sins were armed
Against them. **Roderick** (1814). *Sec. 1.*

Death is the only mercy that I crave,
Death soon and short, death and forgetfulness!
Ib.

With something too of majesty that still
Appeared amid the wreck. *Sec. 3.*

Call it not
Revenge! Thus sanctified and thus sublimed,
'Tis duty, 'tis devotion. *Ib.*

Christ bless thee, brother, for that Christian speech! *Sec. 5.*

That peace
Which follows painful duty well performed.
Sec. 7.

He was the sunshine of my soul, and like
A flower I lived and flourished in his light.
Sec. 10.

The feud between us was but of the house,
Not of the heart. *Sec. 12.*

This was an hour
That sweetened life, repaid and recompensed
All losses; and although it could not heal
All griefs, yet laid them for awhile to rest.
Sec. 18.

Dreams such as thine pass now
Like evening clouds before me; if I think
How beautiful they seem, 'tis but to feel
How soon they fade, how fast the night shuts in. *Sec. 19.*

The times are big with tidings. *Sec. 20.*

Earth could not hold us both, nor can one Heaven
Contain my deadliest enemy and me!
Sec. 21.

Here I possess—what more should I require?
Books, children, leisure,—all my heart's desire.
Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo (1822).
Proem, st. 4.

A fairer sight perchance than when it frowned in power. *Part 1, canto 4, 30.*

Learn thou, whate'er the motive they may call,
That Pleasure is the aim, and Self the spring of all. *Part 2, canto 1, 22.*

These waters are the Well of Life, and lo!
The Rock of Ages there, from whence they flow. *Canto 3, 39.*

Pre-eminently bad among the worst. (Napoleon.) *Part 4, st. 15.*

And that wise Government, the general friend,
Might everywhere its eye and arm extend.
St. 47.

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* *See* Horace and James Smith (p. 331*a*): "Midnight, and not a nose."

How best to build the imperishable lay.*
Carmen Nuptiale. *Proem, 2.*

For as of all the ways of life but one—
The path of duty—leads to happiness,
So in their duty States must find at length
Their welfare, and their safety, and their strength.
The Lay of the Laureate—The Dream, st. 65.

My name is Death: the last best friend am I.
St. 87.

The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic school.
A Vision of Judgment. *Preface, Part 3.*

The march of intellect.
Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.

The arts Babblative and Scribblative. *Ib.*

Literary fame is the only fame of which a wise man ought to be ambitious, because it is the only lasting and living fame.
Quoted as from Southey by Landor. (See Forster's "Life of Landor," Bk. 7, 13).

SOUTHEY, Caroline Anne (née Bowles) (1786–1854)

Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily;
Christian, steer home! **Mariner's Hymn.**

SOUTHWELL, Robert (1561 ?–1595)

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds;
Love's service is in vain.
Love's Servile Lot.

Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
Times go by Turns.

No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend. *Ib.*

A chance may win that by mischance was lost.
Ib.

I feel no care of coin;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.†
Content and Rich.

Sleep, death's ally. **St. Peter's Complaint.**

Such distance is between high words and deeds!
In proof, the greatest vaunter seldom speeds.
Ib.

SPENCER, Herbert (1820–1903)

A living thing is distinguished from a dead thing by the multiplicity of the changes at any moment taking place in it.
Principles of Biology (1872). *Part 1, ch. 4, sec. 25.*

Early ideas are not usually true ideas.
Part 3, ch. 2, sec. 110.

Survival of the fittest.
Part 6, ch. 12, sec. 363 (et passim).

Our lives are universally shortened by our ignorance. *Sec. 372.*

Nature's rules have no exceptions.
Social Statistics (1850). *Introduction.*

Evil perpetually tends to disappear.
Part 1, ch. 2.

Progress, therefore, is not an accident, but a necessity. . . . It is a part of nature. *Ib.*

Divine right of kings means the divine right of anyone who can get uppermost.
Part 2, ch. 6, sec. 3.

A nation's institutions and beliefs are determined by its character. *Ch. 16, sec. 5.*

We all decry prejudice, yet are all prejudiced. *Ch. 17, sec. 2.*

Education has for its object the formation of character. *Sec. 4.*

No philosopher's stone of a constitution can produce golden conduct from leaden instincts.
Part 3, ch. 21, sec. 7.

Policemen are soldiers who act alone; soldiers are policemen who act in unison. *Sec. 8.*

If it be a duty to respect other men's claims, so also it is a duty to maintain our own. *Ib.*

Morality knows nothing of geographical boundaries or distinctions of race.
Ch. 23, sec. 1.

Parish pay is hush money. *Ch. 25, sec. 3.*

Nine parts of self-interest gilt over with one part of philanthropy. *Ch. 28, sec. 3.*

The behaviour of men to the lower animals, and their behaviour to each other, bear a constant relationship. *Ch. 30, sec. 2.*

Hero-worship is strongest where there is least regard for human freedom. *Sec. 6.*

As though conduct could be made right or wrong by the votes of some men sitting in a room in Westminster! *Sec. 7.*

Opinion is ultimately determined by the feelings, and not by the intellect. *Sec. 8.*

No one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy. *Sec. 16.*

Conservatism defends those coercive arrangements which a still-lingering savageness makes requisite. Radicalism endeavours to realize a state more in harmony with the character of the ideal man. *Ch. 31, sec. 5.*

That practical atheism, which, seeing no guidance for human affairs but its own limited foresight, endeavours itself to play the god, and decide what will be good for mankind and what bad. *Sec. 8.*

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* *See* Milton (p. 226*a*): "To build the lofty rhyme."

† *See* Sir E. Dyer (p. 129*b*): "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Only when genius is married to science, can the highest results be produced. **Education.** *Ch. 1.*

Science is organised knowledge. *Ch. 2.*

Savageness begets savageness. *Ch. 3.*

Absolute morality is the regulation of conduct in such a way that pain shall not be inflicted. **Essays.** *Prison Ethics.*

The Republican form of Government is the highest form of government; but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature—a type nowhere at present existing. *The Americans.*

Happiness is added Life, and the giver of Life. *Representative Government.*

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly, is to fill the world with fools. *State Tamperings with Money Banks.*

The saying that beauty is but skin deep is but a skin-deep saying. *Personal Beauty.*

Reading is seeing by proxy. **The Study of Sociology** (1876). *Ch. 15.*

When a man's knowledge is not in order, the more of it he has the greater will be his confusion. *Ib.*

Every unpunished delinquency has a family of delinquencies. *Postscript.*

The society exists for the benefit of its members; not the members for the benefit of the society. **Principles of Ethics** (1891–3). *Sec. 222.*

Mental power cannot be got from ill-fed brains. *Sec. 238.*

Political changes should never be made save after overcoming great resistance. *Sec. 468.*

SPENCER, Hon. Wm. Robt. (1769–1834)

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!
Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.

SPENSER, Edmund (1552?–1599)

The rugged brow of careful Policy. **Sonnets.**

Fierce warrs and faithfull loves shall moralise my song. **The Faerie Queene** (c. 1589). *Introduction, st. 1.*

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine. *Book 1, canto 1, st. 1.**

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord. *St. 2.*

But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad,
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad. *Ib.*

The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine, good for staves; the cypresse funerall. *St. 8.*

Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray. *St. 12.*

Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade. *St. 12.*

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide. *St. 14.*

The noblest mind the best contentment has. *St. 35.*

A bold bad man. *St. 37.*

And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes. *St. 38.*

He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts. *Canto 2, st. 34.*

Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven, shynèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace. *Canto 3, st. 4.*

O how can beautie maister the most strong! *St. 6.*

For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre. *St. 11.*

Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast. *St. 34.*

Sluggish idleness, the nourse of sin. *Canto 4, st. 18.*

Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him poor. *St. 29.*

As when that divelish yron engin, wrought
In deepest hell, and framd by furies' skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollett rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre. *Canto 7, st. 13.*

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast Truth acquite him out of all! *Canto 8, st. 1.*

But wise and wary was that noble pere. *St. 7.*

Musing full sadly in his sullein mind. *Canto 9, st. 35.*

Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please. *St. 40.*

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin. *Canto 10, st. 6.*

The fish that once was caught, new bayt will hardly byte. *Book 2, canto 1, st. 4.*

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* *See* Chaucer (p. 76*b*).

So double was his paines so double be his praise. *Canto 2, st. 25.*

Abroad in arms, at home in studious kynd,
Who seekes with painfull toile, shall Honor soonest fynd. *Canto 3, st. 40.*

Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse than foe.
Canto 5, 15.

And is there care in heaven ? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace ?
Canto 8, st. 1.

But O ! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace.
Book 2, canto 8, st. 1.

And all for love, and nothing for reward.
St. 2.

Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold ;
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame.
St. 13.

The wretched man gan them avise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest.
Canto 10, st. 31.

They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry. *Canto 11, st. 17.*

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand.
St. 30.

For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Comparèd to the creatures in the seas entrall.
Canto 12, st. 25.

And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appearèd in no place. *St. 58.*

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare.
St. 70.

Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride defloure :
Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time :
Whilest loving thou mayst lovèd be with equall crime. *St. 75.*

Let Gryll be Gryll,* and have his hoggish minde. *St. 87.*

O goodly usage of those antique times,
In which the sword was servaunt unto right.
Book 3, canto 1, st. 13.

Throughe thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke.†
St. 17.

Dischord ofte in music makes the sweeter lay.
Canto 2, st. 15.

So was their fortune good, though wicked were their minde. *St. 43.*

Divine tobacco. *Canto 5, st. 32.*

A foole I do him firmely hold
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold. *Canto 9, st. 8.*

Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, *Be bolde.*
Canto 11, st. 54.

Be not too bolde. *Ib.*

The seedes of evill wordes, and factious deedes.
Book 4, canto 1, st. 25.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fames eternall bead-roll worthie to be fyled.* *Canto 2, st. 32.*

O ! why do wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date ?
Canto 3, st. 1.

Faint friends when they fall out most cruel fomen bee. *Canto 9 st. 27.*

True he it said, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound.
Canto 10, st. 1.

O what an endlesse worke have I in hand !
Canto 12, st. 1.

Meseemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed sourse ;
And being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse. *Book 5, Introduction, st. 1.*

Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right ;
As all things else in time are chaunged quight.
Introduction, st. 4.

It often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong.
Canto 11, st. 1.

Dearer is love than life, and fame than gold ;
But dearer than them both your faith once plighted hold. *St. 63.*

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes !
Canto 12, st. 1.

No greater shame to man than inhumanitie.
Book 6, canto 1, st. 26.

In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who hath not learned himselfe first to subdew.
St. 41.

Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have ?
St. 46.

True is that whilome that good poet sayd,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne ;

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* Gryll = Gryllus, one of the companions of Ulysses, changed to a hog by the enchantments of Circe.

† "So what with hoke and what with croke."—*Gower : Confessio Amantis* (c. 1390), *Bk.* 5.

* The first line seems to be derived from *The Book of Curtesye*, printed by Caxton, and found in manuscripts of c. 1470–1480. In stanza 50 of this poem, Chaucer is eulogised, and it is said of him : "And in our tunge was welle of eloquence." The second line has a parallel in the Preface to Lord Berners' *Huon of Bordeaux* (c. 1530 ; 3rd ed. 1601) : "High and adventurous actions, which . . . leaveth their names cannonised in Fames aeternall Calender."

For a man by nothing is so well bewray'd
As by his manners. *Canto 3, st. 1.*

Gentle bloud will gentle manners breed. *St. 2.*

For not that, which men covet most, is best ;
Nor that thing worst, which men doe most refuse :
But fittest is that all contented rest
With that they hold : each hath his fortune in his brest. *Canto 9, st. 29.*

It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore. *St. 30.*

Old love is little worth, when new is more preferred. *St. 40.*

For love will not be drawne, but must be ledde.
Colin Clout (*pr.* 1595). *l. 129.*

Though last, not least. *l. 144.*

To be wise and eke to love,[*]
Is granted scarce to gods above.
Shepheard's Calendar. *March.*

Good is no good, but if it be spend ;
God giveth good for no other end. *May.*

That beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outwarde shew of things that onely seeme.
An Hymne in Honour of Beautie.

The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Fair seeming shewes, [and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes,] may lift themselves up hyer,
And learn to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty. *Ib., l. 16.*

[*This passage, omitting the bracketed words, is inscribed around the dome of the central hall at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, London.*]

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make. *Ib.*

For he that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and unsure.
Visions of the World's Vanitie.

Base is the style and matter meane withall.
Mother Hubberd's Tale.

But this good sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne medled with their controversies vaine. *Ib.*

Now once a weeke, upon our Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our small devotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion. *Ib.*

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide :
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent :
To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow ;

To have thy princes grace, yet want her peeres ;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres ;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
To eat thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires ;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne. *Ib.*

To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source.
Prothalamion. *l. 128.*

Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.
Amoretti. *Sonnet 5.*

Sith never ought was excellent assayde,
Which was not hard t' atchieve and bring to end. *Sonnet 51.*

All paines are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrowes short that gain eternall blisse. *Sonnet 63.*

Griefe finds some ease by him that like doth beare. **Daphnaida.** *l. 67.*

To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life draws care, and care continuall woe. *l. 450.*

I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.
An Elegie. *l. 106.*

And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men ?
Muiopotmos. *St. 2.*

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature ;
To raigne in th' aire from th' earth to highest skie ;
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature ? *St. 26.*

His smiling eyes with simple truth were stored.
Britain's Ida. *Canto 1.*

Oh, foole ! faint heart faire lady ne'ere could win. *Canto 5.*

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme ;
From that time unto this season.
I received nor rhyme nor reason.
Lines on his Pension. (*Traditional.*)

Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble. **Ruines of Rome.**

SPRAGUE, Charles (1791–1875)

Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,
Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.
Shakspeare Ode.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky ;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
Art.

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[*] *See* Herrick (p. 164*a*) : "No man at one time can be wise and love." Many other poets have adopted this proverbial expression of classical days.

Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age.
Curiosity. *l. 127.*

Swift flies each tale of laughter, shame, or folly,
Caught by Paul Pry, and carried home to Polly. *l. 329.*

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends. *l. 393.*

Behold in Liberty's unclouded blaze
We lift our heads, a race of other days.
Centennial Ode. *St. 22.*

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctor's spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight. **To my Cigar.**

SPRAT, Thomas, Bishop of Rochester (1635–1713)

Poetry, the queen of arts.
Ode upon the Poems of Abraham Cowley. *8.*

Thy fame, like men, the older it doth grow,
Will of itself turn whiter too.
To the Happy Memory of the late Lord Protector. *l. 5.*

STEELE, Sir Richard (1672–1729)

It is to be noted that when any part of this paper appears dull, there is a design in it.* **Tatler** (1709–11). *No. 38.*

To love her was a liberal education.† *No. 49* (*of Lady Elizabeth Hastings*).

Every man is the maker of his own fortune. *No. 52.*

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. *No. 147.*

Those two amusements for all fools of eminence, Politics or Poetry. **The Spectator.** *Vol. 1* (1711), *No. 43.*

The insupportable labour of doing nothing. *No. 54.*

The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. *No. 75.*

She has certainly the finest Hand of any woman in the world. (Sir Roger de Coverley and the widow.) *Vol. 2, No. 113.*

The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity. *No. 132.*

He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favour. *Vol. 3, No. 172.*

Let your precept be, "Be easy." *No. 196.*

The noblest motive is the public good. *No. 200.*

Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the Outrageously Virtuous. *Vol 4, No. 266.*

Fashion, the arbiter and rule of right. *Vol. 7, No. 478.*

The marriage state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this life. *No. 480.*

It is not my ambition to increase the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good men *Vol. 8, No. 556.*

We are always doing, says he, something for Posterity, but I would fain see Posterity do something for us.* *No. 583.*

We vulgar only take it to be a sign of love; we servants, we poor people, that have nothing but our persons to bestow, or treat for, are forced to deal and bargain by way of sample; and therefore as we have no parchments, or wax necessary in our arguments, we squeeze with our hands, and seal with our lips, to ratify promises. **The Conscious Lovers** (1722).

STEPNEY, George (1663–1707)

And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
Forget the pain by which they purchased heaven. **To King James II.**

One who, to all the heights of learning bred,
Read books and men, and practised what he read. **To the Earl of Carlisle.**

STERNE, Rev. Laurence (1713–1768)

The jester and jestee.
Tristram Shandy (1760–7). *Vol. 1, ch. 12.*

I hate your *ifs.* *Ib.*

He was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. *Ib.*

'Tis known by the name of perseverance in a good cause, and of obstinacy in a bad one. *Ch. 17.*

Persuasion hung upon his lips. *Ch. 19.*

Digressions, incontestably, are the sunshine,—they are the life, the soul of reading. *Ch. 22.*

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it. *Vol. 2, ch. 3.*

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my Uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." *Ch. 11.*

Go, poor devil; get thee gone! why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me! *Ch. 12.*

The *corregiescity* of Corregio.† *Ib.*

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* *See* Fielding: "Whenever he was dull, etc.," p. 135*a*, *note.*

† Swinburne (1884) described this passage as, "this most exquisite tribute ever paid to the memory of a noble woman."

* *See* Trumbull: "What has posterity done for us?" (p. 373*a*).

† *See* Birrell (p. 22*b*, note); and Carlyle (p. 73*b*).

343*a*

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.* *Ib.*

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge. (*Slawkenbergius's Tale*), *Vol. 4.*

"God's blessing," said Sancho Panza, "be upon the man who first invented this self-same thing called sleep; it covers a man all over like a cloak." *Vol. 4, ch. 15.*

What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from side to side, from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation and unbutton another? *Ch. 31.*

Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it. *Vol. 5, ch. 3.*

The nonsense of the old women (of both sexes). *Ch. 16.*

Ask my pen: it governs me;—I govern not it. *Vol. 6, ch. 6.*

I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my Uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it. *Ch. 7.*

True, quoth my Uncle Toby, thou didst very right as a soldier—but certainly very wrong as a man. *Ch. 8.*

The Accusing Spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever. *Ib.*

The excellency of this text is that it will suit any sermon; and of this sermon, that it will suit any text. *Ch. 11.*

"A soldier," cried my Uncle Toby, interrupting the Corporal, "is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters." "But not so often, an' please your Honour," replied the Corporal. *Vol. 7, ch. 19.*

"I thought *love* had been a joyous thing," quoth my Uncle Toby.—"'Tis the most serious thing, an' please your Honour (sometimes) that is in the world." *Ch. 20.*

Love, an' please your Honour, is exactly like war, in this, that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night, may, nevertheless, be shot through his heart on Sunday morning. *Ch. 21.*

An eye full of gentle salutations, and soft responses, . . . whispering soft, like the last low accents of an expiring saint. . . . It did my Uncle Toby's business. *Ch. 25.*

Give 'em but a May-pole . . . 'tis meat, drink, washing, and lodging to 'em. *Ch. 38.*

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."
A Sentimental Journey (1768). *Ch. 1*

343*b*

Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him:—he showed none. *The Monk.*

An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen. *Preface. In the Désobligeante.*

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry "'Tis all barren." *In the Street. Calais.*

There are worse occupations in this world than feeling a woman's pulse. *The Pulse. Paris.*

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I,—"still thou art a bitter draught." *The Passport. The Hotel at Paris.*

Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them. *Ib.*

I think there is a fatality in it; I seldom go to the place I set out for. *The Address. Versailles.*

If they [the French] have a fault, they are too serious. *Ib.*

Solitude is the best nurse of wisdom. **Letters.** *No. 82.*

The brave only know how to forgive. . . . A coward never forgave; it is not in his nature. **Sermons.** *No. 12.*

Vanity bids all her sons be generous and brave, and her daughters chaste and courteous. *No. 17.*

STEVENS, George Alexander (1710–1784)

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea. **The Storm.**

STEVENSON, Robert Louis (1850–1894)

Even if we take matrimony at its lowest, even if we regard it as no more than a sort of friendship recognised by the police. **Virginibus Puerisque** (1881). *Part 1.*

I have always suspected public taste to be a mongrel product, out of affectation by dogmatism. *Ib.*

A little amateur painting in water-colour shows the innocent and quiet mind. *Ib.*

No woman should marry a teetotaller, or a man who does not smoke. *Ib.*

Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catch-words. *Part 2.*

The weather is usually fine when people are courting. *Part 3.*

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* "The cant of criticism," borrowed from Sir J. Reynolds, *Idler*, Sept. 29, 1759.

The cruellest lies are often told in silence.
Part 4.

When an old gentleman waggles his head and says: "Ah, so I thought when I was your age," it is not thought an answer at all if the young man retorts: "My venerable sir, so shall I most probably think when I am yours." And yet the one is as good as the other. **Crabbed Age and Youth.**

Old and young we are all on our last cruise.
Ib.

For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself! *Ib.*

A man finds he has been wrong at every preceding stage of his career, only to deduce the astonishing conclusion that he is at last entirely right. *Ib.*

Age may have one side, but assuredly Youth has the other. There is nothing more certain than that both are right, except perhaps that both are wrong. *Ib.*

There is no duty we so much under-rate as the duty of being happy.
An Apology for Idlers.

He sows hurry and reaps indigestion. *Ib.*

When things are as pretty as that, criticism is out of season.
Some Portraits by Raeburn.

Every man has a sane spot somewhere.
The Wrecker.*

Everyone lives by selling something.
Beggars.

To call her a young lady, with all its niminy associations, would be to offer her an insult.
An Inland Voyage.

I never weary of great churches. It is my favourite kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral. *Ib.*

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary.
Yoshida-Torajiro.

Language is but a poor bull's-eye lantern wherewith to show off the vast cathedral of the world. **Walt Whitman.**

There are not words enough in all Shakespeare to express the merest fraction of a man's experience in an hour. *Ib.*

I hate cynicism a great deal worse than I do the devil; unless, perhaps, the two were the same thing? *Ib.*

Each has his own tree of ancestors, but at the top of all sits Probably Arboreal.
Memories and Portraits.

The first duty of a man is to speak, that is his chief business in this world. *Ib.*

All speech, written or spoken, is a dead language, until it finds a willing and prepared hearer. **Lay Morals.**

Courage respects courage.
Travels with a Donkey.

Youth is wholly experimental.
A Letter to a Young Gentleman.

That empty and ugly thing called popularity. *Ib.*

Man is not truly one, but truly two.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1886).

A generous prayer is never presented in vain.
The Merry Men.

There is nothing an honest man should fear more timorously than getting and spending more than he deserves.
Morality of the Profession of Letters.

Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the man. **Prince Otto.**

Be soople, Davie, in things immaterial.
Kidnapped (1886).

Let any man speak long enough, he will get believers. **The Master of Ballantrae.**

It's deadly commonplace, but, after all, the commonplaces are the great poetic truths.
Weir of Hermiston.

Autumnal frosts enchant the pool,
And make the cart ruts beautiful.
The House Beautiful.

Unfrowning caryatides.
Underwoods (1887).

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will;
This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."
Ib. Requiem.

There's nothing under heaven so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.
Songs of Travel. *A Song of the Road.*

Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above,
And the road below me. *The Vagabond.*

The drums of war, the drums of peace,
Roll through our cities without cease,
And all the iron halls of life
Ring with the unremitting strife.
The Woodman.

In the upper room I lay, and heard far off
The unsleeping murmur like a shell.
To S. C.

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free. *My Wife.*

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,

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* Written in conjunction with Lloyd Osbourne.

And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.
A Child's Garden of Verses (1885).
No. 12. Looking Forward.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.
No. 19. System.

All day long they ate with the resolute greed of brutes. **Song of Rahéro.** *Part 2.*

And the coastguard in his garden with his glass against his eye. **Christmas at Sea.**

STILL, John, Bishop of Bath and Wells (1543 ?–1608)

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Gammer Gurton's Needle. *Act 2.*[*]

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old. *Ib.*

STILLINGFLEET, Benjamin (1702–1771)

Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
Essay on Conversation.

How hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,
Yet memory oft no less requires the bit.
How many, hurried by its force away,
Forever in the land of gossips stray. *Ib.*

STIRLING, Earl of (William Alexander) (1580–1640)

What life refused, to gain by death he thought:
For life and death are but indifferent things,
And of themselves not to be shunned nor sought,
But for the good or ill that either brings.
Tragedy of Darius.

Death is the port where all may refuge find,
The end of labour, entry into rest. *Ib.*

What thing so good which not some harm may bring?
Even to be happy is a dangerous thing.
Chorus 1.

Of all the tyrants that the world affords,
Our own affections are the fiercest lords.
Julius Cæsar.

Although my hap be hard, my heart is high.
Aurora. *Sonnet 30.*

To love and be beloved, this is the good,
Which for most sovereign all the world will prove. *Sonnet 44.*

Times daily change and we likewise in them;
Things out of sight do straight forgotten die.
Sonnet 63.

I hope, I fear, resolved, and yet I doubt,
I'm cold as ice, and yet I burn as fire;
I wot not what, and yet I much desire,
And trembling too, am desperately stout.
Sonnet 68.

Though I was long in coming to the light,
Yet may I mount to fortune's highest height.
Sonnet 98.

I sing the sabbath of eternal rest.
Doomsday. *The First Hour. St. 1.*

When policy puts on religious cloak.
The Second Hour. St. 22.

Of all things that are feared, the least is death.
St. 73.

Pride hated stands, and doth unpitied fall.
The Fourth Hour. St. 85.

The weaker sex, to piety more prone.
The Fifth Hour. St. 55.

His birthright sold, some pottage so to gain.
The Sixth Hour. St. 39.

That queen of nations, absolutely great. [Rome.] *St. 77.*

These find withal who have such courses run,
That generous plainness proves the better way.
The Seventh Hour. St. 35.

Vile avarice and pride, from Heaven accurst,
In all are ill, but in a church-man worst.
St. 86.

Lo, one who loved true honour more than fame,
A real goodness, not a studied name.
The Eighth Hour. St. 100.

Words but direct, example must allure.
The Ninth Hour. St. 113.

That fatal sergeant, Death, spares no degree.
St. 114.

The world's chief idol, nurse of fretting cares,
Dumb trafficker, yet understood o'er all.
The Tenth Hour. St. 29.

Despair and confidence both banish fear.
St. 55.

STONE, Rev. Samuel John (1839–1900)

The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer.
Hymn. *"Weary of Earth."*

STORY, Joseph (1779–1845)

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.
Motto of the Salem Register.

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[*] Said to be from a song older than the play *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. It is also uncertain whether Bishop Still was the author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which has been attributed to John Bridges, Dean of Salisbury, and to Nicholas Udall (d. 1557).

STOWE, Harriet Elizabeth, (née Beecher) (1812–1896)

"Who was your mother?" "Never had none!" said the child with another grin. "Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?" "Never was born!" persisted Topsy.
Uncle's Tom's Cabin (1851). *Ch. 20.*

"Do you know who made you?" "Nobody, as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh. The idea appeared to amuse her considerably; for her eyes twinkled, and she added—
"I 'spect I growed. Don't think nobody never made me." *Ib.*

STOWELL, Lord (*see* **Scott, Wm.**)

STRATFORD, Esmé Wingfield (20th Cent.)

Thus saith Brahm—
Cast your life upon the deep
And sleep,
I AM.
India (1920).

STUBBS, Chas. William, D.D., Bishop of Truro (1843–1912)

They do their Maker wrong,
Who, in the pride of age,
Cry down youth's heritage,
And all the eager throng
Of thoughts and plans and schemes,
With which the young brain teems.
The Conscience. *A Prayer of Age.*

SUCKLING, Sir John (1609-1642)

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.
Against Fruition. *St. 4.*

They who know all the wealth they have are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store. *St. 5.*

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,[*]
As if they feared the light.
But oh! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight!
Ballad upon a Wedding. *St. 8.*

For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear
(The side that's next the sun). *St. 10.*

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly). *St. 11.*

Our sins, like to our shadows,
When our day is in its glory, scarce appear:
Towards our evening how great and monstrous
They are!
Aglaura (1637).

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Ib. *Song.*

She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.
Brennoralt.

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.
Ib.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
The Goblins.

I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.
'Tis now, since I sat down before.

SURREY, Earl of (Henry Howard) (1516?–1547)

The soote[*] season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.
Description of Spring.

And easy sighès, such as folk drawe in love.[†]
Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure there passed.

The farther off, the more desired; thus lovers tie their knot.
The Faithfull Lover declareth his Paines.

Danger well past remembred works delight.
Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me.

But oft the words come forth awrie of him that loveth well.
Description of the Fickle Affections. Pangs, and Sleights of Love.

For in my life I never saw a man so full of wo.
Complaint of a Dying Lover. *l. 26.*

SUTRO, Alfred (b. 1863)

Though men may not like me, they always trust my word. (*Harrison Crockstead.*)
A Marriage has been Arranged (1904).

It [the French language] is the true and native language of insincerity. *Ib.*

Hell's rather out of date.
The Perfect Lover (1905). *Act i.*

We're born to be happy, all of us.
Ib. *Act ii.*

That's the penalty we have to pay for our acts of foolishness,—someone else always suffers for them. *Ib.*

My feelings at that moment could only be expressed in camera. (*Sir Joseph Balsted, K.C.*) **Mollentrave on Women** (1905). *Act i.*

Mr. Hannaford's utterances have no meaning; he's satisfied if they sound clever.
The Walls of Jericho (1904). *Act i.*

They say there are sixty-seven different ways in which a woman can like a man. *Ib.*

It's bad form to think, feel, or have an idea. *Ib.*

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[*] *See* Herrick (p. 165*a*):—
"Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep."

[*] Soote = sweet.

[†] "Not such sorrowful sighès as men make
For woe, or ellès when that folk be sike,
But easy sighès, such as been to like."
—*Chaucer: Troilus, Bk. 3, line 1361.*

What are the plays of to-day? They're either so chock-full of intellect that they send you to sleep,—or they reek of sentiment till you yearn for the smell of a cabbage.
The Man in the Stalls (1911).

SWAIN, Charles (1801–1874)

There's a dignity in labour
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed.
What is Noble?

He who seeks the mind's improvement,
Aids the world, in aiding mind. *Ib.*

SWIFT, Jonathan, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin (1667–1745)

He (the emperor) is taller by the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. **Gulliver's Travels** (1726). *Voyage to Lilliput.*

The colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my pen-knife. *Ib.*

He put this engine [a watch] to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal or the god that he worships, but we are more inclined to the latter opinion. *Ib.*

Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together. *Ib.*

It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution, but, however that may be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration. *Ib.*

Begging is a trade unknown in this empire *Ib.*

He could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and, stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me whether I was a whig or tory.
Voyage to Brobdingnag.

I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth. *Ib.*

"He was amazed how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I" (these were his expressions) "could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner." *Ib.*

And he gave it for his opinion, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."[*] *Ib.*

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. *Voyage to Laputa.*

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, . . . but constancy, charity, good sense, and good nature were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting. *Ib.*

I heard a whisper from a ghost who shall be nameless, "that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity." *Ib.*

May your celestial majesty outlive the sun, eleven moons and a half! *Ib.*

I told him . . . that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst.
Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.

Spleen, which only seizes on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich. *Ib.*

A giddy son of a gun.
The Battle of the Books (1697).

War is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches.[*] *Ib.*

A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.
Cadenus and Vanessa (1713).

All humble worth she strove to raise;
Would not be praised, yet loved to praise. *Ib.*

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit. *Ib.*

What some invent the rest enlarge.
Journal of a Modern Lady (1728).

Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down. *Ib.*

In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.[†]
On the Death of Dr. Swift (1731). *l. 7.*

Faith! he must make his stories shorter
Or change his comrades once a quarter. *l. 95.*

Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend. *l. 119.*

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[*] He who sows the ground with care and diligence acquires a greater stock of religious merit than he could gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers.—Quoted in these words by Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, ch. 8) as from the *Zend-Avesta*, vol. 1, and *Précis du Système de Zoroastre*, vol. 3. The *Zend-Avesta* is a collection of ancient traditionary Persian writings embodying the supposed teachings and tenets of Zoroaster, or Zarethrusta, the semi-fabulous Persian philosopher.

[*] Quoted as "an almanac saying."

[†] "Dans l'advérsité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaist pas."—*Rochefoucauld* (1665).

He'd rather choose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie. *l. 131.*

His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place. *l. 241.*

Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp,—all one to him. *l. 327.*

Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own. *l. 411.*

A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most when treated worst.
[*The Irish race.*] *l. 461.*

Yet malice never was his aim;
He lashed the vice, but spared the name.
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant. *l. 523.*

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much. *l. 538.*

See now comes the captain all daubed with gold lace. **The Grand Question Debated.**

Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose. *Ib.*

Say, Britain, could you ever boast,
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years.
On Poetry (1733).

As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew. *Ib.*

So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns. *Ib.*

To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop. *Ib.*

He gives directions to the town
To cry it up or run it down. *Ib.*

Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Is in a state of war by nature. *Ib.*

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum;*
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind.* *Ib.*

Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side. *Ib.*

A coming shower your shooting corns presage.
Description of a City Shower.

He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.
Horace (1716). *Book 3, 2.*

And though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound at his heels. *Ib.*

His two-year coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air.
Progress of Poetry.

Proper words in proper places.
Definition of a Good Style.

His talk was now of tithes and dues.
Baucis and Philemon.

Philosophy! the lumber of the schools.
Ode to Sir W. Temple (1689). *c. 2.*

We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools. *Ib. c. 3.*

"Libertas et natale solum!"
Fine words, indeed! I wonder where he stole 'em.
Lines written in 1724 *on Chief Justice Whitshed's motto on his coach, after the trial of Drapier.*

Censure's to be understood,
Th' authentic mark of the elect;
The public stamp Heav'n sets on all that's great and good,
Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
Ode to the Athenian Society (1691). *c. 4.*

How strange a paradox is true,
That men who lived and died without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the sacred lists of fame.
Ib. c. 12.

Where I am not understood, it shall be concluded that something very useful and profound is couched underneath.
Tale of a Tub (1704). *Preface.*

I have somewhere heard it is a maxim that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.
Ib. The Bookseller's Dedication.

"Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life." *Sec. 4.*

This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves. *Sec. 9.*

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own.
Battle of the Books (1704). *Preface.*

Instead of dirt and poison we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light. *Ib.*

If a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town by observing the different shapes, sizes and colours of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people.
The Examiner. *No. 15. Nov. 9, 1710.*

Falsehood flies and truth comes limping after it, so that when men come to be undeceived it is too late. *Ib.*

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* *See page* 439*b*.

He is without the sense of shame or glory, as some men are without the sense of smelling.
Character of Lord Wharton (1710).

It is the folly of too many to mistake the echo of a London coffee-house for the voice of the kingdom.
The Conduct of the Allies (1711).

Truth is eternal, and the son of heaven.
Ode Dr. Wm. Sancroft (1689). *c. 1.*

Following opinion, dark and blind,
That vagrant leader of the mind,
Till honesty and conscience are clear out of sight. *Ib., c. 3.*

Each line shall stab, shall blast, like daggers and like fire. *Ib., c. 5.*

But zeal is weak and ignorant, though wondrous proud,
Though very turbulent and very loud.
Ib., c 7.

Nothing is fixed, that mortals see or know,
Unless perhaps some stars be so. *Ib.*

Necessity, thou tyrant conscience of the great!
Ib., c. 9.

Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoiled;
'Tis never by invention got;
Men have it when they know it not.
To Mr. Delany. *Nov., 1718.*

How haughtily he cocks his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows.
The Country Life.

For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?
Dr. Delany's Villa.

None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.
A Pastoral Dialogue (1727).

A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
To Dr. Delany. *On the libels written against him* (1729).

Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate. *Ib.*

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex. **Daphne.**

Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute?
The Logicians Refuted.

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay. *Ib.*

Long-winded schismatics shall rule the roast,
And Father Christmas mourn his revels lost.
The Swan Tripe Club in Dublin.

But mark me well; Religion is my name;
An angel once, but now a fury grown,
Too often talked of, but too little known. *Ib.*

And when with grief you see your brother stray,
Or in a night of error lose his way,
Direct his wandering and restore the day.
To guide his steps afford your kindest aid,
And gently pity whom ye can't persuade;
Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
For, O, remember, he's your brother still. *Ib.*

Ye may say I am hot;
I say I am not,—
Only warm, as the subject on which I am got.
The Famous Speechmaker (April, 1710).

I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year;
A handsome house to lodge a friend;
A river at my garden's end.
Imitation of Horace (1714).

Removed from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.
In Sickness. *Oct., 1714.*

Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider, our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.
On the Irish Bishops (1731).

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly lived and died before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Waged the ten years' famous war.
But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.
Horace. *Book 4, Ode 19.*

Most of the players, who had very little faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the Roman Catholic religion.
A True and Faithful Narrative.

I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house, and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he showed as a pattern to encourage purchasers.
The Drapier's Letters. *No. 2 (Aug., 1724).*

A majority, with a good cause, are negligent and supine. **Letter to a Member of Parliament in Ireland.** *1708.*

In politics I am sure it is even a Machiavelian holy maxim, "That some men should be ruined for the good of others."
Essay on English Bubbles (1720).

There are not many things cheaper than supposing and laughing.
Sermon 10. *On Sleeping in Church.*

The want of belief is a defect that ought to be concealed when it cannot be overcome.
Thoughts on Religion.

I never saw, heard, nor read that the clergy were beloved in any nation where Christianity was the religion of the country. Nothing can render them popular but some degree of persecution. *Ib.*

A footman may swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often, but can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety and judgment?
Polite Conversation (c. 1731). *Introduction.*

Why, madam, Queen Elizabeth's dead.[*]
Ib. Dialogue 1.

Lady Smart. Will you eat any oysters before dinner?—*Colonel Atwit.* With all my heart. He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.—*Lady S.* They say oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive; then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.[†]
Ib. Dialogue 2.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.
Thoughts on Various Subjects. (*Ascribed to Pope but included in Swift's Works.*)

Few are qualified to shine in company, but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. *Ib.*

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another. *Ib.*

Party is the madness of the many, for the gain of a few. *Ib.*

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should walk together every day. *Ib.*

The Scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties. *Ib.*

Flowers of rhetoric, in sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to them who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit. *Ib.*

The most positive men are the most credulous. *Ib.*

An excuse is a lie guarded. *Ib.*

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. *Ib.*

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. *Ib.*

A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.[‡]
Essay on the Faculties of the Mind.

There is nothing in this world constant but inconstancy. *Ib.*

We were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner—an old saying and a true, Much drinking, little thinking. **Letters.** *To Mrs. Johnson (Stella), Feb. 26, 1711-2.*

Monday is parson's holiday.
Ib., March 3, 1711–2.

People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. *To Mrs. Dingley, Jan. 14, 1712–3.*

What a foolish thing is time! And how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped, as if it passed!
To Miss Vanhomrigh (Vanessa), Aug. 7, 1722.

I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters. *To Stella, Oct. 23, 1710.*

Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confusion. *Ib., Oct. 26, 1710.*

Plaguy twelve-penny weather.[*] *Ib.*

'Tis very warm weather when one's in bed.
Ib., Nov. 8, 1710.

As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride.
Ib., Nov. 24, 1710.

In war opinion is nine parts in ten.
Ib., Jan. 7, 1710–1.

We are so fond of each other, because our ailments are the same.
Ib., Feb. 1, 1710–1.

We con ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. *Ib., Feb. 14, 1710–1.*

I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worst of the company.
Ib., April 17, 1710–1.

Opinion is a mighty matter in war.
Ib., Jan. 1, 1711.

He was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue.
Ib., July 25, 1711.

He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him. "Foh," said I, "I value not your bill of fare, give me your bill of company." *Ib., Sept. 2, 1711.*

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person.
Directions to Servants.

SWINBURNE, Algernon Charles (1837–1909)

Some dead lute-player
That in dead years had done delicious things.
Ballad of Life.

The last was Fear, that is akin to Death;
He is Shame's friend, and always as Shame saith,
Fear answers him again. *Ib.*

With nerve and bone she weaves and multiplies
Exceeding pleasure out of extreme pain.
Laus Veneris.

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[*] This is given as a proverbial expression current in Queen Anne's time.

[†] All these presumably were proverbial expressions.

[‡] *See* Rogers; "Never less alone than when alone."

[*] An expression frequently used by Swift. Gay, in a letter to Swift, speaks of "shilling weather." The allusion is to weather when chair-hire or coach-hire was necessary.

For I was of Christ's choosing, I God's knight,
No blinkard heathen stumbling for scant light.
Ib.

I have put my days and dreams out of mind,
Days that are over, dreams that are done.
The Triumph of Time. *St. 7.*

Out of the world's way, out of the light,
Out of the ages of worldly weather,
Forgotten of all men altogether. *Ib., st. 15.*

At the door of life, by the gate of breath,
There are worse things waiting for men than
death. *Ib., st. 20.*

But you, had you chosen, had you stretched
hand,
Had you seen good such a thing were done,
I too might have stood with the souls that
stand
In the sun's sight, clothed with the light
of the sun. *Ib., st. 22.*

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea.
Ib., st. 33.

I shall never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note
grown strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes.
Ib., st. 45.

I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.
Ib.

Marvellous mercies and infinite love.
Les Noyades.

And though she saw all heaven in flower above,
She would not love. **A Leave-taking.**

But thought and faith are mightier things
than time
Can wrong,
Made splendid once with speech, or made
sublime
With song.
The Interpreters (1885). *St. 4.*

Bind fast her home-born foes with links of
shame,
More strong than iron and more keen than
flame;
Seal up their lips for shame's sake.
New Year's Day (1889).

Let life burn down, and dream it is not death.
Anactoria.

I would my love could kill thee; I am
satiated
With seeing thee live, and fain would have
thee dead. *Ib.*

I would find grievous ways to have thee slain,
Intense device, and superflux of pain. *Ib.*

The world is not sweet in the end;
For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new
years ruin and rend.
Hymn to Proserpine.

Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean.* *Ib.*

The end is come of pleasant places,
The end of tender words and faces,
The end of all, the poppied sleep.
Ilicet. *St. 1.*

Good-night, good sleep, good rest from
sorrow,
To these that shall not have good morrow;
The gods be gentle to all these! *Ib., st. 8.*

A little sorrow, a little pleasure,
Fate metes us from the dusty measure
That holds the date of all of us;
We are born with travail and strong crying,
And from the birth-day to the dying
The likeness of our life is thus. *Ib., st. 18.*

I turn to thee as some green afternoon
Turns toward sunset, and is loth to die;
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon!
In the Orchard.

Forget that I remember,
And dream that I forget. **Rococo.**

Yet leave me not; yet, if thou wilt, be free;
Love me no more, but love my love of thee.
Erotion (c. 1865).

I shall remember while the light lives yet,
And in the night-time I shall not forget. *Ib.*

And those high songs of thine
That stung the sense like wine,
Or fell more soft than dew or snow by night,
Or wailed as in some flooded cave
Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave.
To Victor Hugo.

Delight, the rootless flower,
And love, the bloomless bower;
Delight that lives an hour,
And love that lives a day.
Before Dawn. *St. 1.*

To say of shame—what is it?
Of virtue—we can miss it;
Of sin—we can but kiss it,
And it's no longer sin. *Ib., st. 5.*

But love so lightly plighted,
Our love with torch unlighted,
Paused near us unaffrighted,
Who found and left him free. *Ib., st. 7.*

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
Thou art noble and nude and antique.
Dolores. *St. 7.*

Men touch them, and change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice.
Ib., st. 9.

Ah, beautiful passionate body
That never has ached with a heart!
Ib., st. 11.

But sweet as the rind was the core is;
We are fain of thee still, we are fain,
O sanguine and subtle Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain. *Ib., st. 13.*

Despair the twin-born of devotion. *Ib., st. 14.*

The delight that consumes the desire,
The desire that outruns the delight. *Ib.*

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* *See page* 456*a*: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean."

Then love was the pearl of his oyster,
And Venus rose red out of wine. *Ib., st. 39.*

O daughter of Death and Priapus,
Our Lady of Pain. *Ib., st. 53.*

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.
The Garden of Proserpine. *St. 11.*

Too soon did I love it, and lost love's rose; and I cared not for glory's:
Only the blossoms of sleep and of pleasure were mixed in my hair. **Hesperia.**

Christian, what of the night?—
I cannot tell; I am blind.
I halt and hearken behind
If haply the hours will go back
And return to the dear dead light,
To the watchfires and stars that of old
Shone where the sky now is black,
Glowed where the earth now is cold.
Songs of Sunrise. *Watch in the Night.*

Land me, she says, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand.
A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.
Love at Sea. (*Imitated from Theophile Gautier.*)

Those eyes the greenest of things blue,
The bluest of things grey. **Félise.**

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,
And knew we should both forget.
An Interlude.

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame,
If you've forgotten my kisses,
And I've forgotten your name. *Ib.*

For thou, if ever godlike foot there trod
These fields of ours, wert surely like a god.
In the Bay. *St. 18.*

The shadow stayed not, but the splendour stays,
Our brother, till the last of English days.
St. 19.

Who cannot hate, can love not. *St. 31.*

Nor can belief touch, kindle, smite, reprieve
His heart who has not heart to disbelieve. *Ib.*

Sleep; and if life was bitter to thee, pardon;
If sweet, give thanks; thou hast no more to live;
And to give thanks is good, and to forgive.
Ave atque Vale.

The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers,
The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,
The old summer rears the new-born roses.
Age and Song.

Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,
Outlive men's lives and lives of nations. *Ib.*

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall not take away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song for ever that now lack breath.
For with us shall the music and perfume that die not, dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.
In Memory of Barry Cornwall. *St. 6.*

Not a kindlier life or sweeter
Time, that lights and quenches men,
Now may quench or light again.
Epicede. (*J. L. Graham, died 1876.*)

Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire;
A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire;
Shame soiled thy song, and song assoiled thy shame.
But from thy feet now death hath washed the mire,
Love reads out first, at head of all our choir,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name.*
A Ballad of François Villon. *Envoi.*

And sweet red splendid kissing mouth.
Translation of Villon. *Complaint of the Fair Armouress.*

Change lays not her hand upon truth.
Dedication. *1865.*

And song is as foam that the sea-winds fret,
Though the thought at his heart should be deep as the sea.
Dedication to Poems and Ballads (1878). *Second Series.*

Man is a beast when shame stands off from him. **Phædra.** *Hippolytus.*

Thy works and mine are ripples on the sea.
Take heart, I say: we know not yet their end. **Locrine.**

Your song
Tastes sharp of sea and the sea's bitterness.
Chastelard (1865). *Act i. 1.*

They have eaten poisonous words;
They are mad and have no shame. *Ib., v. 2.*

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.
Atalanta in Calydon (1865). *Chorus.*

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* *See* Browning: "How sad and mad and bad it was."—In 1644 John Taylor issued a work with the title, *Mad Verse, Sad Verse, Glad Verse and Bad Verse.*

Small praise man gets dispraising the high gods. *Chorus.*

His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep. *Ib.*

But the gods hear men's hands before their lips. *Althæa.*

The sweet wise death of old men honourable.
Ib.

And, best beloved of best men, liberty,
Free lives and lips, free hands of men free-born.
Ib.

A child and weak,
Mine, a delight to no man, sweet to me. *Ib.*

What ailed thee then to be born? *Chorus.*

Peace and be wise; no gods love idle speech.
Meleager.

Have all thy will of words; talk out thine heart. *Ib.*

A little fruit a little while is ours,
And the worm finds it soon. *Chorus.*

But ye, keep ye on earth
Your lips from over-speech,
Loud words and longing are so little worth;
And the end is hard to reach.
For silence after grievous things is good,
And reverence, and the fear that makes men whole,
And shame, and righteous governance of blood,
And lordship of the soul.
But from sharp words and wits men pluck no fruit,
And gathering thorns they shake the tree at root;
For words divide and rend;
But silence is most noble till the end. *Ib.*

No man doth well but God hath part in him.
Ib.

A name to be washed out with all men's tears.
Althæa.

What shall be said? for words are thorns to grief. *Chorus.*

Thy cradled brows and loveliest loving lips,
The floral hair, the little lightening eyes,
And all thy goodly glory. *Althæa.*

Mother, thou sole and only, thou not these,
Keep me in mind a little when I die,
Because I was thy first-born. . . . . . .
Forget not, nor think shame; I was thy son.
Time was I did not shame thee; and time was
I thought to live and make thee honourable.
Meleager.

Ay, not yet may the land forget that bore and loved thee and praised and wept,
Sidney, lord of the stainless sword, the name of names that her heart's love kept.
Astrophel. *2, l. 4.*

To be mis-spoken and mis-seen of men,
Which is not for high-seated hearts to fear.
Bothwell (1874). *Act i. 1.*

A loving little life of sweet small works. *Ib.*

I have no remedy for fear; there grows
No herb of help to heal a coward's heart.
Ib., ii. 12.

Music bright as the soul of light, for wings an eagle, for notes a dove. *2, l. 13.*

Faith, haggard as Fear that hath borne her, and dark as the sire that begot her, Despair.
An Autumn Vision. *7, l. 9.*

A purer passion, a lordlier leisure,
A peace more happy than lives on land,
Fulfils with pulse of diviner pleasure,
The dreaming head and the steering hand.
A Swimmer's Dream. *5, st. 2.*

I have lost, you have won this hazard: yet perchance
My loss may shine yet goodlier than your gain,
When time and God give judgment.
Marino Faliero (1885).

Not till earth be sunless, not till death strike blind the skies,
May the deathless love that waits on deathless deeds be dead.
Grace Darling (1893). *l. 103.*

India knelt at her feet, and felt her sway more fruitful of life than spring.
England: An Ode. *1, st. 3.*

All our past proclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her, England yet shall stand. *2, st. 5.*

No man ever spake as he that bade our England be but true,
Keep but faith with England fast and firm, and none should bid her rue;
None may speak as he: but all may know the sign that Shakespeare knew. *2, st. 7.*

Hope knows not if fear speak truth, nor fear whether hope be not blind as she:
But the sun is in heaven that beholds her immortal, and girdled with life by the sea.
3, st. 7.

Bright with names that men remember, loud with names that men forget.
Eton: An Ode (1891). *3.*

Glorious Ireland, sword and song
Gird and crown thee: none may wrong,
Save thy sons alone.
The sea that laughs around us
Hath sundered not but bound us:
The sun's first rising found us
Throned on its equal throne.
The Union. *St. 3.*

Stately, kindly, lordly friend,
Condescend
Here to sit by me. **To a Cat.** *St. 1.*

For if we live, we die not,
And if we die, we live.
Jacobite Song. *St. 9.*

Peace, rest, and sleep are all we know of death,
And all we dream of comfort.
In Memory of John Wm. Inchbold.

A man beloved, a man elect of men.
Ib.

For if, beyond the shadow and the sleep,
A place there be for souls without a stain,
Where peace is perfect, and delight more deep
Than seas or skies that change and shine again,
There none of all unsullied souls that live
May hold a surer station. *Ib.*

The woman that cries hush bids kiss: I learnt
So much of her that taught me kissing.
Marino Faliero. *Act i. 1.*

Shame, that stings sharpest of the worms in hell. *ii. 1.*

A brave man, were he seven times king,
Is but a brave man's peer. *ii. 2.*

Though our works
Find righteous or unrighteous judgment, this
At least is ours, to make them righteous.
iii. 1.

A crown and justice? Night and day
Shall first be yoked together. *Ib.*

Wrong and right
Are twain for ever: nor, though night kiss day,
Shall right kiss wrong and die not. *iv. 2.*

Men
May bear the blazon wrought of centuries, hold
Their armouries higher than arms imperial; yet
Know that the least their countryman, whose hand
Hath done his country service, lives their peer,
And peer of all their fathers. *v. 2.*

This
I ever held worse than all certitude,
To know not what the worst ahead might be.
v. 2.

In hawthorn-time the heart grows light.
The Tale of Balen (1896). *1, st. 1.*

In linden-time the heart is high,
For pride of summer passing by
With lordly laughter in her eye. *2, st. 1.*

A true man, pure as faith's own vow,
Whose honour knows not rust. *3, st. 18.*

A castle girt about and bound
With sorrow, like a spell. *6, st. 25.*

Strong summer, dumb with rapture, bound
With golden calm the woodlands round.
7, st. 14.

God's blood! is law for man's sake made, or man
For law's sake only, to be held in bonds?
Mary Stuart (1881). *i. 1.*

Wise men may think, what hardly fools would say. *iv. 2.*

Peace more sweet
Than music, light more soft than shadow.
A Sunset. *St. 4.*

Is not Precedent indeed a King of men?
A Word from the Psalmist. *4.*

Is not compromise of old a god among you?
Ib.

Is a vote a coat? Will franchise feed you?
Ib.

Where might is, the right is:
Long purses make strong swords.
Let weakness learn meekness:
God save the House of Lords!
A Word for the Country. *St. 1.*

Not with dreams, but with blood and with iron,
Shall a nation be moulded at last. *St. 13.*

With a hero at head, and a nation
Well gagged and well drilled and well cowed,
And a gospel of war and damnation,
Has not Empire a right to be proud?
St. 14.

He is master and lord of his brothers
Who is worthier and wiser than they.
St. 15.

Silence, uttering love that all things understand. **The Cliffside Path.** *St. 2.*

The world has no such flower in any land,
And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,
As any babe on any mother's knee.
Pelagius. *2.*

Make bare the poor dead secrets of his heart,
Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer,
Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer. **In Sepulchretis.** *2.*

Love hangs like light about your name
As music round the shell!
Adieux à Marie Stuart. *4, st. 1.*

Hush, for the holiest thing that lives is here,
And heaven's own heart how near!
Herse.

Where children are not, heaven is not.
A Song of Welcome. *l. 37.*

Babies know the truth.
Cradle Songs. *No. 4.*

But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light.
Hertha. *15.*

Wide and sweet and glorious as compassion.
Dunwich. *Part 1, st. 8.*

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain;
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.
A Forsaken Garden. *St. 3.*

SYLVESTER, Joshua (1563–1618)

Stay, Worldling, stay; whither away so fast?
Hark, hark awhile to Virtue's counsels current! **Spectacles.**

Lamp of the world, light of this universe:
The Chariot of the Sun.

Th' unnumbered motes that in the sunbeams
play.[*] **Translation of Du Bartas.**

Marrying their sweet tunes to the angels'
lays.[†] *Ib.*

SYMONS, Arthur (b. 1865)

The aim of criticism is to distinguish what is essential in the work of a writer. It is the delight of a critic to praise; but praise is scarcely a part of his duty. . . . What we ask of him is that he should find out for us more than we can find out for ourselves.
Introd. to Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" (1906).

No perfect thing is too small for eternal recollection. *Ib.*

TALFOURD, Sir Thos. Noon (1795–1854)

So his life has flowed
From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored. **Ion** (1835). *Act i. 1.*

TATE, Nahum (1652–1715)

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive joined;
But lawless man the anvil dares profane,
And forge that steel by which a man is slain.
Translation of Juvenal.

Friendship's the privilege
Of private men; for wretched greatness
knows
No blessing so substantial.
The Loyal General.

TAYLOR, Ann (Mrs. Gilbert) (1782–1866), **and Jane TAYLOR** (1783–1824)

I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.[‡]
Infant Hymns for Infant Minds.
A Child's Hymn of Praise.

I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labour done.

But if they all should be denied,
Then you're too proud to own your Pride.
The Way to find out Pride.

So, while their bodies moulder here,
Their souls with God himself shall dwell,—
But always recollect, my dear,
That wicked people go to hell.
About Dying.

He went about, he was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.
Hymns for Sunday Schools.
About Jesus Christ.

'Tis a *credit* to any good girl to be neat,
But quite a disgrace to be *fine.*
The Folly of Finery.

He minded not his friends' advice
But followed his own wishes;
But one most cruel trick of his
Was that of catching fishes.
Original Poems. *The Little Fisherman.*
(*By Jane T.*)

Who ran to help me, when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.
My Mother. (*By Ann T.*)

O, how good should we be found
Who live on England's happy ground!
The English Girl. (*By Jane T.*)

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!
Rhymes for the Nursery. *The Star.*
(*By Jane T.*)

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread.
The Cow. (*By Ann T.*)

Oh, how very thankful I always should be,
That I have kind parents to watch over me,
Who teach me from wickedness ever to flee!
Poor Children.

Sweet innocent, the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook.
The Little Fish that would not do as it was bid.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the great prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few!
How many never think, who think they do!
Stanzas. (*By Jane T.*)

TAYLOR, Bayard (1825–1878)

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.
Bedouin Song.

And broad-based under all
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall.
America.

To one strong race all races here unite. *Ib.*

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie.
Songs of the Camp.

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[*] *See* Milton: *Il Penseroso.*

[†] *See* Milton: *L'Allegro.*

[‡] *See* Watts: "Lord, I ascribe it to Thy grace."

All outward wisdom yields to that within,
Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key;
We only feel that we have ever been,
And evermore shall be.

Metempsychosis of the Pine.

TAYLOR, Sir Henry (1800–1886)

There's no game
So desperate, that the wisest of the wise
Will not take freely up for love of power,
Or love of fame, or merely love of play.

Philip von Artevelde (1834). *Part 1, Act i. 3.*

The world knows nothing of its greatest men. *Part 1, Act i. 5.*

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend. *Ib.*

Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages.

Part 1, Act i. 7.

TAYLOR, Jeremy, Bishop of Down and Connor (1613–1667)

He that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home and broods a nest of sorrows; and blessing itself cannot make him happy. **Sermon.** *Married Love.*

The sun, reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores, is unpolluted in his beam.*

Holy Living (1650). *Ch. 1, sec. 3.*

Every school-boy knows it.†

On the Real Presence. *Sec. 5, 1.*

TAYLOR, John ("The Water Poet") (1580–1653)

The dogged dog-days had begun to bite.

A very Merry-Wherry-Ferry Voyage (1623). *l. 6.*

And though I ebb in worth, I'll flow in thanks. *l. 520.*

There is a proverb, and a prayer withal,
That we may not to three strange places fall:
From Hull, from Halifax, from Hell, 'tis thus,
From all these three, good Lord, deliver us!

l. 575.

Pens are most dangerous tools, more sharp by odds
Than swords, and cut more keen than whips or rods.

News from Hell, Hull, and Halifax. *Three Satirical Lashes. l. 1.*

Wit's whetstone, Want, there made us quickly learn. **The Penniless Pilgrimage** (1618). *l. 211.*

One Scottish mile, now and then, may well stand for a mile and a half or two English. *Continuation in prose.*

The Old, Old, very Old Man.

Title *of an Account of Thos. Parr.*

TEMPLE, Sir William (1628–1699)

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

Ancient and Modern Learning.

Life is at best but a froward child, which must be coaxed and played with until the end comes. **Essay on Poetry.**

TENNYSON, Alfred (Lord Tennyson) (1809–1892)

Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

To the Queen (1851).

Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea. *Ib.*

The world was never made.
It will change, but it will not fade.

. . . .

Nothing was born;
Nothing will die;
All things will change.

Juvenilia. *Nothing will die.*

So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple. *Lilian.*

Gaiety without eclipse,
Wearieth me, May Lilian. *Ib.*

Locks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head.

Isabel.

And rarely smells the new-mown hay. *The Owl.*

The forward-flowing tide of time.

Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid. *Ib.*

And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lack-lustre dead blue eye,
Devolved his rounded periods.

A Character.

And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power. *Ib.*

Himself unto himself he sold:
Upon himself himself did feed,
Quiet, dispassionate and cold. *Ib.*

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love. *The Poet.*

And Freedom reared in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow. *Ib.*

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* *See* Bacon, p. 7*b* and 13*b*.
† *See* p. 455*b*: "Macaulay's school-boy."

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind,
For thou can'st not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river,
Bright as light and clear as wind.
The Poet's Mind.

Dark-browed sophist, come not anear.
All the place is holy ground. *Ib.*

Thee nor carketh care nor slander. *A Dirge.*

Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church tower. *Circumstance.*

Scarce of earth nor all divine. *Adeline.*

Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away. *Margaret.*

Into dreadful slumber lulled. *Eleänore.*

So full, so deep, so slow,
Thought seems to come and go
In thy large eyes, imperial Eleänore. *Ib.*

Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distilled from some worm-cankered homily.
To J. M. K.

That island queen who sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind. *Buonaparte.*

That o'ergrown Barbarian in the East. [Russia.] *Poland.*

A nobler yearning never broke her rest
Than but to dance and sing, be gaily drest. *Ib.*

I loved thee for the tear thou couldst not hide. *The Bridesmaid.*

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.
The Two Voices.

And did not dream it was a dream. *Ib.*

"Consider well," the voice replied,
"His face, that two hours since hath died;
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?" *Ib.*

No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death. *Ib.*

There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.
The Miller's Daughter (1858). *St. 3.*

Across the walnuts and the wine. *St. 4.*

It haunted me, the morning long,
With weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song,
That went and came a thousand times.
St. 9.

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew. **Fatima.**

A sinful soul possessed of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds.
To ——.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
Palace of Art.

Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring. *Ib.*

A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife*
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood. *Ib.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
The May Queen (1860).

Slumber is more sweet than toil.
The Lotos Eaters (1901).

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.
Choric Song.

There is no joy but calm. *Ib.*

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Ib.

All things have rest and ripen towards the grave. *Ib.*

Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young.
The Blackbird.

The spacious times of great Elizabeth.
A Dream of Fair Women (1892). *l. 7.*

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair. *l. 87.*

Love can vanquish Death. *l. 269.*

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us. **To J. S.**

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose;
The land, where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will;
A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.
You ask me why.

The falsehood of extremes.
Of Old sat Freedom.

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* In the original edition, "The grand old gardener and his wife."

Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrenched their rights from thee!
England and America in 1782.

Keep a thing, its use will come. **The Epic.**

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world. **Morte d'Arthur** (1842).
(*Also in* "*The Passing of Arthur*" [1869].)

He, by some law that holds in love, and draws
The greater to the lesser, long desired
A certain miracle of symmetry.
The Gardener's Daughter (1910).

A sight to make an old man young. *Ib.*

That these two parties still divide the world—
Of those that want, and those that have: and still
The same old sore breaks out from age to age,
With much the same result.
Walking to the Mail.

As cruel as a schoolboy. *Ib.*

A Tudor-chimnied bulk
Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers.
Edwin Morris.

The curate; he was fatter than his cure. *Ib.*

A full-celled honeycomb of eloquence
Stored from all flowers. Poet-like he spoke.
Ib.

"Parson," said I, "you pitch the pipe too low." *Ib.*

God made the woman for the use of man,
And for the good and increase of the world.
Ib.

Him
That was a god, and is a lawyer's clerk,
The rentroll Cupid of our rainy isles. *Ib.*

And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile
And educated whisker. *Ib.*

From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy.
St. Simeon Stylites.

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer. *Ib.*

Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's pence,
And numbered bead, and shrift,
Bluff Harry broke into the spence
And turned the cowls adrift.
The Talking Oak (1877).

Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud
For Puritanic stays. *Ib.*

In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn. *Ib.*

Like truths of science waiting to be caught.
The Golden Year.

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea?
Ib.

I am a part of all that I have met. **Ulysses.**

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use! *Ib.*

Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Tithonus.

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.[*]
Locksley Hall (1877).

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight. *Ib.*

And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips. *Ib.*

As the husband is, the wife is. *Ib.*

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse. *Ib.*

I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root. *Ib.*

Love is love for evermore. *Ib.*

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.[†]

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. *Ib.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart. *Ib.*

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys. *Ib.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels. *Ib.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do. *Ib.*

For I dipt into the Future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. *Ib.*

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue. *Ib.*

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. *Ib.*

Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point. *Ib.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns. *Ib.*

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. *Ib.*

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[*] Moult a dur cuer qui en Mai n'aime.—*Roman de la Rose* (13th century). (He has a very hard heart who does not love in May.)

[†] *See* Note on p. 74*a*.

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time. *Ib.*

Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change. *Ib.*

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. *Ib.*

With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers. **Godiva.**

This proverb flashes through his head,
The many fail: the one succeeds.
The Day-dream (1899). *The Arrival. St. 2.*

But any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.
Moral. St. 2.

For we are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.[*]
L'Envoi. St. 1.

Or that eternal want of pence,
Which vexes public men.
Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;
There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together. *Ib.*

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong. **The Captain.**

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save. **Come not, when I am dead.**

Through slander, meanest spawn of hell—
And women's slander is the worst.
The Letters. *5.*

Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us hob-and-nob with Death.
The Vision of Sin. *Part 4, st. 3.*

Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.[†] *St. 9 and 15.*

He that roars for liberty
Faster binds a tyrant's power
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour. *St. 17.*

Fill the can and fill the cup:
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again. *St. 18 and 27.*

Drink to heavy Ignorance!
Hob-and-nob with brother Death! *St. 33.*

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me. *Ib.*

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever. **The Brook.**

Sir Aylmer Aylmer, that almighty man,
The county God. **Aylmer's Field.** *l. 13.*

Saw from his windows nothing save his own.
l. 22.

He leaned not on his fathers, but himself.
l. 57.

Fine as ice-ferns on January panes
Made by a breath. *l. 223.*

These old pheasant-lords,
These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
Who had mildewed in their thousands, doing nothing
Since Egbert. *l. 382.*

Mastering the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Through which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.
l. 436.

And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.
Sea Dreams. *l. 48.*

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away. *Song, ad fin.*

Wines that, Heaven knows when,
Had sucked the fire of some forgotten sun,
And kept it through a hundred years of gloom.
The Golden Supper. *l. 192.*

Nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end myself,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit the post
Allotted by the Gods.
Lucretius (1868). *l. 145.*

Twy-natured is no nature. *l. 194.*

Why should I, beast-like as I find myself,
Not manlike end myself?—our privilege—
What beast has heart to do it? *l. 231.*

Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity. *l. 265.*

Without one pleasure and without one pain.
l. 268.

Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names.
The Princess (1847). *Prologue, l. 12.*

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[*] *See* Bacon: "These times are the ancient times" (p. 7*b*).

[†] In the earlier editions:
"Every minute dies a man,
Every minute one is born."
This has been parodied by a student of statistics:
"Every minute dies a man,
And one and one sixteenth is born."

Half-legend half-historic. *l. 30.*

O miracle of noble womanhood! *l. 48.*

Sport
Went hand in hand with Science. *l. 79.*

Rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord. *l. 114.*

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
l. 141.

However deep you might embower the nest,
Some boy would spy it. *l. 148.*

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.
l. 153.

Only longed,
All else was well, for she-society. *l. 157.*

Of temper amorous, as the first of May.
Canto 1, l. 2.

I seemed to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream.
l. 17.

He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand.
l. 27.

Still we moved
Together, twinned as horse's ear and eye.
l. 55.

But all she is and does is awful. *l. 140.*

She looked as grand as doomsday and as grave.
l. 186.

A sight to shake
The midriff of despair with laughter. *l. 196.*

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears!
Canto 2. Song.

This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
l. 40.

Better not be at all
Than not be noble. *l. 79.*

You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools! *l. 184.*

O hard, when love and duty clash! *l. 273.*

With scraps of thundrous Epic lilted out.
l. 353.

And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever. *l. 355.*

"They hunt old trails," said Cyril, "very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?"
l. 368.

Men hated learned women. *l. 442.*

O my princess! true she errs,[*]
But in her own grand way. *Canto 3, l. 91.*

No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years.
l. 138.

To nurse a blind ideal like a girl. *l. 201.*

Great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.
l. 237.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.
Canto 4. Song.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Canto 4. l. 21.

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.
l. 35.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others: deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.
l. 36.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.[*]
l. 78.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long. *l. 93.*

And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise.
l. 113.

These flashes on the surface are not he.
He has a solid base of temperament. *l. 234.*

A lidless watcher of the public weal. *l. 306.*

Man is the hunter; woman is his game.
Canto 5. l. 147.

A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty. *l. 178.*

Not like the piebald miscellany, man. *l. 190.*

We remember love ourself
In our sweet youth. *l. 198.*

The blind wildbeast of force. *l. 256.*

When the man wants weight, the woman takes
it up,
And topples down the scales, but this is fixt
As are the roots of earth and base of all;
Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword and for the needle she:
Man with the head and woman with the heart:
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion. *l. 434.*

The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom. *l. 455.*

Home they brought her warrior dead.
Canto 6. Song.

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[*] There is an Arabic Proverb translated in a collection published 1623, as follows: "Cum errat eruditus, errat errore erudito," *i.e.* "When the learned man errs he errs with a learned error."

[*] "As the northren men loveth fyght, also the southren, falsness; they trusteth to streynth, these to sleghtes; they to staluarthnesse, these to traysonne.' —*MS. Trin. Coll. Dublin* (c. 1425) *relating to the Conquest of Ireland by the English. The passage refers to the northern and southern Irish.*

The woman is so hard
Upon the woman. *l. 205.*

With a voice, that like a bell
Tolled by an earthquake in a trembling tower,
Rang ruin. *l. 311.*

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea.
Canto 7. Song.

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees. *l. 206.*

Through all the faultful Past. *l. 232.*

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together. *l. 243.*

Either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal. *l. 283.*

Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay. *l. 308.*

And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. *l. 341.*

For she was crammed with theories out of books. *Conclusion.*

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole within herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled. *Ib.*

Too comic for the solemn things they are.
Too solemn for the comic touches in them.
Ib.

This fine old world of ours is but a child,
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides.
Ib.

No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shouldered genial Englishman.
Ib.

The last great Englishman is low.
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington (1852). *St. 3.*

Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good grey head which all men knew!
St. 4.

O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew! *Ib.*

Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river. *St. 5.*

Through the dome of the golden cross. *Ib.*

To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame. *Ib.*

In that world-earthquake, Waterloo. *St. 6.*

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton* in blown seas and storming showers. *St. 7.*

O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole.
Ib.

That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings. *Ib.*

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power. *Ib.*

Yea, all things good await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
St. 8.

Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him. *St. 9.*

Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise. **The Third of February,** 1852.

No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe; we *must* speak. *Ib.*

We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England and her honour yet.
Ib.

All in the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
Charge of the Light Brigade (*pub.* Dec. 9, 1854).

Someone had blundered. *Ib.*

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die. *Ib.*

Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered. *Ib.*

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell. *Ib.*

All the world wondered. *Ib.*

When can their glory fade? *Ib.*

Ah! there's no fool like the old one.
The Grandmother.

For being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due.
To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine. *Ib.*

But when the wreath of March has blossomed,
Crocus, anemone, violet. *Ib.*

Oh well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long!
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.
Will.

Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed. **The Flower.**

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* So printed, but "Britain" seems to be intended.

Wearing his wisdom lightly. – **A Dedication.**

Believing where we cannot prove.
In Memoriam (1850). *Introduction, st. 1.*

Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die. *St. 3.*

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be. *St. 5.*

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before. *St. 7.*

I held it truth, with him who sings*
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
Canto 1.

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned.
Ib.

For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within. *Canto 3.*

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
Canto 6.

His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave. *Ib.*

He loves to make parade of pain. *Canto 21.*

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing. *Ib.*

The Shadow cloaked from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.
Canto 23.

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.
Ib.

No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say. *Canto 26.*

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.† *Canto 27.*

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
Canto 32.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form. *Canto 33.*

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days. *Ib.*

Half-dead to know that I shall die. *Canto 35.*

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love. *Canto 40.*

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.
Canto 48.

Whose youth was full of foolish noise.
Canto 53.

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear Divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell. *Ib.*

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill. *Canto 54.*

That not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain. *Ib.*

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry. *Ib.*

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life. *Canto 55.*

Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God. *Ib.*

Who battled for the True, the Just.
Canto 56.

Peace; come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go. *Canto 57.*

The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes. *Ib.*

As some divinely-gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;
Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star:
Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.
Canto 64.

The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;
Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream. *Ib.*

Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance
And madness, thou hast forged at last
A night-long Present of the Past.
Canto 71.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be. *Canto 73.*

And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise. *Canto 75.*

I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch. *Canto 85.*

You tell me Doubt is devil-born. *Canto 96.*

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds. *Ib.*

He seems so near and yet so far. *Canto 97.*

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* Longfellow. *See,* "A ladder if we will but tread," etc. (p. 200*a*).

† *See* A. H. Clough, p. 85*a*, note; and Congreve (p. 92*a*).

A thousand wants
Gnarr at the heels of men. *Canto 98.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.
Canto 106.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true. *Ib.*

Ring out the feud of rich and poor. *Ib.*

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws. *Ib.*

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times. *Ib.*

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good. *Ib.*

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace. *Ib.*

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be. *Ib.*

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.
Canto 108.

Impassioned logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course. *Canto 109.*

By blood a king, at heart a clown. *Canto 111.*

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use. *Ib.*

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. *Canto 118.*

O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
Canto 123.

Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.[*]
Conclusion. St. 10.

The foaming grape of eastern France.
St. 20.

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves. *St. 36.*

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt.
Lines in "Punch": *Feb. 28, 1846.*
"*The New Timon and the Poets.*"

The noblest answer, unto such,
Is kindly silence when they bawl.[†]
March 7, 1846. "*The After Thought.*"

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?
Maud (1855). *Part 1, 1, 6.*

Below me, there is the village, and looks how quiet and small!
And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite. *Part 1, 4, 2.*

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower;
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed?
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame;
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed. *Part 1, 4, 5.*

The passionate heart of the poet is whirled into folly and vice. *Part 1, 4, 7.*

That jewelled mass of millinery,
That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull.
Part 1, 6, 6.

Did I hear it half in a doze
Long since, I know not where?
Did I dream it an hour ago,
When asleep in this armchair?
Part 1, 7, 1.

The snowy-banded dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest intone. *Part 1, 8.*

Ah, God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I?
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule, and dare not lie.
And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!
Part 1, 10, 5 and 6.

Scorned, to be scorned by one that I scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret?
Part 1, 13, 1.

Gorgonised me from head to foot
With a stony British stare. *Part 1, 13, 2.*

Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth. *Part 1, 17.*

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, hath flown.
Part 1, 1, 22.

The Christless code,
That must have life for a blow.
Part 2, 1, 1.

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same. *Part 2, 2, 2.*

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[*] See *A Dedication*: "Wearing his wisdom lightly" (p. 362*a*).

[†] Altered in the published poems to: "Is perfect stillness when they brawl."

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be. *Part 2, 4, 3.*

But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have killed their Christ.
Part 2, 5, 2.

And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
"Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it."
Idylls of the King (*pub.* 1859).
Dedication (1861), *l. 7.*

The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him; he is gone:
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot. *l. 13.*

Man's word is God in man:
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death.
The Coming of Arthur (1869). *l. 132.*

A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
l. 247.

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.[*]
l. 284.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new.
l. 507.

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?
Gareth and Lynette (1872). *l. 117.*

The thrall in person may be free in soul.
l. 163.

The city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever. *l. 272.*

A horse thou knowest, a man thou dost not know. *l. 454.*

Let be my name until I make my name.
l. 563.

And lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower. *l. 577.*

Lion and stoat have isled together, knave,
In time of flood. *l. 872.*

I cannot love my lord and not his name.
The Marriage of Geraint (1869).[†] *l. 92.*

Wroth to be wroth at such a worm. *l. 213.*

Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg
The murmur of the world. *l. 276.*

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
l. 352.

For man is man, and master of his fate.
l. 355.

Hark, by the bird's song ye may learn the nest. *l. 359.*

They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world. *l. 419.*

Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,
And best by her that bore her understood.
l. 509.

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves
By taking true for false, or false for true!
Geraint and Enid (1869). *l. 1.*

For the man's love once gone never returns.
l. 335.

Your sweet faces make good fellows fools
And traitors. *l. 400.*

So vanish friendships only made in wine.
l. 481.

There is not one among my gentlewomen
Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.
l. 623.

And I compel all creatures to my will. *l. 674.*

I love that beauty should go beautifully.
l. 682.

Upon this fatal quest
Of honour, where no honour can be gained.
l. 704.

He hears the judgment of the King of kings.
l. 801.

With mild heat of holy oratory. *l. 867.*

Enid easily believed,
Like simple noble creatures, credulous
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe.
l. 876.

Brave hearts and clean! and yet—God guide them—young!
Merlin and Vivien (1869). *l. 29.*

Maxims of the mud. *l. 49.*

That glance of theirs, but for the street, had been
A clinging kiss. *l. 103.*

Who are wise in love,
Love most, say least. *l. 245.*

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
l. 387.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening, slowly silence all. *l. 388.*

And trust me not at all, or all in all. *l. 396.*

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[*] Repeated several times in *The Passing of Arthur.*

[†] This line also occurs in *Morte d'Arthur* and *The Passing of Arthur.*

Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount
As high as woman in her selfless mood. *l. 440.*

Man dreams of fame, while woman wakes to love. *l. 458.*

And what is fame in life but half-disfame,
And counterchanged with darkness? *l. 463.*

With this for motto, Rather use than fame.
l. 478.

Sweet were the days when I was all unknown.
l. 499.

Where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things all day long. *l. 662.*

But every page having an ample marge,
And every marge enclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot.
l. 667.

O selfless man and stainless gentleman!
l. 790.

Defaming and defacing, till she left
Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.
l. 802.

For men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell. *l. 812.*

Face-flatterer and back-biter are the same.
And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range. *l. 822.*

For in a wink the false love turns to hate.
l. 850.

O God, that I had loved a smaller man!
I should have found in him a greater heart.
l. 860.

A virtuous gentlewoman deeply wronged.
l. 899.

There must be now no passages of love
Betwixt us twain henceforward evermore.
l. 901.

But who can gaze upon the Sun in heaven?
Lancelot and Elaine (1869). *l. 123.*

He is all fault who hath no fault at all:
For who loves me must have a touch of earth.
l. 132.

The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream
When sweetest; and the vermin voices here
May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but they sting. *l. 137.*

The fire of God
Fills him: I never saw his like: there lives
No greater leader. *l. 314.*

In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great.
l. 447.

I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love. *l. 672.*

The shackles of an old love straitened him,
His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
l. 870.

Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain. *l. 949.*

If this be high, what is it to be low?
l. 1076.

Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe!
l. 1079.

Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.
l. 1198.

To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver's. *l. 1026.*[*]

Jealousy in love . . .
That is love's curse. *l. 1331.*

To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart.
l. 1356.

For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the king.
The Holy Grail (1869). *l. 25.*

Never yet
Had heaven appeared so blue, nor earth so green. *l. 364.*

True humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all.
l. 445.

Being too blind to have desire to see. *l. 868.*

And as when
A stone is flung into some sleeping tarn,
The circle widens till it lip the marge,
Spread the slow smile through all her company. *Pelleas and Ettarre* (1869). *l. 88.*

The glance
That only seems half-loyal to command,
A manner somewhat fallen from reverence.
The Last Tournament (*pub.* 1889). *l. 117.*

As one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are past away.
l. 158.

I am but a fool to reason with a fool. *l. 273.*

The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath fouled me. *l. 319.*

What rights are his that dare not strike for them? *l. 527.*

The greater man, the greater courtesy.
l. 630.

The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself.
l. 654.

For courtesy wins woman all as well
As valour. *l. 704.*

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[*] *See Shakespeare*: "Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind" (p. 294*a*).

With silent smiles of slow disparagement.
Guinevere (1869). *l. 14.*

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.
l. 167.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind. *l. 332.*

The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws.
l. 421.

To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's.
l. 464.

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her. *l. 471.*

I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. *l. 562.*

He never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
l. 626.

I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and colour, which I found
In Lancelot. *Ib.*
Ah, my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another. *l. 648.*

Why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would?
The Passing of Arthur (1869). *l. 13.*

Arise, go forth and conquer as of old. *l. 64.*

The king who fights his people fights himself.
l. 72.

There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly. *l. 88.*

Authority forgets a dying king. *l. 289.*

The true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
l. 397.

Among new men, strange faces, other minds.
l. 406.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. *l. 415.*

Waverings of every vane with every wind,
And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
And fierce or careless looseners of the faith.
To the Queen. *49.*

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before? **The Revenge.**

We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives. *Ib.*

A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride.
The Bridesmaid.

As a mastiff dog
May love a puppy cur for no more reason
Than that the twain have been tied up together. **Queen Mary** (1875). *Act i. 4.*

Nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow.
v. 1.

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce!
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science!
Fifty years of ever-widening Empire!
On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria (1887).

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar. *Ib.*
Crossing the Bar (1889).*

THACKERAY, Wm. Makepeace (1811–1863)

Never known, during eight years at school, to be subject to that punishment which it is generally thought none but a cherub can escape. **Vanity Fair** (1847–8).
Book 1, ch. 9.

He [Sir Pitt Crawley] had an almost invincible repugnance to paying anybody, and could only be brought by force to discharge his debts. *Ib.*

Whenever he met a great man he grovelled before him, and my-lorded him as only a free-born Briton can do. *Ch. 13.*

A good housewife is of necessity a humbug.
Ch. 17.

Nothing like blood, sir, in hosses, dawgs, and men. [James Crawley.] *Ch. 35.*

Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.
Concluding Chapter.

Like Joe Miller's friend, the Senior Wrangler, who bowed to the audience from his box at the play, because he and the king happened to enter the theatre at the same time.
Pendennis (1848–50). *Book 1, ch. 20.*

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Yes, I am a fatal man, Madame Fribsbi. To inspire hopeless passion is my destiny. (Mirobolant.) *Ch. 23.*

Remember, it's as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman. *Ch. 28.*

For a slashing article, sir, there's nobody like the Capting. *Ch. 32.*

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is written by gentlemen for gentlemen. *Ib.*

How hard it is to make an Englishman acknowledge that he is happy! *Bk. 2, ch. 31.*

'Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman yet think him an angel.
Esmond (1852). *Book 1, ch. 7.*

If ever men had fidelity, 'twas they [the Stuarts]; if ever men squandered opportunity, 'twas they; and, of all the enemies they had, they themselves were the most fatal. *Book 2, ch. 4.*

We love being in love, that's the truth on't. *Ch. 15.*

A military gent I see—and while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me—He came from Hindostan.
The Newcomes (1853–55). *Book 1, ch. 1.*

The true pleasure of life is to live with your inferiors. *Ch. 9.*

What money is better bestowed than that of a schoolboy's tip? *Ch. 16.*

The wicked are wicked, no doubt, and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do? *Ch. 20.*

Is not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us? *Bk. 2, ch. 13.*

As the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master. *Ch. 42.*

Dear filial humbugs.
The Virginians (1857–59). *Bk. 1, ch. 25.*

If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man.
Lovel the Widower (1860).

Kindnesses are easily forgotten; but injuries?—what worthy man does not keep *those* in mind? *Ib.*

What woman, however old, has not the bridal-favours and raiment stowed away, and packed in lavender, in the inmost cupboards of her heart? *Ch. 28.*

He that has ears to hear, let him stuff them with cotton. *Ch. 32.*

I have seen no men in life loving their profession so much as painters, except, perhaps, actors, who, when not engaged themselves, always go to the play.
Adventures of Philip (1861–62). *Book 1, ch. 17.*

Kindness is very indigestible. It disagrees with very proud stomachs. *Book 2, ch. 6.*

Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women; a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. **Roundabout Papers** (1860–62). *On a Lazy, Idle Boy.*

And one man is as good as another—and a great dale betther, as the Irish philosopher said. *On Ribbons.*

Titles are abolished; and the American Republic swarms with men claiming and bearing them. *Ib.*

The thorn in the cushion of the editorial chair. *The Thorn in the Cushion.*

Ah me! we wound where we never intended to strike; we create anger where we never meant harm; and these thoughts are the thorns in our Cushion. *Ib.*

Ah, ye knights of the pen! May honour be your shield, and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword, and have at him. *Ogres.*

On the day of the dinner of the Oystermongers' Company, what a noble speech I thought of in the cab!
On Two Papers I intended to write.

Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold Finis itself comes to an end, and the Infinite begun. *De Finibus.*

Bravery never goes out of fashion.
The Four Georges (1860). *George the Second.*

It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England. *George the Third.*

That he was the handsomest prince in the whole world was agreed by men, and, alas! by many women. *George the Fourth.*

It is impossible, in our condition of Society, not to be sometimes a Snob.
Book of Snobs (1846–7). *Ch. 3.*

There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them.
A Shabby Genteel Story (1840). *Ch. 3.*

When I say that I know women, I mean I know that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as, I have no doubt, she is to herself.
Mr. Brown's Letters.

Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree. **The Mahogany Tree.**

I like to think that there is no man but has had kindly feelings for some other, and he for his neighbour, until we bind together the whole family of Adam.
From Cornhill to Grand Cairo.

Let us thank God for imparting to us poor weak mortals the inestimable blessing of vanity. **The Artists.**

And ever since historian writ,
  And ever since a bard could sing,
Doth each exalt with all his wit
  The noble art of murdering.
The Chronicle of the Drum.

I heard the cabin snoring
  With universal nose. **The White Squall.**

Oh, Vanity of vanities!
  How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
  How very small the very great are!
Vanitas Vanitatum.

"Fancy a party, all Mulligans!" thought I, with a secret terror.
Mrs. Perkins's Ball (1847).

Why do they always put mud into coffee on board steamers? Why does the tea generally taste of boiled boots?
The Kicklebury's on the Rhine (1850).

Charlotte, having seen his body
  Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
  Went on cutting bread and butter.
Sorrows of Werther.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
The End of the Play.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Little Billee.

As Doctor Martin Luther sang:
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!" **A Credo.**

Forgive me if, midst all Thy works,
  No hint I see of damning;
And think there's faith among the Turks,
  And hope for e'en the Brahmin.
Jolly Jack.

By the Heastern Counties' Railway (vich
  the shares I don't desire).
Lamentable Ballad of the Foundling.

Dinner was made for eatin', not for talkin'.
Fashnable Fax and Polite Annygoats.

It is worth living in London, surely, to enjoy the country when you get to it. **Letter.**

THEOBALD, Lewis (1688–1744)

None but himself can be his parallel.*
The Double Falsehood (1727).

THOMPSON, D'Arcy Wentworth (1829–1892)

War for his meals loves dainty food;
He spares the bad and takes the good.
Sales Attici (*Æschylus*).

Old the proverb, old, but true;—
Age should think, and Youth should do.
Ib. (*Euripides*).

Work, as though work alone thine end could
  gain;
But pray to God as though all work were vain.
Ib.

Be a stepmother kindly as she will,
There's in her love some hint of winter's chill.
Ib.

Against a foe I can myself defend,—
But Heaven protect me from a blundering
  friend! *Ib.*

I hate the man that keeps his praise
For foreign policy and ways,
And shows his wit—and lack of sense—
At his own countrymen's expense. *Ib.*

There be four things that keep us all from
  having our own way,—
Money, Fortune, Mrs. Grundy, and Policeman
  A. *Ib.*

When winds are steady and skies are clear,
Every hand the ship would steer;
But soon as ever the wild winds blow,
Every hand would go below. *Ib.*

THOMPSON, Francis (1859–1884)

  Whatso looks lovelily
Is but the rainbow on life's weeping rain.
Why have we longings of immortal pain,
And all we long for mortal? Woe is me,
And all our chants but chaplet some decay,
And mine this vanishing—nay, this vanished
  Day. **Ode to the Setting Sun,** *l. 192.*
  [*These lines are inscribed on the Memorial Tablet to Francis Thompson at Manchester University.*]

I fear to love thee, Sweet, because
Love's the ambassador of loss. **To Olivia.**

Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.
To my Godchild.

When the stars pitch the golden tents
Of their high campment on the plains of night.
Sister Songs.

Nothing begins and nothing ends
  That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in other's pain,
  And perish in our own. **Daisy.**

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
The Hound of Heaven.

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* *See* Massinger: "Her goodness doth disdain comparison," etc. (p. 210a).

Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
Ib.

And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art. *Ib.*

There is no expeditious road
To pack and label men for God,
And save them by the barrel-load.
Epilogue to "A Judgment in Heaven."

What expiating agony
May for him, damned to poesy,
Shut in that little sentence be—
What deep austerities of strife—
He "lived his life." "He lived *his* life!"
Ib.

Starry amorist, starward gone,
Thou art—what thou didst gaze upon.
A Dead Astronomer, *Stephen Perry, S.J.*

Dost thou still hope thou shalt be fair,
When no more fair to me?
The Fair Inconstant.

THOMSON, James (1700–1748)

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!
The Seasons (1726–30).
Spring (1728). *l. 1.*

'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. *l. 160.*

Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates the excellence it cannot reach.
l. 283.

But who can paint
Like nature? Can Imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
l. 465.

Up springs the lark,
Shrill voiced and loud, the messenger of morn.
l. 587.

Pious fraud! to lead
The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray. *l. 697.*

Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? *l. 868.*

And villages embosomed soft in trees. *l. 951.*

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest. *l. 996.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind!
l. 1149.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
l. 1158.

The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews.
Summer (1727). *l. 47.*

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?
l. 67.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. *l. 81.*

The sober-suited songstress. (The nightingale.) *l. 746.*

Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds. *l. 946.*

And Mecca saddens at the long delay. *l. 979.*

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all.
l. 1128.

Or sighed and looked unutterable things.
So passed their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled. *l. 1188.*

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs. *l. 1285.*

The statue that enchants the world.
(Venus of Medici.) *l. 1346.*

For every virtue, every worth renowned;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind.
l. 1473.

Who stemmed the torrent of a downward age.
l. 1515.

In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits.
l. 1800.

While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on. *Autumn* (1730). *l. 2.*

While listening Senates hang upon thy tongue.
l. 15.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-snow. *l. 192.*

For Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
Thoughtless of Beauty, she was beauty's self.
l. 204.

When tyrant Custom had not shackled man.
l. 222.

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.
l. 229.

For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.
l. 233.

The big round tears run down his dappled face.* *l. 454.*

And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
l. 537.

To give Society its highest taste;
Well-ordered home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle, care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life—
This be the female dignity and praise! *l. 601.*

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* *Cf.* Shakespeare: "The big round tears," etc., p. 288*a*.

And meditate the Book
Of Nature, ever open. *l. 669.*

The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul. *l. 1074.*

Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge.
l. 1145.

Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
l. 1236.

Find other lands beneath another sun.
l. 1284.

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad. *Winter (1726). l. 1.*

Welcome, kindred glooms,
Congenial horrors, hail! *l. 5.*

And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
l. 60.

Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters. *l. 165.*

The red-breast, sacred to the household gods.
l. 246.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!*
l. 393.

There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the Mighty Dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered. *l. 431.*

The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleased; the loud long laugh, sincere;
The kiss snatched hasty from the sidelong maid. *l. 623.*

Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? Those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy, bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? *l. 1033.*

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. **A Hymn.** *l. 1.*

Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade.
l. 25.

Majestic man,
A secret world of wonders in thyself. *l. 52.*

From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. *l. 114.*

Come then, expressive Silence! muse His praise. *l. 118.*

The world of waters wild. **Britannia.** *l. 27.*

Drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest. *l. 70.*

But on the sea be terrible, untamed,
Unconquerable still. *l. 178.*

It gathers ruin as it rolls along. *l. 214.*

Behold her demi-gods, in senate met,
All head to counsel, and all heart to act.
Liberty (1734–6). *Part 1, l. 76.*

The slow-consenting Academic doubt.
Part 2, l. 240.

Ne'er yet by Force was Freedom overcome.
l. 493.

Taught to submit,
A harder lesson that than to command.
Part 3, l. 156.

Foes in the forum in the field were friends,
By social danger bound. *l. 218.*

All the state-wielding magic of his tongue.
l. 468.

The passing poor magnificence of kings.
l. 555.

Cleric Pride,
Of reddening cheek, no contradiction bears.
Part 4, l. 63.

Persecuting zeal . . . hell's fiercest fiend.
l. 66.

The faint opposing host
For once, in yielding, their best victory found. *l. 1132.*

O mortal man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate.
The Castle of Indolence (1748).
Canto 1, st. 1.

A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play. *St. 2.*

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest. *St. 6.*

Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove.
St. 10.

They who are pleased themselves must always please. *St. 15*

But what is virtue but repose of mind?
St. 16.

The best of men have ever loved repose;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Embittered more from peevish day to day.
St. 17.

But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain. *St. 19.*

He ceased; but still their trembling ears retained
The deep vibrations of his witching song.*
St. 20.

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* *See* Song of Solomon (p. 416*b*.)

* *See* Pope (p. 257*b*): "He ceased: but left so charming on their ear," etc.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. *St. 26.*

Let each as likes him best his hours employ. *St. 28.*

When nothing is enjoyed, can there be greater waste? *St. 49.*

"A penny savèd is a penny got";
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he. *St. 50.*

The puzzling sons of Party next appeared,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met. *St. 54.*

Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind. *St. 59.*

And sure his linen was not very clean. *St. 61.*

Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night. *St. 63.*

But not even pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low. *Ib.*

Serene, yet warm; humane, yet firm his mind;
As little touched as any man's with bad. *St. 65.*

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems. *St. 68.*

Poured forth his unpremeditated strain.[*]

A little, round, fat, oily man of God. *St. 69.*

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe. *St. 72.*

For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxèd wroth, and all she knew not why. *St. 76.*

They praisèd are alone, and starve right merrily. *Canto 2, st. 2.*

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave. *St. 3.*

Dragging the lazy, languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth. *St. 4.*

He knew no beverage but the flowing stream. *St. 7.*

Full of great aims and bent on bold emprize. *St. 14.*

Fair Queen of arts! from Heaven itself who came. (Agriculture.) *St. 19.*

For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose. *St. 50.*

And taunts he casten forth most bitterly. *St. 80.*

How the heart listened when he pleading spoke!
While on the enlightened mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charmed hearer thought it was his own. **To the Memory of the Lord Talbot.**

And wit its honey lent, without the sting. *Ib.*

For nothing human foreign was to him. *Ib.*[*]

As those we love decay, we die in part;
String after string is severed from the heart.
On the Death of Mr. Aikman.

Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
To the Rev. Mr. Murdoch.

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself or his own virtue. **Alfred.** *Act 1, 1.*

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."
Masque of Alfred (1740).[†]

True love and friendship are the same.
Song. *Hard is the Fate.*

For ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love?
Song. *For ever, Fortune.*

You teach us pleasing pangs to know,
To languish in luxurious woe.
A Nuptial Song.

O, Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O![‡]
Sophonisba.

THOREAU, Henry David (1817–1862)

It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak, and another to hear.
A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. *p. 283.*

I lay myself out to exaggerate.
Letter to a Friend.

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[*] This line is stated to be "writ by a friend of the Author."

[*] Translation of the Latin: "Humani nihil a me alienum puto," *q.v.*

[†] This masque was written jointly by Thomson and David Mallet, and the authorship of *Rule Britannia* is disputed and has not been satisfactorily settled. Southey describes *Rule Britannia* as "the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power."

[‡] This (says Dr. Johnson) gave occasion to a waggish parody: "O, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!"

Not that the story need be long, but it will take a long while to make it short. *Ib.*

As for doing good, that is one of the professions that are full.
Walden (1854). *Economy.*

I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. **Solitude.**

Why will men worry themselves so?
Brute Neighbours.

Some circumstantial evidence is very strong —as when you find a trout in the milk.
Unpublished MSS.

THORNTON, Bonnell (1724-1768)

These the historians of our times display
And call it News—the hodge-podge of a day.
Tr. of Juvenal, "*Quicquid agunt homines,*" *etc.*

THRALE, Mrs. (*see* Piozzi)

THURLOW, Edwd., Baron Thurlow (1731-1806)

The accident of an accident.
Speech in Reply to Grafton.

When I forget my sovereign may my God forget me! 27 **Parl. Hist.** 68; 1789.

TICKELL, Thomas (1686–1740)

Just men by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led the way to Heaven.
Epitaph. *To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Mr. Addison* (*pub.* 1721).

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade. *Ib.*

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.* *Ib.*

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
Lucy and Colin. *St. 7.*

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
To a Lady, with a Present of Flowers.

TOBIN, John (1770–1804)

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.
The Honeymoon (1805). *Act ii. 1.*

TOOKE, Rev. John Horne (1736–1812)

Truth is that which a man troweth.
Diversions of Purley.

TOPLADY, Rev. Augustus Montague (1740–1778)

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.*
A Living and Dying Prayer (1775).

TOURNEUR, Cyril (1575?–1626)

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Revenger's Tragedy (1607).

Were't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation. *Ib., ii. 1.*

He that climbs highest has the greatest fall.
Ib., v.

Most women have small waists the world throughout,
But their desires are thousand miles about.
Ib.

TRAPP, Rev. Joseph (1679–1747)

The king, observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment, for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty;
To the other he sent books, as well discerning,
How much that loyal body wanted learning.
Epigram. *On George I.'s Donation of Bishop Ely's Library to Cambridge University.*†

TRENCH, Richard Chenevix, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin (1807–1886)

Evil, like a rolling stone upon a mountain-top,
A child may first impel, a giant cannot stop.
Poems.

Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee.
Sonnet.

You cannot cleanse your heart with tears.
The Story of Justin Martyr. *l. 132.*

Yet do not sweetest things here soonest cloy?
Satiety the life of joy would kill,
If sweet with bitter, pleasure with annoy,
Were not attempered still.
The Monk and the Bird. *St. 25.*

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* *Cf.* Porteus (Beilby), p. 258*a*.

* *See* marginal note to Isaiah xxvi. 4, where the words "everlasting strength" are stated to be, in the Hebrew, "rock of ages."

† Another version is as follows:
"Our gracious monarch viewed with equal eye
The wants of either university;
Troops he to Oxford sent, well knowing why,—
That learned body wanted loyalty;
But books to Cambridge sent, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning."
Another version (which has been attributed to Thos. Warton, sen., Professor of Poetry at Oxford) runs:
"Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The state of his two universities;
To one he sends a regiment, for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To the other books he gave, as well discerning,
How much that loyal body wanted learning."
For reply to this epigram, *see* Sir William Browne (p. 29*a*).

When God is to be served, the cost we weigh
In anxious balance, grudging the expense.
Sonnet.

We hear it not seldom said that ignorance is the mother of admiration. No falser word was ever spoken, and hardly a more mischievous one. **The Study of Words** (*1859*). *Introductory Lecture.*

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved. *Ib.*

To make mistakes as we are on the way to knowledge is far more honourable than to escape making them through never having set out to seek knowledge. *Lecture 7.*

"Rivals," in the primary sense of the word, are those who dwell on the banks of the same river. . . . There is no such fruitful source of contention as a water-right. *Ib.*

TROLLOPE, Anthony (1815–1882)

It's dogged as does it. It ain't thinking about it.
Last Chronicles of Barset (1867). *Vol. 1.*

TRUMBULL, John (1750–1831)

For any man with half an eye
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
McFingal (1775).

What has posterity done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose? *Ib.*

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law. *Ib.*

TUCKERMAN, Henry Theodore (1813–1875)

The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,
And in a perfect whole the parts combined.
Mary.

TUKE, Sir Samuel (1610?–1674)

Friendship's an empty name, made to deceive
Those whose good nature tempts them to believe:
There's no such thing on earth; the best that we
Can hope for here is faint neutrality.
Adventures of Five Hours (1663). (*Translated from the Spanish of Calderon.*) *Act i.*

Fame, like water, bears up the lighter things,
And lets the weighty sink. *Act ii.*

The loss of heaven's the greatest pain in hell.
Act v.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will. *Ib.*

TUPPER, Martin Farquhar, D.C.L. (1810–1889)

Thoughts, that have tarried in my mind, and peopled its inner chambers.
Proverbial Philosophy (1838). *First Series, Prefatory.*

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil. *Of Truth in Things False.*

Knowledge hath clipped the lightning's wings, and mewed it up for a purpose.
Of Hidden Uses.

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless.
Of Compensation.

Storehouse of the mind, garner of facts and fancies. *Of Memory.*

The best of human governments is the patriarchal rule. *Of Subjection.*

Render unto all men their due, but remember thou art also a man. *Of Humility.*

Youth is confident, manhood wary, and old age confident again. *Of Experience.*

Left her his all—his blessing and a name unstained. *Of Estimating Character.*

Patient continuance in evil. *Ib.*

Religion hath no landmarks. *Ib.*

Anger is a noble infirmity.
Of Hatred and Anger.

Deceit and treachery skulk with hatred, but an honest spirit flieth with anger. *Ib.*

Wait, thou child of hope, for time shall teach thee all things.
Of Good in Things Evil.

Clamorous pauperism feasteth,
While honest labour, pining, hideth his sharp ribs. *Of Discretion.*

Well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech. *Ib.*

The dangerous bar in the harbour's mouth is only grains of sand. *Of Trifles.*

Few, but full of understanding, are the books of the library of God. *Of Recreation.*

It is well to lie fallow for a while. *Ib.*

Reason refuseth its homage to a God who can be fully understood. *Of a Trinity.*

A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever. *Of Reading.*

Let not the conceit of intellect hinder thee from worshipping mystery. *Ib.*

Praise is rebuke to the man whose conscience alloweth it not. *Of Commendation.*

Nothing but may be better, and every better might be best. *Ib.*

Well said the wisdom of earth, O mortal, know thyself;
But better the wisdom of heaven, O man, learn thou thy God. *Of Self-Acquaintance.*

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love.
Of Education.

The faults and follies of most men make their deaths a gain:
But thou art also a man, full of faults and follies. *First Series. Of Tolerance.*

God will not love thee less, because men love thee more. *Ib.*

Alas, the world is old,—and all things old within it.
I walk a trodden path, I love the good old ways. *Second Series, Introductory.*

Few men, drinking at a rivulet, stop to consider its source. *Of Gifts.*

Who can wrestle against Sleep?—yet is that giant very gentleness. *Of Beauty.*

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love in all he doeth. *Of Immortality.*

Yet is this the pleasing trickery, that cheateth half the world. (Beauty.) *Ib.*

Things breed thoughts. *Of Things.*

Alas, I have loved pride and praise, like others worse or worthier. *The End.*

TURBERVILE, George (c. 1540?–1610?)

Eschew the idle life,
Flee, flee from doing nought:
For never was there idle brain
But bred an idle thought.
The Lover to Cupid for Mercy. *l. 109.*

Trust not before you try,
For under cloak of great good-will
Doth feignèd friendship lie.
To Brown. *Of Light Belief. l. 1.*

The lowly heart doth win the love of all.
To Piero. *Of Pride.*

TUSSER, Thomas (1524?–1580)

Time trieth the troth in everything.
Hundred Points of Good Husbandry (1557) *and* **Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry** (1573). *The Author's Epistle.*

God sendeth and giveth both mouth and the meat. *Good Husbandly Lessons.*

Make hunger thy sauce as a medicine for health. *Ib.*

Fear God, and offend not the Prince nor his laws,
And keep thyself out of the magistrate's claws. *Ib.* (*Ed. 1580.*)

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss;
Who often removeth is sure of a loss. *Ib.*

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
The Farmer's Daily Diet.

Yet true it is as cow chews cud,
And trees at spring do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
A Description of the Properties of Winds. (*Ed. 1580.*)

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing.*
Few lend (but fools)
Their working tools. *September's Abstract.*

In doing of either let wit beare a stroke,
For buying or selling of pig in a poke.
September's Husbandry.

The timely buyer
Hath cheaper his fire. *January's Abstract.*

What greater crime
Than loss of time? *Ib.*

Who quick be to borrow, and slow be to pay,
Their credit is naught, go they never so gay. *Ib.*

All's fish they get
That cometh to net. *February's Abstract.*

February, fill the dyke
With what thou dost like.†
February's Husbandry.

March dust to be sold
Worth ransom of gold. *March's Husbandry.*

Such Mistress, such Nan,
Such Master, such Man. *April's Abstract.*

Such master, such man, and such mistress such maid;
Such husband and housewife, such houses arrayed. *April's Husbandry.*

Cold May and windy,
Barn filleth up finely. *May's Husbandry.*

Pay justly thy tithes, whatsoever thou be,
That God may in blessing send foison‡ to thee;
Though Vicar§ be bad, or the Parson as evil,
Go not for thy tithing thyself to the Devil. *Ib.*

'Tis merry in hall
When beards wag all.‖ *August's Abstract.*

Some come, some go;
This life is so. *Ib.*

Dry August and warm
Doth Harvest no harm. *August's Husbandry.*

If weather be fair and tidy thy grain,
Make speedy carriage, for fear of rain:
For tempest and showers deceiveth a many,
And lingering lubbers lose many a penny. *Ib.*

In harvest time, harvest folk, servants and all,
Should make all together good cheer in the hall. *Ib.*

The fields have eyes, the bushes ears,
False birds can fetch the wind.
To light a Candle before the Devil.

If truth were truly bolted out,
As touching thrift, I stand in doubt
If men were best to wive.
Dialogue of Wiving and Thriving.

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* These two lines are also given in "June's Abstract."

† 1577 Edition has "With what ye like."

‡ Foison = abundance.

§ In the 1577 Edition, "Curate."

‖ In 1577 Edition, "Let beards wag all."

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go. *Ib.*

Some respite to husbands the weather may send,
But housewives' affairs have never an end.
Preface to the Book of Housewifery.

Seek home for rest,
For home is best. *Instructions to Housewifery.*

Though home be but homely, yet housewife is taught
That home hath no fellow to such as have aught. *Ib.*

By once or twice,
'Tis time to be wise.
Housewifely Admonitions.

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss;
For master and servant oft changing is loss. *Ib.*

Enough is a plenty, too much is a pride.
Dinner Matters.

Take this in good part, whatsoever thou be,
And wish me no worse than I wish unto thee.
Think on the Poor.

What better fare than well content?
Posies for thine own Bed Chamber.

What better bed than conscience good, to pass the night with sleep?
What better work than daily care fro' sin thyself to keep?
What better thought than think on God, and daily him to serve?
What better gift than to the poor that ready be to sterve? *Ib.*

When all is done, learn this, my son,
Not friend, nor skill, nor wit at will,
Nor ship, nor clod, but only God
Doth all in all. *The Author's Life.*

TWAIN, Mark (*see* S. L. Clemens)

TYERS, Thomas (1726–1787)

Mem.—To think more of the living and less of the dead; for the dead have a world of their own. **Resolutions.**

TYNAN, Katharine (Mrs. Hinkson)

God looks down well pleased to mark
In earth's dusk each rosy spark,
Lights of home and lights of love,
And the child the heart thereof.
A Night Thought ("*Lauds,*" *1909*).

O you poor folk in cities,
A thousand, thousand pities!
Heaping the fairy gold that withers and dies;
One field in the June weather
Is worth all the gold ye gather,
One field in June weather—one Paradise.
June Song. *Ib.*

So to be loved, so to be wooed,
Oh, more than mortal woman should!
What if she fail or fall behind?
Lord, make me worthy, keep them blind!
The Mother [*Of the love of her children*].

UDALL, Nicholas (c. 1505–1556)

For mirth prolongeth life, and causeth health.
Ralph Roister Doister (*printed* 1566).
Prologue.

As long liveth the merry man, they say,
As doth the sorry man—and longer by a day.*
Act i. 1.

Wooers ne'er speed well that have a false† heart. *i. 2.*

Gay love, God save it; so soon hot, so soon cold. *iv. 8.*

VANBRUGH, Sir John (1664–1726)

Repentance for past crimes is just and easy;
But Sin-no-more's a task too hard for mortals.
The Relapse (1696). *Act v. 4.*

Don't be in a passion, Tam, for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the Warld. (*Lord Foppington.*) *iii. 1.*

Jealousy's a city passion; 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.
The Confederacy (1705). *Act i. 2.*

The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable. *Ib.*

As if a woman of education bought things because she wanted 'em. Quality always distinguishes itself; and therefore as the mechanic people buy things because they have occasion for 'em, you see women of rank always buy things because they have not occasion for 'em. *Ib., ii. 1.*

A guinea . . . is . . . a thousand times genteeler. *Ib., iii. 2.*

He has the countenance of a cherubim, but he is a rogue in his heart. *Ib.*

Friendship, take heed; if woman interfere,
Be sure the hour of thy destruction's near.
Quoted in "Amelia." *Source not stated.*

Good manners and soft words have brought many a difficult thing to pass.
Æsop. *Part 1, Act iv. 2.*

A slighted woman knows no bounds.
The Mistake (1705). *Act ii. 1.*

VAUGHAN, Henry "The Silurist" (1622–1695)

And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.
Silex Scintillans (1650–1655). *The Retreat.*

And yet, as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep. *Ib.*

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* For als lang leifis the mirrie man
As the sorie, for ocht he can.
—*Sia D. Lyndesay: Satire of the Three Estates* (1535), (1602 Ed. E.E.T.S., 1869), *line* 106.

† False = faint.

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth cheer.
Departed Friends.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays. *Resolutions.*

Yet never sleep the sun up.
Rules and Lessons.

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births. *Ib.*

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
Ib.

Man is a summer's day, whose youth and fire
Cool to a glorious evening and expire. *Ib.*

VAUX, Thomas, 2nd Baron Vaux (1510–1556)

When all is done and said,
In the end thus you shall find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind.
Of a Contented Mind.

For many have been harmed by speech;
Through thinking, few, or none. *Ib.*

Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thought to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace. *Ib.*

For Age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me with his crutch.
Aged Lover renounceth Love.*

A pick-axe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding-sheet,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most meet. *Ib.*

VILLIERS, George, Duke of Buckingham (1628–1687)

A lady that was drowned at sea and had a wave for her winding sheet.
The Rehearsal (1671).

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare,
And all this I can do, because I dare. *Ib.*

What the devil does the plot signify, except to bring in fine things? *Ib.*

All these storms which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will . . . melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.† *Ib., ii. 1.*

The blackest of ink of Fate was sure my lot,
And, when she writ my name, she made a blot.
(*Prince Pretty-man.*) *iii. 2.*

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* Quoted with variations by Shakespeare in *Hamlet*, Act v. 1.

† *See Cowper*: "The clouds ye so much dread" (p. 95*b*).

The world is made up for the most part of fools and knaves.
To Mr. Clifford, on his Humane Reason.

WALKER, Rev. William (1623–1684)

Learn to read slow: all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.
Art of Reading.

WALLACE, Edgar (b. 1875)

'E missed me with a fair amount of skill.
Writ in Barracks. *My pal, the Boer.*

But you're *our* partic'lar author, you're our patriot and our friend,
You're the poet of the cuss-word an' the swear.
Tommy to his Laureate [*R. Kipling.*]

'Tis good when the man loves the land,
'Tis good when he falls for his creed,
But woe to the hate that is fanned
By folly begotten of greed. *At the Brink.*

You can eas'ly understand
That the green of medderland
Doesn't strike the bloke that 'as to push the roller. *Nature Fails.*

In the deepest pits of 'Ell,
Where the worst defaulters dwell
(Charcoal devils used as fuel as you require 'em),
There's some lovely coloured rays,
Pyrotechnical displays,
But you can't expect the burning to admire 'em! *Ib. L'Envoi.*

WALLACE, William Ross (1819–1881)

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
What rules the World?

WALLER, Edmund (1606–1687)

He catched at love, and filled his arms with bays.
Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied.

So was the huntsman by the bear oppressed,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast. **Battle of the Summer Islands.**
Canto 2, v. 3.

Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a title to our blood.
The Drinking of Healths.

Design, or chance, makes others wive;
But nature did this match contrive.
Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

While with a strong, and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command.
Panegyric to my Lord Protector (1655).
St. 1.

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind. *St. 7.*

Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.
St. 17.

They that the whole world's monarchy designed,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined.
Of a War with Spain (1656).

Guarded with ships, and all our sea our own,
From heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown. **Epistle to my Lord of Falkland.**

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.
In answer of Sir John Suckling's Verses.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.
On a Girdle.

We write in sand, our language grows,
And like the tide, our work o'erflows.
Of English Verse.

Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
To a Friend.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,[*]
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
To a Lady Singing a Song of his composing.

So must the writer, whose productions should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mood.
To Mr. Killigrew.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Go, Lovely Rose.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired. *Ib.*

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair! *Ib.*

He's seldom old that will not be a child.
Epitaph on Lord Andover's Son.

For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect.
Of Divine Love. *Canto 1.*

The fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savours too much of private interest.
Canto 2.

Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Canto 3.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So, calm are we when passions are no more!
On the "Divine Poems" (1685).

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new. *Ib.*

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
On Roscommon's Translation of Horace.

For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.
While I Listen to thy Voice.

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
On a Lady passing through a Crowd.

Others may use the ocean as their road;
Only the English make it their abode.
Miscellanies. *49.*

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
To Mr. Creech.

WALPOLE, Horace (1717–1797)

How history makes one shudder and laugh by turns! **Letters**: *To Lord Strafford, 1786.*

Our supreme governors, the mob.
To Sir Horace Mann, Sept. 7, 1743.

The world is a Comedy to those that think, a Tragedy to those who feel. *Id., 1770.*

WALPOLE, Sir Robert (1676–1745)

Oh do not read history, for that I know must be false. **Saying.**[*]

The gratitude of place expectants is a lively sense of future favours.
Ascribed to Walpole by Hazlitt. ("*Wit and Humour.*")

They may ring their bells now; before long they will be wringing their hands.
Saying (*on the Declaration of War with Spain, 1739, according to Coxe's Life of Walpole, 1, 579.*)

All men have their price.
Ascribed to Walpole, but of much older origin. (*See* "*Miscellaneous.*")

WALSH, William (1663–1708)

And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set. **The Despairing Lover.**

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[*] *See* Byron, p. 60*a*, note; *also T. Moore: Corruption*, l. 95:
"Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers plucked, to wing the dart,
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!"

[*] This is the correct version according to *Notes and Queries*, No. 3. In *Walpoliana* the saying is given: "Anything but history, for history must be false."

A generous action is its own reward.
Elegy upon quitting his Mistress.

WALTON, Izaak (1593–1683)

If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge.
The Complete Angler (1653). *Preface.*

And for winter fly-fishing—it is as useful as an almanac out of date. *Ib.*

I am, sir, a brother of the angle. *Ch. 1.*

Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so. *Ib.*

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "that which is everybody's business is nobody's business." *Ch. 2.*

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good. *Ch. 4.*

Your best barley wine, the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of. *Ch. 5.*

I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning. *Ib.*

A good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast. *Ib.*

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have make a better berry, but doubtless God never did"; and so, if I might be judge, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." *Ib.*

A quiet passage to a welcome grave.
The Angler's Wish. *Ib.*

I have then with pleasure concluded with Solomon, "Everything is beautiful in his season."* *Ib.*

And in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer. *Ch. 8.*

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men. *Ib.*

It is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." *Ch. 21.*

Look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy. *Ib.*

All that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling. *Ib.*

Of this blest man let this just praise be given,
Heaven was in him before he was in heaven.
Written in Dr. Richard Sibbes' "Returning Backslider."

WARD, Artemus (*see* Charles Farrer Browne)

WARD, Mary Augusta (Mrs. Humphry Ward) (née Arnold) (1851–1920)

"Propinquity does it"—as Mrs. Thornburgh is always reminding us.
Robert Elsmere (1888). *Book 1, ch. 1.*

The first law of story-telling. . . . "Every man is bound to leave a story better than he found it." *Ch. 3.*

It had begun to be recognised, with a great burst of enthusiasm and astonishment, that, after all, Mill and Herbert Spencer had not said the last word on all things in heaven and earth. *Ch. 5.*

One may as well preach a respectable mythology as anything else. *Ib.*

This Laodicean cant of tolerance.
Book 2, ch. 12.

In my youth people talked about Ruskin; now they talk about drains. *Ib.*

"Place before your eyes two precepts, and only two. One is Preach the Gospel; and the other is—*Put down enthusiasm*" * . . . The Church of England in a nutshell. *Ch. 16.*

Conviction is the Conscience of the Mind.
Book 4, ch. 26.

All things change, creeds and philosophies and outward systems—but God remains!
Ch. 27.

Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any one creed or system. *Ch. 28.*

Most of 'em as comes down 'ere stuffs all they have to say as full of goody-goody as an egg's full of meat. *Book 6, ch. 38.*

WARD, Rev. Nathaniel (1578–1652)

The world is full of care, and much like unto
a bubble;
Women and care and care and women, and
women and care and trouble.
Epigram. (*Attrib. by Ward to a lady at the Court of the Queen of Bohemia.*)

WARING, Anna Letitia (1823–1910)

A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.
Father, I know that all my life.

WARTON, Joseph (1722–1800)

Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne. **Ode to Fancy.**

Disguise it as you will,
To right or wrong 'tis fashion guides us still.
Fashion. *l. 1.*

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* Ecclesiastes iii., 11: "He hath made everything beautiful in his time."

* From Archbishop Manners Sutton's valedictory speech on Bishop Heber's consecration to the See of Calcutta.

WARTON, Thomas (1728–1790)

O ! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head ?*
Progress of Discontent.

Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.
Pleasures of Melancholy (1745).

WASHINGTON, George (1732–1799)

We must consult Brother Jonathan.
Remark *frequently made by Washington during the Revolutionary war, in allusion to his trusted secretary and aide-de-camp, Colonel Jonathan Trumbull. Hence the expression "Brother Jonathan" for a typical American.*

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.
Saying. *Ascribed to Washington.*

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.
Speech. *Congress, Jan. 8, 1790.*

It is well. **Last Words.**

WATKYNS, Rowland (fl. 1660)

Desire not to live long, but to live well ;
How long we live not years, but actions, tell.
Flamma sine Fumo (1662). *The Hour Glass.*

The guilty conscience fears, when there's no fear,
And thinks that every bush contains a bear.
The righteous is confident as a lion.

A good report
Makes men live long, although their life be short.
A good report.

The itch of disputation will break out
Into a scab of error.†
The new illiterate late teachers.

I love him not, but show no reason can
Wherefore, but this, I do not love the man.
Antipathy.

For every marriage then is best in tune,
When that the wife is May, the husband June.
To the most Courteous and Fair Gentlewoman, Mrs. Ellinor Williams.

Ask me no more which is the greatest wealth,
Our rich possessions, liberty, or health.
Sickness.

Who in his pocket hath no money,
In his mouth he must have honey.
Proverbial Sentences.

WATSON, Thos. (1557 ?–1592)

Love is a sour delight, a sugred grief,
A living death, an ever-dying life,
A breach of Reason's law.
Hecatompathia, or, The Passionate Century of Love (1582). *No. 18.*

In time the bull is brought to wear the yoke.
*No. 47.**

WATSON, Walter (1780–1854)

Since the bounty of Providence is new every day,
As we journey through life let us live by the way.
Sit down, my Crony.

WATSON, Sir William (b. 1858)

O be less beautiful, or be less brief !
Autumn.

Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is thy going hence,
And passage and departure all thy theme ;
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem,
And thou, at height of thy magnificence,
A figment and a dream. *Ib.*

Five-and-thirty black slaves,
Half-a-hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
For their Queen's delight. **The Keyboard.**

Ah, the gracious tyrannies
Of her finger tips. *Ib.*

We who are Milton's kindred, Shakespeare's heirs.
An Exaggerated Deference to Foreign Literary Opinion.

Daughter of all the implacable ages.
England to Ireland. *Feb., 1888.*

Hate and mistrust are the children of blindness,—
Could we but see one another, 'twere well !
Knowledge is sympathy, charity, kindness,
Ignorance only is maker of hell. *Ib.*

March, that comes roaring, maned, with rampant paws,
And bleatingly withdraws.
Mensis Lacrimarum. *March, 1885.*

The earth's high places who attain to fill
By most indomitably sitting still.
Sketch of a Political Character.

Find in the golden mean their proper bliss,
And doing nothing, never do amiss ;
But lapt in men's good graces live, and die
By all regretted, nobody knows why. *Ib.*

And the niggardness of Nature makes the misery of man. **Ireland.** *Dec. 1, 1890.*

Another bruising of the hapless head
Of a wronged people yearning to be free.
Ver Tenebrosum. *2. Hasheen.*

Give honour to our heroes fall'n, how ill
Soe'er the cause that bade them forth to die.
The English Dead.

Best they honour thee
Who honour in thee only what is best.
6. The True Patriotism.

Just pride is no mean factor in a State ;
The sense of greatness keeps a nation great.
Ib.

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* Now in hote, now in colde
Full wofull is the householde,
That wantys a woman.
Towneley Plays (c. 1388), No. 13 ; l. 419.

† *See* Sir H. Wotton (1568-1639), who originated this saying in "A Panegyric to King Charles," c. 1640.

* Tr. of Ovid's *Tristia*, 4, 6, 1. *See* p. 284*a*, note.

Remote compatriots, wheresoe'er ye dwell,
By your prompt voices, ringing clear and true,
We know that with our England all is well:
Young is she yet, her world-task but begun!
By you we know her safe, and know by you
Her veins are million but her heart is one.
14. Last Word: To the Colonies.

Plucked by his hand, the basest weed
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose.
Epigrams.

Man looks at his own bliss, considers it,
Weighs it with curious fingers; and 'tis gone. *Ib.*

To keep in sight Perfection, and adore
The vision, is the artist's best delight. *Ib.*

He was of those
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase. **Byron, the Voluptuary.**

His friends he loved. His fellest earthly foes—
Cats—I believe he did but feign to hate.
My hand will miss the insinuating nose,
Mine eyes the tail that wagged contempt at Fate. **An Epitaph.**

Earth is less fragrant now, and heaven more sweet. **A Maiden's Epitaph.**

Often ornateness
Goes with greatness;
Oftener felicity
Comes of simplicity. **Art Maxims.**

Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,
In high cabal have made us what we are.
Ode on the Coronation of Edward VII. (1902). *l. 8.*

The lovely and the lonely bride,
Whom we have wedded but have never won.
(Ireland.) *Ib., l. 79.*

And though circuitous and obscure
The feet of Nemesis, how sure!
Europe at the Play.

Ladies whose smile embroiled the world.
The Father of the Forest. *1, st. 5.*

Not loftiest bard of mightiest mind
Shall ever chant a note so pure,
Till he can cast the earth behind,
And breathe in heaven secure.
The First Skylark of Spring.

Too long, that some may rest,
Tired millions toil unblest.*
A New National Anthem.

This hardest penal toil, reluctant rest.
To a Friend.

For they are blest that have not much to rue—
That have not oft misheard the prompter's cue,
Stammered and stumbled, and the wrong parts played,
And life a Tragedy of Errors made. *Ib.*

But not for golden fancies iron truths make room. **The Hope of the World.**

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* *See* Shelley (p. 325*a*): "Many faint with toil," etc.

So lives inveterate Hope, on her own hardihood. *Ib., st. 10.*

The loud impertinence of fame
Not loth to flee.
In Laleham Churchyard. *St. 3.*

And set his heart upon the goal,
Not on the prize. *St. 11.*

Great is the facile conqueror;
Yet happy he, who, wounded sore,
Breathless, unhorsed, all covered o'er
With blood and sweat,
Sinks foiled, but fighting evermore,—
Is greater yet. *St. 14.*

When shall the world forget
Thy glory and our debt;
Indomitable soul,
Immortal Genoese? **Columbus.**

It was the Human Spirit, of all men's souls the Soul,
Man, the unwearied climber, that climbed to the unknown goal.
The Dream of Man. *l. 3.*

Pain with the thousand teeth. *l. 15.*

Sea, that breakest for ever, that breakest and never art broken.
Hymn to the Sea. *Part 2, 5.*

Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds. *Part 3, 8.*

When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of the Spring;
When, in extravagant revel, the Dawn, a Bacchante upleaping,
Spills, on the tresses of Night, vintages golden and red;
When, as a token at parting, munificent Day, for remembrance,
Gives, unto men that forget, Ophirs of fabulous ore. *Part 3, 12.*

Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and cancelled;
Man and his greatness survive, lost in the greatness of God. *Part 4, 17.*

Yet in whose fiery love for their own land,
No hatred of another finds a place.
Wales: A Greeting (1909).

And loved the land whose mountains and whose streams
Are lovelier for his strain.
To James Bromley.
With "Wordsworth's Grave."

It may be that we can no longer share
The faith which from his fathers he received;
It may be that our doom is to despair,
Where he with joy believed. *Ib.*

The God I know of, I shall ne'er
Know, though he dwells exceeding nigh.
Raise thou the stone and find me there,
Cleave thou the wood and there am I.*

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* These two lines are from some "newly-discovered sayings of Jesus,"—and are an echo of an ancient pantheistical Oriental proverb.

Yea, in my flesh his spirit doth flow,
Too near, too far, for me to know.
The Unknown God.

When whelmed are altar, priest, and creed;
When all the faiths have passed;
Perhaps, from darkening incense freed,
God may emerge at last.
Revelation (1909).

But by remembering God, say some,
We keep our high imperial lot.
Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come
When we forgot—when we forgot. *Ib.*

Slight not the songsmith.
England my Mother. *Part 1.*

Deemest thou labour
Only is earnest?
Grave is all beauty,
Solemn is joy. *Part 4.*

Who hath found
Another man so shod with fire, so crowned
With thunder, and so armed with wrath divine?
The Tired Lion.

The gathering blackness of the frown of God.
The Turk in Armenia (*March 2, 1895*).

He came when poets had forgot
How rich and strange the human lot,
How warm the tints of life; how hot
Are Love and Hate:
And what makes Truth divine and what
Makes Manhood great.
The Tomb of Burns.

Who die of having lived too much
In their large hours. *Ib.*

Singly he faced the bigot brood,
The meanly wise, the feebly good;
He pelted them with pearl, with mud;
He fought them well,—
But ah, the stupid million stood,
And he,—he fell! *Ib.*

His greatness, not his littleness,
Concerns mankind. *Ib.*

Your phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus,
With strangest words at your beck and call.
The Orgy on Parnassus.

Your metres that writhe, your rhythms that sprawl. *Ib.*

His delicate ears, and superfine long nose,
With that last triumph, his distinguished tail.
A Study in Contrasts. *Part 1, l. 9.*

The flower of Collie aristocracy. *l. 12.*

His trick of doing nothing with an air,
His *salon* manners and society smile
Were but skin deep. *l. 17.*

The staid, conservative,
Came-over-with-the-Conqueror type of mind.
l. 42.

Shelley, the hectic, flamelike rose of verse,
All colour, and all odour, and all bloom,
Steeped in the moonlight, glutted with the sun,
But somewhat lacking root in homely earth.
To Edwd. Dowden. *l. 46.*

And rare is noble impulse, rare
The impassioned aim.
Shelley's Centenary.

Empires dissolve, and peoples disappear,
Song passes not away.
Lacrimæ Musarum. *l. 112.*

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears! **Song.** *April.*

We are children of splendour and fame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears;
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the spheres. **Ode in May**

I think the immortal servants of mankind,
Who, from their graves watch by how slow degrees
The World-Soul greatens with the centuries,
Mourn most man's barren levity of mind,
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,
The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees,
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meanings blind.
Sonnet.

Thou sit'st between thy oceans; but when Fate
Was at thy making, and endowed thy soul
With many gifts and costly, she forgot
To mix with these a genius for repose.
To the Invincible Republic.

The votes of veering crowds are not
The things that are more excellent.
Things that are more Excellent.

The stars of heaven are free because
In amplitude of liberty
Their joy is to obey the laws. *St. 4.*

The thirst to know and understand,
A large and liberal discontent;
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent. *St. 8.*

What hadst thou that could make such large amends
For all thou hadst not, and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.
Wordsworth's Grave. *Part 2, st. 3.*

The impassioned argument was simple truth,
Half wondering at its own melodious tongue.
Part 3, st. 4.

We do not with God's name make wanton play;
We are not on such easy terms with Heaven;
But in Earth's hearing we can verily say,
"Our hands are pure; for peace, for peace we have striven. **Sonnet.**
To the Troubler of the World. **Aug. 6, 1914.**

How all her care was but to be fair,
And all her task to be sweet.
The Heart of the Rose.

And the infinite pathos of human trust
In a God whom no one knows.
The Churchyard in the Wold.

Her force and fire all spent and gone,
Like the dead moon, she still shines on.
The Church To-day.

And must I wholly banish hence
These red and golden juices,
And pay my vows to Abstinence,
That pallidest of Muses?
To a fair Maiden who bade me shun Wine.

We hold our hate too choice a thing
For light and careless lavishing. **Hate.**

Or loftier Mantuan, more divinely sweet,
Lord of the incommunicable charm. (*Virgil.*)
Ode. *To John Churton Collins* (1904).

WATTS, Rev. Isaac, D.D. (1674–1748)

Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.
Sincere Praise.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.
Against Quarrelling.

But children you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes. *Ib.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!
Against Idleness.

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.* *Ib.*

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last. *Ib.*

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away.
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
O God, our help in ages past.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see! **Praise for Mercies.**

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more! *Ib.*

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold.
Praise for Birth.

Lord, I ascribe it to thy Grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.†

There's no repentance in the grave.
Solemn Thoughts.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.
Heaven and Hell.

A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice. **Early Religion.**

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.*
Against Lying.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home. **Love.**

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight. *Ib.*

When others speak a railing word,
We must not rail again. **Against Scoffing.**

And he's in danger of hell fire
That calls his brother, fool. *Ib.*

One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.
Against Evil Company.

Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.
Against Pride.

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.† **Obedience.**

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below.
Lord's Day Evening.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain:
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again";
As the door on his hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head. **The Sluggard.**

That man's but a picture of what I might be.
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading. *Ib.*

Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white.
Innocent Play.

But Thomas, and William, and such pretty, names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures. *Ib.*

How rude are the boys, that throw pebbles and mire! *Ib.*

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* See Proverb: "Idleness is the devil's bolster."
† *Cf.* Ann and Jane Taylor, p. 355a (note).

* *See* George Herbert: "Dare to be true" (p. 162b).
† Founded on Prov. xxx. 17: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will ?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal. **The Thief.**

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended ;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.
Good Resolution.

Hush ! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed !
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head. **Cradle Hymn.**

Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound.
Funeral Thought.

Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs. *Book 2, 19.*

So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
Book 2, 146.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul :
The mind's the standard of the man.
Horæ Lyricæ. *False Greatness.*

Riches that the world bestows,
She can take and I can lose :
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line. **True Riches.**

His Maker kissed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
The Presence of God.

I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes.
The Hero's School.

WATTS-DUNTON, Theodore (1832–1914)

Thus did England fight :
And shall not England smite
With Drake's strong stroke in battles yet to be ?
Christmas at the Mermaid. *Chorus.*

Whate'er the bans the wind may waft her
England's true men are we and Pope's men after,
When England Calls. *Ben Jonson.*

Life still hath one romance that naught can bury—
Not Time himself, who coffins Life's romances—
For still will Christmas gild the year's mischances,
If Childhood comes, as here, to make him merry. **The Christmas Tree.**

Love still is Nature's truth, and Death her lie.
The Coming of Love.

What treasure found he ? Chains and pains and sorrow—
Yea, all the wealth those noble seekers find

Whose footfalls mark the music of mankind !
'Twas his to lend a life : 'twas Man's to borrow :
'Twas his to make, but not to share, the morrow. **Columbus.**

We looked o'er London, where men wither and choke,
Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and skies. **A Talk on Waterloo Bridge.**

WEATHERLY, Fredk. Edward (b. 1848)

Where are the boys of the old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side ?
The Old Brigade.

Not in the Abbey proudly laid
Find they a place or part ;
The gallant boys of the old Brigade,
They sleep in Old England's heart. *Ib.*

For his heart is like the sea,
Ever open, brave, and free.
They all Love Jack.

Why, Jack's the king of all,
For they all love Jack. *Ib.*

'Tis the broad and mighty sea
That has made us strong and free,
And will keep us what we are. **Go to Sea.**

WEBBER, Byron (fl. 1886–1894)

Hands across the sea,
Feet on English ground,
The old blood is bold blood, the wide world round. **Hands Across the Sea.**

WEBSTER, Augusta (née **Davies**) (1840–1894)

And even mother Earth had loved him more
Than me ; his wide sun-flooded meadows bore
A golden host that numbered mine thrice o'er ;
His vines a richer bloom of promise wore.
The Snow Waste (1866).

For sunlight gleams upon this shadowed earth,
Sunlight and shadow waver to and fro,
And sadness echoes in the voice of mirth,
And music murmurs through the wail of woe. **To and Fro.**

Good heavens, what work
To set the creatures to, whom we declare
God purposed for companions to us men !
Companions to each other only now,—
Their business but to waste each other's time.
Portraits (1870). *1. Tired.*

WEBSTER, Daniel (1782–1852)

The past, at least, is secure.
Speeches. *On Foot's Resolution.*

Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable. *Ib.*

[The statement that] **a** National debt is a National blessing.* *Jan. 26, 1830.*

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* A statement repudiated by Webster.

He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit and it sprung upon its feet.
On Hamilton, March 10, 1831.

WEBSTER, John (1580 ?–1625 ?)

'Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.[*] **The White Devil** (c. 1608). *Act i. 2.*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked too near, have neither heat nor light. **The Duchess of Malfy** (c. 1616).

The friendless bodies of unburied men. *Ib.*

Death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits. *Ib.*

Labouring men
Count the clock oftenest. *Act iii. 2.*

Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them;
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them. *Ib.*

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burn brightest, old linen wash whitest ? [†]
Westward Hoe (1603). *Act ii. 2.*
(*In collaboration with Dekker.*)

WELLESLEY, Arthur, first Duke of Wellington (1769–1852)

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won. **Despatch,** 1815.

Uniforms are often masks (to hide cowards).
Sayings attributed to the Duke of Wellington.

The whole art of war consists in getting at what is on the other side of the hill. *Ib.*

Habit is ten times nature. *Ib.*

Educate men without religion and you make them but clever devils. *Ib.*

When my journal appears, many statues must come down. *Ib.*

WELLS, Charles Jeremiah (1799 ?–1879)

That which we lose we mourn, but must rejoice
That we have ever had.
Joseph and his Brethren (1824). *Act iii. 1.*

Oh ! you do bear a poison in your mind
That would not let you rest in Paradise. *Ib.*

WELLS, Herbert George (b. 1866)

Once his aunt gave him [Kipps] a trumpet, if he would *promise* faithfully not to blow it; and afterwards took it away again.
Kipps. *Book 1, ch. 1.*

They feared the "low" and they hated and despised the "stuck up," and so they "kept themselves to themselves," according to the English ideal. *Ib.*

You got to stick to Cribs until it's over. I tell you we're in a blessed drain-pipe, and we've got to crawl along it till we die. (*Minton, on the retail drapery trade.*) *Book 1, ch. 2.*

"I'm a Norfan, both sides," he would explain, with the air of one who had seen trouble. *Book 1, ch. 6.*

Change ? Why, I'm like the chap in the song they sing: I don't 'ardly know where I are. *You* know. *Book 2, ch. 1.*

I don't 'old with Wealth. What *is* Wealth ? Labour robbed out of the poor. (*Sid Pornick.*) *Book 2, ch. 4.*

There's no social differences—till women come in. *Ib.*

The path of social advancement is, and must be, strewn with broken friendships.
Book 2, ch. 5.

Money—money, like everything else—is a deception and a disappointment. *Bk. 2, ch. 7.*

"Frankly," said Masterman, recrossing his legs and expelling a jet of smoke luxuriously, "frankly, I think this civilisation of ours is on the topple." *Ib.*

"If it wasn't we been robbed, dashed if I'd care a rap about losing that money. . . . I reely b'lieve, Ann, it'll prove a savin' in the end." *Book 3, ch. 3, sec. 3.*

"I expect," he [Kipps] said, "I was thinking jest what a Rum Go everything is. I expect it was something like that."
Book 3, ch. 3, sec. 8.

I don't suppose there ever was a chap quite like me before. (*Kipps.*) *Ib.*

He had to restrain himself from . . . accosting some passer-by with the question, "Say ! But is this little wet ditch here the Historical River Thames ?"
Mr. Britling sees it Through (1916).
Book 1, ch. 1.

He [Mr. Britling] had ideas about everything. He could no more help having ideas about everything than a dog can resist smelling at your heels. *Ib., sec. 2.*

That favourite topic of all intelligent Englishmen, the adverse criticism of things British. *Ib., sec. 6.*

Nobody planned the British estate system, nobody planned the British aristocratic system, nobody planned the confounded Constitution. It came about; it was like layer after layer wrapping round an agate, but you see it came about so happily in a way, it so suited the climate and the temperament of our people and our island, it was on the whole so cosy, that our people settled down into it. You can't help settling down into it. (*Mr. Britling.*) *Ib., sec. 11.*

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[*] Translation of Montaigne, Book 3, 5. *See* French Quotations: "Il en advient ce qui se veoid aux cages," etc. *See also* Sir J. Davies: "Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been," etc. (p. 107*b*).

[†] Cf. Bacon's Apophthegm, No. 134, in which a similar saying is attributed to Alonzo of Arragon.

He was inordinately proud of England and he abused her incessantly. *Bk. 1, ch. 2, sec. 2.*

What I do know is that the Germans understand nothing of the spirit of man; that they do not dream for a moment of the devil of resentment this war will arouse.
Book 1, ch. 5, sec. 12.

How could you doubt our fleet or our army? (*Mr. Britling.*) *Book 2, ch. 1, sec. 16.*

Such lapses from knowledge to faith are perhaps necessary that human heroism may be possible. *Book 2, ch. 2, sec. 1.*

"The English," Herr Heinrich had said, "do not understand indexing. It is the root of all good organisation." *Ib., sec. 8.*

He [the British officer] muffs his real job without a blush, and yet he would rather be shot than do his bootlaces up criss-cross.
Book 2, ch. 4, sec. 3.

I think all this promiscuous blaming of people is quite the worst—and most ominous—thing about us just now. (*Mr. Britling.*)
Ib., sec. 15.

If ever there was a bigger lie, my dear Daddy, than any other, it is that man is a reasonable creature. *Ib., sec. 18.*

"God . . . is the only King." . . . Then after a time he said: "Our sons who have shown us God." *Book 3, ch. 2, sec. 11.*

WESLEY, Rev. Charles (1708–1788)

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
In Temptation.

Hark how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.*
Christmas Hymn.

Roses all that's fair adorn;
Rosy-fingered is the morn;
Rosy-armed the nymphs are seen;
Rosy-skinned is Beauty's queen.
Translation of Anacreon.

WESLEY, Rev. John (1703–1791)

Passion and prejudice govern the world; only under the name of reason.
Letter. *To Joseph Benson, Oct. 5, 1770.*

"Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."
Sermon 93. *On Dress.* (*Not apparently originated by John Wesley, as he enclosed the words in inverted commas.*)

That execrable sum of all villainies commonly called A Slave Trade.
Journal. *Feb. 12, 1792.*

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* The first two lines were altered in the hymns at the end of Tate and Brady's *New Version of the Psalms* to:

"Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king."

WESLEY, Rev. Samuel (1691–1739)

The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.
Epigrams. *On Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey.*

WEST, Gilbert, LL.D. (1703–1756)

Example is a lesson that all men can read.
Education. *Canto 1, st. 81.*

In the use,
Not in the bare possession lies the merit.
Institution of the Garter. *461.*

WHATELY, Richard, Archbishop of Dublin (1787–1863)

Preach not because you have to say something, but because you have something to say.
Apothegms.

Happiness is no laughing matter. *Ib.*

It is a folly to expect men to do all that they may reasonably be expected to do. *Ib.*

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man. *Ib.*

Slumbers sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.
Evening Hymn.

It is one thing to wish to have truth on our side, and another to wish sincerely to be on the side of truth.*
Essays on Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul.—*No. 1. On the Love of Truth.*

WHEWELL, William, D.D. (1794–1866)

And so no force, however great,
Can strain a cord, however fine,
Into a horizontal line
That shall be absolutely straight.
Said to be an accidental instance of metre and rhyme. (*Written and printed as prose.*)

WHITE, Henry Kirke (1785–1806)

And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I'm pleased and yet I'm sad.
"I'm pleased and yet I'm sad."

Preach to the storm, and reason with despair,
But tell not Misery's son that life is fair.
Lines on Reading Capel Lofft's Preface to N. Bloomfield's Poems. *3.*

Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.
Additional Stanza to Waller's "Go, lovely rose."

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* "It is a dangerous grieving of the Spirit, when, instead of drawing ourselves to the Spirit, we will labour to draw the Spirit to us."—*Sibbes: Fountain Sealed.*

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.

On Disappointment.

WHITEHEAD, Paul (1710–1774)

Why, praise is satire in these sinful days.

Manners.

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue;
Yet most mistake the false one for the true:
Lured by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
We worship oft the idol for the saint.

Honour.

WHITEHEAD, William (1715–1785)

Shall stern ambition, rivalship of power,
Subdue the soft humanity within us?

The Roman Father (1750). *Act i. 1.*

Of an old tale, which every schoolboy knows.*

Prologue *to* "*The Roman Father.*"

Grief is the unhappy charter of our sex:
The gods who gave us readier tears to shed,
Gave us more cause to shed them.

Creusa (1754).

Delay is cowardice, and doubt despair.

Atys and Adrastus.

Betwixt two vices every virtue lies.

On Ridicule.

Wisdom alone is true ambition's aim,
Wisdom the source of virtue, and of fame,
Obtained with labour, for mankind employed,
And then, when most you share it, best enjoyed.

On Nobility.

WHITTEN, Wilfred (b. c. 1865)

Oh, mine in snows and summer heats,
These good old Tory brick-built streets!
My eye is pleased with all it meets
In Bloomsbury.

Bloomsbury.

WHITTIER, John Greenleaf (1807–1892)

O, woman wronged can cherish hate
More deep and dark than manhood may!

Mogg Megone (1836).

Slowly she faded. Day by day
Her step grew weaker in our hall,
And fainter, at each even-fall,
Her sad voice died away.

Ib.

The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank.

Bridal of Pennacook. *6. At Pennacook.*

Falsehoods which we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago.

Calef in Boston.

God's true priest is always free;
Free, the needed truth to speak,
Right the wronged, and raise the weak.

The Curse of the Charter-Breakers.

"Is this," I cried,
"The end of prayer and preaching?"
Then down with pulpit down with priest,
And give us Nature's teaching!"

A Sabbath Scene.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

Lines to Friends under Arrest for Treason.

Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great.

King Solomon and the Ants.

Making their lives a prayer.

On receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses.

Press bravely onward! Not in vain
Your generous trust in human-kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

To the Reformers of England.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

Maud Muller.

The awful beauty of self-sacrifice.

Amy Wentworth.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine.

Ib.

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will.

Ib.

Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,
All that lies buried under fifty years.

The Countess.

Tender as woman: manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness,
Saw but a single side.

In Remembrance of Joseph Sturge.

And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife;
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life.

Ib.

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good.

Brown of Ossawotomie.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown.

The Reformer.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

Mantle of St. John de Matha.

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* "Every schoolboy." *See* "**Macaulay's Schoolboy**" (p. 455*b*).

O Englishmen !—in tongue and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers !
We too are heirs of Runnymede,
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mother's.
To Englishmen.

And beauty is its own excuse.*
Dedication to Songs of Labour (1850).

There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving. **The Drovers.**

Freedom, hand in hand with labour,
Walketh strong and brave.
The Lumberman.

It sank from sight before it set.
Snowbound (1866).

How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on ! *Ib.*

A silent, shy, peace-loving man,
He seemed no fiery partisan.
The Tent on the Beach (1867).

The sweet voice into silence went,
A silence which was almost pain.
The Grave by the Lake.

The sunshine seemed to bless,
The air was a caress. **Maids of Attitash.**

He owns her logic of the heart,
And reason of unreason. **Among the Hills.**

Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving. *Ib.*

And man is hate, but God is love.
Chapel of the Hermits.

The cross, if rightly borne, shall be
No burden, but support to thee.†
The Cross.

Forgive the poet, but his warning heed;
And shame his poor word with your nobler deed. **The Panorama.**

Some blamed him, some believed him good.—
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the two,—
He reconciled as best he could
Old faith and fancies new. **My Namesake.**

And Nature compromised betwixt
Good fellow and recluse. *Ib.*

He worshipped as his fathers did,
And kept the faith of childish days,
And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,
He loved the good old ways. *Ib.*

From the death of the old the new proceeds,
And the life of truth from the rot of creeds.
The Preacher.

Better heresy of doctrine, than heresy of heart. **Mary Garvin.**

Tradition wears a snowy beard, romance is always young. *Ib.*

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power ;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.
Lines for the Agricultural Exhibition at Amesbury (1858).

One brave deed makes no hero. **The Hero.**

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win. **My Triumph** (1856).

WHYTE-MELVILLE, George John (1821–1878)

When you sleep in your cloak there's no lodging to pay. **Boots and Saddles.**

For everything created
In the bounds of earth and sky,
Hath such longing to be mated,
It must couple or must die. **Like to Like.**

Pleasure that most enchants us
Seems the soonest done ;
What is life with all it grants us,
But a hunting run ?
A Lay of the Ranston Bloodhounds.

A rider unequalled—a sportsman complete,
A rum one to follow, a bad one to beat.
Hunting Song. *A Rum One to Follow.*

WILCOX, Carlos (1794–1827)

'Tis infamy to die and not be missed.
The Religion of Taste (1824).

WILCOX, Ella (née Wheeler) (1855–1919)

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone ;
For sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.*
The Way of the World.

No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.
Settle the Question Right.

The splendid discontent of God
With Chaos, made the world. **Discontent.**

And from the discontent of man
The world's best progress springs.† *Ib.*

Day's sweetest moments are at dawn.
Dawn.

Love lights more fire than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old.
Optimism.

Distrust that man who tells you to distrust.
Distrust.

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* Borrowed from Emerson's *Rhodora* : "Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

† Translation of Thomas à Kempis, Book 2, 5 : "Si libenter crucem portas, portabit te."

* The first two lines are also claimed by Colonel J. A. Joyce.

† *See* Oscar Wilde : "Discontent is the first step," etc. (p. 388*b*).

WILDE, Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie (1856–1900)

Somehow the grace, the bloom of things has flown,
And of all men we are most wretched, who
Must live each other's lives and not our own
For very pity's sake, and then undo
All that we live for. **Humanitad.** *St. 68.*

One pulse of passion—youth's first fiery glow,—
Are worth the hoarded proverbs of the sage:
Vex not thy soul with dead philosophy;
Have we not lips to kiss with, hearts to love, and eyes to see?
Panthea (printed 1881). *St. 2.*

Experience, the name men give to their mistakes. **Vera** (1881). *Act ii.*

All charming people, I fancy, are spoiled. It is the secret of their attraction.
The Portrait of Mr. W. H. (1889).

It is always a silly thing to give advice, but to give good advice is absolutely fatal. *Ib.*

A quality
Which music sometimes has, being the Art
Which is most nigh to tears and memory.
The Burden of Itys.

One's real life is so often the life that one does not lead. **L'Envoi** (1882).
To "Rose-leaf and Apple-leaf."

A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies.
The Picture of Dorian Gray (1891). *Ch. 1.*

The worst of having a romance of any kind is that it leaves one so unromantic. *Ib.*

The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. *Ch. 2.*

He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing. *Ib.*

The true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible. *Ib.*

He was always late on principle, his principle being that punctuality is the thief of time. *Ch. 3.*

There are only two kinds of women, the plain and the coloured. *Ch. 4.*

A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can you want? *Ch. 6.*

Anybody can be good in the country. *Ch. 13.*

Death is the only thing that ever terrifies me. I hate it. One can survive everything nowadays except that.

It is always the unreadable that occurs.
Intentions (1891). *The Decay of Lying.*

Sunsets are quite old-fashioned. They belong to the time when Turner was the last note in art. To admire them is a distinct sign of provincialism of temperament. *Ib.*

He [Browning] used poetry as a medium for writing in prose.
The Critic as Artist. Part 1.

They [Shakespeare's works] were built out of music. *Ib.*

The man who sees both sides of a question is a man who sees absolutely nothing at all. *Part 2.*

A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal. *Ib.*

Ah! don't say that you agree with me. When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong.* *Ib.*

As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascinations. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular. *Ib.*

There is no sin but stupidity. *Ib.*

To be intelligible is to be found out.
Lady Windermere's Fan (1892). *Act i.*

There is nothing in the whole world so unbecoming to a woman as a nonconformist conscience. *ii.*

Cecil Graham. What is a cynic?
Lord Darlington. A man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing. *iii.*

Dumby. Experience is a name everyone gives to their mistakes.
Cecil Graham. One shouldn't commit any.
Dumby. Life would be very dull without them. *Ib.*

Mrs. Allonby. They say, Lady Hunstanton, that when good Americans die they go to Paris.†
Lady Hunstanton. Indeed? And when bad Americans die, where do they go to?
Lord Illingworth. Oh, they go to America.
A Woman of no Importance (1893). *Act i.*

The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hundred years. *Ib.*

Lord Illingworth. The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden.
Mrs. Allonby. It ends with Revelations. *Ib.*

Oh! no one. No one in particular. A woman of no importance. *Ib.*

The Ideal Man should talk to us as if we were goddesses, and treat us as if we were children. *Act 2.*

After a good dinner one can forgive anybody, even one's own relations. *Ib.*

Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation.‡ *Ib.*

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* Founded on the saying of Phocion. (*See* p. 452*a*.)

† This saying is ascribed to Thomas Gold Appleton, brother of Mrs. Longfellow.

‡ *See* p. 387*b*.

Talk to every woman as if you loved her, and to every man as if he bored you. *Act iii.*

Gerald. I suppose Society is wonderfully delightful?
Lord Illingworth. To be in it is merely a bore. But to be out of it is simply a tragedy. *Ib.*

Gerald. There are many different kinds of women, aren't there?
Lord Illingworth. Only two kinds in Society: the plain and the coloured.* *Ib.*

One should always be in love. That is the reason one should never marry. *Ib.*

When one is in love one begins to deceive oneself. And one ends by deceiving others. *Ib.*

You should study the Peerage, Gerald. . . . It is the best thing in fiction the English have ever done. *Ib.*

She is very much interested in her own health. *Ib.*

In married life three is company and two none.
The Importance of being Earnest (1895). *Comedy. Act 1.*

It [land] gives one position, and prevents one from keeping it up. *Ib.*

All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That is his. *Ib.*

I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked, and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy. *Act ii.*

A misanthrope I can understand—a womanthrope* never. *Ib.*

On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure. *Ib.*

Questions are never indiscreet. Answers sometimes are. **An Ideal Husband** (1895). *Act i.*

Personally, I have a great admiration for stupidity. *Act ii.*

Other people are quite dreadful. The only possible society is oneself. *Act iii.*

Those things which the English public never forgives—youth, power, and enthusiasm.
Lecture on the English Renaissance.

Artists, like the Greek gods, are only revealed to one another. *Ib.*

Beauty is the only thing that time cannot harm. *Ib.*

The secret of life is in art. *Ib.*

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard;
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word;
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword.
The Ballad of Reading Gaol (1898). *Part 1, st. 7.*

Like two doomed ships that pass in storm
We had crossed each other's way,
But we made no sign, we said no word;
We had no word to say. *Part 2, st. 12.*

And once or twice to throw the dice
Is a gentlemanly game,
But he does not win who plays with Sin
In the secret House of Shame.
Part 3, st. 23.

We did not dare to breathe a prayer
Or to give our anguish scope!
Something was dead in each of us,
And what was dead was Hope.
Part 3, st. 31.

And the wild regrets and the bloody sweats
None knew so well as I:
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.
Part 3, st. 37.

I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who be in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long. *Part 5, st. 1.*

The vilest deeds, like poison weeds,
Bloom well in prison air;
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there;
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair. *Part 5, st. 5.*

Where there is sorrow, there is holy ground.
De Profundis (1898).

Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of
God. **Helas!** (*Lines prefixed to his Poems, Paris edition, 1903.*)

Charity creates a multitude of sins.
The Soul of Man under Socialism (1904).

As for the virtuous poor, one can pity them, of course, but one cannot possibly admire them. *Ib.*

Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people. *Ib.*

All authority is quite degrading. *Ib.*

Progress is the realisation of Utopias. *Ib.*

Art should never try to be popular. *Ib.*

The one thing that the public dislike is novelty. *Ib.*

In old days men had the rack. Now they have the press. *Ib.*

In America the President reigns for four years, and Journalism governs for ever and ever. *Ib.*

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* Also in "Dorian Gray," *see* p. 388*a*.

A true artist takes no notice whatever of the public. *Ib.*

WILLARD, Emma (1787–1870)

Calm and peaceful shall we sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep (c. 1830).

WILKINS, George (fl. 1607)

Women are in churches, saints; abroad, angels; at home, devils.
The Miseries of Enforced Marriage (1607). *Act i.*

Drink makes men hungry, or it makes them lie. *Ib., ii.*

WILLIAMS, Sarah ("Sadie") (1837–1868)

Can it be, O Christ in heaven, that the holiest suffer most,
That the strongest wander furthest, and more hopelessly are lost? **Twilight Hours.** *Is it so, O Christ in Heaven? St. 3.*

The mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer marks the sweetness of the strain. *Ib.*

WILSON, John ("Christopher North") (1785–1854)

Toryism is an innate principle o' human nature—Whiggism but an evil habit.
Noctes Ambrosianæ, *No. 4. Dec., 1825.*

Here's "The Trade," if you please, in a bumper [i.e. the *Book Trade*, which, as a note explains, is "*the* trade par excellence."]
Ib., No. 8. July, 1826.

I maun confess that I like the Englishers, if they wadna be sae pernicketty about what they eat. (*The Ettrick Shepherd.*)
Ib., No. 9. Oct., 1826.

Minds like ours, my dear James, must always be above national prejudices, and in all companies it gives me true pleasure to declare that, as a people, the English are very little indeed inferior to the Scotch.
Ib., 1 b.

Tickler. I have lost my appetite.—*Shepherd.* I howp no puir man'll find it, now that wages is low and wark scarce.
Ib., No. 16. Jan., 1828.

There's really no end in natur to the eatin' of oisters (oysters). (*Ettrick Shepherd.*)
Ib., No. 17. Oct., 1828.

Few folk hae seen oftener than me Natur gettin' up i' the morning. . . . Never see ye her hair in papers.
Ib., No. 19. March, 1829.

His Majesty's dominions, on which the sun never sets. *Ib., No. 20. April, 1829.*

Laws were made to be broken.
Ib., No. 24. May, 1830.

Insultin' the sun and quarrellin' wi' the equator. (*Ettrick Shepherd*). *Ib.*

The Will is the Man.
Ib., No. 29. March, 1831.

It's my earnest desire to see a' the haill warld shaken hauns.
Ib., No. 34. July, 1834.

I grant it's a gey lee-like story [a very lie-like story]. *Ib.*

Animosities are mortal, but the Humanities live for ever. *Ib., No. 35. Aug., 1834.*

I canna be angry for lauchin. *Ib.*

Steam is a tyrant. *Ib., No. 36. Nov., 1834.*

The mainners o' a' nations are equally bad.
Ib., No. 39. Feb., 1835.

I cannot sit still, James, and hear you abuse the shopocracy. *Ib.*

WILSON, Thos., Bishop of Sodor and Man (1663–1755)

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them. **Maxims.** *303.*

WILMOT, John, 2nd Earl of Rochester (*see* **Rochester**)

WINTHROP, Robert Charles (1809–1894)

Our Country,—whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less;—still our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands!
Toast at Faneuil Hall. *July 4, 1845.*

A star for every state, and a state for every star. **Address on Boston Common** (1862).

WITHER, George (1588–1667)

Thoughts too deep to be expressed,
And too strong to be suppressed.
Mistress of Philarete (1622).

So now is come our joyfull'st feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly. **Christmas.**

Without the door let sorrow lie. *Ib.*

For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry. *Ib.*

Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry. *Ib.*

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
The Shepherd's Resolution (1619).

If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be? *Ib.*

If she slight me, when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go. *Ib.*

391*a*

For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure;
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins;
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please.
The Shepherd's Hunting (1615).

And I oft have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended. *Ib.*

Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purgèd from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.

WODHULL, Michael (1740–1816)

And caution I esteem the truest valour.
Tr. of Euripides (1782). *Suppliants 516.*

Life, though ill,
Excels whate'er there is of good in death.
Ib. Andromache, 150.

A great distinction, and amongst mankind
The most conspicuous, is to spring from sires
Renowned for virtue. *Ib. Hecuba, 379.*

WOLCOT, John, M.D. ("Peter Pindar") (1738–1819)

I am no cormorant of fame, d'ye see;
I ask not all the laurel, but a sprig.
Epistle to the Reviewers.

From such sad readers Heaven the muse protect,
Proud to find faults and raptured with defect!
Benevolent Epistle. (*To Sylvanus Urban.*)

Deal not in history, often I have said;
'Twill prove a most unprofitable trade. *Ib.*

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches.
Peter's Prophecy.

A great deal, my dear liege, depends
On having clever bards for friends.
What had Achilles been without his Homer?
A tailor, woollen-draper, or a comber!
A Moral Reflection. *To George III.*

How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie!
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!
Epigram on Sleep.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be d——d than mentioned not at all!
To the Royal Academicians. *Ode 9.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
Expostulatory Odes. *15.*

The greatest men
May ask a foolish question, now and then.
The Apple Dumpling and the King.

Conscience, a terrifying little sprite,
That bat-like winks by day and wakes by night.
The Lousiad. *Canto 2.*

Flattery's the turnpike road to Fortune's door.

391*b*

Truth is a narrow lane all full of quags,
Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags.
Some More Lyric Odes, 1785. *No. 9.*

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down.
Ib. No. 3.

I think this piece will help to boil thy pot.*
The bard complimenteth Mr. West on his Lord Nelson (c. 1790).

WOLFE, Rev. Charles (1791–1823)

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.
Burial of Sir John Moore (*pub.* 1817).

He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him. *Ib.*

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow. *Ib.*

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
Ib.

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory. *Ib.*

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile, though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee.
Song. *Go, Forget me.*

WOODBRIDGE, Rev. Benjamin, Chaplain to Charles II (1622–1664)

O what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth,
Without erratas may we think he'll be,
In leaves and covers of eternity! †
Lines on John Cotton (1652).

WORDSWORTH, William (1770–1850)

Kind Nature's charities his steps attend;
In every babbling brook he finds a friend;
While chastening thoughts, of sweetest use, bestowed
By wisdom, moralise his pensive road.
Poems written in Youth. *Descriptive Sketches* (1795).

Still have I found, where Tyranny prevails,
That virtue languishes, and pleasure fails. *Ib.*

Know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness. *Ib. No. 7* (1795).

The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works. *Ib.*

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* An early instance, if not the origin, of the term "pot-boiler."

† *See* Franklin: "Epitaph on himself." Also Rev. Jos. Capen: "Lines upon Mr. John Foster."

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wild moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door! **Lucy Gray** (1799).

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?
We are Seven (1796).

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.
Anecdote for Fathers (1798).

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!" **The Pet Lamb** (1800).

God for his service needeth not proud work of human skill;
They please Him best who labour most in peace to do His will. **The Poet's Dream.**

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now. **To a Butterfly.**

A noticeable man with large grey eyes.
Stanzas written in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."

Glasses he had, that little things display,
The beetle panoplied in gems and gold,
A mailèd angel on a battle day;
The mysteries that cups of flowers infold,
And all the gorgeous sights which fairies do behold. *Ib.*

A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.
She dwelt among the untrodden ways.

A violet, by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky. *Ib.*

But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me! *Ib.*

I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.
I travelled among unknown men (1799).

Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive. **Yes! thou art fair.**

A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave!
Ere with cold beads of midnight dew.

Let other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot:
But thou art no such perfect thing:
Rejoice that thou art not! **To ——** (1824).

Years to a mother bring distress,
But do not make her love the less.
The Affliction of Margaret.

And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body it grew better. **The Idiot Boy.**

I was yet a boy
Careless of books, yet having felt the power
Of nature. **Michael.**

A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself. *Ib.*

Feelings and emanations—things which were
Light to the sun, and music to the wind. *Ib.*

Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling. **To the Daisy** (1802).

The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure. *Ib.*

An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going. *Ib.*

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
My Heart Leaps up (1804).

The Child is father of the Man;*
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety. *Ib.*

Thou unassuming common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace.
Which Love makes for thee.
To the same Flower (1805).

There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.
To the Small Celandine (1803).

Sighed to think I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me.
To the same Flower (1803).

Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all.
The Oak and the Broom (1800).

Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw,
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe.
A Morning Exercise (1828).

But *he* is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud;
Bright gem, instinct with music, vocal spark;
The happiest bird that sprang out of the ark!
Ib. (*The lark.*)

The bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin.
The Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly (1806).

Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird, whom, by some name or other,
All men who know thee call their brother. *Ib.*

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* *See* Milton (p. 223*a*): "The childhood shows the man."

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes. *Ib.*

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice? **To the Cuckoo.**

There is a spirit in the woods. **Nutting.**

One of those heavenly days that cannot die. *Ib.*

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.
She was a phantom of delight (1804).
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay. *Ib.*

A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food. *Ib.*

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command. *Ib.*

Then nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own." **Three years she grew.**

She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.
A slumber did my spirit seal (1799).

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.
I wandered lonely as a cloud.

That inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude. *Ib.*

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!
Written in March (1801).

A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood. **Ruth** (1799).

Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.
Glad sight wherever new with old.

And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The only one dwelling on earth that she loves.
Reverie of Poor Susan (1797).

As high as we have mounted in delight,
In our dejection do we sink as low.
Resolution and Independence (1807).

But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed
at all? *Ib.*

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride;

Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain
side. *Ib.*

We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof comes in the end despondency
and madness. *Ib.*

The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey
hairs. *Ib.*

Choice words, and measured phrase, above
the reach
Of ordinary men. A stately speech;
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use. *Ib.*

The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.
Hart-leap Well (1800). *Part 2* (1800).

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old,
But something ails it now; the spot is cursed."
Ib.

You might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream. *Ib.*

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
Ib.

Love had he found in huts where poor men
lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills;
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle (1807).

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
To a Skylark (1825).

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and
home! *Ib.*

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!
French Revolution (1805).

Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us,—the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all! *Ib.*

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.
Lines above Tintern Abbey (*July* 13, 1798).

We are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. *Ib.*

The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world. *Ib.*

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to
me
An appetite; a feeling and a love. *Ib.*

I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. *Ib.*

A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth. *Ib.*

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. *Ib.*

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life. *Ib.*

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon.
Peter Bell (1819). *Prologue.*

Back to earth, the dear green earth. *Ib.*

Look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet isle, of isles the queen;
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her! *Ib.*

The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears. *Ib.*

Full twenty times was Peter feared,
For once that Peter was respected. *Part 1.*

He travelled here, he travelled there;
But not the value of a hair
Was head or heart the better. *Ib.*

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more. *Ib.*

In vain through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread. *Ib.*

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart,—he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky! *Ib.*

But chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way,
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray. *Ib.*

He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third. *Ib.*

He looks, he cannot choose but look. *Ib.*

I am not one who oft or much delight
To season my fireside with personal talk.
Personal Talk (c. 1800). *No. 1.*

Maidens withering on the stalk. *Ib.*

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
No. 3.

The gentle lady married to the Moor;
And Heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.
Ib.

The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.
Ib., No. 4.

The weight of too much liberty.
Miscellaneous Sonnets. *Part 1, 1.*

The very flowers are sacred to the poor.
Ib., Part 1, 2.

The immortal spirit of one happy day.
Part 1, 6.

I surely not a man ungently made. *Pt. 1, 13.*

Still last to come where thou art wanted most.
(*Sleep.*) *Ib.*

'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul: love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.
Pt. 1, 25. (*From Michael Angelo.*)

The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration. *Part 1, 30.*

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Part 1, 33.

Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn! *Ib.*

To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the mind that builds for aye.
Part 1, 34.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart. *Ib. Pt. 2, 1.*

High is our calling, friend! Creative Art

. . . .

Demands the service of a mind and heart.
Ib. Part 2, 3. (*To B. R. Haydon.*)

Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed.
Ib. Part 2, 4.

A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight. *Ib.*

Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.
Ib., Part 2, 9.

But we felt the while
We should forget them; they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.
(*Sunsets.*) *Ib., Part 2, 11.*

The sure relief of prayer. *Part 2, 15.*

Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years.
Ib., Part 2, 16.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,
"How silently and with how wan a face!"
Part 2, 23.

Unhappy nuns, whose common breath's a sigh
Which they would stifle. *Ib.*

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
Part 2, 36. (Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802.)

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still! *Ib.*

Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens, and groves! your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason. *Part 3, 2.*
Oxford. May 30, 1820.

How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
Which neither force shall check nor time abate.
Part 3, 4. (On Henry VIII.)

Its twin notes inseparably paired.
Part 3, 14. (To the Cuckoo.)

As pensive evening deepens into night.
Part 3, 17. To ——, in her 70th year.

Miserrimus! and neither name nor date,
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone.
Part 3, 19.

Though I beheld at first with blank surprise
This Work, I now have gazed on it so long,
I see its truth with unreluctant eyes.
Part 3, 33. (On a Portrait.)

If in this book Fancy and Truth agree,
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through it have won a passage to thy heart,
Grant me thy love,—I crave no other fee.
Part 3, 39. Valedictory Sonnet, 1808.

True it is Nature hides
Her treasures less and less. Man now presides
In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;
Science advances with gigantic strides;
But are we aught enriched in love and meekness? *Part 3, 41* (1838).

All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
And by the general reverence God is praised;
Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,
While thus these simple-hearted men are moved?
Part 3, 48. At Furness Abbey (in reference to the railway in construction near by, June 21, 1845).

I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for he was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803.
No. 2. At the Grave of Burns.

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;

The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven
Effaced for ever.
Ib. No. 3. (Also in reference to Burns.)

The best of what we do and are
Just God, forgive! *Ib.*

May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *Hic jacet*! *Ib., No. 5.*

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer. *Ib., No. 6.*

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more. *Ib., No. 9.*

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy.
Ib., No. 11. Rob Roy's Grave.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can. *Ib.*

The Eagle he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below. *Ib.*

Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough;
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff. *Ib.*

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command. *Ib.*
Ib. (Rob Roy.)

The proud heart flashing through the eyes
At sound of Rob Roy's name. *Ib.*

Degenerate Douglas! Oh, the unworthy lord! *Ib., No. 12.*

A brotherhood of venerable trees. *Ib.*

The mazy Forth. *Ib., No. 13.*
Yarrow Unvisited.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow! *Ib.*

We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it? *Ib.*

A day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
Ib., No. 14. In the Pass of Killiecrankie.

Oh, for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Like conquest would the Men of England see;
And her foes find a like inglorious grave. *Ib.*

Who, though she bears
Our mortal complement of years,*
Lives in the light of youthful glee.
Ib., No. 15. The Matron of Jedborough.

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* Originally printed: "The weight of more than seventy years."

A remnant of uneasy light. *Ib.*

Still tempering from the guilty forge
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1814. *No. 1, st. 3.*

Thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
Beneficent as strong. *Ib., No. 2.*

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain. *Ib.*

The freshness, the eternal youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing.
Ib., No. 3.

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.
Ib., No. 4. Yarrow Visited, Sept., 1814.

She who dwells with me, whom I have loved
With such communion, that no place on earth
Can ever be a solitude to me.
There is an eminence (1800).

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.
Laodamia (1814). *St. 16.*

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.
Ib., st. 17.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone.
Ib., st. 27.

Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint.
The Pass of Kirkstone (1817). *St. 3.*

But thou, O Goddess!* in thy favourite Isle
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,
The wide earth's storehouse, fenced about
With breakers roaring to the gales
That stretch a thousand thousand sails)
Quicken the slothful and exalt the vile!
Thy impulse is the life of Fame;
Glad Hope would almost cease to be,
If torn from thy society.
To Enterprise (c. 1817).

That famous youth, full soon removed
From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self approved,
Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved.
(*Francis Beaumont.*) **Inscription in the Grounds of Coleorton** (1808).

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* Enterprise.

The intellect can raise
From airy words alone, a pile that ne'er decays. **From a Seat at Coleorton** (1808).

'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The governor who must be wise and good.
Part 1, No. 4, 1801.

I, with many a fear
For my dear country, many heartfelt sighs,
'Mongst men who do not love her, linger here.
Poems dedicated to National Independence. *Part 1, No. 1. Near Calais. August, 1802.*

Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
The destiny of man, and live in hope.
Part 1, No. 5. August 15, 1802.

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West.
Part 1, No. 6. On the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

She was a maiden city, bright and free. *Ib.*

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.
Ib.

Who, taking counsel of unbending truth,
By one example hath set forth to all
How they with dignity may stand; or fall,
If fall they must.
Part 1, No. 7. The King of Sweden.

Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee, air, earth, and skies:
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
Part 1, No. 8. To Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Thou art free,
My country! and 'tis joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again.
Part 1, No. 10. In the Valley, near Dover.

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice,
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
Part 1, No. 12.

The wealthiest man among us is the best.
Pt. 1, No. 13. Written in London, Sept., 1802.

Plain living and high thinking are no more;
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.
Ib.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters.
Part 1, No. 14. London, 1802.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart. *Ib.*

So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness. *Ib.*

Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road:
But equally a want of books and men.
Part 1, No. 15.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.
Ib., Part 1, No. 16.

That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice and death!
Ib., Part 1, No. 20.

The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow. I find nothing great;
Nothing is left which I can venerate;
So that almost a doubt within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things.
Ib., Part 1, No. 22.

We all are with you now from shore to shore.
Ib., Part 1, No. 23.

We shall exult if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.
Ib., Part 1, No. 27.

Shame followed shame—and woe supplanted woe—
Is this the only change that time can show?
Ib., Part 1, No. 28.

A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.
Ib., Part 2, No. 1.

O true yoke-fellow of Time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn!
The blood-stained writing is for ever torn,
And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind!
Ib., Part 2, 3. To Thos. Clarkson, on the Passing of the Bill for Abolition of the Slave Trade, March, 1807.

The land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die:
This is our maxim, this our piety.
Ib., Part 2, No. 11.

Old songs, the precious music of the heart!
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules.
Ib., Part 2, No. 12.

Wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
The bread which without industry they find.
Ib., Part 2, No. 13.

High sacrifice, and labour without pause
Even to the death:—else wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality?
Ib., Part 2, No. 14.

Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited. *Ib., Part 2, No. 17.*

Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star. *Ib., Part 2, No. 19.*

A noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed. *Ib.*

Hope, the paramount duty that Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
Ib., Part 2, No. 33 (1811).

To whom in vision clear
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away.
Ib., Part 2, No. 41.

The deep soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence. *Ib., Part 2, No. 45.*
Ode (1815).

But Thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent,
Is man,—arrayed for mutual slaughter,—
Yea, Carnage is Thy daughter.* *Ib.*

The spirit of antiquity, enshrined
In sumptuous buildings.
Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820. *No. 3. Bruges.*

Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity,—to bid us think
And feel, if we would know. *Ib., No. 15.*

But Truth inspired the Bards of old,
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave birth
And drove Astræa from the earth.
Ib., No. 25, Part 2, st. 2.

Each step hath its value while homeward we move;—
O joy, when the girdle of England appears!
Ib., No. 30.

A sea-green river, proud to lave,
With current swift and undefiled,
The towers of old Lucerne. *Ib., No. 33.*

Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold. *Ib., No. 38.*

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill. *Ib.*

Go forth, my little book! pursue thy way!
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good.
Ib.

Those old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History? . . . In our hearts we know . . .
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.
Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837. *No. 4. Regrets.* (*In allusion to Niebuhr and other modern historians.*)

In what alone is ours, the living Now.
Ib., No. 10.

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* Suppressed by Wordsworth in later editions, in which the lines appear:
"But Man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent;
Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,
And for thy righteous purpose they prevail."

O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise!
Where now the haughty Empire that was spread
With such fond hope? Her very speech is dead. *Ib., No. 27. Pillar of Trajan.*
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.
Ecclesiastical Sonnets (*pub.* 1822).
Part 1, No. 7.

To harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!
Part 1, No. 10.

Or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,
To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth, their immortal Una? *Part 1, No. 25.*

Ease from this noble miser of his time*
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares. *Part 1, No. 26.*

Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!
Part 1, No. 29.

The mightiest lever
Known to the moral world, Imagination.
Part 1, No. 34.

From all rash censure be the mind kept free;
He only judges right, who weighs, compares,
And, in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, ne'er abandons charity.
Part 2, No. 1.

Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown. *Part 2, No. 3.*
Translation of St. Bernard's (Latin) sentence "usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses."

"As thou these ashes, little Brook, wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accurst
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."† *Part 2, No. 17. Wicliffe.*

Alas, of fearful things
'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.
Part 2, No. 18.

Rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted queen
Of harmony. *Part 2, No. 24.*

Saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
Part 2, No. 26.

Habit rules the unreflecting herd. *No. 28.*

And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
With understanding spirit now may look
Upon her records, listen to her song.
Part 2, 29. Translation of the Bible.

O people keen
For change, to whom the new looks always green! *Part 2, No. 33.*

Fear hath a hundred eyes, that all agree
To plague her beating heart. *Part 2, No. 42.*

The feather, whence the pen*
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men;
Dropped from an angel's wing. *Part 3, No. 5.*

Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer's night.
Part 3, No. 5.

But who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant.
Part 3, No. 7.

How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russell's milder blood the scaffold wet.
Part 3, No. 10.

The golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.
Part 3, No. 11.

We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
Features that else had vanished like a dream.†
Part 3, No. 12.

Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.
Part 3, No. 17.

A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity. *Part 3, No. 18.*

As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
Part 3, No. 20. (Baptism.)

I dread the boasted lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Part 3, No. 33.

The unimaginable touch of time. *Pt. 3, No. 34.*

For as by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teach us to forget them, or forgive.
Part 3, 35.

Creed and test
Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity. *Part 3, No. 36.*

Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen;
A State whose generous will through earth is dealt;
A State which, balancing herself between
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.
Part 3, 37.

Isis and Cam, to patient science dear!
Part 3, No. 42.

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* King Alfred.
† Taken from Fuller. *See* p. 141*b*.

* *See* H. Constable, p. 93*a*.
† The last line was altered in later editions to:
"How widely spread the interests of our theme."

Give all thou canst: high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more.
Part 3, No. 43.

Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality. *Ib.*

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. *Part 3, No. 45.*

A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation pressed,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast.
The White Doe of Rylstone (1807). *Canto 1.*

A soul, by force of sorrows high
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity!
Ib., Canto 2.

In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons.
Ib.

The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory, o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height.
Ib., Canto 3.

On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever.
Ib., Canto 5.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion—a good name,
Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.
The River Duddon (*pub.* 1820), *30.*

Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.
Ib., 34. After-Thought.

Would that the little Flowers were born to live
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;
That to this mountain daisy's self were known
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
On the smooth surface of this naked stone!
Sonnets and Stanzas.

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
The Tables Turned (1798). *St. 1.*

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher. *St. 4.*

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. *St. 6.*

Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives. *St. 8.*

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn.
Character of the Happy Warrior (1806).

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain. *Ib.*

More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress:
Thence also, more alive to tenderness. *Ib.*

And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state.
Ib.

Who if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.
Ib.

Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.
To a Young Lady (1803).

But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave. *Ib.*

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
Lines Written in Early Spring (1798).

And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man. *Ib.*

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes. *Ib.*

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you would find
A tale in every thing.
Simon Lee, the Old Huntsman (1798).

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning. *Ib.*

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave.
A Poet's Epitaph (1799). *St. 5.*

A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all. *St. 8*

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own. *St. 10.*

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love. *St. 11.*

Impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude. *St. 12.*

The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.
St. 13.

Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand. *St. 14.*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.
The Fountain (1799).

The wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind. *Ib.*

But we are pressed by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore. *Ib.*

Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.
Ode to Lycoris (1817).

Passing sweet
Are the domains of tender memory.
To the Same (1817.)

Shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.
To the Lady Fleming (1823).

But shapes that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid.
Dion (1816). *St. 5.*

Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends.
Ib., st. 6.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove.
Ode to Duty (1805).

Me this unchartered freedom tires:
I feel the weight of chance-desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same. *Ib.*

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me
live! *Ib.*

Hearts which lapse of years,
And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
Make slow to feel.
The Old Cumberland Beggar (1798).

That sweet taste of pleasure unpursued. *Ib.*

Men who can hear the decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach. *Ib.*

As in the eye of nature he has lived,
So in the eye of nature let him die! *Ib.*

One by whom
All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure
given,
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need.
Animal Tranquillity and Decay (1798).

A power is passing from the earth.
Lines on the expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox (1806).

But when the great and good depart,
What is it more than this—
That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn? *Ib.*

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.
Elegiac Stanzas (1805). *Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm.*

No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent nature's breathing life. *Ib.*

A deep distress hath humanized my soul. *Ib*

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind
serene. *Ib.*

Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.
Ib.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.
Elegiac Stanzas (1824).

Whose life was like the violet sweet,
As climbing jasmine pure. *Ib.*

The glory and the freshness of a dream.
Ode. Intimations of Immortality (1803–6).
Canto 1.

It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see
no more. *Ib.*

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose. *Canto 2.*

Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth:
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the
earth. *Ib.*

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?
Canto 4.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy. *Canto 5.*

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day. *Ib.*

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation. *Canto 7.*

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction. *Canto 9.*

But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised. *Ib.*

Truths that wake,
To perish never. *Ib.*

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither. *Ib.*

In years that bring the philosophic mind. *Canto 10.*

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality. *Canto 11.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. *Ib.*

Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind
Turned inward. **The Excursion** (1814). *Book 1.*

Men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse. *Ib.*

The keen, the wholesome air of poverty. *Ib.*

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise. *Ib.*

That mighty orb of song
The divine Milton. *Ib.*

Surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature. *Ib.*

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.[*] *Ib.*

This dull product of a scoffer's pen. *Bk. 2.*

Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed: there towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars. *Ib.*

Methinks
Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar. *Book 3.*

Here are we, in a bright and breathing world:
Our origin, what matters it? *Ib.*

Compassed round by pleasure, sighed
For independent happiness. *Ib.*

Yet would I not be of such wintry bareness
But that some leaf of your regard should hang
Upon my naked branches. *Ib.*

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way![*] *Ib.*

Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children. *Ib.*

'Tis a thing impossible, to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires. *Bk. 4.*

Conscience reverenced and obeyed
As God's most intimate presence in the soul. *Ib.*

The vacillating, inconsistent good. *Ib.*

There is a luxury in self-dispraise. *Ib.*

You have seen,
Have acted, suffered, travelled far, observed
With no incurious eye; and books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age. *Ib.*

We live by admiration, hope, and love;
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend. *Ib.*

Stately Edinburgh throned on crags. *Ib.*

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely. From within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea. *Ib.*

One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition. *Ib.*

To tired limbs and over-busy thoughts
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness. *Ib.*

If to be weak is to be wretched—miserable,
As the lost angel by a human voice
Hath mournfully pronounced.[†] *Book 5.*

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[*] "The body is the socket of the soul."—Given by Ray as a proverb.—Cf. also lines "On the death of the late Countisse of Pembroke" (*Tottel's Collection*, 1557):
"Therefore a heaven's gift she was,
Because the best are soonest hence bereft."

[*] "Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way."
—*Wordsworth: The Borderers* (1795–6).

[†] *See Milton: Paradise Lost*, Book 1, 157.

A light of duty shines on every day
For all; and yet how few are warmed or cheered! *Ib.*

We
Are that which we would contemplate from far. *Ib.*

They whom death has hidden from our sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard. *Ib.*

Life, I repeat, is energy of love,
Divine or human. *Ib.*

Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped—to gird
An English sovereign's brow! and to the throne
Whereon he sits! whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love.[*] *Book 6.*

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."[†] *Ib.*

Innocence is strong,
And an entire simplicity of mind,
A thing most sacred in the eyes of Heaven. *Ib.*

As if within his frame
Two several souls alternately had lodged,
Two sets of manners could the youth put on! *Ib.*

Some staid guardian of the public peace. *Book 7.*

Memories, images, and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed. *Ib.*

Wisdom married to immortal verse.[‡] *Ib.*

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows. *Ib.*

A man of hope and forward-looking mind. *Ib.*

We see by the glad light
And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
And so we live, or else we have no life. *Bk. 9.*

A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude. *Ib.*

The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers. *Ib.*

There's not a nook within this solemn pass,
But were an apt confessional.
The Trossachs (1831).

This modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part. **To May** (1826–34).

Small service is true service while it lasts.
To a Child. *Written in her Album* (1834).

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun. *Ib.*

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away, less happy than the one
That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove
The tender charm of Poetry and Love.
Poems suggested during a Tour (1833). *No. 37.*

Motions and Means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss;
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
Ib. 42. Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path there be or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies,
Which he forbears again to look upon. *No. 48.*

If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse. *Ib.*

Say not you *love* a roasted fowl,
But you may love a screaming owl,
And, if you can, the unwieldy toad.
Loving and Liking (1832).

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of Jas. Hogg (1835).

Thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.
Lines added to the Ancient Mariner.

And listens like a three-years' child. *Ib.*

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.[*] **Guilt and Sorrow** (1793–4). *St. 41.*

Alas how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays,
In ten thousand dewy rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go.
The Triad (1828).

Hope rules a land for ever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.
The Wishing Gate (1828). *St. 1.*

Father!—to God himself we cannot give
A holier name.
The Borderers (1795–6). *Act i.* (*Found also in Eccles. Sonnets, Part 3, No. 21.*)

I had been nourished by the sickly food
Of popular applause. I now perceived

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[*] *See Tennyson:* "Broad based upon her people's will" (p. 356b).

[†] *Coleridge: The Friend*, No. 14 (p. 89b).

[‡] "Married to immortal verse."—*Milton: L'Allegro.*

[*] *See* Hood (p. 169*a*).
"Near a whole city full
Home had she none."

That we are praised, only as men in us
Do recognise some image of themselves,
An abject counterpart of what they are,
Or the empty thing that they would wish to be.
Ib., Act iv.

WOTTON, Sir Henry (1568–1639)

Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a bed of down.
On the Imprisonment of the Earl of Essex.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his honest skill!
The Character of a Happy Life.

And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.
Ib.

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.
Ib.

He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him; liked it not, and died.
Upon the Death of Sir Albertus Morton's Wife.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light—
You common people of the skies!
What are you when the sun [*] shall rise?
To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.
Written in Mr. Christopher Fleckamore's Album.

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.[†]
Panegyric to King Charles.

Hanging was the worst use man could be put to.
A Parallel between Robert, late Earl of Essex, and George, late Duke of Buckingham.

WREN, Sir Christopher (1632–1723)

Architecture has its political uses. Public buildings being the ornament of a country, it establishes a nation, draws people and commerce, makes the people love their native country.
Parentalia.

Architecture aims at Eternity; and therefore is the only thing incapable of modes and fashions in its principles.
Ib.

WROTHER, Miss (c. 1820 ?)

Hope tells a flattering tale,
Delusive, vain, and hollow,
Ah, let not Hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.[*]
The Universal Songster. *Vol. 2, p. 86.*

WYATT, Sir Thomas (1503 ?–1542)

Blame not my lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me.
The Lover's Lute cannot be blamed.

Fair words enough a man shall find;
They be good cheap: they cost right nought;[†]
Their substance is but only wind.
Of Dissembling Words.

And he that knoweth what is what
Saith he is wretched that weens him so.
Despair Counselleth the Deserted Love.

Often change doth please a woman's mind.
Ib.

Grin when he laughs that beareth all the sway,
Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale.
Of the Courtier's Life.

For it is said by man expert
That the eye is traitor of the heart.
That the Eye Bewrayeth.

I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.
He Lamenteth that he had ever cause to doubt his Lady's Faith.

The wakey nights.
Complaint upon Love to Reason.

Under this stone there lieth at rest
A friendly man, a worthy knight;
Whose heart and mind was ever prest
To favour truth, to further right.
Epitaph on Sir Thos. Gravener.

WYCHERLEY, William (1640 ?–1716)

My good name, which was as white as a tulip.
Love in a Wood (1671). *iv. 1.*

Temperance is the nurse of chastity. *iii. 3.*

Plain-dealing is a jewel.
The Country Wife (1672 *or* 1673). *iv. 3.*

With faint praises one another damn.[‡]
The Plain Dealer (1677). *Prologue.*

The spaniels of the world. *Ib., i. 1.*

I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal heavier or better.[§] *Ib.*

That litigious pettifogger. *Ib.*

I wish I could make her agree with me in the church. *Ib.*

My aversion, my aversion, my aversion of all aversions. *ii. 1.*

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[*] Printed in some editions "moon."

[†] Wotton left directions that his epitaph was to state that he was the author of this sentence.

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[*] "Hope told a flattering tale
That joy would soon return;
Ah, naught my sighs avail,
For love is doomed to mourn."
—Song. (Anon.) Air by Giovanni Paisiello (1741–1816)

[†] *See* Proverb: "Courtesy costs nothing."

[‡] *See* Pope, Prologue to *Satires* (1734).

[§] *See* Burns: "The rank is but the guinea stamp" (p. 49*a*).

He loves a lord. *Ib.*

Bluster, sputter, question, cavil ; but be sure your argument be intricate enough to confound the court. *iii. 1.*

What easy, tame, suffering, trampled things does that little god of talking cowards make of us ! *iv. 1.*

YEATS, William Butler (b. 1865)

Romantic Ireland's dead and gone.
Responsibilities (1914).

But I, being poor, have only my dreams.
I have spread my dreams under your feet ;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.
Wind among the Reeds.

YOUNG, Arthur (1741–1820)

The magic of property turns sand into gold.
Travels in France (1792).

YOUNG, Rev. Edward, LL.D. (1683–1765)

Fond man ! the vision of a moment made !
Dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade !
Paraphrase of Book of Job. *l. 187.*

Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Love of Fame (1725). *Sat. 1.*

When the *Law* shows her teeth, but dares not bite. *Ib.*

The *love of praise*, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart. *Ib.*

Some for *renown*, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*. *Ib.*

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge. *Ib.*

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay
Provides a home from which to run away. *Ib.*

The *court* affords
Much food for satire ;—it abounds in lords. *Ib.*

None think the great unhappy, but the great.* *Ib.*

Splendid poverty. *Ib.*

For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*. *Sat. 2.*

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set :
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;
Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen. *Ib.*

Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind. *Ib.*

But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part. *Ib.*

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
And what so foolish as the chase of fame ? *Ib.*

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* *See* Rowe (p. 266*b*).

O fruitful Britain ! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent. *Sat. 3.*

But who in heat of blood was ever wise ? *Ib.*

What most we wish, with ease we fancy near. *Ib.*

For who does *nothing* with a better grace ? *Sat. 4.*

Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than nice. *Sat. 5.*

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few. *Ib.*

Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense. *Ib.*

Whate'er she is, she'll not *appear* a saint. *Sat. 6.*

Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should. *Ib.*

With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*. *Ib.*

Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. *Ib.*

Women were made to give our eyes delight ;
A *female sloven* is an odious sight. *Ib.*

When most the world applauds you, most beware ;
'Tis often less a *blessing*, than a *snare*.
Distrust *mankind* ; with your own *heart* confer ;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer. *Ib.*

The *happy* only are the truly *great*. *Ib.*

Scandal's the sweetener of a *female* feast. *Ib.*

One to destroy, is murder by the law ;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame. *Sat. 7.*

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *Sun*. *Ib.*

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep*.
The Complaint ; or, Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality (1742). *Night 1.*

Night, sable goddess ! from her *ebon* throne
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound ! *Ib.*

Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause ;
An awful pause ! prophetic of her end. *Ib.*

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. *Ib.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man ! *Ib.*

Oh what a miracle to man is man! *Ib.*

Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace! *Ib.*

The selfish heart deserves the pains it feels. *Ib.*

How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour! *Ib.*

Beware what Earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire. *Ib.*

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer. *Ib.*

Procrastination is the thief of time. *Ib.*

At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same. *Ib.*

All men think all men mortal, but themselves. *Ib.*

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire. *Night 2.*

And what its[*] worth, ask death-beds; they can tell. *Ib.*

Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure? *Ib.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more. *Ib.*

Time *wasted* is existence, *used* is life. *Ib.*

We push *Time* from us, and we wish him back. *Ib.*

The spirit walks of every day deceased;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns. *Ib.*

O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamused, a misery. *Ib.*

Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: each day, a life! *Ib.*

Time flies, Death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,
Hell threatens. *Ib.*

O for yesterdays to come! *Ib.*

Who venerate themselves, the world despise. *Ib.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to Heaven. *Ib.*

Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile. *Ib.*

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the Sun. *Ib.*

All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below. *Ib.*

But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core. *Ib.*

A friend is worth all hazards we can run. *Ib.*

Friendship's the wine of life. *Ib.*

How blessings brighten as they take their flight! *Ib.*

A death-bed's a detector of the heart;
Here tired *dissimulation* drops her mask. *Ib.*

From *dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad. *Night 3.*

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone. *Ib.*

Woes cluster; Rare are *solitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.[*] *Ib.*

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay! *Ib.*

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love. *Ib.*

Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep. *Ib.*

And anguish, after rapture, how severe! *Ib.*

Lean not on Earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best; but oft, a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires. *Ib.*

Denied the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust. *Ib.*

Sacred is the dust
Of this Heaven-laboured form, erect, divine!
This Heaven-assumed majestic robe of Earth. *Ib.*

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart. *Ib.*

Each friend by fate snatched from us, is a plume
Plucked from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights. *Ib.*

Shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish disown it too;
Disown from shame what they from folly crave. *Ib.*

To climb life's worn, heavy wheel
Which draws up nothing new.[†] *Ib.*

A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste. *Ib.*

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[*] A moment.

[*] Shakespeare: "One woe doth tread upon another's heel," etc. (p. 296*b*).

[†] *See Cowper: The Garden*, 189 (p. 100*a*).

A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
"He sins against *this* life who slights the *next*." *Ib.*

Death is the crown of life. *Ib.*

Life is most enjoyed,
When courted least; most worth, when disesteemed. *Ib.*

Vain *is* the world, but only to the vain. *Ib.*

Death but entombs the body; life the soul. *Ib.*

Life is much flattered, Death is much traduced. *Ib.*

Death, of all pain the period, not of joy. *Ib.*

Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die. *Night 4.*

Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace. *Ib.*

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead. *Ib.*

Man makes a death, which Nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one. *Ib.*

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst. *Ib.*

Wishing, that constant *hectic* of a fool. *Ib.*

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song. *Ib.*

Man wants but little; nor that little long.[*] *Ib.*

A God *all* mercy is a God unjust. *Ib.*

Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours! *Ib.*

Could angels envy, they had envied *here*. *Ib.*

A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder still to disbelieve! *Ib.*

Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad. *Ib.*

Eternity, too short to speak thy praise. *Ib.*

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. *Ib.*

Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Christian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed. *Ib.*

And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the Sun;" and, Indian-like, adore.[†] *Ib.*

A Christian is the highest style of man. *Ib.*

How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years? *Ib.*

Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*. *Ib.*

And thy dark pencil, *midnight*! darker still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole. *Night 5.*

By night an atheist half-believes a God. *Ib.*

What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink. *Ib.*

Emerging from the shadows of the grave. *Ib.*

How wretched is the man who never mourned! *Ib.*

"Oh let me die his death!" all Nature cries.
"Then live his life."—All Nature falters there. *Ib.*

Less base the fear of death than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for suicide! *Ib.*

Our funeral tears from different causes rise. *Ib.*

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven.[*] *Ib.*

We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And Death entrenched, preparing his assault.
How few themselves in that just mirror see! *Ib.*

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines. *Ib.*

And gently slope our passage to the grave. *Ib.*

While man is growing life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.[†] *Ib.*

Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame. *Ib.*

That life is long which answers life's great end. *Ib.*

The man of wisdom is the man of years. *Ib.*

Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim. *Ib.*

Sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleasure's* footsteps round the world,
When *pleasure* treads the paths which *reason* shuns,
When, against *reason*, *riot* shuts the door. *Ib.*

Soon, not surprising, *Death* his visit paid:
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way. *Ib.*

Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends. *Ib.*

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[*] *See* Goldsmith: "Man wants but little" (p 149^b).
[†] *See* Crabbe: "And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun" (p. 103*a*).

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[*] *See* Dryden (p. 125^b).
[†] Cf. Manilius: "Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet."

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.* *Ib.*

Nothing is dead, but that which wished to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain. *Night 6.*

Fear shakes the pencil; *Fancy* loves excess;
Dark *Ignorance* is lavish of her shades:
And *these* the formidable picture draw. *Ib.*

A genius bright, and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims. *Ib.*

Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray. *Ib.*

If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain. *Ib.*

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids*:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall. *Ib.*

Ambition! powerful source of good and ill! *Ib.*

So great, so mean, is man! *Ib.*

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease. *Ib.*

A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*. *Ib.*

Much learning shows how little mortals *know*. *Ib.*

And all *may* do what has by *man* been done. *Ib.*

Nature revolves, but man *advances*. *Ib.*

The world's a prophecy of worlds to come. *Night 7.*

Of restless hope for ever on the wing. *Ib.*

Swift Instinct leaps; slow Reason feebly climbs. *Ib.*

The man that blushes is not quite a *brute*. *Ib.*

And, round us, *Death's* inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more. *Ib.*

Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all. *Ib.*

Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain! *Ib.*

Heaven *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom. *Ib.*

What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe. *Ib.*

We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*. *Ib.*

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*. *Ib.*

Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be called);
And art thou proud of that inglorious style? *Night 8.*

All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest. *Ib.*

Confiding though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinced by proof,
And ever looking for the never seen. *Ib.*

And suffering more from folly, than from fate. *Ib.*

One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot. *Ib.*

Too low they build who build beneath the stars. *Ib.*

Men, that would blush at being *thought* sincere. *Ib.*

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise. *Ib.*

The world, well-known, will give our hearts to Heaven,
Or make us *demons*, long before we die. *Ib.*

That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies. *Ib.*

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on Earth surveys
Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart. *Ib.*

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins. *Ib.*

The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud;
And dreams himself ascending in his fall.
An eminence, though fancied, turns the brain. *Ib.*

Truth never was indebted to a lie. *Ib.*

Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought. *Ib.*

Prayer ardent opens Heaven. *Ib.*

A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;
A man *dejected* is a sight as mean. *Ib.*

A man of *pleasure* is a man of *pains*. *Ib.*

Imagination wanders far afield. *Ib.*

Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing. *Ib.*

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good:
Or only contest what deserves the name. *Ib.*

To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*. *Ib.*

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed. *Ib.*

Where *they*
Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity*:
What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* sees. *Ib.*

And wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say. *Ib.*

Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume. *Ib.*

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* *See* Quarles (p. 26:*b*):
"Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks."

Let not the cooings of the world *allure* thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true? *Ib.*

To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point.
She gives but little, nor that little, long. *Ib.*

Th' inverted *pyramid* can never stand. *Ib.*

Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise. *Ib.*

Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow cease. *Night 9.*

The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause. *Ib.*

Final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.* *Ib.*

O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! *Day's* elder-born! *Ib.*

'Tis Nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the *night* inspires.
'Tis *elder* scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man. *Ib.*

Eternity is written in the skies. *Ib.*

My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies. *Ib.*

Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An *undevout* astronomer is *mad.* *Ib.*

Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds*;
Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true.* *Ib.*

Confusion unconfused. *Ib.*

O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wildered *here*;
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear or gain. *Ib.*

The *course* of Nature is the *art* of God.† *Ib.*

A God alone can comprehend a God. *Ib.*

In every storm that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer! *Ib.*

The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great.* *Ib.*

Take God from *Nature*, nothing great is left! *Ib.*

Hard are those questions;—answer harder still. *Ib.*

Born in an age more curious than devout. *Ib.*

Who worship God, shall *find* him. Humble *love*,

And not proud *reason*, keeps the door of Heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud *science* fails. *Ib.*

Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the black militia of the pen.
Epistle to the Pen.

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt;
And oftener changed their principles than shirt. *Ib., l. 277.*

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,—
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.
Written with Lord Chesterfield's diamond pencil.

Time elaborately thrown away.
The Last Day. *Book 1.*

The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb. *Book 2, 87.*

In records that defy the tooth of time.
The Statesman's Creed.

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.
The Revenge (1721). *i. 1.*

It is the hydra of calamities,
The sevenfold death. (Jealousy.) *ii. 1.*

For wonder is involuntary praise. *iii. 1.*

What then is man? The smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day, month month, and year the year;
Our life is but a chain of many deaths. *iv. 1.*

Life is the desert, life the solitude;
Death joins us to the great majority. *Ib.*

Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou seem'st a Milton with his Death and Sin.
Epigram on Voltaire.*

ZANGWILL, Israel (b. 1864)

Let us start a new religion with one commandment, "Enjoy thyself."
Children of the Ghetto. *Book 2, ch. 6.*

Scratch the Christian and you find the pagan—spoiled. *Ib.*

Morality was made for man, not man for morality. *Ib.*

Indifference and hypocrisy between them keep orthodoxy alive. *Ch. 15.*

Intellect obscures more than it illumines. *Ib.*

A fatherland focuses a people. *Ib.*

Selfishness is the only real atheism; aspiration, unselfishness, the only real religion. *Ch. 16.*

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* *See* Burns: "Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate" (p. 45*a*.)

† *See* Sir Thos. Browne: "Nature is the art of God" (p. 28*b*).

* After Voltaire had severely criticised Milton's allegorical description of Death and Sin.—Dr. Doran's *Life of Young.*

HOLY BIBLE.

Where the Revised Version (1870–1884) *differs from the "Authorised Version"* (1611), *the variations are given with the letters R.V. appended.*

OLD TESTAMENT.

It is not good that the man should be alone. **Genesis.** *2, 18.*

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. *3, 19.*

For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. *Ib.*

She was the mother of all living. *3, 20.*

Am I my brother's keeper? *4, 9.*

My punishment is greater than I can bear. *4, 13.*

There were giants in the earth in those days. *6, 4.*

[The Nephilim were in the earth in those days.—R.V.]

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. *9, 6.*

Buried in a good old age. *15, 15.*

His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him. *16, 12.*
[His hand *shall* be, etc.—R.V.]

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? *18, 25.*

The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau. *27, 22.*

And Leah said, A troop cometh: and she called his name Gad. *30, 11.*
[And Leah said, Fortunate! And she called his name Gad.][*]

And Mizpah; for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another. *31, 49.*

Behold, this dreamer cometh. *37, 19.*

There was corn in Egypt. *42, 1.*

Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. *42, 38.*

Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. *43, 34.*

Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been. *47, 9.*
[Few and evil have been the days of the years of my life.—R.V.]

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. [illegible] *49, 4.*

[Unstable as water, thou shalt not have the excellency.—R.V.]

O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united. *49, 6.*
[O my soul,[1] come not thou into their council: unto their assembly, my glory, be not thou united.—R.V.]

Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph. **Exodus.** *1, 8.*
[Now there arose a new king, etc.—R.V.]

Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? *2, 14.*

I have been a stranger in a strange land. *2, 22.*

[I have been a sojourner in a strange land.—R.V.]

A land flowing with milk and honey. *3, 8.*

Even darkness which may be felt. *10, 21.*

And they spoiled the Egyptians. *12, 36.*

The land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots, and when we did eat bread to the full. *16, 3.*

Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk. *23, 19.*
[*Its* mother's milk.—R.V.]

A stiff-necked people. *33, 3.*

Breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth. **Leviticus.** *24, 20.*

Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth. **Numbers.** *12, 3.*

Sons of Anak. *13, 33.*

He whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed. *22, 6.*

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! *23, 10.*

Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee. *24, 9.*
[Blessed be everyone that blesseth thee, and cursed be everyone that curseth thee.—R.V.]

I called thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times. *24, 10.*

Man doth not live by bread only. **Deuteronomy.** *8, 3.*

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[*] The marginal reading states: "Hebrew, *With fortune!* Another reading is, *Fortune is come.*"

The blood is the life. *12, 23.*

The wife of thy bosom. *13, 6.*

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. *19, 21.*

Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn. *25, 4.*

Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store. *28, 5.*

[Blessed shall be thy basket and thy kneading-trough.—R.V.]

He kept him as the apple of his eye. *32, 10.*

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. *33, 25.*

His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. *34, 7.*

Only be thou strong and very courageous. **Joshua.** *1, 7.*

[Only be strong and very courageous.—R.V.]

I am going the way of all the earth. *23, 14.*

I arose a mother in Israel. **Judges.** *5, 7.*

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. *5, 20.*

She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. *5, 25.*

[She brought him butter in a lordly dish.—R.V.]

If ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle. *14, 18.*

The Philistines be upon thee. *16, 9.*

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me. **Ruth.** *1, 16 and 17.*

Be strong, and quit yourselves like men. **1 Samuel.** *4, 9.*

A man after his own heart. *13, 14.*

Is Saul also among the prophets? *19, 24.*

How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon.* **2 Samuel.** *1, 19 and 20.*

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. *1, 23.*

Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. *1, 26.*

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. *10, 5.*

And Nathan said to David: "Thou art the man." *12, 7.*

And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig tree. (*See* Micah 4, 4; Zech. 3, 10.) **1 Kings.** *4, 25.*

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* Ashkelon.—R.V.

And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. *4, 33.*

And Israel shall be a proverb and a by-word among all people. *9, 7.*

[. . . all peoples.—R.V.]

My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins. (*Also* 2 Chron. 10, 10.) *12, 10.*

[My little finger is thicker than my father's loins.—R.V.]

My father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions. (*Also* 2 Chron. 10, 14.) *12, 11.*

[My father chastised you with whips, etc.—R.V.]

And the king . . . forsook the old men's counsel that they gave him. (*Also* 2 Chron. 10, 8.) *12, 13.*

[And the king . . . forsook the counsel of the old men which they had given him.—R.V.]

How long halt ye between two opinions? *18, 21.*

Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. *18, 44.*

[Behold, there ariseth a cloud out of the sea, as small as a man's hand.—R.V.]

A still small voice. *19, 12.*

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. *20, 11.*

[Let not him that girdeth on his armour boast himself as he that putteth it off.—R.V.]

As sheep that have not a shepherd. *22, 17.*

[As sheep that have no shepherd.—R.V.]

Feed him with bread of affliction and with water of affliction. (*Also* 2 Chron. 18, 26.) *22, 27.*

The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha. **2 Kings.** *2, 15.*

Is it well with the child? *4, 26.*

There is death in the pot. *4, 40.*

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? *8, 13.*

[But what is thy servant, which is but a dog, that he should do this great thing.—R.V.]

The driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously. *9, 20.*

Had Zimri peace, who slew his master? *9, 31.*

[Is it peace, thou Zimri, thy master's murderer?—R.V.]

Now, behold, thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, even upon Egypt, on which if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it. (*See* Isaiah 36, 6.) *18, 21.*

We are strangers before thee, and sojourners. **1 Chronicles.** *29, 15.*

Our days on the earth are as a shadow. *Ib.*

And he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour. *29, 28.*

When the heaven is shut up, and there is no rain. 2 **Chronicles.** *6, 26.*

And a certain man drew a bow at a venture. *18, 33.*

[And a certain man drew his bow at a venture.—R.V.]

Everyone with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. **Nehemiah.** *4, 17.*
[. . . held his weapon.—R.V.]

Let it be written among the laws of the Persians and the Medes, that it be not altered. **Esther.** *1, 19.*

One that feared God, and eschewed evil. **Job.** *1, 1.*

From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. *1, 7.*
The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. *1, 21.*

Skin for skin, yea all that a man hath will he give for his life. *2, 4.*

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. *3, 17.*

Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures. *3, 21.*

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men. *4, 13; 33, 15.*

Shall a man be more pure than his Maker? *4, 17.*

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. *5, 7.*

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *5, 13.*

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. *5, 26.*
[. . . *its* season.—R.V.]

How forcible are right words! *6, 25.*
[How forcible are words of uprightness!—R.V.]

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. *7, 6.*

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more. *7, 10.*

I would not live alway. *7, 16.*

Thine hands have made me and fashioned me. *10, 8.*
[. . . *framed* me and fashioned me.—R.V.]

The land of darkness and the shadow of death. *10, 21.*
[. . . and of the shadow of death.—R.V.]

Canst thou by searching find out God? *11, 7.*

No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you. *12, 2.*

With the ancient is wisdom; and in length of days understanding. *12, 12.*
[With aged men is wisdom; and in length of days understanding.—R.V.]

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. *14, 1.*

Miserable comforters are ye all. *16, 2.*

The king of terrors. *18, 14.*

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. *19, 20.*

I know that my redeemer liveth. *19, 25.*

And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. *19, 26.*

[And after my skin hath been thus destroyed, yet from my flesh shall I see God.—R.V.]

Lo, these are parts of his ways: but how little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of his power who can understand? *26, 14.*

[Lo, these are but the outskirts of his ways: and how small a whisper do we hear of him! But the thunder of his power who can understand?—R.V.]

My lips shall not speak wickedness, nor my tongue utter deceit. *27, 4.*
[Surely my lips shall not speak unrighteousness, neither shall my tongue utter deceit.—R.V.]

The price of wisdom is above rubies. *28, 18.*

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. *29, 11.*
[. . . witness *unto* me.—R.V.]

I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. *29, 13.*

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. *29, 15.*

I was a father to the poor. *29, 16.*
[I was a father to the needy.—R.V.]

And now am I their song, yea, I am their byword. *30, 9.*
[And now I am become their song, yea, I am a byword unto them.—R.V.]

To the house appointed for all living. *30, 23.*

Behold, my desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book. *31, 35.*
[And that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written.—R.V.]

He was righteous in his own eyes. *32, 1.*

For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. *32, 18.*
[For I am full of words; the spirit within me constraineth me.—R.V.]

In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men. *33, 15.*

He multiplieth words without knowledge. *35, 16.*

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? *38, 2.*

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. *38, 11.*

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? *38, 31.*

[Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?—R.V.]

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off. *39, 25.*

[As oft as the trumpet soundeth, he saith, Aha! and he smelleth the battle afar off.—R.V.]

His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *41, 24.*

[His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, firm as the nether millstone.—R.V.]

Things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. *42, 3.*

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. *42, 5.*

[I *had* heard, etc.—R.V.]

Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. **Psalms.** *1, 1.*

His leaf also shall not wither. *1, 3.*

[Whose leaf also doth not wither.—R.V.]

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings. *8, 2.*

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. *8, 5.*

[For thou hast made him but little lower than God.—R.V.]

[*Alternative reading given*: "than the angels," *Heb.* Elohim.]

The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. *14, 1.*

There is none that doeth good, no, not one. *14, 3.*

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. *15, 4.*

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places. *16, 6.*

Keep me as the apple of the eye. *17, 8.*

He did fly upon the wings of the wind. *18, 10.*

[He flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind.—R.V.]

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. *19, 1.*

I may tell all my bones. *22, 17.*

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. *23, 2.*

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. *23, 4.*

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. *Ib.*

The strife of tongues. *31, 20.*

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. *37, 25.*

[. . . begging their bread.—R.V.]

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. *37, 35.*

[. . . like a green tree in its native soil.—R.V.]

While I was musing the fire burned. *39, 3.*

[. . . the fire kindled.—R.V.]

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days. *39, 4.*

Every man at his best state is altogether vanity. *39, 5.*

[. . . . , . . . best estate.—R.V.]

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. *39, 6.*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor. *41, 1.*

As the hart panteth after the water brooks. *42, 1.*

Deep calleth unto deep. *42, 7.*

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. *45, 1.*

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion. *48, 2.*

[Beautiful in elevation, the joy, etc.—R.V.]

Man being in honour abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish. *49, 12.*

[Man abideth not in honour: he is like the beasts that perish.—R.V.]

The cattle upon a thousand hills. *50, 10.*

Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. *55, 6.*

[Oh that I had wings like a dove: then would I, etc.—R.V.]

We took sweet counsel together. *55, 14.*

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords. *55, 21.*

[His mouth was smooth as butter, but his heart was war: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.—R.V.]

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely. *58, 4 and 5.*

[. . . which hearkeneth not to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.—R.V.]

Vain is the help of man. *60, 11.*

If riches increase, set not your heart upon them. *62, 10.*

[. . . set not your heart thereon.—R.V.]

His enemies shall lick the dust. *72, 9.*

For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south.

But God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another. *75, 6 and 7.*
[For neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south, cometh lifting up. But God is the judge: he putteth down one, and lifteth up another.—R.V.]

They go from strength to strength. *84, 7.*

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. *85, 10.*

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. *90, 4.*

We spend our years as a tale that is told. *90, 9.*
[We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.—R.V.]

The days of our years are threescore years and ten. *90, 10.*

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. *90, 12.*

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. *103, 15.*

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. *103, 16.*

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man. *104, 15.*

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening. *104, 23.*

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. *107, 23 and 24.*

I said in my haste, All men are liars. *116, 11.*
[I said in my haste, All men are a lie.—R.V.]

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. *116, 15.*

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. *118, 22.*
[. . . the head of the corner.—R.V.]

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. *119, 105.*
[. . . and light unto my path.—R.V.]

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. *122, 7.*

For so he giveth his beloved sleep. *127, 2.*
[For so he giveth unto his beloved sleep.—R.V.]

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. *127, 5.*

Thy children like olive plants round about thy table. *128, 3.*

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids. *132, 4; and Proverbs 6, 4.*

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! *133, 1.*

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. *137, 2.*
[Upon the willows in the midst thereof we hanged up our harps.—R.V.]

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. *137, 5.*

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. *139, 9.*

I am fearfully and wonderfully made. *139, 14.*

Put not your trust in princes. *146, 3.*

Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird. **Proverbs.** *1, 17.*
[For in vain is the net spread in the eyes of any bird.—R.V.]

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets. *1, 20.*
[Wisdom crieth aloud in the street; she uttereth her voice in the broad places.—R.V.]

Whom the Lord loveth he correcteth. *3, 12.*

[Whom the Lord loveth he reproveth.—R.V.]

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *3, 17.*

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. *4, 7.*
[. . . . . . Yea, with all thou hast gotten get understanding.—R.V.]

The shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *4, 18.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. *6, 6.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man. *6, 10 and 11; 24, 23.*
[. . . . . . so shall thy poverty come as a robber, and thy want as an armed man.—R.V.]

As an ox goeth to the slaughter. *7, 22; Jer. 11, 19.*
[Like a gentle lamb that is led to the slaughter (*Jer.* 11, 19.)—R.V.]

For wisdom is better than rubies. *8, 11.*

Stolen waters are sweet. *9, 17.*

A wise son maketh a glad father. *10, 1.*

The memory of the just is blessed. *10, 7.*

When pride cometh, then cometh shame. *11, 2.*

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. *11, 14; 24, 6.*

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. *11, 15.*

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband. *12, 4.*

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast. *12, 10.*

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *13, 12.*

The way of transgressors is hard. *13, 15.*
[The way of the treacherous is rugged.—R.V.]

He that spareth his rod hateth his son. *13, 24.*

Fools make a mock at sin. *14, 9.*
[The foolish make a mock at guilt.—R.V.]

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. *14, 10.*
[. . . its bitterness; . . . its joy.—R.V.]

In all labour there is profit. *14, 23.*

Righteousness exalteth a nation. *14, 34.*

A soft answer turneth away wrath. *15, 1.*

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. *15, 13.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *15, 17.*

A word spoken in due season, how good is it! *15, 23.*
[A word in due season, how good is it!—R.V.]

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *16, 9.*

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. *16, 18.*

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. *16, 31.*
[The hoary head is a crown of glory, it shall be found in the way of righteousness.—R.V.]

A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it. *17, 8.*

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. *17, 9.*
[He that harpeth on a matter separateth chief friends.—R.V.]

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water. *17, 14.*

He that hath knowledge spareth his words. *17, 27.*

[He that spareth his words hath knowledge.—R.V.]

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise. *17, 28.*

A wounded spirit who can bear? *18, 14.*
[A broken spirit who can bear?—R.V.]

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. *18, 24.*
[He that maketh many friends doeth it to his own destruction: but there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—R.V.]

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. *19, 17.*

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. *20, 1.*

[Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler.—R.V.]

Every fool will be meddling. *20, 3.*
[Every fool will be quarrelling.—R.V.]

Even a child is known by his doings. *20, 11.*

[Even a child maketh himself known by his doings.—R.V.]

The hearing ear, and the seeing eye. *20, 12.*

It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.* *20, 14.*

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. *22, 1.*

The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all. *22, 2.*
[The rich and the poor, etc.—R.V.]

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it. *22, 6.*
[. . . . . . and even when he is old, etc.—R.V.]

The borrower is servant to the lender. *22, 7.*

Remove not the ancient landmark. *22, 28; 23, 10.*

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. *22, 29.*

For riches certainly make themselves wings. *23, 5.*

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. *23, 21.*

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. *23, 31.*

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. *23, 32.*

If thou faint in the day of adversity. *24, 10.*

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *25, 11.*
[. . . . . . baskets of silver.—R.V.]

For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. *25, 22.*

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. *25, 25.*

Answer not a fool according to his folly. *26, 4.*

Answer a fool according to his folly. *26, 5.*

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly. *26, 11.*
[As a dog that returneth to his vomit, so is a fool that repeateth his folly.—R.V.]

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him. *26, 12.*

The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. *26, 13.*
[The sluggard saith, etc.—R.V.]

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* "Naught" is here used in a sense different from "nought," and means worthless or bad. *The Vulgate* reads: "Malum est, malum est, dicit omnis emptor."

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. *26, 16.*

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. *26, 27.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *27, 1.*

Open rebuke is better than secret love. *27, 5.*
[Better is open rebuke than love that is hidden.—R.V.]

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. *27, 6.*

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. *27, 15.*

Iron sharpeneth iron ; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. *27, 17.*

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *27, 22.*
[. . . in a mortar with a pestle among bruised corn, etc.—R.V.]

The wicked flee when no man pursueth : but the righteous are bold as a lion. *28, 1.*

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. *28, 20.*
[. . . shall not be unpunished.—R.V.]

A man that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net for his feet. *29, 5.*
[. . . . . . a net for his steps.—R.V.]

Give me neither poverty nor riches ; feed me with food convenient for me. *30, 8.*
[. . . with the food that is needful for me.—R.V.]

The horseleach hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *30, 15.*

Who can find a virtuous woman ? for her price is far above rubies. *31, 10.*
[A virtuous woman who can find her ? for her price, etc.—R.V.]

Her children arise up, and call her blessed. *31, 28.*
[. . . rise up, etc.—R.V.]

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities ; all is vanity.
Ecclesiastes. *1, 2 ; 11, 8.*

What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun ? *1, 3.*
[What profit hath man of all his labour wherein he laboureth under the sun ?—R.V.]

All the rivers run into the sea ; yet the sea is not full. *1, 7.*

All things are full of labour ; man cannot utter it : the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. *1, 8.*
[All things are full of weariness ; man cannot utter it ; etc.—R.V.]

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done : and there is no new thing under the sun. *1, 9.*
[That which hath been is that which shall be ; and that which hath been done is that which shall be done : and there is no new thing under the sun.—R.V.]

All is vanity and vexation of spirit. *1, 14.*
[All is vanity and a striving after wind.—R.V.]

In much wisdom is much grief. *1, 18.*

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. *Ib.*

Wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness. *2, 13.*

One event happeneth to them all. *2, 14.*

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven : a time to be born, and a time to die. *3, 1, 2.*

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. *4, 2.*

But woe to him that is alone when he falleth. *4, 10.*

A threefold cord is not quickly broken. *4, 12.*

God is in heaven, and thou upon earth : therefore let thy words be few. *5, 2.*

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. *5, 5.*

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. *5, 12.*

A good name is better than precious ointment. *7, 1.*

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting. *7, 2.*

For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool. *7, 6.*

Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof. *7, 8.*

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these ? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this. *7, 10.*

Wisdom giveth life to them that have it. *7, 12.*
[Wisdom preserveth the life of him that hath it.—R.V.]

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. *7, 14.*
[. . . and in the day of adversity . . .—R.V.]

Be not righteous over much. *7, 16.*

God hath made man upright ; but they have sought out many inventions. *7, 29.*

To eat and to drink and to be merry.
8, 15 ; see also St. Luke 12, 19.

A living dog is better than a dead lion. *9, 4.*

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest. *9, 10.*

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all. *9, 11.*

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. *10, 1.*

[Dead flies cause the ointment of the perfumer to send forth a stinking savour.—R.V.]

He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it. *10, 8.*

Wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things. *10, 19.*
[Wine maketh glad the life; and money answereth all things.—R.V.]

Curse not the king, no not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter. *10, 20.*

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. *11, 1.*

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. *11, 3.*
[. . . shall it be.—R.V.]

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *11, 4.*

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. *11, 7.*

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth. *11, 9.*

Childhood and youth are vanity. *11, 10.*
[Youth and the prime of life are vanity.—R.V.]

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not. *12, 1.*

[Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come.—R.V.]

And the grinders cease because they are few. *12, 3.*

And the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. *12, 5.*
[And the grasshopper shall be a burden and the caper-berry shall fail: because, etc.—R.V.]

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. *12, 6.*

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. *12, 7.*
[. . . or the wheel broken at the cistern; and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return unto God who gave it.—R.V.]

He gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs. *12, 9.*
[He pondered, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.—R.V.]

The words of the wise are as goads. *12, 11.*

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. *12, 12.*

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. *12, 13*

[This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard: fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of men.—R.V.]

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. *12, 14.*
[. . . . . . . every hidden thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.—R.V.]

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.
Song of Solomon.* *2, 2.*
[As a lily among thorns, etc.—R.V.]

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. *2, 11 and 12.*

The little foxes, that spoil the vines. *2, 15*
[. . . spoil the vineyards.—R.V.]

I sleep, but my heart waketh. *5, 2*
[I was asleep, but my heart waked.—R.V.]

Love is strong as death; jealousy is crue as the grave. *8, 6*

Many waters cannot quench love. *8, 7.*

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. **Isaiah.** *1, 3*

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. *1, 5*

From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment. *1, 6*
[. . . and festering sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with oil.—R.V.]

Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me. *1, 13*

And the strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them. *1, 31*
[And the strong shall be as tow, and his work as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.—R.V.]

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks. (*See* Joel 3, 10, and Micah 4, 3.) *2, 4*

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* [Song of Songs.—R.V.]

To the moles and to the bats. *2, 20.*

Grind the faces of the poor. *3, 15.*

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man. *4, 1.*
[And seven women shall take hold of one man in that day.—R.V.]

And he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes. *5, 2.*

And he looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry. *5, 7.*

Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place! *5, 8.*
[. . . . . . till there be no room.—R.V.]

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink! *5, 11.*

Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope! *5, 18.*

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil! *5, 20.*

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes! *5, 21.*

For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still. *5, 25.*

I am a man of unclean lips. *6, 5.*

For a stone of stumbling and for a rock of offence. *8, 14.*

Wizards that peep, and that mutter. *8, 19.*
[Wizards that chirp and that mutter.—R.V.]

Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil. *9, 3.*
[Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their joy: they joy, etc.—R.V.]

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. *11, 6.*
[And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, etc.—R.V.]

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. *14, 9.*

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! *14, 12.*
[How art thou fallen from heaven, O daystar, son of the morning.—R.V.]

And in mercy shall the throne be established. *16, 5.*
[And a throne shall be established in mercy.—R.V.]

Babylon is fallen, is fallen. (*See* Revelation 18, 2.) *21, 9.*

Watchman, what of the night? *21, 11.*

Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die. *22, 13.*

Whose merchants are princes. *23, 8.*

A feast of fat things. *25, 6.*

But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink. *28, 7.*
[But these also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are gone astray.—R.V.]

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little. *28, 10.*
[For it is precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little.—R.V.]

We have made a covenant with death. *28, 15.*

Speak unto us smooth things; prophesy deceits. *30, 10.*

In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength. *30, 15.*

One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one. *30, 17.*

This is the way, walk ye in it. *30, 21.*

But the liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand. *32, 8.*
[But the liberal deviseth liberal things; and in liberal things shall he continue.—R.V.]

And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. *35, 1.*

And sorrow and sighing shall flee away. *35, 10.*

Thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed, on Egypt; whereon, if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it. (*See* 2 Kings 18, 21.) *36, 6.*
[. . . this bruised reed, even upon Egypt; whereon, etc.—R.V.]

Set thine house in order. *38, 1.*

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. *40, 6.*

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance. *40, 15.*

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles. *40, 31.*

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. *42, 3.*

Seeing many things, but thou observest not. *42, 20.*
[Thou seest many things, but thou observest not.—R.V.]

Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? *45, 9.*

In the furnace of affliction. *48, 10.*

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked. (*See* Isaiah 57, 21.) *48, 22.*

Drunken, but not with wine. *51, 21.*

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace. *52, 7.*

His visage was so marred more than any man. *52, 14.*

Who hath believed our report? *53, 1.*

When we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. *53, 2.*
[When we see him, etc.—R.V.]

A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. *53, 3.*

He was despised, and we esteemed him not. *Ib.*

He was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. *53, 7.*
[He was oppressed yet he humbled himself and opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth.—R.V.]

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied. *53, 11.*

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters. *55, 1.*

Without money and without price. *Ib.*

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? *55, 2.*

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. *55, 8.*

I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off. *56, 5.*

They are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark. *56, 10.*

Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood. *59, 7.*

We roar all like bears, and mourn sore like doves.* *59, 11.*

Beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *61, 3.*
[A garland for ashes . . .—R.V.]

I have trodden the wine-press alone. *63, 3.*

I looked, and there was none to help. *63, 5.*

All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf. *64, 6.*
[All our righteousnesses are as a polluted garment; and we all do fade as a leaf.—R.V.]

The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof? **Jeremiah.** *5, 31.*

Saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace. *6, 14.*

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. *8, 20.*

Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? *8, 22.*

Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! *9, 2.*

I was like a lamb or an ox that is brought to the slaughter. *11, 19.*

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? *13, 23.*

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. *17, 9.*
[. . . and it is desperately sick.—R.V.]

They have digged a pit for my soul. *18, 20.*

Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him: but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country. *22, 10.*

O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord. *22, 29.*

The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge.* *31, 29.*
[The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.—R.V.]

And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not. *45, 5.*

She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! **Lamentations.** *1, 1.*

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me. *1, 12.*

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. *3, 22.*

It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. *3, 27.*

He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him. *3, 30.*
[Let him give his cheek to him that smiteth him.—R.V.]

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. **Ezekiel.** *10, 10.*
[As if a wheel had been within a wheel.—R.V.]

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. (*See* Jeremiah 31, 29.) *18, 2.*

We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. **Daniel.** *3, 16.*
[We have no need to answer thee in this matter.—R.V.]

Tekel; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *5, 27.*

According to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. *6, 8.*

For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. **Hosea.** *8, 7.*
[For they sow the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.—R.V.]

Ye have ploughed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity. *10, 13.*

That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten. **Joel.** *1, 4.*

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* *See* Shakespeare: "I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove"—which may have been suggested by this passage.

* *See* "Τὰ τῶν τεκόντων," κ.τ.λ., p. 478*b*.

Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. *2, 28.*

Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision. *3, 14.*

Can two walk together, except they be agreed? **Amos.** *3, 3.*
[Shall two walk together, except they have agreed?—R.V.]

As a firebrand plucked out of the burning. *4, 11.*

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.* **Habakkuk.** *2, 2.*

A brand plucked out of the fire. **Zechariah.** *3, 2.*

For who hath despised the day of small things? *4, 10.*

They made their hearts as an adamant stone. *7, 12.*

Prisoners of hope. *9, 12.*

Woe to the idle shepherd that leaveth the flock! *11, 17.*
[Woe to the worthless shepherd . . .—R.V.]

With which I was wounded in the house of my friends. *13, 6.*

Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us? **Malachi.** *2, 10.*

Those that oppress the hireling in his wages. *3, 5.*

Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. (*See* "Wisdom of Solomon" 5, 6.) *4, 2.*
[In R.V. Sun is given with a small "s."]

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* "He that runs may read." The inverted form of this text is from Cowper's "Tirocinium." The Septuagint text is:
ὅπως διώκῃ ὁ ἀναγινώσκων αὐτά.
This has been alleged to mean "That he that reads may make haste to escape." But Jerome interpreted the passage as meaning that the writing was to be so plain that the reader might run and not be impeded from reading by his speed. Grotius considered it to mean "that it was to be so written that the reader should be quick in comprehending it"; or able to read it easily. The R.C. translation from the Vulgate ("Ut percurrat qui legerit eum") gives the passage: "That he that readeth it may run over it."

APOCRYPHA.

Women are strongest: but above all things Truth beareth away the victory. **1 Esdras.** *3, 12.*

As for the truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore. *4, 38.*
[But truth abideth, and is strong for ever; she liveth and conquereth for evermore.—R.V.]

Great is Truth, and mighty above all things. *4, 41.*
[. . . and strong above all things.—R.V.]

Give alms of thy substance; and when thou givest alms, let not thine eye be envious, neither turn thy face from any poor, and the face of God shall not be turned away from thee. **Tobit.** *4, 7.*
[. . .; turn not thy face . . .—R.V.]

If thou hast abundance, give alms accordingly; if thou hast but a little, be not afraid to give according to that little. *4, 8.*
[As thy substance is, give alms of it according to thine abundance: if thou have little, be not afraid to give alms according to that little.—R.V.]

But they that sin are enemies to their own life. *12, 10.*

Love righteousness, ye that be judges of the earth. **Wisdom of Solomon.** *1, 1.*

Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered.* *2, 8.*

We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour: How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints! *5, 4 and 5.*
[. . . his end without honour; How was he numbered among sons of God? And how is his lot among saints?—R.V.]

For mercy will soon pardon the meanest: but mighty men shall be mightily tormented. *6, 6.*
[For the man of low estate may be pardoned in mercy, But mighty men shall be searched out mightily.—R.V.]

He hath made the small and the great, and careth for all alike. *6, 7.*
[It is he that hath made both small and great, And alike he taketh thought for all.—R.V.]

The earthy tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things. *9, 15.*
[The earthly frame lieth heavy on a mind that is full of cares.—R.V.]

Wise sayings, dark sentences, and parables, and certain particular antient godly stories of men that pleased God.
Ecclesiasticus. (*Prologue attributed by some to Athanasius.*)
[Not in R.V.]

Woe be to fearful hearts, and faint hands, and the sinner that goeth two ways! Woe unto him that is faint-hearted! *2, 12 and 13.*
[Woe unto fearful hearts, and to faint hands, And to the sinner that goeth two ways! Woe unto the faint heart.—R.V.]

He that honoureth his father shall have a long life. *3, 6.*

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* *See* Herrick (p. 164*b*).

[He that giveth glory to his father shall have length of days.—R.V.]

Be not curious in unnecessary matters: for more things are shewed unto thee than men understand. *3, 23.*

[Be not over busy in thy superfluous works: for more things are showed unto thee than men can understand.—R.V.]

There is a shame which is glory and grace. *4, 21.*

Be not as a lion in thy house, nor frantick among thy servants. *4, 30.*
[. . . fanciful among thy servants.—R.V.]

A faithful friend is the medicine of life. *6, 16.*

[. . . a medicine of life.—R.V.]

Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss. *7, 36.*
[In all thy matters remember thy last end, and thou shalt never do amiss.—R.V.]

Rejoice not over thy greatest enemy being dead, but remember that we die all. *8, 7.*
[Rejoice not over one that is dead: Remember that we die all.—R.V.]

Despise not the discourse of the wise, but acquaint thyself with their proverbs: for of them thou shalt learn instruction. *8, 8.*
[Neglect not the discourse of the wise, And be conversant with their proverbs, for of, etc. . . .—R.V.]

Miss not the discourse of the elders. *8, 9.*
[. . . of the aged.—R.V.]

Open not thine heart to every man. *8, 19.*

Forsake not an old friend; for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure. *9, 10.*
[. . . As new wine, so is a new friend; if it become old, thou shalt drink it with gladness.—R.V.]

Judge none blessed before his death. *11, 28.*
[Call no man blessed before his death.—R.V.]

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith. *13, 1.*
[" Therewith " omitted in R.V.]

How agree the kettle and the earthen pot together? *13, 2.*
[What fellowship shall the earthen pot have with the kettle?—R.V.]

With much communication will he tempt thee, and smiling upon thee will get out thy secrets. *13, 11.*
[With much talk will he try thee, And in a smiling manner will search thee out.—R.V.]

Be not made a beggar by banqueting upon borrowing. *18, 33.*

He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little.* *19, 1.*
[He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little.—R.V.]

Believe not every tale. *19, 15*
[Trust not every word.—R.V.]

Make little weeping for the dead, for he is at rest. *22, 11.*
[Weep more sweetly for the dead, because he hath found rest.—R.V.]

All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman. *25, 19.*
[All malice is but little to the malice of a woman.—R.V.]

Remember thy end, and let enmity cease. *28, 6.*

[Remember thy last end, and cease from enmity.—R.V.]

The stroke of the whip maketh marks in the flesh; but the stroke of the tongue breaketh bones. *28, 17.*
[The stroke of a whip maketh a mark in the flesh; but the stroke of a tongue will break bones—R.V.]

Envy and wrath shorten the life. *30, 24.*
[. . . shorten a man's days.—R.V.]
Leave off first for manners' sake. *31, 17.*
[Be first to leave off for manners' sake.—R.V.]

Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few words. *32, 8.*
[Sum up thy speech, many things in few words.—R.V.]

Leave not a stain in thine honour. *33, 22.*
[Bring not . . .—R.V.]

Divinations, and soothsayings, and dreams are vain. *34, 5.*

With him is no respect of persons. *35, 12.*

There is a friend, which is only a friend in name. *37, 1.*

For a man's mind is sometime wont to tell him more than seven watchmen, that sit above in an high tower. *37, 14*
[For a man's soul is sometime wont to bring him tidings more than seven watchmen, that sit on high on a watch-tower.—R.V.]

Honour a physician with the honour due unto him. *38, 1.*
[Honour a physician according to thy need of him.—R.V.]

Remember the last end. *38, 20.*
[Remembering the last end.—R.V.]

Whose talk is of bullocks. *38, 25.*
[Whose discourse is of the stock of bulls.—R.V.]

The noise of the hammer and the anvil is ever in his ears. *38, 28.*
[The noise of the hammer will be ever in his ear.—R.V.]

Without these [the handicrafts] cannot a city be inhabited. *38, 32.*
[. . . shall not a city be inhabited.—R.V.]

Better it is to die than to beg. *40, 28.*

A good name endureth for ever. *41, 13.*
[A good name continueth for ever.—R.V.]

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* *See* Emerson (p. 132*b* *note*).

A man that hideth his foolishness is better than a man that hideth his wisdom. *41, 15.*
[Better is a man that hideth his foolishness than . . .—R.V.]

Let us now praise famous men. *44, 1.*

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. *44, 7.*
[. . . were a glory in their days.—R.V.]

There be of them, that have left a name behind them. *44, 8.*

Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore. *44, 14.*
[Their bodies were buried in peace, And their name liveth to all generations.—R.V.]

But we fight for our lives and our laws.
1 **Maccabees.** *3, 21.*

It is a foolish thing to make a long prologue, and to be short in the story itself.
2 **Maccabees.** *2, 32.*
[. . . to make a long prologue to the history, and to abridge the history itself.—R.V.]

It was an holy and good thought. *12, 45.*
[Holy and godly was the thought.—R.V.]

Nicanor lay dead in his harness. *15, 28.*
[Nicanor lying dead in full armour.—R.V.]

NEW TESTAMENT.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.
Gospel according to St. Matthew. *2, 18.*
[Rachel weeping for her children; and she would not be comforted, because they are not.—R.V.]

The voice of one crying in the wilderness. *3, 3.*
(*Also* Mark 1, 3; Luke 3, 4; John 1, 23.)

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees. *3, 10.*
[And even now is the axe laid . . .—R.V.]
(*See* Luke 3, 9.)

Man shall not live by bread alone. (*Also* Luke 4, 4.) *4, 4.*

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. *5, 5.*

Blessed are the pure in heart. *5, 8.*

Blessed are the peace-makers. *5, 9.*

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? (*See* Mark 9, 50; Luke 14, 34.) *5, 13.*
[. . . its savour, etc.—R.V.]

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. *5, 14.*
[A city set on a hill cannot be hid.—R.V.]

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel. (*See* Mark 4, 21.) *5, 15.*
[Neither do men light a lamp . . . etc.—R.V.]

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him. *5, 25.*
[. . . whiles thou art with him in the way.—R.V.]

Till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing. (*See* Luke 12, 59.) *5, 26.*
[Till thou have paid the last farthing.—R.V.]

Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay. *5, 37.*
[Let your speech be . . .—R.V.]

An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. *5, 38.*

Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. (*See* Luke 6, 29.) *5, 39.*
[Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, . . .—R.V.]

Love your enemies. (*See* Luke 6, 27.) *5, 44.*

He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good. *5, 45.*
[. . . on the evil and the good.—R.V.]

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them. *6, 1.*
[Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them.—R.V.]

Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. *6, 3.*

Use not vain repetitions. *6, 7.*

Where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. *6, 19.*
[Where moth and rust do consume, . . .—R.V.]

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. (*See* Luke 12, 34.) *6, 21.*
[For where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.—R.V.]

No man can serve two masters. (*See* Luke 16, 13.) *6, 24.*

Ye cannot serve God and mammon. (*See* Luke 16, 13.) *Ib.*

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. (*See* Luke 12, 27.) *5, 28 and 29.*
[. . . neither do they spin: yet I say . . .—R.V.]

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *6, 34.*
[Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. . . .—R.V.]

Judge not, that ye be not judged. (*See* Luke 6, 37.) *7, 1.*

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine. *7, 6.*

[Neither cast ye your pearls before the swine.—R.V.]

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. (*See* Luke 11, 9.) *7, 7.*

What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? (*See* Luke 11, 11.) *7, 9.*

[Or what man is there of you, who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone?—R.V.]

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. (*See* Luke, 6, 31.) *7, 12.*

[All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them.—R.V.]

Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction. *7, 13.*

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. *7, 15.*

[. . . but inwardly are ravening wolves.—R.V.]

Ye shall know them by their fruits.* *7, 16.*

[By their fruits ye shall know them.—R.V.]

By their fruits ye shall know them. *7, 20.*

A foolish man, which built his house upon the sand. (*See* Luke 6, 49.) *7, 26.*

And great was the fall of it. *7, 27.*

[And great was the fall thereof.—R.V.]

I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh. *8, 9.*

[I also am a man under authority, having under myself soldiers: and I say to this one, Go, and he goeth . . .—R.V.]

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. *8, 20.*

[. . . and the birds of the heaven have nests . . .—R.V.]

Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead. (*See* Luke 9, 60.) *8, 22.*

[Follow me; and leave the dead to bury their own dead.—R.V.]

They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. *9, 12.*

[They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick.—R.V.]

No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment. (*See* Mark 3, 21.) *9, 16.*

[And no man putteth a piece of undressed cloth upon an old garment.—R.V.]

Neither do men put new wine into old bottles. (*See* Mark 3, 22.) *9, 17.*

[Neither do men put new wine into old wine-skins.—R.V.]

The maid is not dead, but sleepeth. (*See* Mark 5, 39; Luke 8, 52.) *9, 24.*

[The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.—R.V.]

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. (*See* Luke 10, 2.) *9, 37.*

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *10, 16.*

Preach ye upon the housetops. *10, 27.*

[Proclaim upon the housetops.—R.V.]

The very hairs of your head are all numbered. (*See* Luke 21, 18.) *10, 30.*

A man's foes shall be they of his own household. *10, 36.*

What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind? (*See* Luke 7, 24.) *11, 7.*

[. . . into the wilderness to behold?—R.V.]

We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced. (*See* Luke 7, 32.) *11, 17.*

[We piped unto you, and ye did not dance.—R.V.]

Wisdom is justified of her children. (*See* Luke 7, 35.) *11, 19.*

[Wisdom is justified by her works.—R.V.]

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden. *11, 28.*

He that is not with me is against me. (*See* Mark 9, 40; Luke 9, 50; 11, 23.) *12, 30.*

The tree is known by his fruit. (*See* Luke 6, 44.) *12, 33.*

[. . . its fruit.—R.V.]

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. (*See* Luke 6, 45.) *12, 34.*

By thy words thou shalt be condemned. *12, 37.*

Empty, swept, and garnished. (*See* Luke 11, 25.) *12, 44.*

The last state of that man is worse than the first. (*See* Luke 11, 26.) *12, 45.*

[. . . becometh worse than the first.—R.V.]

An enemy hath done this. *13, 28.*

When he had found one pearl of great price. *13, 46.*

[Having found . . .—R.V.]

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house. (*See* Mark 6, 4; Luke 4, 24; John 4, 44.) *13, 57.*

Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid. (*See* Mark 6, 50; John 6, 20.) *14, 27.*

The tradition of the elders. (*See* Mark 7, 3.) *15, 2.*

They be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. (*See* Luke 6, 39.) *15, 14.*

[They are blind guides. And if the blind guide the blind, both shall fall into a pit.—R.V.]

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* "He who sows thorns will not gather grapes with them."—Arabic Proverb. *See also* Cicero: "Ut sementem feceris ita metes." (As you do your sowing, so shall you reap.)

The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. (*See* Mark 7, 28.) *15, 27.*

Can ye not discern the signs of the times? *16, 3.*

[Ye cannot discern the signs of the times.—R.V.]

Get thee behind me, Satan. (*See* Mark 8, 33.) *16, 23.*

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? (*See* Mark 8, 36; Luke 9, 25.) *16, 26.*

[For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his own soul?—R.V.]

Lord, it is good for us to be here. (*See* Mark 9, 5; Luke 9, 33.) *17, 4.*

Pay me that thou owest. *18, 28.*

[Pay what thou owest.—R.V.]

And they twain shall be one flesh. (*See* Mark 10, 8.) *19, 5.*

[And the twain shall become one flesh.—R.V.]

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. (*See* Mark 10, 9.) *19, 6.*

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. (*See* Mark 10, 25.) *19, 24.*

[It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye . . .—R.V.]

But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first. (*See* Mark 10, 31; Luke 13, 30.) *19, 30.*

[But many shall be last that are first; and first that are last.—R.V.]

Why stand ye here all the day idle? *20, 6.*

Equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day. *20, 12.*

[. . . the burden of the day and the scorching heat.—R.V.]

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good? *20, 15.*

[. . . mine own? or is thine eye evil . . .—R.V.]

My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves. (*See* Mark 11, 17; Luke 19, 46.) *21, 13.*

[My house shall be called a house of prayer: but ye make it a den of robbers.—R.V.]

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. *21, 16.*

A man which had not on a wedding garment. *22, 11.*

Cast him into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. *22, 13.*

[Cast him out into the outer darkness; there shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth.—R.V.]

For many are called, but few are chosen. *22, 14.*

[For many are called, but few chosen.—R.V.]

Whose is this image and superscription? (*See* Mark 12, 16; Luke 20, 24.) *22, 20.*

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's. (*See* Mark 12, 17; Luke 20, 25.) *22, 21.*

[. . . Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, . . .—R.V.]

And last of all the woman died also. (*See* Mark 12, 22; Luke 20, 32.) *22, 27.*

[And after them all the woman died.—R.V.]

But all their works they do for to be seen of men: they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, And love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi. But be not ye called Rabbi: for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. (*See* Mark 12, 38; Luke 11, 43.) *23, 5 to 8.*

[. . . for they make broad their phylacteries . . . and love the chief place at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and the salutations in the market places, and to be called of men, Rabbi. But be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your teacher, and all ye are brethren.—R.V.]

And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted. (*See* Luke 14, 11.) *23, 12.*

[. . . shall be humbled; and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted.—R.V.]

Ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith. (*See* Luke 11, 42.) *23, 23.*

[Ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgement, and mercy, and faith.—R.V.]

Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. *23, 24.*

[Ye blind guides, which strain out the gnat, and swallow the camel.—R.V.]

Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. *23, 27.*

[. . . which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.—R.V.]

Wars and rumours of wars. *24, 6.*

The end is not yet. *Ib.*

For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together. (*See* Luke 17, 37.) *24, 28.*

Well done, thou good and faithful servant. *25, 21.*

[Well done, good and faithful servant.—R.V.]

Reaping where thou hast not sown, and

gathering where thou hast not strawed. (*See* Luke 19, 21.) *25, 24.*
[Reaping where thou didst not sow, and gathering where thou didst not scatter.—R.V.]

For unto everyone that hath shall be given. (*See* Mark 4, 25.) *25, 29.*

I was a stranger, and ye took me in. *25, 35.*

To what purpose is this waste? *26, 8.*

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. (*See* Mark 13, 33; 14, 38; Luke 22, 40, 46.) *26, 41.*

His blood be on us, and on our children. *27, 25.*

So the last error shall be worse than the first. *27, 64.*
[And the last error will be worse than the first.—R.V.]

Behold, I send my messenger before thy face. (*See* Luke 7, 27.)
Gospel according to St. Mark. *1, 2.*

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. *2, 27.*

And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. (*See* Luke 11, 17.) *3, 25.*

[. . . will not be able to stand.—R.V.]

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. *4, 9.*

[Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.—R.V.]

My name is Legion: for we are many. (*See* Luke 8, 30.) *5, 9.*

And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. *5, 26.*

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. *9, 44* (*also* 46 and 48).

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. (*See* Matt. 19, 13; Luke 18, 15.) *10, 14.*
[Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for of such . . .—R.V.]

Which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers. (*See* Matt. 23, 14.) *12, 40.*

And shall shew signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect. (*See* Matt. 24, 24.) *13, 22.*

[And shall shew signs and wonders, that they may lead astray, if possible, the elect.—R.V.]

For ye have the poor with you always. (*See* Matt. 26, 11; John 12, 8.) *14, 7.*
[For ye have the poor always with you.—R.V.]

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.
Gospel according to St. Luke. *1, 79.*

[To shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death; To guide our feet into the way of peace.—R.V.]

On earth peace, good will towards men. *2, 14.*

[And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.—R.V.]

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. *2, 29.*
[Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace.—R.V.]

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature. *2, 52.*

[And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature.—R.V.]

Be content with your wages. *3, 14.*

Physician, heal thyself.* *4, 23.*

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you. *6, 26.*

When ye go out of that city, shake off the very dust from your feet for a testimony against them. *9, 5.*
[When ye depart from that city, shake off the dust from your feet . . .—R.V.]

The labourer is worthy of his hire. *10, 7.*

And fell among thieves. *10, 30.*
[And fell among robbers.—R.V.]

He passed by on the other side. *10, 31.*

Go, and do thou likewise. *10, 37.*

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. *10, 42.*
[. . . for Mary hath chosen the good part.—R.V.]

He that is not with me is against me. *11, 23.*

Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge. *11, 52.*
[. . . for ye took away the key of knowledge.—R.V.]

Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. *12, 19.*

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning. *12, 35.*
[. . . your lamps burning.—R.V.]

Friend, go up higher. *14, 10.*

I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come. *14, 20.*

Wasted his substance with riotous living. *15, 13.*

The husks that the swine did eat. *15, 16.*

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it. *15, 23.*

[And bring the fatted calf . . .—R.V.]

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. *16, 8.*

[The sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of light.—R.V.]

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* Arabic proverb.

Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. *16, 9.*
[Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness.—R.V.]

Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence. *16, 26.*
[. . . a great gulf fixed, that they which would pass from hence to you may not be able, and that none may cross over from thence to us.—R.V.]

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones. *17, 2.*
[It were well for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, rather than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble.—R.V.]

We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do. *17, 10.*
[. . . which it was our duty to do.—R.V.]

Remember Lot's wife. *17, 32.*

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint. *18, 1.*
[They ought always . . .—R.V.]

How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! (*See* Mark 10, 24.) *18, 24.*

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee. *19, 22.*

If these should hold their peace, the stones will immediately cry out. *19, 40.*
[If these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out.—R.V.]

In your patience possess ye your souls. *21, 19.*

[In your patience ye shall win your souls.—R.V.]

Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. *22, 42.*

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? *23, 31.*
[. . . the green tree. . . .—R.V.]

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. *23, 34.*

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. *23, 46.*

Why seek ye the living among the dead? *24, 5.*

And their words seemed to them as idle tales. *24, 11.*

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.
Gospel according to St. John. *1, 11.*
[He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not.—R.V.]

Whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose. *1, 27.*
[The latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to unloose.—R.V.]

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *1, 46.*
[Can any good thing . . .—R.V.]

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile! *1, 47.*

The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up. *2, 17.*

[The zeal of thine house shall eat me up.—R.V.]

The wind bloweth where it listeth. *3, 8.*

Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. *3, 19.*
[Men loved the darkness rather than the light; for their works were evil.—R.V.]

He must increase, but I must decrease. *3, 30.*

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. *4, 24.*

[. . . must worship in spirit and truth.—R.V.]

White already to harvest. *4, 35.*
[. . . unto harvest.—R.V.]

Passed from death unto life. *5, 24.*
[Passed out of death into life.—R.V.]

He was a burning and a shining light. *5, 35.*

[He was the lamp that burneth and shineth.—R.V.]

Search the scriptures. *5, 39.*
[Ye search the scriptures.—R.V.]

What are they among so many? *6, 9.*
[What are these among so many?—R.V.]

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *6, 12.*
[Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost.—R.V.]

It is the spirit that quickeneth. *6, 63.*

Judge not according to the appearance. *7, 24.*

[. . . according to appearance.—R.V.]

He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. *8, 7.*

The truth shall make you free. *8, 32.*

He is a liar, and the father of it. *8, 44.*
[. . . and the father thereof.—R.V.]

The night cometh, when no man can work. *9, 4.*

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold. *10, 16.*

For the poor always ye have with you. (*See* also Matt. 26, 11; Mark 14, 7.) *12, 8.*
[For the poor ye have always with you.—R.V.]

Walk while ye have the light. *12, 35.*

For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God. *12, 43.*
[For they loved the glory of men more than the glory of God.—R.V.]

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. *13, 35.*

Let not your heart be troubled. *14, 1.*

In my Father's house are many mansions. *14, 2.*

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. *15, 13.*

They hated me without a cause. *15, 25.*

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. *16, 12.*

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? *18, 38.*

Now Barabbas was a robber. *18, 40.*

What I have written I have written. *19, 22.*

Be not faithless, but believing. *20, 27.*

The disciple whom Jesus loved. *21, 20.*

Even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. *21, 25.*
[. . . would not contain the books that should be written.—R.V.]

His bishoprick let another take.
Acts of the Apostles. *1, 20.*
[His office let another take.—R.V.]

Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. *2, 17.*

My flesh shall rest in hope. *2, 26.*
[. . . shall dwell in hope.—R.V.]

Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee. *3, 6.*
[. . . but what I have, that give I thee.—R.V.]

They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus. *4, 13.*

If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. *5, 38, 39.*
[If this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown: But if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them: lest haply ye be found even to be fighting against God.—R.V.]

Till another king arose, which knew not Joseph. (*See* Exodus 1, 8.) *7, 18.*
[Till there arose another king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.—R.V.]

Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us? *7, 27.*

Lay not this sin to their charge. *7, 60.*

Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter. *8, 21.*

Thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity. *8, 23.*

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.* *9, 5.*
[Omitted in R.V.]

What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common. *10, 15.*
[What God hath cleansed, make not thou common.—R.V.]

God is no respecter of persons. *10, 34.*

The unbelieving Jews. *14, 2.*
[The Jews that were disobedient.—R.V.]

We also are men of like passions with you. *14, 15.*

Come over into Macedonia, and help us. *16, 9.*

Certain lewd fellows of the baser sort. *17, 5.*
[Certain vile fellows of the rabble.—R.V.]

I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. *17, 22.*
[In all things I perceive that ye are somewhat superstitious.—R.V.]

To the Unknown God. *17, 23.*
[To an unknown God.—R.V.]

In him we live, and move, and have our being. *17, 28.*

And Gallio cared for none of those things. *18, 17.*
[. . . these things.—R.V.]

Mighty in the scriptures. *18, 24.*

Great is Diana of the Ephesians. *19, 28.*

The law is open. *19, 38.*
[The courts are open.—R.V.]

It is more blessed to give than to receive. *20, 35.*

Brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel. *22, 3.*

A conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men. *24, 16.*
[. . . toward God and men alway.—R.V.]

When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee. *24, 25.*
[. . . I will call thee unto me.—R.V.]

I appeal unto Cæsar. *25, 11.*

After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. *26, 5.*
[After the straitest sect . . .—R.V.]

Much learning doth make thee mad. *26, 24.*
[Thy much learning doth turn thee to madness.—R.V.]

Words of truth and soberness. *26, 25.*

This thing was not done in a corner. *26, 26.*

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. *26, 28.*
[With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian.—R.V.]

Without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers.
Epistle to the Romans. *1, 9.*
[Unceasingly I make mention of you, always in my prayers making request, etc.—R.V.]

The just shall live by faith. (*See* Hebrews 10, 38.) *1, 17.*
[The righteous shall live by faith.—R.V.]

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* Πρὸς κέντρα μὴ λάκτιζε.—*Æschylus, Agamemnon*, line 1635. ("Do not kick against the pricks.")

Served the creature more than the Creator. *1, 20.*
[. . . the creature rather than the Creator. —R.V.]

There is no respect of persons with God. *2, 11.*

As some affirm that we say, Let us do evil, that good may come. *3, 8.*

There is no fear of God before their eyes. *3, 18.*

Who against hope believed in hope. *4, 18.*
[Who in hope believed against hope.—R.V.]

Hope maketh not ashamed. *5, 5.*
[Hope putteth not to shame.—R.V.]

The wages of sin is death. *6, 23.*

For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. *7, 19.*
[For the good which I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I practise. —R.V.]

Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? *7, 24.*
[Who shall deliver me out of the body . . .—R.V.]

To be carnally minded is death. *8, 6.*
[The mind of the flesh is death.—R.V.]

All things work together for good to them that love God. *8, 28.*
[To them that love God all things work together for good.—R.V.]

A stumbling-stone and rock of offence. (*See* 1 Peter 2, 8.) *9, 33.*
[A stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. —R.V.]

A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *10, 2.*
[A zeal for God . . .—R.V.]

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. *12, 9.*

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit. *12, 11.*
[In diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit.—R.V.]

Given to hospitality. *12, 13.*

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. *12, 15.*
[Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.—R.V.]

Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. *12, 16.*
[Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly. Be not wise in your own conceits.—R.V.]

Live peaceably with all men. *12, 18.*
[Be at peace with all men.—R.V.]

Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. *12, 19.*
[Vengeance belongeth unto me; I will recompense, saith the Lord.—R.V.]

In so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. (*See* Proverbs 25, 22.) *12, 20.*
[. . . upon his head.—R.V.]

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *12, 21.*

The powers that be are ordained of God. *13, 1.*

Render therefore to all their dues. *13, 7.*
[Render to all their dues.—R.V.]

Owe no man anything. *13, 8.*

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *13, 10.*
[Love therefore is the fulfilment of the law. R.V.]

The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. *13, 12.*
[The night is far spent, and the day is at hand . . .—R.V.]

Doubtful disputations. *14, 1.*

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. *14, 5.*
[Let each man be fully assured in his own mind.—R.V.]

That no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. *14, 13.*
[That no man put a stumbling-block in his brother's way, or an occasion of falling.—R.V.]

The foolishness of preaching.
First Epistle to the Corinthians. *1, 21.*
[The foolishness of the preaching.—R.V.]

Enticing words of man's wisdom. *2. 4.*
[Persuasive words of wisdom.—R.V.]

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. *2, 9.*
[Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, And which entered not into the heart of man. Whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him.—R.V.]

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. *3, 6.*
[I planted . . .—R.V.]

Every man's work shall be made manifest. *3, 13.*
[Each man's work . . .—R.V.]

Ye are the temple of God. *3, 16.*
[Ye are a temple of God.—R.V.]

The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. *3, 19.*

Ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. *4, 1.*

That ye might learn in us not to think of men above that which is written.* *4, 6.*
[That in us ye might learn not to go beyond the things which are written.—R.V.]

A spectacle unto the world, and to angels. *4, 9.*

Absent in body, but present in spirit. *5, 3.*

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. *5, 6.*

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* This is often quoted, "not to be wise above that which is written," and is so translated by Prof. Scholefield in his *Hints for an Improved Translation of the New Testament.*

I speak this by permission, and not of commandment. *7, 6.*
[. . . by way of permission . . .—R.V.]

It is better to marry than to burn. *7, 9.*

The fashion of this world passeth away. *7, 31.*

Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth. *8, 1.*

[. . . but love edifieth.—R.V.]

If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend. *8, 13.*
[If meat maketh my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh for evermore, that I make not my brother to stumble.—R.V.]

Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. (*See* Deut. 25, 4; I Tim. 5, 18.) *9, 9.*
[Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.—R.V.]

I am made all things to all men. *9, 22.*
[I am become all things to all men.—R.V.]

They do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. *9, 25.*
[. . . to receive a corruptible crown; . . .—R.V.]

So fight I, not as one that beateth the air. *9, 26.*

[So fight I, as not beating the air.—R.V.]

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. *9, 27.*
[But I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others. . . .—R.V.]

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. *10, 12.*

I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say. *10, 15.*

All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient. *10, 23.*
[All things are lawful; but all things are not expedient.—R.V.]

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. *10, 26 and 28.*

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. *10, 31.*

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. *12, 4.*

But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way. *12, 31.*
[But desire earnestly the greater gifts. And a still more excellent way shew I unto you.—R.V.]

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. *13, 1.*
[If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.—R.V.]

Charity suffereth long, and is kind. *13, 4.*
[Love suffereth long, . . .—R.V.]

Charity never faileth. *13, 8.*
[Love never faileth.—R.V.]

When I became a man, I put away childish things. *13, 11.*
[Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.—R.V.]

For now we see through a glass, darkly. *13, 12.*
[For now we see in a mirror, darkly.—R.V.]

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. *13, 13.*
[But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.—R.V.]

Let your women keep silence in the churches. *14, 34.*
[Let the women keep silence in the churches.—R.V.]

Let all things be done decently, and in order. *14, 40.*

I laboured more abundantly than they all. *15, 10.*

Fallen asleep in Christ. *15, 18.*

Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die. *15, 32.*

Evil communications corrupt good manners.* *15, 33.*
[Evil company doth corrupt good manners.—R.V.]

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial. *15, 40.*

The first man is of the earth, earthy. *15, 47.*

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. *15, 52.*

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? *15, 55.*
[O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?—R.V.]

Let him be Anathema Maran-atha. *16, 22.*
[Let him be Anathema. Maran atha.†—R.V.]

The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive.
Second Epistle to the Corinthians. *3, 6.*
[The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.—R.V.]

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels.‡ *4, 7.*

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. *4, 17.*
[For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory.—R.V.]

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* *See* Φθείρουσιν (Greek Quotations).
† Maran atha = The Lord cometh.
‡ *See* Browning (p. 32*b*): "The earthen vessel holding treasure"; and Herbert (p. 163*a*): "Treasures from an earthen pot."

For we walk by faith, not by sight. *5, 7.*

Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. *5, 17.*
[The old things are passed away; behold, they are become new.—R.V.]

Now then we are ambassadors for Christ. *5, 20.*
[We are ambassadors therefore on behalf of Christ.—R.V.]

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. *6, 2.*
[At an acceptable time I hearkened unto thee, And in a day of salvation did I succour thee.—R.V.]

By evil report and good report. *6, 8.*

As having nothing, and yet possessing all things. *6, 10.*

Without were fightings, within were fears. *7, 5.*

Ye sorrowed to repentance. *7, 9.*
[Ye were made sorry unto repentance.—R.V.]

God loveth a cheerful giver. *9, 7.*

For his letters, say they, are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible. *10, 10.*
[For, His letters, they say, are weighty and strong; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech of no account.—R.V.]

Forty stripes save one. *11, 24.*

A thorn in the flesh. *12, 7.*

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. *12, 9.*
[. . . for my power is made perfect in weakness.—R.V.]

In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established. *13, 1.*
[At the mouth of two witnesses or three shall every word be established.—R.V.]

The right hands of fellowship.
Epistle to the Galatians. *2, 9.*

Weak and beggarly elements. *4, 9.*
[Weak and beggarly rudiments.—R.V.]

I have bestowed upon you labour in vain. *4, 11.*
[I have bestowed labour upon you in vain.—R.V.]

It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing. *4, 18.*
[It is good to be zealously sought in a good matter at all times.—R.V.]

Which things are an allegory. *4, 24.*
[Which things contain an allegory.—R.V.]

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. *5, 9.*

Bear ye one another's burdens. *6, 2.*

For every man shall bear his own burden. *6, 5.*
[For each man . . .—R.V.]

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. *6, 7.*

Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. *6, 9.*

Middle wall of partition.
Epistle to the Ephesians. *2, 14*

The unsearchable riches of Christ. *3, 8.*

Carried about with every wind of doctrine. *4, 14.*

Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath. *4, 26.*

That which is good to the use of edifying. *4, 29.*
[Such as is good for edifying as the need may be.—R.V.]

Let no man deceive you with vain words. *5, 6.*
[. . . empty words.—R.V.]

Redeeming the time, because the days are evil. *5, 16.*

Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. (*See* Coloss. 3, 16.) *5, 19.*

And they two shall be one flesh. *5, 31.*
[And the twain shall become one flesh.—R.V.]

The first commandment with promise. *6, 2.*

Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. *6, 4.*
[Nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord.—R.V.]

The shield of faith. *6, 16.*

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. **Epistle to the Philippians.** *1, 21.*

Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame. *3, 19.*
[Whose god is the belly . . .—R.V.]

Our vile body. *3, 21.*
[The body of our humiliation.—R.V.]

True yokefellow. *4, 3.*

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding. *4, 7.*

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. *4, 8.*

[Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable . . .—R.V.]

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. *4, 11.*
[. . . therein to be content.—R.V.]

Thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him.
Epistle to the Colossians. *1, 16.*
[. . . all things have been created through him, and unto him.—R.V.]

Touch not; taste not; handle not. *2, 21.*
[Handle not, nor taste, nor touch.—R.V.]

Set your affection on things above. *3, 2.*
[Set your mind on the things that are above.—R.V.]

Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. *3, 19.*

And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. *3, 23.*
[Whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men.—R.V.]

Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal. *4, 1.*
[Masters, render unto . . .—R.V.]

Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt. *4, 6.*
[. . . always with grace . . .—R.V.]

Luke, the beloved physician. *4, 14.*

Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love.
First Epistle to the Thessalonians. *1, 3.*

And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business. *4, 11.*

Pray without ceasing. *5, 17.*

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. *5, 21.*

Be not weary in well-doing.
Second Epistle to the Thessalonians. *3, 13.*

Fables and endless genealogies.
First Epistle to Timothy. *1, 4.*

The law is good, if a man use it lawfully. *1, 8.*

I did it ignorantly in unbelief. *1, 13.*

A faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation. *1, 15.*
[Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptation.—R.V.]

A bishop then must be blameless. (*See* Titus 1, 7.) *3, 2.*
[The bishop therefore must be without reproach.—R.V.]

Not greedy of filthy lucre. *3, 3.*
[No lover of money.—R.V.]

One that ruleth well his own house. *3, 4.*

Every creature of God is good. *4, 4.*

Let no man despise thy youth. *4, 12.*

Tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not. *5, 13.*

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake. *5, 23.*
[Be no longer a drinker of water . . .—R.V.]

For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. *6, 7.*

For the love of money is the root of all evil. *6, 10.*

[For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil.—R.V.]

Fight the good fight of faith. *6, 12.*
[. . . of the faith.—R.V.]

Rich in good works. *6, 18.*

Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come. *6, 19.*

Science falsely so called. *6, 20.*
[The knowledge which is falsely so called.—R.V.]

Hold fast the form of sound words.
Second Epistle to Timothy. *1, 13.*
[Hold the pattern of sound words.—R.V.]

Be instant in season, out of season. *4, 2.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. *4, 7.*
[I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith.—R.V.]

A lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate.
Epistle to Titus. *1, 8.*
[Given to hospitality, a lover of good, soberminded, just, holy, temperate.—R.V.]

Unto the pure all things are pure. *1, 15.*
[To the pure . . .—R.V.]

Your work and labour of love.
Epistle to the Hebrews. *6, 10.*
[Your work and the love which ye showed toward his name.—R.V.]

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. *11, 1.*
[Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen.—R.V.]

Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. *11, 13.*

Of whom the world was not worthy. *11, 38.*

Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses. *12, 1.*

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. *12, 6.*

The spirits of just men made perfect. *12, 23.*

Let brotherly love continue. *13, 1.*
[Let love of the brethren continue.—R.V.]

Thereby some have entertained angels unawares. *13, 2.*

Marriage is honourable in all. *13, 4.*

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above. **Epistle of James.** *1, 17.*
[Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above.—R.V.]

Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath. *1, 19.*

Pure religion and undefiled. *1, 27.*

Faith without works is dead. *2, 20.*
[Faith apart from works is barren.—R.V.]

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! *3, 5.*
[Behold, how much wood is kindled by how small a fire!—R.V.]

The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. *3, 8.*
[. . . it is a restless evil, it is full of deadly poison.—R.V.]

Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. *3, 10.*

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[Out of the same mouth cometh forth blessing and cursing . . .—R.V.]

Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. *4, 7.*

For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. *4, 14.*
[What is your life? For ye are a vapour, that appeareth . . .—R.V.]

Ye have heard of the patience of Job. *5, 11.*

Let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay. *5, 12.*

The prayer of faith shall save the sick. *5, 15.*
[. . . shall save him that is sick.—R.V.]

Be sober, and hope to the end.
First Epistle of Peter. *1, 13.*
[Be sober and set your hope perfectly.—R.V.]

All flesh is as grass. *1, 24.*

A peculiar people. *2, 9.*
[A people for God's own possession.—R.V.]

Fear God. Honour the king. *2, 17.*

The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. *3, 4.*
[Apparel of a meek and quiet spirit.—R.V.]

Giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel. *3, 7.*
[Giving honour unto the woman, as unto the weaker vessel.—R.V.]

Finally, be ye all of one mind. *3, 8.*
[Finally, be ye all likeminded.—R.V.]

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. *4, 8.*
[Love covereth a multitude of sins.—R.V.]

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. *5, 8.*
[Be sober, be watchful; your adversary . . .—R.V.]

No prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation.
Second Epistle of Peter. *1, 20.*
[No prophecy of scripture is of private interpretation.—R.V.]

Not afraid to speak evil of dignities. *2, 10.*
[They tremble not to rail at dignities.—R.V.]

The dog is turned to his own vomit again. (*See* Prov. 26, 11.) *2, 22.*
[The dog turning to his own vomit again.—R.V.]

Shutteth up his bowels of compassion.
First Epistle of John. *3, 17.*
[Shutteth up his compassion.—R.V.]

Perfect love casteth out fear. *4, 18.*

A railing accusation. (*See* 2 Peter, 2, 11.)
Epistle of Jude. *9.*
[A railing judgement.—R.V.]

Spots in your feasts of charity. *12.*
[Hidden rocks in your love-feasts.—R.V.]

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Wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. *13.*
[Wandering stars, for whom the blackness of darkness hath been reserved for ever.—R.V.]

His voice as the sound of many waters.
The Revelation. *1, 15.*
[His voice as the voice of many waters.—R.V.]

I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. *2, 4.*
[I have this against thee, that thou didst leave thy first love.—R.V.]

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. *2, 10.*
[. . . the crown of life.—R.V.]

He shall rule them with a rod of iron. *2, 27 and 19, 15.*

Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments. *3, 4.*
[But thou hast a few names in Sardis which did not defile their garments.—R.V.]

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. *3, 15.*

[*To the church of the Laodiceans.*]

He went forth conquering and to conquer. *6, 2.*

[He came forth . . .—R.V.]

A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues. *7, 9.*
[A great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues.—R.V.]

These are they which came out of great tribulation. *7, 14.*
[These are they which come out of the great tribulation.—R.V.]

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. *7, 17; 20, 13; and 21, 4.*
[God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.—R.V.]

Their works do follow them. *14, 13.*
[Their works follow with them.—R.V.]

The vials of the wrath of God. *16, 1.*
[The seven bowls of the wrath of God.—R.V.]

Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen. *18, 2.*
[Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great.—R.V.]

And the sea gave up the dead which were in it. *20, 13.*

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. *21, 1.*

[. . . the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.—R.V.]

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. *21, 4.*
[And he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.—R.V.]

The former things are passed away. *Ib.*
[The first things are passed away.—R.V.]

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. *22, 13.*
[I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.—R.V.]

Whosoever loveth and maketh a lie. *22, 15.*
[Everyone that loveth and maketh a lie.—R.V.]

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Nor can we expect that men of factious, peevish, and perverse spirits should be satisfied with anything that can be done in this kind by any other than themselves. **Preface.**

There was never anything by the wit of man so well devised, or so sure established, which in continuance of time hath not been corrupted. **Concerning the Service.**

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done. **General Confession.**

The noble army of martyrs. **Te Deum.**

That peace which the world cannot give. **2nd Collect; Evening Prayer.**

Miserable sinners. **Litany.**

From all blindness of heart; from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. *Ib.*

The deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil. *Ib.*

False doctrine, heresy, and schism. *Ib.*

The kindly fruits of the earth. *Ib.*

Sins, negligences, and ignorances. *Ib.*

The sighing of a contrite heart. *Ib.*

Abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices. **Prayer in the Time of War.**

All sorts and conditions of men. **Prayer for all Conditions of Men.**

Afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate. *Ib.*

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. **Collects: 2nd Sunday in Advent.**

The ministers and stewards of thy mysteries. **3rd Sunday in Advent.**

The glory that shall be revealed. **St. Stephen's Day.**

Evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul. **2nd Sunday in Lent.**]

Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks. **Good Friday.**

Put away the leaven of malice and wickedness. **1st Sunday after Easter.**

The unruly wills and affections of sinful men. **4th Sunday after Easter.**

The sundry and manifold changes of the world. *Ib.*

A right judgement in all things. **Whit Sunday.**

True and laudable service. **13th Sunday after Trinity.**

Carried away with every blast of vain doctrine. **St. Mark's Day.**

Covetous desires, and inordinate love of riches. **St. Matthew's Day.**

Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon the earth; where the rust and moth doth corrupt.* **The Communion.** *St. Matt. 6.*

Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.* *7.*

If I have done any wrong to any man, I restore four-fold.* *St. Luke 19.*

He that soweth little shall reap little; and he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously. Let every man do according as he is disposed in his heart.* *2 Cor. 9.*

Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.* *Gal. 6.*

While we have time, let us do good unto all men.* *Ib.*

Godliness is great riches, if a man be content with that he hath; for we brought nothing into the world, neither may we carry any thing out.* *1 Tim. 6.*

Ready to give, and glad to distribute.* *Ib.*

He will not forget your works, and labour that proceedeth of love.* *Heb. 6.*

To do good and to distribute forget not.* *13.*

Never turn thy face from any poor man.* *Tobit 4.*

If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little.* *Ib.*

And look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again.* *Prov. 19.*

Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy.* *Ps., 41.*

Hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith. *Priest's exordium to "the comfortable words."*

Come unto me all that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.* *St. Matt. 11, 28.*

This is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received.* *1 Tim. 1, 15.*

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* The above sixteen passages differ from the Authorised Version of the Bible. The rendering (dating from 1st Prayer book, 1549) is not taken from Tyndale nor from Coverdale, but is thought to have been an independent version by Cranmer.

The changes and chances of this mortal life. **Communion.** *Collect.*

Renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world. **Public Baptism of Infants.**

The pomps and vanity of this wicked world. **Catechism.**

To be true and just in all my dealing. *Ib.*

To keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering. *Ib.*

To do my duty in that state of life, unto which it shall please God to call me. *Ib.*

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. *Ib.*

Being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath. *Ib.*

If any of you know cause or just impediment. **Solemnisation of Matrimony.**

Like brute-beasts that have no understanding. *Ib.*

Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace. *Ib.*

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part. *Ib.*

To love, cherish, and to obey. *Ib.*

With this Ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. *Ib.*

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life. **Burial of the Dead.**

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.[*] *Ib.*

In the midst of life we are in death.[†] *Ib.*

Suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee. *Ib.*

They rest from their labours.[‡] *Ib.*

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Ordering of Priests.
By Bishop Cosin, see p. 437*a.*

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[*] This is from Job 14, 1 and 2, but differs from the Authorised Version.

[†] These words are a translation of the ancient antiphon beginning: "Media vita morte sumus," said to have been composed about A.D. 911 by St. Notker Balbulus (840?–912?), a Swiss monk, of the monastery of St. Gall (Switzerland).

[‡] *See* Rev. 14, 13.

A fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture. **Articles.** *No. 22.*

A tongue not understanded of the people. *No. 24.*

Ought to be taken by the whole multitude of the faithful, as an Heathen and Publican. *No. 33.*

Their feet are swift to shed blood. **Psalter.**[*] *Ps. 14, 6.*

As it were a ramping and a roaring lion. *22, 13.*

A horse is counted but a vain thing to save a man. *33, 16.*

I have been young, and now am old; and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread. *37, 25.*

The ungodly . . . . . . flourishing like a green bay tree. *37, 36.*

I kept silence, yea even from good words; but it was pain and grief to me. *39, 3.*

O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest. *55, 6.*

Even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. *55, 14.*

Which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. *58, 5.*

The God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house. *68, 6.*

And I said, It is mine own infirmity. *77, 10.*

The sorrowful sighing of the prisoners. *79, 12.*

Make them like unto a wheel.[†] *83, 13.*

We bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told. *90, 9.*

The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. *90, 10.*

The iron entered into his soul. *105, 18.*

A good man is merciful, and lendeth. *112, 5.*

I labour for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof, they make them ready to battle. *120, 6.*

A city that is at unity in itself. *122, 3.*

Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity! *133, 1.*

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[*] The passages quoted differ, in all cases, from the Psalms in the Authorised Version.

[†] This is "a bitter sarcasm against the grand tour," says Sterne (*Tristram Shandy*, Vol. 7, ch. 13).

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

1. MEDIEVAL AND 16TH CENTURY.

Hwan thou sixst on leode,
King that is wilful,
And domesmon niminde,
Proest that is wilde
Bischop slou,
Old mon lechur,
Yunch mon lieyer,
Wimmon schomeles,
Child un-theand,
Thral un-buxsum,
Atheling britheling,
Lond withoute laye,
Al so seide bede,
Wo there theode.

—When thou lookest on these people—king that is wilful, judge who takes [bribes], priest that is wild, bishop tardy, old man lecherous, young man a liar, woman shameless, child unbehaved, thrall disobedient, nobleman a caitiff, land without law,—then, said Bede, "Wo to that nation!"

Cotton MS., Caligula, A 9, leaf 248.

The flour of knychthed and of chevelry (Lancelot).

Lancelot of the Laik, l. 2355 (c. 1490–1500).

Sumer is y-cumen in;
Loude sing cuckoo! *Song*, c. 1250.

Winter wakeneth all my care;
Now these leavès waxeth bare.
Oft I sigh, and mournè sare,
When it cometh in my thought,
Of this world's joy, how it go'th all to nought.

Ditty on the Uncertainty of Life, c. 1250.

For he was a gentyll knyght.[*]

Ancient Ballad of the Battle of Otterbourne. (*Written probably* c. 1450.)

From her thought
He is a banished man.

The Nut-Brown Maid. (*Published in "Arnold's Chronicle,"* 1521, *as "an Old Ballad."*)

I saw the new moon late yestreen,
With the auld moon in her arm.

Ballad, "Sir Patrick Spens." (*Supposed to date from 15th Century.*)

Late, late, yestreen, I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.

Ib. (*Later Version.*)

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[*] *See* Chaucer (p 76*b*); and Spenser (p. 339*a*)

Itt's pride that putts this countrye downe;
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

Old Ballad, supposed to have been of Scottish origin; see "Percy's Reliques," Book 2, 7. (*Quoted in "Othello," ii. 2.*)

He had one only daughter and no mo',
The which he loved passing well.

Jephthah, Judge of Israel. (*Old Ballad, quoted in "Hamlet," ii. 2.*)

"War begets Poverty," or "The World's Whirligig."

Plenty breeds *Pride*; *Pride, Envy, Envy, Warre,*
Warre, Poverty, Poverty humble *Care*;
Humility breeds *Peace*, and *Peace* breeds *Plenty*;
Thus round the World doth rowle alternatly.

"The World's Whirlegigge," by Robert Hayman (*d.* 1631 ?). *Published* (1625) *in "Quodlibets, lately come over from New Britaniola, Old Newfoundland, by R. H., sometimes Governour of the Plantation there."*

Found in Welsh in *The Myvrian Archaiology of Wales* (c. 1870) and there ascribed to St. Cadoc (6th Century). The translation of the Welsh version is: Poverty begets Effort; Effort begets Success; Success begets Wealth; Wealth begets Pride; Pride begets Strife; Strife begets War; War begets Poverty; Poverty begets Peace; Peace, born of Poverty, begets Effort; Effort again begets Success and the round continues as before."

There are many other old versions. One of the oldest, said to be derived from a 15th Century MS., reads:

Peace maketh Plenty, Plenty maketh Pride,
Pride maketh Plee [pleasure], Plee maketh Poverty,
Poverty maketh Peace.

Bryng us in no befe, for there is many bonys,
But bryng us in good ale, for that goth down at onys.

From a song of the 15th or late 14th Century. See "Songs and Carols," Thos. Wright.

The heading of the song is:

Bryng us in good ale, and bryng us in good ale;
For our blysyd lady sak, bryng us in good ale.

Another (inferior) version is given by Ritson. *See also* under Proverbs: "He that buys land," etc.

Harder hap did never
Two kind hearts dissever.

The King of France's Daughter. (*Ancient Black-letter Ballad.*)

My love he loves another love;
Alas, sweetheart, why does he so?
The Mourning Maiden. (*Scottish Poem*, c. 1550.

Yf that thow wolte speke aryght,
Syx thynggys thou moste observe then:
What thow spekyst, and of what wyght,
Whare, to wham, whye and whanne.
Whatever thow sey, avyse thee welle. MS. Trin. Coll., Cambridge (c. 1530).

A Latin version of the "six things to be observed" is as follows:
Si sapiens fore vis, sex serva quæ tibi mando,
Quid dicas, et ubi, de quo, cui, quomodo, quando.
See N. & Q., Dec. 23 (p. 516), 1911.

W. E. Norris in *Thirlby Hall* (1884) has a modern metric version, making the number of things five:
If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how and when and where.

St. Ambrose, De Officiis Ministrorum, Bk. 1, ch. 10, sec. 35, enumerates four things for the wise man to consider before speaking: "Sapiens, ut loquatur, multa prius considerat, quid dicat, aut cui dicat, quo in loco, et tempore."

Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,
For my lyff days ben gan.
Ancient Ballad of Chevy Chase. (*Said to be by Richard Sheale, and probably written* c. 1450–1500.) *Fytte 2, st. 13.*

The chylde may rue that ys unborne,
It was the more pittè.* *St. 27.*

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys knee.
St. 30.

The later and more commonly received version, supposed to have been written about a century later, gives these lines as follows:
For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his leggs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew says,
A little I'm hurt, but yet not slain;
I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
And then I'll rise and fight again.
Ballad of Sir Andrew Barton. (*16th Century.*)

Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
A little I am hurt, yet not slain;
I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
And come and fight with you again.
Ballad of Sir Andrew Barton. (*Another Version.*)

Said John, "Fight on, my merry men all,
I am a little wounded, but am not slain;
I will lay me down for to bleed awhile,
Then I'll rise and fight with you again."
Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night. (*Found in "Wit Restored,"* 1658.)

That same man that renneth awaie
Maie fight again on other daie.
Erasmus. (*Apothegms, tr. by Udall*, 1542.)

See 'Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων; Butler, "For those that fly," etc., *Hudibras* 1, 3 (p. 51*a*), and 3. 3 (p. 52*a*); Goldsmith, *Art of Poetry*, p. 150*a*.

For he that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.
Musarum Deliciæ. (*A Collection of "Witty Trifles" by Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith*, 1656.)

He that fights and runs away,
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain,
Will never rise to fight again.
Ray's History of the Rebellion, p. 48, 1752.

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear
That lived in Islington.*
Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so;
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.
True Love Requited; or, The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington. (*Ancient Black-letter Ballad.*)

And whan the[y] came to Kyng Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud porter
Rearing himselfe thereatt.
King Estmere. (*Old Ballad, 15th Century.*) *St. 44.*

And up and spak' the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free.
Lord Beichan. Old Border Ballad. Traditional. (*Taken from J. H. Dixon's version, Percy Society publication.*)

I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see.
Lord Lovel. (*Old Ballad.*)

Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow.
Ib.

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.
Ballad quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Act ii.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hirèd him,
Had paid him very large.
The Children in the Wood. Black-letter ballad, Pepys collection. St. 12.

And he that was of mildest mood
Did slaye the other there. *St. 13.*

And I wish his soul in heaven may dwell,
Who first invented this leathern bottel!
The Leathern Bottel. Somersetshire version.

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* In the more modern version:—
"The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day."

* Supposed to refer to Islington in Norfolk, near Lynn, now Tilney-cum-Islington.

But whether we have less or more,
Alway thank we God therefor.

Fabliau of Sir Cleyes. (*15th Century MS.*)

For Corin was her only joy,
Who forst [loved] her not a pin.

Harpalus' Complaint of Phillida's love bestowed on Corin. (*Tottel's Collection of Songs and Sonnets,* 1557.)

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves ?

A new Courtly Sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves, to the new tune of "Greensleeves." (*From "A Handful of Pleasant Delites,"* 1584.) (*See "Merry Wives of Windsor," ii. 1; and v. 5.*)

Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Love will find out the way. (*Old Song.*)

O Love, Love, on thy sowle God have mercye !
For as Peter is *princeps apostolorum,*
So to the[e] may be said clerlye
Of all foolys that ever was, *stultus stultorum.*

The Epitaphe of Love, the Kinge's Foole. Bodl. MSS., c. *temp. Henry VIII.*

Come, give us your plain-dealing fellows,
Who never from honesty shrink,
Not thinking of all they should tell us,
But telling us all that they think.

The Broderer's Song. Ancient song, said to have been repeated or sung at the dinner of the Broderers' (Embroiderers') Company.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or Nature hath assigned.[*]

Printed about 1585 *in Byrd's "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadnes and Pietie."*

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain. *Ib.*

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take ;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

A Praise of his Lady. Tottel's "Miscellany," 1557.

Similar lines appear in "A Praise of his Love," by the Earl of Surrey, d. 1547 ; and in many other poets, the origin being Italian.

A ship is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready.

Lingua ; or, The Five Senses.[†] *iv. 5.*

A ship is ever in need of repairing.—*John Taylor* (*Water Poet*), "*A Navy of Landships.*" [*Proverbial expression derived from Plautus. See "Negotii sibi," etc., under Latin.*]

And all she said, when there she came,
Young man, I think y'are dying.

Barbara Allen's Cruelty. (*Old Ballad.*)

He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth.

Song, "Hallo, my fancy !" c. 1600.

Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

Careless Content. (*Anon.*)

He sighed in his singing and after each grone,
Come willow, willow, willow !
I'm dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone ;
Oh willow, willow, willow !

Willow, Willow, Willow. (*Old Ballad.*) *See "Othello," iv. 3* (*p.* 302*b*).

Shepherd, be advised by me,
Cast off grief and willow-tree :
For thy grief brings her content ;
She is pleased if thou lament.

The Willow Tree. (*Ancient Black-letter Ballad.*)

And he loved keeping company.

The Heir of Linne, St. 2. (*Old Ballad, supposed to be of Scottish origin.*)

Seas have their source, and so have shallow springs ;
And love is love, in beggars as in kings.

"*A. W.,*" *in Davison's "Rhapsody."* (*16th Century.*)

Come gentle death, the ebb of care,
The ebb of care, the flood of life.

Upon consideration of the state of this life. Tottel's Collection, 1557.

Women be forgetful, children be unkind,
Executors be covetous and take what they find ;
If anybody ask where the dead's goods became,
They answer, So God help me and holy dome, he died a poor man.

Quoted as "the old proverb" in Stow's "Survey of London," 1603.

And from the top of all my trust
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.

The Lover that once disdained Love. (*Tottel's Collection, pub.* 1557.) *Possibly by John Harington* (fl. 1550). *See "Notes and Queries," June* 3, 1911.

These lines are said to have been written by Mary Queen of Scots, with a diamond, on a window in Fotheringay Castle.

Digest me no digestions.

The Earl of Essex to Sir Robert Cecil, 1594.

Thirtie daies hath November,
Aprill, June, and September ;
Twenty and eight hath Februarie alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one.

Harrison's "Description of England" (1577). *Given as an English version of the Latin hexameters :*

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[*] Attributed to Sir E. Dyer (1540–1607) (*q.v.*). "My mind's my kingdom."—*F. Quarles* (1592–1644) : *School of the Heart,* Ode 4, st. 3.

[†] A play of James I.'s reign, erroneously attributed to Anthony Brewer.

Junius, Aprilis, Septemque Novemque tricenos ;
Unum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicenos ;
At si bissextus fuerit, superadditur unus.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.

William Keltie (d. 1608 ?) : *The Hundredth Psalm* (*printed* 1561). (*Erroneously attributed to John Hopkins in Sternhold and Hopkins's " The Whole Book of Psalmes,"* 1578.)

Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse, that throws his rider.

Attributed to Robt. Robinson, Vicar of Hallow (c. 1580). *See " Notes and Queries," June* 25, 1910.

2. 17TH CENTURY.

All our pride is but a jest ;
None are worst and none are best ;
Grief and joy and hope and fear
Play their pageants everywhere.
Vain opinion all doth sway ;
And the world is but a play.

Song, " Whether men do laugh or weep," set to music by Philip Rosseter (1575 ?–1623).

A degenerate nobleman, or one that is proud of his birth, is like a turnip. There is nothing good of him but that which is underground.

" Characters." A Degenerate Nobleman. Saml. Butler (1612–1680).

Often quoted : " is like a potato ; the only good part of him is underground."

Three merry men,
And three merry men,
And three merry men be we.

Westward Hoe (1607) *by Dekker and Webster. See Fletcher, p.* 138*a ; also Shakespeare, " Twelfth Night," ii. 3.*

The surest way to charm a woman's tongue
Is, break her neck—a politician did it.

A Yorkshire Tragedy (1608), *Sc. 5.* (*Attributed to Shakespeare*).

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Translation of Latin hymn, by Bishop Cosin (of Durham) (1594–1672).

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy.

Tate and Brady, Psalm 34 (1696).

A Passage perillus makyth a Port pleasant.

Motto inscribed on a harbour wall on the Lake of Como.

That admirable saying of Hooker [1554 ?-1600] that even ministers of good things are like torches, a light to others, waste and destruction to themselves.

Quoted by Gladstone, 1880. See Morley's " Life of Gladstone," Book 8, ch. 1.

From whence came Smith, albe he knight or squire,
But from the smith that forgeth at the fire ?

Verstegan's " Restitution of Decayed Intelligence," p. 310. (Verstegan died about 1635.)

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Ascribed to Thos. Seward (1708–1790). *See, however, Thomas Heywood* (*p.* 166*a*).

Those glories come too late
That on our ashes wait.

Inscription on Title-page of R. Lovelace's Posthumous Poems, 1659. *Tr. of Martial, Book 1, Epigram 26.* (*See " Cineri gloria " under Latin,* 502*b*.)

Reason, thou vain impertinence,
Deluding hypocrite, begone !
And go and plague your men of sense,
But let my love and me alone.

. . . .

At best thou'rt but a glimmering light,
Which serves not to direct our way ;
But, like the moon, confounds our sight,
And only shows it is not day.

Reason. (*From " Miscellany Poems and Translations by Oxford Hands." Printed,* 1685.)

Britons, strike home, revenge your country's wrongs !
Fight and record yourselves in Druids' songs.

From " Bonduca," a play produced by Geo. Powell in 1696, founded on Beaumont and Fletcher's Tragedy of Bonduca, printed 1647.

Past is the Fear of future Doubt ;
The Sun is from the Dial gone ;
The Sands are sunk, the Glass is out,
The Folly of the Farce is done.

Thomas Durfey's " Pills to Purge Melancholy " (1681), *Vol. 1. Given as a Chorus to " A Dirge sung in the First Part of Don Quixote by a Shepherd and Shepherdess."* (*Erroneously attributed to Durfey.*)

Of all the world's enjoyments
That ever valued were,
There's none of our employments
With fishing can compare.

Ib., Vol. 1. " The Fisherman's Song, in the First Part of Massaniello.

" The Herring Pond."
Nay, I'll send Printed Scrowls beyond,
To Neighbours o'er the Herring Pond,
That she's not worth a Groat.

Ib., Vol. 2. " The Fable of the Lady and the Lurcher and the Marrow-Puddings."

"St. George he was for England."
Romulus and Remus were those that Rome did build,
But St. George, St. George, the dragon he hath killed.
Ib., Vol. 3. "St. George for England" (Derived from 16th Cent. ballad.)

St. David, you know, loves leeks and toasted cheese,
And Jason was the man brought home the Golden Fleece;
St. Patrick, you know, he was St. George's boy;
Seven years he kept his horse, and then stole him away;
For which knavish act a slave he doth remain,
But St. George, St. George, he hath the dragon slain.
St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense. *Ib.*

With an old song, made by an old ancient Pate,
Of an old Worshipful Gentleman who had a great Estate,
Who kept an Old House at a bountiful rate.
And an Old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate.
Ib., Vol. 3. The Old and New Courtier. (A song dating from about 1620.)

The pleasures of youth are flowers but of May;
Our Life's but a Vapour, our body's but clay;
Oh, let me live well though I live but one day.
Ib., Vol. 3. "The Old Woman's Wish." (To the same tune as "The Old Man's Wish.")

If musick be the food of love,
Sing on, sing on, sing on.
Ib., Vol. 3. Song.

Take not the first refusal ill;
Tho' now she won't, anon she will.
Ib., Vol. 4. "A Song set by Mr. Berenclow."

But all's to no end, for the times will not mend
Till the king enjoys his own again.
Upon Defacing of White-Hall. ("The Loyal Garland," 5th Edition, 1686.)

He that is drunk is as great as a king.
Old Song, said to have been quoted by Charles II. to Sir R. Viner, Lord Mayor of London, in 1674.

And when the pipe is foul within,
Think how the soul's defiled with sin;
To purge with fire it does require,
Thus think, and drink tobacco.
From a MS. of early part of 17th century, signed "G. W.," and sometimes attributed to George Wither. The song is in Durfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy" (1699). *There are many later versions.*

God rest you, merry gentlemen! let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour, who was born on Christmas Day.
Carol, printed c. 1672, *Roxburghe Collection.*

He that drinks well, does sleep well; he that sleeps well, doth think well;
He that drinks well, doth do well; he that does well, must drink well.
The Loyal Garland. Song 65 (1686).

Commit thy ship unto the wind,
But not to faith of womankind;
For there's more credit in a wave
Than any faith that women have.
Anon. MS., c. 1693.

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary republic.—Samuel Johnson, in his *Life of Milton*, gives this passage in italics as though a quotation, but the words are not found in Milton's works. They are apparently Johnson's paraphrase of Milton's arguments in *A Ready and Easy Way* (1660), with perhaps a reminiscence of Goldsmith's remark: "The nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

8. 18TH CENTURY.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.
The Celebrated Beauties, by Mr. Br—st, published 1709. *Anon. (Quoted by Pope and others: "Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise." See Paul Whitehead (p.* 386*a*).

I prized every hour that passed by
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are gone, and I sigh
And I grieve that I prized them no more.
Lines quoted by Fanny Burney in letter to Mrs. Phillips, Oct. 3, 1783.

We do not love people so much for the good they have done us, as for the good we have done them.
Tolstoy in "War and Peace," Part 1 (ad fin.), quoted this sentence (in Russian) as being a quotation from Laurence Sterne. Its source has not been identified.

Envy! eldest born of hell!
Cease in human breast to dwell.
Libretto to Handel's "Saul" (1738). *Attributed to Chas. Jennings, of Gospall.*

I will drive a coach and six through an Act of Parliament.
Quoted by Macaulay, "Hist. of Eng.," ch. 12, as by Sir Stephen Rice, Irish Judge (1637–1715).

Men have many faults;
Poor women have but two:
There's nothing good they say,
And nothing right they do. *Anon.*

It's a very good world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or come by your own,
It's the very worst world that ever was known.
Anon.

Usually quoted in this form. An older form appears in *A Collection of Epigrams*, 12mo, London, 1737:

This is the best world, that we live in,
To lend and to spend and to give in:
But to borrow, or beg, or to get a man's own,
It is the worst world that ever was known.

Our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure.
Fleetwood (Bishop of St. Asaph, 1706–1714, Bishop of Ely, 1714–1723).

From a preface to four sermons published 1712. This preface, which dwelt on the outbreak of the "spirit of discord" and the disappointment of the hopes of peace, was burned by order of the majority of the House of Commons.

It is best to be off wi' the old love,
Before you be on wi' the new.
Quoted as "the end of the old song" in Sir W. Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," ch. 29.

Oh, waly, waly, gin love be bonny,
A little while, when it is new;
But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
Old Scottish Song. (Quoted by Burns.)

They steal my thunder.

Remark attributed to John Dennis, critic, and dramatist (1657–1733), when stage thunder, invented by him for his play of Appius, was used in "Macbeth." "They will not let my play run," he said, "and yet they steal my thunder."—*Biog. Britannica.*

He that will make a pun will pick a pocket.

The critic [Dennis] immediately started up and left the room, swearing that any man who could make such an execrable pun would pick his pocket. —*Public Advertiser*, January 12, 1779. *See Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 2, p. 324, which also ascribes this saying to Dennis.

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.
Exclamation of a gentleman on witnessing Macklin's performance of Shylock, 1741. It has been ascribed to Pope and also to Johnson.

To Nature and yourself appeal,
Nor learn of others what to feel.
Anon. Quoted in "An Epistle to a Friend" by William Hogarth, 1761.

As Statues moulder into Worth.
Attributed to Paul Whitehead (1709–1774).

Begin low, speak slow;
Take fire, rise higher;
When most impressed
Be self-possessed;
At the end wax warm,
And sit down in a storm.
Lines on Public Speaking attributed to Rev. Dr. Leifchild, Nonconformist Preacher, 18th Century.

A dying man can do nothing easy.
Last words of Franklin (*d.* 1790).

Had you seen this road before it was made,
You would lift both your hands and bless General Wade.
In reference to General (afterwards Field-Marshal) Wade (d. 1748), *who employed 500 soldiers in road-making in the Highlands, 1726–1729. The lines are said to be by "an Irish ensign," and are quoted in James Pettit Andrew's "Anecdotes,"* 1789.

They who drink beer will think beer.
Attributed to Warburton. (It has been parodied, "They who drink water will think water.")

O what a parish, what a terrible parish,
O what a parish is Little Dunkel'!
They hae hangit the minister, drowned the precentor,
Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell! *Anon.*

Now she will and then she will not.
Old Song. (Dryden's Collection, 1716.)

The law doth punish man or woman
That steals the goose from off the common,
But lets the greater felon loose,
That steals the common from the goose.
Anon. See Notes and Queries, 7 Ser. vi. 469; vii. 98; 8 Ser. x. 273; also Feb. 17, 1912.

For in heaven there's a lodge, and St. Peter keeps the door,
And none can enter in but those that are pure.
The Masonic Hymn. Stated by J. H. Dixon (Ancient Poems, Percy Society, 1846) *to be "a very ancient production."*

His friends would praise him, I believed 'em,
His foes would blame him, and I scorned 'em;
His friends—as Angels I received 'em;
His foes—the Devil had suborned 'em.
Old Song.

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum.*
And the great fleas themselves in turn have greater fleas to go on,
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on.
Quoted in Prof. Augustus De Morgan's (1806–1871) *"Budget of Paradoxes"* (c. 1850).

So naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
Swift: Poetry, a Rhapsody.

Once I guessed right,
And I got credit by 't;
Thrice I guessed wrong,
And I kept my credit on.
Quoted as "an odd saying" by Dean Swift, 1710.

The Rule of the Road—and Path:

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
Both in riding and driving along;
If you keep to the left, you are sure to be right,
If you keep to the right you are wrong;
But in walking the streets 'tis a different case,
To the right it is right you should bear;

Whereas to the left should be left enough space
For those whom you chance to meet there.

Old Rhyme, ascribed to Henry Erskine (1746–1817). *See Notes and Queries, Aug.* 27, 1910, *and July* 28, 1866.

The Rev. J. Wood gives a different version of the rule of the footway:

The rule of the footway is clear as the light,
And none can its reason withstand:
On each side of the way you must keep to the right,
And leave those you meet the left hand.

This Gate hangs high,
And hinders none;
Refresh and pay,
And travel on.

Inscription on the Sign of a Gate. (*Sometimes the name of the Sign is different, and the third line runs* "*Come in and buy.*")

Gin a body meet a body, coming thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body need a body cry?

Song, "*Gin a Body Meet a Body,*" *published in* "*Charms of Melody,*" *No. 30, Dublin, n.d.* (c. 1810). *Probably 18th Century.*

There's some say that we wan, some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a', man,
But one thing I'm sure, that at Sheriff-Muir,
A battle there was, which I saw, man.
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran.
And we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Sheriff-Muir. By Murdoch McLennan of Crathie. The inconclusive action known as "*The Bob* [*i.e. dance*] *of Dunblane*" *was fought in the valley of Sheriffmuir, near Stirling, Nov. 12, 1715.*

The wee wee German Lairdie.

Jacobite Song. Attributed to Allan Cunningham, but said to have been a traditional Scottish song before his time.

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned, whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

Traditional. Sometimes called "*Sir Matthew Hale's Golden Maxim,*" *and said to be* "*a poetical rendering of a passage in his letter to his children* '*On Keeping the Lord's Day.*'" (*Possibly 17th Century.*)

A lady after performing with the most brilliant execution a sonata on the pianoforte in the presence of Dr. Johnson, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music. "No, madam," replied the Doctor, "but of all noises I think music the least disagreeable."

Morning Chronicle, August 16, 1816.

Poor John was a gallant captain,
In battles much delighting;
He fled full soon
On the first of June—
But he bade the rest keep fighting.

Anti-Jacobin, May 14, 1790. Elegy or Dirge on the death of Jean Bon Saint André [*beheaded at Algiers by the Dey's orders for forming a Revolutionary Club there*]. *Joint composition of Canning, Ellis and Frere.*

So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. "What! no soap?" So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.

Printed in this form in Miss Edgeworth's "*Harry and Lucy, Concluded,*" *Vol. 2, p. 155* (1825). *According to Miss Edgeworth, the story was by* "*Mr. Foote.*"

A writer on "Samuel Foote" in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 190, Sept. 1854, states that these lines were produced by Samuel Foote (1720–1777) at a lecture by Chas. Macklin (1697?–1797), in which he stated that he had brought his own memory to such perfection that he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it. Foote's sentences were handed to Macklin at the end of the lecture with a request that he would read them and afterwards repeat them from memory. Macklin's lectures were given in 1754.

The memoirs of Foote and the various books of witticisms and anecdotes connected with him, contain no reference to the story.

According to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (Nov. 16, 1850), the author of "The Incoherent Story" was James Quin, the actor (1693–1766) who is said to have laid Foote a wager that he could speak some nonsense which Foote could not repeat off-hand after him. The version given differs in some particulars from the above. The various memoirs of Quin have no allusion to "The Incoherent Story," nor is it mentioned in the Memoirs of Macklin.

An older and longer story, said to be "an old Irish tradition," and entitled "Sir Gammer Vans," may have partly suggested the "Incoherent Story." "Sir Gammer Vans" ends: "I killed thirty-six [partridges], besides a dead salmon, which was flying over the bridge, of which I made the best apple-pie I ever tasted."

"Rewards and Fairies." *Title of Book by Rudyard Kipling.*

Farewell, rewards and fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.

18th Century Song, "*The Fairies' Farewell.*" ("*Charms of Melody,*" *No. 39, Dublin, n.d., ?* c. 1810.)

4. 19TH AND 20TH CENTURIES.

Always verify your references.

Advice given, Nov. 29, 1847, by Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, to Dean Burgon, then Fellow of Oriel College.—" Burgon's Memoir of Dr. Routh."

" Another confirmation of the advice given by one aged sage to somebody who sought his guidance in life, namely, ' Always wind up your watch and verify your quotations.' "—*Speech by the Earl of Rosebery, Nov. 23, 1897.*

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas ;
Yet still the blood is warm, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Canadian Boat Song published in " Blackwood's Magazine," 1829. *Believed to be by John Galt* (1779–1839), *who was in Canada 1824–1829.*

The above version is as usually quoted. The correct version is said to be :

From the sheiling on the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

(" *Sheiling* " *or* " *Shieling* " = *a hut.*)

Some things that you have said are true,
And some things you have said are new ;
But what are true, alas ! they are not new,
And what are new, they are, alas ! not true.

Said to be founded on a criticism of Voltaire by Lessing.

Man is immortal till his work is done.

This line appears in Ethandune (1892) (*James Williams, D.C.L.,* d. Nov., 1911, *aged* 60), *but is of earlier origin. Fuller* (*Church Hist. of Britain,* 1655, *Book 2, century 8, 18*) *has :* " God's children are immortal while their Father has anything for them to do on earth."

One step to the deathbed, and one to the bier,
And one to the charnel, and one—O where ?

Anon.

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind and in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were young ?

Harrow School Song.

Everyone to their liking,
As the old woman said when she kissed her cow,
Is not the picture striking ?

Popular Song in vogue about 1810–1820.

I'd rather have a guinea than a one-pound note.

Title of Song, popular about 1830.

O ! for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther indoore or out ;
With the grene leaves whispering overheade,
Or the streete cryes all about.

Referred to by Lord Avebury in " Pleasures of Life " (1887) *as " an old English song," but probably modern. It is said to have been written by John Wilson, London bookseller (d. 1889) as a " Motto" for his second-hand catalogue,* c. 1887, *but Wilson may have taken it from Lord Avebury's book.*

You forget the ballad of Burger, Monsieur—" The dead travel fast."

" Corsican Brothers." Version published about 1852.

And unforgiving, unforgiven dies.

Lines on the death of Queen Caroline (1821).

May his soul be in heaven—he deserves it I'm sure—
Who was first the inventor of kissing. *Anon.*

The stone this is,
Whoever kisses,
He never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To my lady's chamber,
Or be a member
Of Parliament.

Anon. " The Blarneystone." Quoted in Lockhart's " Life of Scott," ch. 63.

A crank is a little thing that makes revolutions. *Anon.*

Fear thy God, speak ill of none,
Stick to the truth, and don't be done.

Said to have been a favourite maxim of Mrs. John Day, wife of a famous jockey, and mother of William Day (1823–1908), *trainer, and of the Rev. Henry Day, LL.D.*

The Scotch are a nation of gentlemen.

Saying used by George IV., according to Sir Walter Scott. See " Noctes Ambrosianæ," Nov., 1830.

Heavenly Father, bless us,
And keep us all alive,
There's ten of us to dinner
And not enough for five."

Anon. Hodge's Grace.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flowret pluck ere it close.
Why are we fond of toil and care ?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear ?

Song, " Life let us Cherish," published in " Charms of Melody," No. 86 (Dublin, n.d., ? c. 1810) ; *translated from the German :*

Freut euch des Lebens,
Weil noch das Lämpchen glüht.

The German words were by Johann Martin Usteri (1763–1827), and appeared in 1793. They were set to music by Nägeli and published in 1795 in his *Freemasons' Song with Tunes* (Berlin).

His throat they cut from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in ;

His nāme was Mr. William Weare;
He lived at Lincoln's Inn.

Lines referring to the murder of William Weare by John Thurtell in 1823; ascribed by Lord William Lennox (" Sporting Review," 1839) *to William Webb, alias " Hoppy Webb," a London linkman. Lockhart ascribed the lines to Theodore Hook.*

He that prigs what isn't his'n,
When he's cotched 'll go to prison.

Also attributed by Lord William Lennox (in same publication) to " Hoppy Webb."

" Where I dines I sleeps."

" For where the M.F.H. dines he sleeps, and where the M.F.H. sleeps he breakfasts."

R. S. Surtees (1803–1864) : *Handley Cross* (1854), *ch. 16.*

Two men wrote a Lexicon, Liddell and Scott.
One part was clever, the other was not.
Tell me the answer now quick to this riddle,
Which part was by Scott and which part by Liddell?

Epigram said to have been written by a Westminster boy when Dr. Liddell (1811–1898) *was Headmaster (between 1846 and 1855). The Liddell and Scott Lexicon was published in 1843. (There are many variants of the epigram.)*

To play billiards well is the sign of a misspent youth.

A saying used by Herbert Spencer who played billiards not too well. He, however, stated that he quoted it from someone else [see Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer (Dr. Duncan) 1908]. (A similar remark is in " Noctes Ambrosianæ," March, 1827.)

I always admired Mrs. Grote's saying that politics and theology were the only two really great subjects.

Letter by W. E. Gladstone to Lord Rosebery, September 16, 1880. See Morley's " Life of Gladstone," Book 8, ch. 1.

Where the Rudyards cease from Kipling,
And the Haggards ride no more.

J. K. Stephen. Lapsus Calami.

We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest.

William Hepworth Thompson (1810–1886), Master of Trinity Coll., Cambridge, as recorded by James Stuart (" Reminiscences," 1912), *made use of this saying and addressed it to Gerald Balfour. Another form of the saying is : " We are all fallible, even the youngest."*

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell.

Enigma on the letter H, by Miss Catherine Fanshawe (1764–1834), altered by James Smith, one of the authors of " Rejected Addresses."

The original line was " 'Twas in Heaven pronounced; it was muttered in Hell."

This road is not passable,
Not even jackassable.

Attributed to Jesse Douglass, and published in an Indian newspaper, 1839 *or* 1840.

A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard:
Why can't we all be like that bird?

Said to have been quoted by the American Millionaire, Rockefeller, Sept., 1915, when questioned about a War Loan from America to the Entente Allies.

A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole,
It doesn't look likely to stir a man's soul;
'Tis the deeds that were done 'neath the moth-eaten rag,
When the pole was a staff and the rag was a flag.

Gen. Sir Edwd. Bruce Hamley (1824–1893), " On Monmouth Church " (referring to colours of 43rd Monmouth Light Infantry).

A lie travels round the world while Truth is putting on her boots.

Used by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; probably his own.

If all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.
But somehow, 'tis seldom or never
The two hit it off as they should;
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good!

Elizabeth Wordsworth : St. Christopher and other Poems (1890).

If four play whist,
And one look on,
They make blunders,
He makes none. *Anon.*

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Every effort to identify the author of this much-quoted saying has failed. It has been attributed to Stephen Grellet, an American quaker of French birth (b. 1773, d. 1855); R. W. Emerson; Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon (this being, however, a mistake, due to a partial resemblance of the Earl's epitaph; *see* p. 444*a*); John Wesley; Sir Rowland Hill (1744–1833); Marcus Aurelius [*]; Miss A. B. Hageman; Addison; Wm. Penn; Thos. Carlyle; H. Drummond; and others; and it is also said that the germ of it is to be found in the writings of a Chinese philosopher. There seems to be some authority in favour of Stephen Grellet being the author, but the passage does not occur in any of his printed works.

In " Blessed be Drudgery," by Wm. C. Gannett (Bryce, Glasgow), the saying is thus recorded: " The old Quaker was right: I expect to pass through life but once. If there is any kindness, or any good thing I can do to my fellow beings, let me do it now. I shall pass this way but once."

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[*] The nearest approach to the saying in Marcus Aurelius is: " No man remember, can lose another life than that which he now loses. The present is the same for all; what we now lose or win is just the flying moment." Seneca has many parallel passages.

Albertano of Brescia's *Liber Consolationis et Consilii* (completed A.D. 1246) has:

Semper audivi dici, Quod bene potes facere noli differre ("Often have I heard it said, What good thing you can do, do not defer it.")

Chaucer, *Meubens*, sec. 71, translates this:

Ther is an old proverbe, quod she [Dame Prudence] seith: that the goodnesse that thou mayst do this day, do it; and abyde nat ne delaye it nat til to-morwe.

John Wesley (Pref. to *Explanatory Notes upon the New Testament*) wrote (Jan. 4, 1754):

"Having lately had a loud call from God to arise and go hence, I am convinced that if I attempt any thing of this kind at all I must not delay any longer."

Lord Chesterfield (letter to Bishop of Waterford, Jan. 22, 1760) wrote:

"While I can crawl upon this planet I think myself obliged to do what good I can, in my narrow domestic spheres, to my fellow creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do."

For every ill beneath the sun
There is some remedy or none;
If there be one, resolve to find it;
If not, submit, and never mind it.

These lines appeared anonymously in a book of "Maxims, Morals, etc.," published 1843. *It appears to be founded on a Castilian proverb:*

Si hay remedio porqui te apuras?
Si no hay remedio porqui te apuras?

For the Lord Jesus Christ's sake,
Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
As long as ever you can.

Said to be from a tombstone at Shrewsbury. (*Quoted by D. L. Moody, American Evangelist.*)

There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behoves any one of us,
To find any fault with the rest of us.

Anon.

These lines have been ascribed wrongly to R. L. Stevenson; to Governor Hoch of Kansas (who disclaimed them); to Ellen Thornycroft Fowler (who also disclaimed the authorship); to Elbert Hubbard; and to Joaquin Miller (1841–1913), American poet, the last mentioned probably on the strength of a similar passage:

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

Album inscriptions:

This space is mine
Wherein to write;
Remember me
When out of sight.

All I ask is one small spot
In which to write, "Forget me not.

Remember me when this you see,
And think of one who thinks of thee.

Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.

Saying by Thos. Gold Appleton (1812–1884); also attributed, incorrectly, to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I am tired of four walls and a ceiling;
I have need of the grass.

"Spring" (in "Along the Trail"), by Richard Hovey (Boston, 1898).

Meet me by moonlight alone.

Song by J. A. Wade (1800–1875).

If I were a Cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Coat and bands and hymn-book too.

Ascribed to Bishop Samuel Wilberforce (1805–1873).

Rainy days will surely come,
Take your friend's umbrella home. *Anon.*

First it rained, and then it snew,
Then it friz, and then it thew,
And then it friz again. *Anon.*

Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

This occurs in a song by Geo. Linley (c. 1835), but it is found as an "axiom" in the *Monthly Magazine*, Jan., 1827, and is probably of much earlier date. Horace F. Cutter (*pseudonym* Ruthven Jenkyns) uses the expression in the *Greenwich Magazine for Mariners*, 1707, but this date is fictitious. A German form is, "Dem Augen fern; dem Hertzen ewig nap." It is stated that Sir David Dundas went through life offering £5 to anyone who could tell him the origin of the lines:

Though lost to sight, to memory dear;
The absent claim a sigh, the dead a tear.

In the years fled,
Lips that are dead
Sang me that song.

Mrs. R. A. M. Stevenson: Song. (Title of a picture in Royal Academy, London, 1895.)

A nickname is the hardest stone that the devil can throw at a man.

Quoted by Wm. Hazlitt in his Essay "On Nicknames."

Beautiful isle of the sea,
Smile on the brow of the waters.

Song by Geo. Cooper (1820–1876).

Tears are blessings, let them flow.

Song by Harry Hunter (Mohawk Minstrels, London).

Straight is the line of duty;
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the straight line, thou shalt see
The curved line ever follow thee.

William Maccall (c. 1830).

The highlandman's pistol with its new stock, lock and barrel.—(*Carlyle.*)

A kindred idea is the description of "Wallenstein's Horse" (Richard Doyle's *Brown, Jones and Robinson*, c. 1850): "The head, neck, legs, and part of the body have been repaired. All the rest is the real horse."

A little more kindness, a little less creed;
A little more giving, a little less greed

A little more smile, a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we," a little less "I";
A little more laugh, a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of life;
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.
Lines of American authorship.

Come in the evening; come in the morning;
Come when expected, or come without warning;
Thousands of welcomes you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come the more we'll adore you.
Old Welcome (said to be Irish).

I will arise, and go now, and go to Inverness,
And a small villa rent there, of lath and plaster built;
Nine bedrooms will I have there, and I'll don my native dress,
And walk about in a damned loud kilt.
And I will have some sport there, when grouse come driven slow,
Driven from purple hill-tops to where the loaders quail;
While midges bite their ankles and shots are flying low,
And the air is full of the grey-hen's tail.
Captain Harry Graham (c. 1919).

We never will forego our hate;
We have all but a single hate;
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
England!
Ernst Lissauer's "Song of Hate," popular throughout Germany in 1914 and 1915; translation by Barbara Henderson, published in "New York Times," Oct., 1914.

In the Captain's Mess, in the banquet-hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all.

Like a sabre-blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass, held high to hail;
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of rudder's play,
Spoke three words only, "To THE DAY!"
Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate.
Who was thus known?
They had one foe and one alone—
England! *Ib.*

Did you voyage all unspoken, small and lonely?
Or with fame, the happy fortune of the few?
So you win the Golden Harbour, in the old way;
There's the old sea welcome waiting there for you.
"The Old Way," by Capt. Ronald A. Hopwood, R.N. ("The Times," Sept. 16, 1916).

Worthy of attention.
Advice to persons about to marry.—Don't.
Punch's Almanack, 1845. Attributed to Henry Mayhew, one of the three co-editors of "Punch."

"Must you stay? Can't you go?"
Punch, Jan. 18, 1905.
Supposed to be said by the French Governor of Madagascar to the Russian Admiral Rodjestvensky, who was thought to be unduly prolonging his stay at Madagascar when on his way to meet the Japanese Fleet.

We're here because we're here,
Because we're here, because we're here;
Oh, here we are, oh, here we are,
Oh, here we are again.
Soldiers' Song (c. 1916).

Every day, and in every way, I am getting better and better.
Emil Coué's formula of "Auto-Suggestion," as propounded in London, June, 1922.

5. EPITAPHS.

What wee gave, wee have;
What wee spent, wee had;
What wee left wee lost.
Epitaph on Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and his wife, at Tiverton. He died 1419. (Epitaphs in almost identical words are found in many churches.)

John Carnegie lies here,
Descended from Adam and Eve
If any can boast of a pedigree higher,
He will willingly give them leave.
Ancient Scottish Epitaph. See Matthew Prior's "Epitaph on Himself." (See p. 259*b*.)

Johnne Carnegie lais heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve
Gif ony con gang hieher
Ise willing gie him leve. *Another version.*

In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hanna,
In zeale a Ruth, in wedlock a Susanna,
Prudently simple, providently wary,
To the world a Martha, and to heaven a Mary.
Epitaph on Dame Dorothy Selby (d. 1641), Ightham Church, near Sevenoaks. (Similar epitaphs are found elsewhere.)

Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a Noble Familie: for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous.
Epitaph on Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, Westminster Abbey (d. Jan. 7, 1674).

"Who gathered this flower?" The gardener answered, "The Master." And his fellow-servant held his peace.
Epitaph in Budock Churchyard, and elsewhere. (Authorship unknown.)

An upright downright honest man.
Epitaph on John James, Ripon Cathedral, 1707.

Stranger, to Lacedæmon go, and tell
That here, obedient to her words, we fell.

Tr. by Geo. Burges (1786 ?–1864) of the famous Greek epitaph by Simonides.

Life's pleasure hath he lost—escaped life's pain,
Nor wedded joys nor wedded sorrows knew.

Tr. by Goldwin Smith of Greek epitaph by Julianus " On a Youth."

Rest, gentle Shade, await thy Master's will ;
Then rise unchanged and be an angel still.

At Chirk Church (N. Wales) in memory of Richard Jebb (d. 1845), aged 8.

Here rests a man who never rested here.

Ravenna Cathedral. On a Bishop.

We that survive perchance may end our days
In some employment meriting no praise ;
They have outlived this fear, and their brave ends
Will ever be an honour to their friends.

Epitaph by Phineas James, ship master, " to his stricken comrades," 1633.

Between the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy I askt, mercy I found.

Quoted in Camden's " Remaines " (1636) as made by a good friend of the author. It is a free translation of St. Augustine's phrase, " Misericordia Domini inter pontem et fontem."

Bland, passionate, and deeply religious, she also painted in water-colours, and sent several pictures to the Exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Epitaph alleged to have been " in Pewsey Church," to the memory of " Lady O'Looney," " great-niece of Burke." (Audrey Stewart's " Epigrams and Epitaphs," 1897.)

Here lies one whose name was written in water.

Epitaph on John Keats's Tomb, 1820.

Circles though small are yet complete.

Inscribed on a monument to two children (family, Musgrave), Northleigh Church, Oxon (c. *1800*).

And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep.

Lines on the grave of Prof. Huxley, 1825–95, stated to be written by his wife, with two additional lines :

For still He giveth His beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills, 'tis best.

Here lies a poor woman, who always was tired ;
She lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were : " Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing ;
But everything there is exact to my wishes ;
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.

I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But, having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now ; don't mourn for me never—
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

The Tired Woman's Epitaph. Quoted before 1850. (Authorship unknown.)

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead ;
Had it been his father
I had much rather ;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than the other ;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her ;
Had it been the whole generation,
All the better for the nation ;
But since 'tis only Fred,
That was alive and is dead,
Why, there's no more to be said.

Epitaph on Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III. (d. 1751). Anon.

In Vol. 2 of *Hist. Comm. Report on Egmont MSS.* (1909) is a letter of July 9, 1667, from Robt. Bowyers to Robt. Southwell stating :

" It is said these verses were written over the grave of one of the sons of the Lord Chancellor of England—

Here lies Tom Hyde ;
It's a pity that he died ;
We had rather
It had been his father ;
If it had been his sister
We had not missed her ;
If the whole generation,
It had been better for the nation."

Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year eighteen-hundred and one
You may if you please, or let it alone,
For it's all one
To Gabriel John,
Who died in the year eighteen-hundred and one.

Old Rhyme.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers, take heed from his untimely fall,
And when you're hot, drink strong, or not at all.

Winchester churchyard. Epitaph on a Grenadier, N. Hants Militia, 1764.

Beneath this stone old Abra'm lies ;
Nobody laughs and nobody cries :
Where he's gone, or how he fares,
Nobody knows, and no one cares.

Epitaph on Abraham Newland, Chief Cashier of the Bank of England (d. 1807). Said to be written by himself.

Lie heavy on him, earth ! for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee.

Epitaph on Sir J. Vanbrugh, architect (1664–1726) ; by Dr. Evans. (See Latin, " Sit terra levis.")

Here lies Thomas Dudley, that trusty old stud—
A bargain's a bargain, and must be made good.
Epitaph on Governor Dudley. (Said to be written by Governor Belcher.)

Good frend, for Jesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dust encloased heare:
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.
*Shakespeare's Epitaph, Stratford-on-Avon.**

Stay, Passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plast
Within this monument, Shakspeare: with whome
Quick nature dide: whose name doth deck this Tombe
Fare more then cost: sieth [since] all that he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.
Epitaph on the Monument in Stratford Church (erected before 1623). Authorship unknown.

Man's life is like unto a summer's day
Some break their fast and so away;
Others stay dinner, then depart full fed;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed:
O reader then behold and see:
As we are now, so must you be.
Found with variations in many churches. Attributed to Jos. Henshaw, Bishop of Peterborough (d. 1678).

Horses be loved, and laughter, and the sun,
A song, wide spaces and the open air;
The trust of all dumb living things he won,
And never knew the luck too good to share:
Now, though he will not ride with us again,
His merry spirit seems our comrade yet,
Freed from the power of weariness and pain,
Forbidding us to mourn or to forget.
Anon: Quoted, 1916.

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* Early tradition states that these lines were selected by the poet for his epitaph; it is not thought that they were his own composition.

6. NURSERY SONGS AND RHYMES.

Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.
Founded on a Ballad "The Lamentation of a Bad Market; or The Drownding of Three Children in the Thames," 1653.

This isn't the time for grass to grow.
Consider, good cow, consider.
This is said to be part of "The Tune the Old Cow Died of." (See "Notes and Queries," 2nd Series, Vol. 2, p. 39.)

All in a row,
Bend the bow,
Shoot at the pigeon and kill the crow.
Old Nursery Ryhme.

The children in Holland take pleasure in making
What the children in England take pleasure in breaking.
Nursery Proverb.

Then the little maid she said, "Your fire may warm the bed,
But what shall we do for to eat?
Will the flames you're only rich in make a fire in the kitchen,
And the little God of Love turn the spit?"
Version of old Nursery Rhyme, from a broadside printed at Strawberry Hill, 18th Century.

The little maid replied, some say a little sighed,
"But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in make a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little God of Love turn the spit—spit, spit?"
Another Version. (Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes.)
In Mrs. Centlivre's *Artifice*, printed 1724, Olivia is made to say: "When the glowing of passion's over, and pinching winter comes, will amorous sighs supply the want of fire, or kind looks and kisses keep off hunger?"

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.
"Mary's Little Lamb," by Sarah Josepha Hale (1788–1879). *The lines were published in "Poems for our Children" (Boston, U.S.,* 1830).

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds.
Old Song. (See Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes," No. 166.)

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.
Old Nursery Rhyme.

If all the world were paper
And all the sea were inke,
If all the trees were bread and cheese,
How showld we do for drinke?
Wit's Recreations (1640). *Interrogation Cantilena.*

If all the seas were beans and pease,
How should we do for oysters? *Ib.*

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.
Old Tarlton's Song. (Quoted 1642.)

In a letter from James Howell, at Paris, to Sir James Croft, dated May 12, 1620, it is alleged that "the song 'The King of France with fourty thousand men'" had reference to the raising of 40,000 men by Henry IV., of France, in 1609–10.

Now you're married I wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy,
Seven years after a son and daughter;
Pray young couple, now kiss together.
Old Song, "Kiss-in-the-ring."

There was a little girl, and she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.
Nursery Song. (Not in the older collections.) The lines are attributed to Longfellow, who, according to Blanche Roosevelt ("Home Life of Henry W. Longfellow," 1882), acknowledged the authorship. See "Notes and Queries," June 3, 1911.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a fly;
"It's the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy."
Mary Howitt (1804–1888), "The Spider and the Fly."

7. NATURALISED PHRASES AND QUOTATIONS.

Including Classical Quotations not given under "Greek" and "Latin" or "Modern Languages."

The Wise Sayings of the SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE

1. Know thyself.
Attributed to Solon of Athens (b. B.C. 638).

2. Remember the end.
Attributed to Chilo, Spartan Philosopher (d. B.C. 597), but according to Ausonius "some think that Solon said this to Crœsus." (See under "Greek," p. 476a.)

Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end.—*Ecclesiasticus* 7, 36. (*See also* Deut. 32, 29.)

Remember thy end, and let enmity cease.—*Ib.*, 28, 6. (*See* Latin, "Finem respice.")

3. Be surety and ruin is at hand.
Attributed to Thales of Miletus (d. about B.C. 548).

He that hateth suretiship is sure.—*Prov.* 11, 15. (*See also* Prov. 22, 26.)

4. Most men are bad.
Attributed to Bias of Priene (flourished B.C. 566).

5. The mean is best.
Attributed to Cleobulus of Lindos (d. B.C. 564).

6. Know the proper season.
Attributed to Pittacus of Mitylene (d. about B.C. 570).

7. Practice is everything.
Attributed to Periander of Corinth d. about B.C. 585).

Sayings of THEMISTOCLES (B.C. c. 512–c. 449.)

The day after the fair.

This seems connected with the fable of Themistocles, who silenced an officer who desired to claim superior fame for his exploits, by telling a fable of a dispute between the Feast and the Day after the Feast. The latter claimed to be more important as being "full of bustle and trouble." "You say right," said the Feast, "but if it had not been for me where would you have been?"

The wildest colts make the best horses.
Plutarch: Life of Themistocles.

Teach me the art of forgetting; for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would.
Saying of Themistocles, as recorded by Cicero.

I never learned how to tune a harp, or play upon a lute; but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable city to glory and greatness.
On being taunted with his want of social accomplishments. (Plutarch's Life.)

Themistocles told the Adrians that he brought two gods with him, Persuasion and Force. They replied: "We also, have two gods on our side, Poverty and Despair."
Herodotus.

We should have been undone, but for our undoing.
Saying, when in exile, to his children. (Plutarch's Life.)

Strike, but hear.
Saying of Themistocles when Eurybiades, commander of the Spartan fleet, raised his staff to strike him. (Ib.)

Wooden walls.

Themistocles, in explanation of an oracle, received by the Athenian deputies, declared that by "wooden walls" nothing could be meant but ships.—*Cornelius Nepos: Themistocles.*

"Tu certe Ligneis Muris Britanniam munivisti." (You truly have fortified Britain with wooden walls).—*Latin Address sent to S. Pepys by the Univ. of Oxford, Oct., 1702.*

Themistocles said, "The Athenians govern the Greeks; I govern the Athenians; you, my wife, govern me; your son governs you."
Plutarch: Life of Cato the Censor.

Sayings of SOPHOCLES (B.C. 495–405)

To its author everything is dear.
Œdipus Coloneus.

It is the part of a good general to talk of success, not of failure. *Ib.*

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* *See* Greek Quotations

Time is a lenient god. *Electra.*

Without trouble nothing can be successful. *Ib.*

There is no greater evil than anarchy. *Antigone,*

War not with the fallen, nor wound the dead. What valour is there in slaying the slain? *Ib.*

All prophets are lovers of gain. *Ib.*

Sayings of PLATO (B.C. c. 430–c. 351)

Plato's definition of a man as "a two-legged animal without feathers" was ridiculed by Diogenes, who produced a plucked cock, saying, "Here is Plato's man."
Diogenes Laertius (*d.* A.D. *222*). *Book 6, 2.*

Overbearing austerity is always the companion of solitude.
Plato (cited by Plutarch: Life of Coriolanus). See Plato's Epistle to Dion, called "Prosperity."

To sacrifice to the Graces.

Plato used to say to Xenocrates the philosopher, who was rough and morose, "Good Xenocrates, sacrifice to the Graces."—*Plutarch: Life of Marius.*

Rhetoric is the art of ruling the minds of men.
Plato as cited by Plutarch: Life of Pericles.

Custom is not a small thing.

Plato reproved a child for a small misbehaviour. "You reprove me for a small thing," said the child. "Custom is not a small thing," replied Plato.—*See* Montaigne: Book 1, ch. 22.—(*See* also Latin, "Consuetudinis magna vis est.")

Michael Angelo [1475–1546] was explaining to a visitor a number of additions and alterations which he had made to a statue. "These are trifles," said his friend. "It may be so," said the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Pleasure is the greatest incentive to evil.
Plato (quoted by Plutarch: Life of Cato the Censor).

No one knows but that death is the greatest of all blessings to man.
Apology of Socrates.

To a good man nothing that happens is evil. *Ib.*

To do evil to men differs in no respect from injustice. *Crito.*

Philosophy is the highest music. *Phædo.*

Arguments derived from probabilities are idle. *Ib.*

Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Be sure that it is paid and not neglected.
Ib. (Reported as the last words of Socrates.)

I would rather suffer unjustly than act unjustly. *Gorgias.*

Law, being a tyrant, compels many things to be done contrary to nature. *Protagoras.*

You will find many men most unjust, most impious, most intemperate, and most ignorant, yet extremely valorous. *Ib.*

Science is nothing but perception. *Theætetus.*

There is no other beginning of learning than wonder. *Ib.*

The Athenians do not mind a man being clever, as long as he does not communicate his wisdom. *Euthyphron.*

Of our troubles we must seek some other cause than God.
The Republic of Plato, Bk. 2, ch. 19.

Mind is ever the ruler of the universe. *Philebus.*

The beautiful consists in utility and the power to produce some good. *Hippias Major.*

Slavery and freedom, when excessive, are evils; but when moderate are altogether good. *Epistle 8.*

[*Other Quotations from Plato will be found under "Greek Quotations."*]

Sayings of CATO THE CENSOR (B.C. c. 260–150)

A young man that blushes is better than one who turns pale.
Saying of Cato. (Plutarch: Life of Cato.)

I had rather it should be asked why I had not a statue, than why I had one. *Ib.*

Scipio is the soul of the council; the rest are vain shadows. *Ib.*

It is absurd for a man either to commend or to depreciate himself. *Ib.*

Wise men learn more from fools than fools from the wise. *Ib.*

PLUTARCH (A.D. 70 ?–A.D. 140 ?)

Playing the Cretan with the Cretans (*i.e.* lying to liars).
Greek prov. used by Paulus Æmilius.

This is not the son of Achilles, but Achilles himself.
Greek prov. (Life of Alcibiades.)

We ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household belongings, which when worn with use we throw away.
Life of Cato the Censor.

The richest soil, if uncultivated, produces the rankest weeds.
Life of Caius Marcus Coriolanus.

It afforded no small amusement to the Rhegians that Phœnicians should complain of anything effected by guile.
Life of Timoleon.

The man who first ruined the Roman people was he who first gave them treats and gratuities.
Life of Coriolanus. (Plutarch quotes it as "a shrewd remark, whoever it was that said it.")

The greatest of all sacrifices, which is the sacrifice of time.
Quoted by Plutarch as from a poet named Antiphon. (Life of Antony.)

It is not allowable to make a mistake twice in war.
Apophthegm, 186 E.F. (A maxim attributed to Lamarchus, the Athenian general). See Latin, "Bis peccare."

CERVANTES (1547–1616)

[Other Quotations from Cervantes will be found amongst "Spanish Quotations" and under "Proverbs."]

Sloth never arrived at the attainment of a good wish. *Don Quixote.*

Blessed be he who first invented sleep. It covers a man all over like a cloak.[*] *Ib.*

The army is a school in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal. *Ib.*

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity. *Ib.*

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted. *Ib.*

Proverbs are short sentences drawn from long experience. *Ib.*

There is a remedy for everything but death. *Ib.*

Every one is as God made him, and often a great deal worse. *Ib.*

True valour lies half-way between cowardice and rashness. *Ib.*

Fear has many eyes. *Ib.*

Unseasonable mirth always turns to sorrow. *Ib.*

From great folks great favours are expected. *Ib.*

There are always more tricks in a town than are talked of. *Ib.*

There are no proverbial sayings which are not true. *Ib.*

VOLTAIRE, François Marie Arouet de (1694–1778)

[Other Quotations from Voltaire are given under "French Quotations."]

Cultivate your garden [*i.e.* attend quietly to your own affairs]. *Candide* (1767).

The only way to compel men to speak good of us is to do it. *History of Charles XII. Prelim. Discourse.*

My prayer to God is a very short one: "O Lord, make my enemies very ridiculous!" God has granted it.
Letter to M. Damilaville, May, 1767.

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[*] *See* Sterne (p. 343*a*).

When once the trumpet of fame has sounded a poor man's name, farewell his repose for ever.
Letter to M. Capperonnier, June, 1768.

"If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him."—I am rarely satisfied with my lines, but I own that I have a father's tenderness for that one.
Letter to M. Saurin, Nov. 10, 1770.

The more ancient the abuse the more sacred it is. *Les Guèbres, i. 1.*

The history of the great events of this world is little more than the history of crimes.
Essai sur les Mœurs. Ch. 23.

An Act of Parliament is everything to the English; they love law.
Ib. Ch. 168.

In effect history is but a picture of crimes and misfortunes. *L'Ingénu* (1767). *Ch. 10.*

The shame is in the crime, not in the punishment. *Artémire, Act iv.*

Man is free at the moment he wishes to be.
Brutus, ii. 1.

The first king was a fortunate soldier, and he who serves his country well has no need of ancestors. *Mérope, i. 3.*

Heaven often gives kings in its vengeance.
Sémiramis, ii. 2.

Fear follows crime and is its punishment.
Ib., v. 1.

Dissimulation is the coward's virtue.
Don Pèdre, ii. 5.

Despair has often gained battles.
Henriade. Chant 10.

Other people are more ill-used than we, but that is the consolation of the damned.
Letter to D'Alembert, July 8, 1771.

I am very fond of truth, but not at all of martyrdom. *Letter to D'Alembert, Feb., 1776.*

They [Luther and Calvin] condemned the Pope and desired to imitate him.
To the Author of "Les Trois Imposteurs."

The superfluous, a very necessary thing.
Le Mondain (Satire).

To really stop criticism they say one must die. *Les Trois Empereurs en Sorbonne.*

What village parson [in England] would not like to be pope? *Letters on the English. No. 5.*

England is the land of sects. An Englishman, like a free man, goes to heaven by the way which pleases him. . . . If there was only one religion in England its despotism would be a matter for fear; if two, they would cut each other's throats; but there are thirty, and they live in peace, and happy.
Letters on the English. Nos. 5 and 6.

A man may be a very good author with some faults, but not with many faults.
Letters on the English. No. 24.

Almost all human life depends on probabilities. *Essay on Probabilities* (1772).

Optimism, said Candide, is a mania for declaring when things are going badly that all is well. *Candide. Ch. 19.*

Who seeks for truth should be of no country. *Réponse à un Académicien.*

Thought depends absolutely on the stomach, but in spite of that those who have the best stomachs are not the best thinkers. *Letter to D'Alembert, Aug. 20, 1770.*

All the arts are brothers; each one is a light to the others. *Note to Ode on the death of the Princess de Bareith.*

A physician is one who pours drugs of which he knows little into a body of which he knows less.
Attributed to Voltaire. Sir A. Helps: Friends in Council, 2nd Ser., ch 10.

Sayings of BISMARCK (1815–1898)

You can do anything with children if you only play with them.

Universal suffrage is the government of a house by its nursery.

To youth I have but three words of counsel—Work, work, work.

A good speaker must be somewhat of a poet, and cannot therefore adhere mathematically to the truth.

Sayings of NAPOLEON I (1769–1821)

There are two levers for moving men—interest and fear.

A faithful friend is a true image of the Deity.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

A true man hates no one.

Truth alone wounds.

Respect the burden.

The contagion of crime is like that of the plague.

Do you wish to find out the really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Secrets travel fast in Paris.

When I want any good head-work done, I always choose a man, if suitable otherwise, with a long nose.

Everything unnatural is imperfect.

Public instruction should be the first object of government.

It is the cause, not the death, that makes the martyr.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

Let the path be open to talent.

Water, air, and cleanliness are the chief articles in my pharmacopœia.

Greatness is nothing unless it be lasting.

I made all my generals out of mud.

The worse the man, the better the soldier; if soldiers be not corrupt they ought to be made so.

Men are led by trifles.

Imagination rules the world.

The true wisdom of nations is experience.
Maxims of Napoleon (K. J. Frederiks), 1923.

The world is very old; we must profit by its experience. It teaches that old practices are often worth more than new theories. *Ib.*

There are but two powers in the world, the sword and the mind. In the long run the sword is always beaten by the mind. *Ib.*

Honour your parents; worship the gods; hurt not animals.
From the traditional laws or precepts of Triptolemus (according to Plutarch).

Written laws are like spiders' webs, and will like them only entangle and hold the poor and weak, while the rich and powerful will easily break through them.*
Anacharsis (fl. B.C. *594).*

This was the saying of Anacharsis to Solon when the latter was modelling his laws. Solon's reply was: "Men keep their engagements when it is an advantage to both parties not to break them."—*Plutarch: Life of Solon.*

That law of Solon [fl. B.C. 598] is justly commended which forbids men to speak ill of the dead. *Plutarch: Life of Solon.*

This command is also attributed to Chilo. (*See* Greek, "Τὸν τεθνηκότα.")

Persons maimed in the wars should be maintained at the public charge
One of the laws of Solon (according to Plutarch: Life of Solon).

Call no man happy before his death.
The saying of Solon (b. B.C. *638), according to Aristotle (b.* B.C. *384, d.* B.C. *322); found in Sophocles "Œdipus Tyrannus" (ad fin), and evidently a proverb.*

Cf. "Judge none blessed before his death."—Ecclesiasticus 11, 28.

Business to-morrow.
Greek proverb founded on the remark of Archias of Thebes (about B.C. *560).*

Archias delayed reading a letter of warning delivered to him at a banquet, and was in consequence assassinated.—*Plutarch: Pelopidas.*

O man! whosoever thou art, and whensoever thou comest, for come I know thou wilt, I am Cyrus, founder of the Persian empire. Envy me not the little earth that covers my body.
Epitaph of Cyrus (d. B.C. *529). (Plutarch: Life of Alexander.)*

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* *See* Bacon (p. 12*a*).

A deadly snake once bit a Cappadocian; but it died.

Greek epigram attributed to Demodocus (? 4th century B.C.). *Also found in Latin.*

No man can rob us of our will.

M. Aurelius Antoninus quoted, in Greek, as from Epictetus.

Love, as though some day you would have to hate; hate, as though some day you would have to love.

Saying of Chilo, Greek philosopher, 6th century B.C.

Whichever you do you will repent.

The advice of Socrates, when asked whether it was better to marry or not to marry.

Thales, one of the Greek sages, when young, and desired by his mother to marry, replied, "it was not yet time"; when he had come to full age, "that it was no longer time."—*Montaigne*, Book 2, ch. 8.

Much knowledge of things divine escapes us through want of faith.

Saying of Heraclitus, Greek philosopher, c. B.C. *500 (quoted by Plutarch: Life of Coriolanus).*

Words will build no walls.

Cratinus (B.C. *528–431*) *(quoted by Plutarch in his "Life of Pericles") ridiculing the long wall proposed to be built by Pericles.*

The first requisite to happiness is that a man be born in a famous city.

Plutarch (*Life of Demosthenes*) states this was the remark of "Euripides (B.C. 480–B.C. 406) or some other" in his encomium on Alcibiades (B.C. 449–B.C. 404).

A bridge for a retreating enemy.

Saying of Aristides.

Plutarch, in his *Life of Themistocles*, states that in order to sound Aristides, after the battle of Salamis, Themistocles pretended to think it advisable to go to the Hellespont and break down Xerxes' bridge of ships. To which Aristides replied: "Instead of breaking that bridge, we should, if possible, provide another, that he may retire the sooner out of Europe." (*See* "Proverbs," "Build a bridge of silver," etc.)

The Athenians will not sell their liberties for all the gold either above or under ground.

Reply of Aristides (d. B.C. *467) to the Lacedæmonians. (Plutarch: Life of Aristides.)*

A general should have clean hands.

Saying of Aristides (d. B.C. *467). (Plutarch's Life).*

He would soon be delivered from all his troubles.

Enigmatic prophecy of the spirit of Cleonice (B.C. *448*) *to Cimon, foretelling his death. (Plutarch: Life of Cimon.)*

Zeus hates busybodies and those who do too much. *Euripides. As quoted by Emerson.*

Nothing becomes a king so much as the distribution of justice. War is a tyrant, as Timotheus (c. B.C. *500*) expresses it, but Pindar (B.C. *518–439*) says, Justice is the rightful sovereign of the world.

Plutarch: Life of Demetrius.

True he can talk, and yet he is no speaker.

Eupolus (Greek poet, c. B.C. *435) in reference to a garrulous person who was no orator. (Cited by Plutarch: Life of Alcibiades.)*

They love, they hate, but cannot do without him.*

Aristophanes, Greek poet, B.C. *434 (as cited by Plutarch: Life of Alcibiades.—Langhorne's trans.)*

Mistress of the seas.

Lysander (d. B.C. 395), when handing over the command of the fleet to Callicratidas the Spartan (c. B.C. 406) said to him, "I deliver you a fleet that is mistress of the seas."—*Plutarch: Life of Lysander.*

Where the lion's skin falls short it must be eked out with the fox's.

Lysander's remark upon being told that he resorted too much to craft. (Plutarch: Life of Lysander.)

This saying is a proverb in several modern languages.

Children are to be cheated with knuckle bones [substitutes for dice], and men with oaths. *Sayings of Lysander. Ib.*

Appealing from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

This is founded on a passage in Valerius Maximus (fl. A.D. 14), who states that a certain woman of foreign origin, having been wrongly condemned by Philip when he was drunk, exclaimed, "Provocarem ad Philippum, sed sobrium" (I would appeal to Philip, but when he is sober).—Book 6, 2.

Not Philip, but Philip's gold, took the cities of Greece.

Plutarch (Life of Paulus Æmilius) quotes this as "a common saying." It refers to Philip II. of Macedon (c. B.C. *382*–B.C. *336*).

If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes.

Remark of Alexander (B.C. 355–323) after Diogenes had made his request that the monarch "would stand a little out of his sunshine."—*Plutarch: Life of Alexander.*

I will not steal a victory.

Plutarch describes this as "that celebrated answer" by Alexander, when advised to surprise the Persian army in the darkness.—*Ib.*

Great geniuses are generally melancholy.

Aristotle (B.C. *384–322*). *(Problem, sect. 30.)*

Seneca ("De tranquillitate animi") quotes. "Aristoteli, nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit." (The saying of Aristotle—no great genius was without an admixture of madness.)

"I have heard, madam, your greatest wits have ever a touch of madness and extravagance in them."—*Sir Martin Mar-All*, v. 1 (1667) (*By Dryden and W. Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle.*)

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* *See* Latin Quotations: "Difficilis, facilis" etc.; *also* Addison (p. 2[illegible]): "There is no living with thee or without thee."

Shame is an ornament to the young; a disgrace to the old.

Aristotle. (B.C. *384–322*.)

Abstruse questions must have abstruse answers.

Saying of the Gymnosophist philosopher, when Alexander had questioned him and had received an enigmatic reply.—*Plutarch: Life of Alexander.*

Have I inadvertently said some evil thing?

Remark of Phocion (*d.* B.C. 317) to a friend, upon one of his sentences, in a public debate, being received with universal applause.—*Plutarch: Life of Phocion.*

A hoarseness caused by swallowing gold and silver.

Remark made when Demosthenes (B.C. 382–322), who had been bribed not to speak against Harpalus, pretended to have lost his voice.—*Plutarch's Lives.*

Elsewhere Plutarch describes Demosthenes' throat complaint as "the silver quinsy." (*See* Ἀργυράγχην πάσχει, under *Greek.*)

To smell of the lamp.

Demosthenes when taunted by Pytheas that all his arguments "smelled of the lamp," replied, "Yes, but your lamp and mine, my friend, do not witness the same labours."—*Plutarch: Life of Demosthenes.*

In his *Life of Timoleon*, Plutarch quotes the expression as applying to over-finished paintings as well as to laboured compositions.

It is said of Horace that his odes smell more of wine than of oil.

While I am master of my sword, I shall never think any man greater than myself.

Saying of Eumenes (*d.* B.C. *315*) *to Antigonus.* (*Plutarch: Life of Eumenes.*)

I have heard the nightingale itself.

Reply of King Agesilaus (B.C. c. 440–362), when asked to go to hear a man who imitated the nightingale to great perfection.—*Plutarch: Life of Agesilaus.*

The Kings of Epirus were sworn "to govern according to law," and the people "to defend the crown according to law."

Plutarch: Life of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus.

It being reported to Pyrrhus (B.C. 318 c.–B.C. 272), that certain young men had spoken disrespectfully of him, he asked them, "Did you really say these things?" "We did, sir," replied one, "and we should have said a good deal more, if we had had more wine." Whereupon he laughed and dismissed them.

Plutarch: Life of Pyrrhus.

He who has the sharpest sword.

Reply of Pyrrhus to one of the princes who asked which of them should be his heir.—*Plutarch: Life of Pyrrhus.*

A Pyrrhic victory.

Pyrrhus, after the battle of Asculum (B.C. 279), where, according to his own account, he lost 3,500 men, was congratulated on his victory. He replied: "Another such victory and we are undone." *Ib.*

(*See* a Cadmean Victory under "Greek Quotations," p. 473*a*)

Feast of the Lapithæ.

The promised feast became a Feast of the Lapithæ.—*Carlyle: French Revolution, Part 2, Book 1, ch. 5.*

The chief of the Lapithæ gave a feast to celebrate the wedding of Pirithous and Hippodamia. The feast ended in blows and "very great slaughter," owing to the Centaurs, who had been invited, offering violence to Hippodamia (*Ovid. Metam., Book 12.*)

The whole is greater than the part; we are capable of wisdom, and we are part of the world. Therefore the world is wise.

Saying of Zeno (*d.* B.C. *264*).

See the Greek Πλέον ἥμισυ παντός. "The half is greater than the whole."

A wise and good man can suffer no disgrace.

Saying of Fabius Maximus (*d.* B.C. *205*). (*Plutarch.*)

Hannibal knows how to gain a victory, but not how to use it.

Remark of Barca, a Carthaginian, to Hannibal. (*Plutarch: Life of Fabius Maximus.*)

The last of the Greeks.

Plutarch says that Philopœmen, a Greek general, who died c. B.C. 181, was so called by "a certain Roman."

This Jupiter of Phidias is the very Jupiter of Homer.

A "celebrated saying" uttered (according to Plutarch) by Paulus Æmilius (*d.* B.C. *168*) *on seeing the statue of Jupiter at Olympia.*

See "This is the Jew that Shakespeare drew," page 439*a*.

Fortune hath so favoured me in this war that I feared, the rather, that some tempest would follow so favourable a gale.

Remark ascribed by Plutarch to Paulus Æmilius.

Where the shoe pinches.

The story of "a certain Roman" who put away his wife without apparent cause, but told his friends, who expostulated, that only the wearer of the shoe knows where it wrings him, is told by Plutarch, in the *Life of Paulus Æmilius.* The Roman has been wrongly assumed to be Paulus Æmilius, but the context shows that this was not so.

A sardonic laugh.

"Your laugh is of the sardonic kind." Caius Gracchus [*d.* B.C. 121], when his adversaries laughed at his defeat—by unfair means—when applying for a third tribuneship.—*Plutarch: Life of Caius Gracchus.*

(The sardonic laugh was an involuntary distension of the muscles of the mouth, occasioned by a poisonous plant; therefore a forced or unnatural laugh.)

Feasts of Lucullus (c. B.C. 115–c. B.C. 48).

Lucullus prided himself upon the luxury of his feasts. On one occasion, when he happened to sup alone, the meal being less magnificent than usual, he rebuked his servant, saying: "Did you not know that this evening Lucullus sups with Lucullus?"—*Plutarch: Life of Lucullus.*

The father of his country.

Title bestowed on Cicero (B.C. 64) after his consulship,—"a mark of distinction which none ever gained before."—*Plutarch: Life of Cicero.*

Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion.

Julius Cæsar (B.C. 100–44) divorced his wife Pompeia, but declared at the trial that he knew nothing of what was alleged against her and Clodius. When asked why, in that case, he had divorced her, he replied: "Because I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion."—*Plutarch: Life of Julius Cæsar.*

As to Cæsar, when he was called upon, he gave no testimony against Clodius, nor did he affirm that he was certain of any injury done to his bed. He only said, "He had divorced Pompeia because the wife of Cæsar ought not only to be clear of such a crime, but of the very suspicion of it."—*Plutarch: Life of Cicero.*

Passing the Rubicon.

When he arrived at the banks of the Rubicon, which divides Cisalpine Gaul from the rest of Italy . . . he stopped to deliberate. . . . At last he cried out "The die is cast" and immediately passed the river.—*Plutarch: Life of Julius Cæsar.*

We shall meet at Philippi.

"Thou shalt see me at Philippi," was the remark of the spectre which appeared to Brutus in his tent at Abydos [B.C. 42]. Brutus answered boldly: "I will meet thee there." At Philippi the spectre reappeared, and Brutus, after being defeated, died upon his own sword.*—*Plutarch: Life of Cæsar.*

Killed by physicians.

Adrian the Emperor (A.D. 76–117) exclaimed incessantly, when dying, "That the crowd of physicians had killed him." (*See* Montaigne, Book 2, ch. 37. Montaigne also cites the statement of a Lacedæmonian, when asked how he had preserved his life so long: "By my ignorance of medicine.")

See how these Christians love one another.

This saying appears first in Tertullian, "Apol. adv. Gent.," c. 29: "Vide, inquiunt, ut invicem se diligant."

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.
Translation (anon.) of John Louis Upland.

Iron hand in a velvet glove.
Attributed to Charles V., and used also by Napoleon. (See Carlyle's Latter Day Pamphlets, No. 2.)

Architecture is frozen music.
Translation from Schelling, Philosophie der Kunst.

Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.
Said to be the last words of Mirabeau.

The more the marble wastes,
The more the statue grows.
Translation from Michael Angelo by Mrs. Henry Roscoe.

Beauty is the purgation of superfluities.
Michael Angelo.

The greatest virtues are only splendid sins.
Ascribed to St. Augustine.

Whose words were half battles.
Saying in reference to Luther.

The artist is the son of his time; but pity him if he is its pupil or even its favourite.
Schiller.

It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. *Luther.*

The eternal feminine. *From the French.*

"L'éternel féminin," expression used by H. Blaze de Bury, 1847, in a translation of Goethe's *Faust*, the German being "Das Ewig-Weibliche."

To sleep the sleep of the just.
See French Quotations, "Elle s'endormit," etc.

Every man has his own style, like his own nose. *Lessing (as quoted by Carlyle).*

The style is the man.
From the French. "Le style est l'homme même."—Comte de Buffon. Remark made in his discourse on taking his seat in the Academy, Aug. 25, 1753. (The style is the very man.)

Defects of his qualities. *From the French.*

Heureux l'homme quand il n'a pas les défauts de ses qualités!—*Bishop Dupanloup.* (Happy the man when he has not the defects of his qualities.)

His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities.—*Washington Irving: The Sketch Book, John Bull* (1820).

The key of the street.
In French, "La clef des champs." (The key of the fields.) The French expression has a different meaning from the English, and refers to giving a man freedom to go where he pleases.

It was worse than a crime; it was a blunder.
From the French: C'estoit pire qu'un crime, c'estoit une faute.—(*See p.* 690*a*).

War ought to be the only study of a prince.
Machiavelli.

Edmund Burke, quoting this saying (A vindication of Natural Society, 1756), adds: "and by a prince he means every sort of state, however constituted." *

A good man struggling with adversity.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo Deus. Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus.—*Seneca. "Lib. de Divina providentia."* (Behold a worthy sight, to which the God, turning his attention to his own work, may direct his gaze. Behold an equal thing, worthy of a God, a brave man matched in conflict with evil fortune.)

Better than a play.

Plus capio voluptatis inde quam spectandis in theatro ludis.—*Pietro Aretino* (1492–1557). (I obtain more of pleasure thence than from seeing plays in theatres.)

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* Also in Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Brutus.*

* *See also* Disraeli, *Coningsby*: "I worship the Lord of Hosts," p. 117*a*.

We are near awakening when we dream that we dream.

Novalis (*Fragments*) *as translated by Carlyle.*

To become properly acquainted with a truth we must first have disbelieved it, and disputed against it. *Ib.*

The true poet is all-knowing ! he is an actual world in miniature. *Ib.*

My opinion, my conviction, gains infinitely in strength and success, the moment a second mind has adopted it. *Ib.*

The present day has no value for me except as the eve of to-morrow ; it is with the morrow that my spirit wrestles.

Metternich (*translated*).

Think of living. (Gedenke zu leben.)

Goethe (*translated by Carlyle*).

Man is perennially interesting to man ; nay, if we look strictly to it, there is nothing else interesting. *Ib.*

The three things to be repented of.

Portius Cato said that he had only three things of which he repented, namely, when he had revealed a secret to his wife, when he had passed a day in idleness, and when he had journeyed by sea to any place accessible by land.—*Rabelais : Pantagruel*, Book 4, ch. 24.

"I must live," said the man [in excuse for his evil manner of gaining a livelihood]. "I do not see the necessity," replied the Comte d'Argenson (1696–1764) [Secretary of State]. [The person to whom the reply was made is said to have been the Abbé Guyot Desfontaines ; described as a "libeller."]

See Voltaire, *Discours Préliminaire to Alzire* (1736). Carlyle has several allusions to the phrase.

8. PHRASES AND HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

All the world and his wife.

Quoted in "Noctes Ambrosianæ," Nov., 1832.

"Gigmania," a term used by Carlyle and others in allusion to a celebrated passage at the trial of Thurtell (1823) :—

Q. What sort of a person was Mr. Weare ?
A. He was always a respectable person.
Q. What do you mean by respectable ?
A. He kept a gig.

"Thus does society naturally divide itself into four classes : Noblemen, Gentlemen, Gigmen, and Men."—*Carlyle's article on Boswell* (*Note*), 1832.

That blessed word "Mesopotamia."

It was said of George Whitefield that he could reduce his hearers to tears by uttering this word. According to Mr. Francis Jacox, Garrick gave currency to the saying. The usual story is that an old woman once told her pastor that "she found great support in that comfortable word 'Mesopotamia.'"

A mess of pottage.

This expression seems to have been derived from the heading of Genesis 25 in Matthew's Bible, 1537—"Esaw selleth his byrthright for a messe of potage." The expression does not occur in the Authorised Version of the Bible. An early example of its use is in *The Historie of Jacob and Esau*, licensed to be printed 1557 ; printed 1568—viz. : "Better a messe of pottage than nothing, pardy."

Counsels of perfection.

A theological term of great antiquity applying to works of supererogation.

The false Southron.

This expression occurs in Blind Harry's *Death of Wallace*, supposed to have been written in the 15th century.

Sent to Coventry.

Said to have originated during the Civil War from the habit of the Parliamentarians of sending doubtful or useless officers or soldiers to the garrison at Coventry. The expression is used also in America :—"Send them into everlasting Coventry."—*Emerson's Essay : Manners.*

"The Republic of Letters" is a very common expression among the Europeans.

Oliver Goldsmith : Citizen of the World. 20 (1760). *See note on p.* 135*a* ; *also under French Quotations* (*Molière*).

That man has an axe to grind.

This expression occurs in *Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe*, by Chas. Miner (1780–1863), and first appeared in the *Wilkesbarre Gleaner* (1811).

To mix with brains.

John Opie (1761–1807) when asked with what he mixed his colours, replied "I mix them with my brains, sir." (*See Smiles : Self Help*, ch. 5.)

Sleepy Hollow.

"The legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Washington Irving, was published in 1820.

A woman with a past.

Title of a novel by Mrs. Berens, published 1886.

Billingsgate compliments.

Used as a proverbial expression in Richard Brome's play "The New Academy" printed, 1658. Brome died 1652.

A nation of shopkeepers.

A project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.—*Adam Smith : Wealth of Nations* (1775), Vol. 2, book 4, chap. 7, pt. 3.

Also attributed to Samuel Adams, American statesman (1776).

What is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation.—*Dean Tucker* (1766).

We are, indeed, a nation of shopkeepers.—*B. Disraeli : The Young Duke* (1831), book 1, ch. 11.

Hearts of oak.

Yonkers that have hearts of oake at fourscore yeares.—*Old Meg of Herefordshire*, 1609.

"Where are the rough brave Britons to be found
With Hearts of Oak, so much of old renowned ?"
—*Epilogue to Mrs. Centlivre's "Cruel Gift,"* 1717.

Chop and change.

From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.—*Earl of Surrey: How no Age is Content* (c. 1540).

Petticoat government.

There was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was petticoat government.—*Washington Irving: Rip Van Winkle* (1820).

Our friend the enemy.

This perhaps originated with the French expression often used when the allies entered Paris (1814): "Nos amis, nos ennemis."

"English as she is spoke."

Title of a reprint of the English version of P. Carolino's "Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English," 1882. The title was due to the publisher, Mr. Tuer.

"The spoils to the victors."

The "watchword of corruption," attributed to Andrew Jackson.

Bag and baggage.

Richard Huloet's "Abecedarium Anglico-Latinum pro Tyrunculis," (1552).

The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still.

"*Fuller's Collection of Proverbs,*" 1732.

According to Fuller's Worthies of Berkshire, a Vicar of Bray in that county was alternately Romish and Protestant under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The centenarian Parr had similar principles. "He held it safer to be of the religion of the King or Queen that were in being, for he knew that he came raw into the world, and accounted it no point of wisdom to be broiled out of it."—*John Taylor (Water poet): The Old, Old, very Old Man,*" 1635.

The Man in the Street.

Expression used by Emerson, "Conduct of Life—Worship," and elsewhere.

A proverb describes proverbs as being "the wisdom of the street."

Going the whole hog.

(Hence in more recent times "whole-hoggers.") Said to be connected with the slang "hog," a word meaning at different periods one shilling and five shillings. "Hoger" is Jewish-German for ducat. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (Sept. 27, 1851) ascribes an Irish origin to the expression, stating that in Ireland a shilling was called a hog.

Let them stew in their own grease.

A saying in use at the time of the Franco-German War, imported from Germany.

The lungs of London [*i.e.* the parks].

Said to have been used by Mr. Windham in a speech delivered before 1814. *See* also Chas. Dickens (p. 111*a*).

"Bang went saxpence."

Peebles Body (to Townsman supposed to be in London): E-eh, Mac! ye're sune hame again.—*Mac:* E-eh, it's just a ruinous place that! Mun, a had na' been there abune twa hoours, when—Ban;—went—Saxpence.

Punch joke, illustrated by Chas. Keene, Dec. 5, 1868. Said to have been communicated to Keene by Birket Foster, who had the story from Sir John Gilbert.

Fortune of war.

This bene bot chance of Armes.—*Sir D. Lyndesay: William Meldrum* (*l.* 577).
It wes bot chance of Weir.—*Ib. l.* 1832.

Masterly inactivity.

According to a correspondent in *Notes and Queries* (Nov. 29, 1879) this phrase was coined by Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832), *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* (1791). It is a parallel phrase with Horace's "strenua inertia" (1 Epl. 11, 28).

Human documents.

"Documents humains" (Fr.) was an expression first used by Edmond de Goncourt in 1876. He claimed the authorship of it in his Preface to *La Faustin* (1882).

Present company excepted.

This expression occurs in "The London Hermit" (by O'Keefe) (1793). *Probably of earlier occurrence.*

Good manners to except my Lord Mayor of London.—*Ray's Proverbs.*

A draught on Aldgate Pump.

Stated by Fielding in his "Essay on the Character of Men," to be, "a mercantile phrase for a bad note."

The girl I left behind me.

Song ascribed to the year 1759.

As published (c. 1810) in *The Charms of Melody.* No. 72 (Dublin, n.d.) the song begins:—

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,
  And o'er the moor that's sedgy;
With heavy thought my mind is filled
  Since I parted with Naggy;
Whene'er I return to view the place
  The tears doth fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace
  Of the girl I left behind me.

The roaring forties.

The rough part of the Atlantic between 40° and 50° N. latitude. Sometimes called "the rolling forties," and also applied to that part of the Southern Ocean between 40° and 50° S.

I heard the little bird say so.

Swift: Letter to Stella, May 23, 1711.

"A good bedside manner."

This phrase originated in *Punch*, March 15, 1884, in the letterpress accompanying a drawing by G. Du Maurier: "What sort of a doctor is he?" "Well, I don't know much about his ability; but he's got a very good bedside manner."

Lying like gas-meters.

Said to have originated in Dec., 1897, in a case at Southwark Police Court.

Not lost but gone before.

Title of a song published in Smith's "Edinburgh Harmony," 1829.

"Non amittuntur sed præmittuntur." (They are not lost but sent before.)—*Seneca.*

The quiet life.

Among good things, I prove and find
The quiet life doth most abound.

They of the mean estate are happiest.—Tottel's Collection, 1557.

Macaulay's Schoolboy.

The frequency of Macaulay's reference to somewhat abstruse matters as subjects which any public schoolboy would know, has led to his being credited with the phrase. It is to be found, however, in many earlier authors, *e.g.*: "Every schoolboy hath that famous testament of Grunnius Corocotta Porcellus at his fingers' ends."—*R. Burton: Anat. Melan.* (1621), Pt. 3, sec. 1, mem. 1, 1. *See also Swift:*

"Oh how our neighbour lifts his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows."

The Fourth Estate.

The "three estates of the realm" are the Lords Spiritual, The Lords Temporal, and the Commons. "Ane pleasant satyre of the Three Estatis" was a play by Sir David Lindsay, produced in 1535. The Newspaper Press, owing to its greatly enhanced influence and power, became known as "The Fourth Estate" about the end of the 18th century. Burke is credited with having invented the term, but it does not appear in his published works. It was a term applied to various other extra-constitutional powers or influences. *The Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser*, Jan. 30, 1789, stated: "Mr. Fox's Board of Commissioners, which Mr. Pulteney and Mr. Pitt clamoured against as a Fourth Estate, was to be responsible to Parliament. Mr. Pitt's Fourth Estate, of the Queen and her Council, is to have no responsibility."

In Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, when Pantagruel visits the island of the Papimanes, he is met by four persons, a monk, a falconer, a lawyer, and a husbandman, and is told that they are "les quatre estatz de l'isle" (the four estates of the island.) (Book 4, ch. 48).

Our Place in the Sun.

C'est là ma place au soleil; voilà le commencement et l'image de l'usurpation de toute la terre.—*Pascal.*

(There is my place in the sun. Behold in this the beginning and the image of the usurpation of all the earth.)

The Cock of the North.

O when the koke in the north halows (leaves) his nest,
And buskis his birdys and bunnys (begins) to flee,
Then shall fortune his frende the gattis (gates) up-caste
And Rychte shall have his Free entre.

—*Ancient Scottish Prophecy* (c. 1450) MS. Cambridge Univ. Lib. (E.E.T.S., No. 42, p. 18.)

London-over-the-Border.

A term applied to the Metropolitan district in Essex, derived from an article on that area in *Household Words* (Sept. 12, 1857), entitled "Londoners-Over-the-Border." The article has been attributed, without authority, to Charles Dickens.

The Ashes.

"Recovering the Ashes," a term applied to the English victory in test cricket matches with Australia. The expression arose through an epitaph (*Sporting Times*, London, 1882): "In Affectionate Remembrance of English Cricket, which died at the Oval on 29th August, 1882, deeply lamented . . . N.B. The body will be Cremated and the Ashes taken to Australia."

Yellow Press.

Twelve *Spadassins* were *seen*, by the yellow eye of Journalism, arriving recently out of Switzerland.—*Carlyle: French Revolution* (1837–9), Pt. 2, Bk. 3, ch. 3.

Going West.

This expression, particularly in vogue during the European War as a euphemism for dying, is of much antiquity: With the Greeks Plato was the "Western God." Sophocles, in *Œdipus Tyrannus*, referring to a calamity involving death throughout a wide district, says: "One after another thou mightest see speeding towards the shore of the Western God."

9. HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL.

"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" (*Lat.* "Vicisti, Galilæe!" *Ammianus; from the Greek, first found in Theodoret*, 3, 25.)

Ascribed to Julian the Apostate, when at the point of death, in Persia, A.D. *363. (See Montaigne: Essais, 2. 19* [1580]*; also Swinburne: "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean," p.* 351*a*.)

Thou shalt go thou shalt return never in battle shalt thou perish.

Utterance of the Oracle, favourable or otherwise according to punctuation.

There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford.

Tradition ascribes this to John Bradford (b. 1510; burnt at Smithfield 1555) on seeing some criminals going to execution. (*See Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

The English take their pleasures sadly.

"Ils s'amusaient tristement selon la coutume de leur pays," said Froissart.—*Emerson: English Traits*," ch. 8.

"They" [the English], says Froissart, "amused themselves sadly after the fashion of their country"—"ils se rejouissoient tristement selon la coutume de leur pays."—*Hazlitt: Sketches and Essays: Merry England.*

The passage is not found in Froissart, but it seems to be derived from the Duc de Sully's *Memoirs*, written c. 1630, as follows: "Les Anglais s'amusent tristement selon l'usage de leur pays." There is a mediæval Latin proverb, "Anglica gens est optima flens et pessima ridens." (The English race is the best at weeping and the worst at laughing.) On the other hand there is an early tribute to the jovial disposition of Englishmen: "The whole [English] nation, beyond all other mortal men, is most given to banquetting and feasts."—*Trans. (by Burton: Anat. Melan.*, 1621) *from Paulus Jovius* (1483–1552), *Hist., Book* 11.

A certain man has called us, "of all peoples the wisest in action"; but he added, "the stupidest in speech."—*Carlyle: "The Nigger Question"* (1849).

Froth at top, dregs at bottom, but the middle excellent.

Description of the English Nation, attributed to Voltaire.

Paris fashions.

"As far as Paris to fetch over a fashion, and come back again."—*Ben Jonson: Every Man out of his Humour*," ii., 2 (1599).

The Man in the Moon.

The old notion was that the spots on the moon's

surface represented a man with a bundle of sticks.
Quod Pandarus, thou hast a ful gret care
Lest that the cherl [man] may falle out of the mone! *Chaucer: Troilus*, Bk. 1, 1023.

A great leap in the dark.

Thomas Hobbes, b. 1588, d. 1679, author of *Leviathan*, when about to die, is reported to have said, "Now I am about to take my last voyage, a great leap in the dark." Hence the expression, "Hobbes' voyage," used by Vanbrugh in *The Provoked Wife* (1679), as referring to matrimony.

What has posterity done for us?

Erroneously attributed to Sir Boyle Roche (1743–1807) in a speech in the House of Commons; but the words occur in John Trumbull's *McFingal*, canto 2 (1776). Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, in a letter dated Jan. 1, 1742, has this allusion: "The man was laughed at as a blunderer who said in a public business, 'We do much for posterity; I would fain see them do something for us.'"

And have they fixed the where, and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Shall know the reason why!

Trelawny. (Song written at the time of the committal of Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol, to the Tower, 1688.)

All my eye and Betty Martin.

The older form is said to be, "All my eye, Betty Martin." [The tradition that "Betty Martin" is a survival of a mediæval invocation, "Beate Martine," is discredited.]

The sun never sets in the Spanish dominions.
*Quoted, as a saying of Spanish soldiers, by Capt. John Smith, 1579–1631.**

It may be well to wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer. *John Kepler (1571–1630).*

"If the Almighty God waited 6,000 years for one to see what he had made, I may surely wait 200 for one to understand what I have seen."—*Carlyle (referring to Kepler): "Miscellanies" (Voltaire)*, 1829.

England expects every officer and man to do his duty this day.
Nelson's signal, Oct. 26, 1805, as published in "The Times," Dec. 26, 1805. *Usually quoted as "England expects every man to do his duty."*

Victory! or Westminster Abbey!
Lord Nelson (1758–1805) on boarding the "San Carlo."

"Victory, or else a grave."—*Shakespeare, Henry VI.*, Part 3, ii., 2.

Every bullet has its billet.
Saying attributed to William III.

Sufficeth this to prove my theme withal,
That every bullet hath a lighting place.
Gascoigne: Fruits of War.

King William was of an opinion, an' please your Honour, quoth Trim, that everything was predestined for us in this world; insomuch that he would often say to his soldiers that "every ball had its billet."—*Sterne: Tristram Shandy* (1759–1760), Vol. 8, ch. 19.

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* Also mentioned in Gage's *New Survey of the West Indies*, 1648, as applicable to the Dutch as well as the Spaniards.

The Army and Navy for ever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.
The Red, White, and Blue.

Song originating at the time of the Crimean war, and said to indicate the co-operation of redcoats and bluejackets.

No soldier can fight unless he is properly fed on beef and beer.
Attributed to the Duke of Marlborough.

A similar saying, "An army, like a serpent, goes on its belly," has been attributed to Frederick the Great.

"Soldiers, we must never be beat,—what will they say in England?"
Remark by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo.

The thin red line.
Article in "The Times," describing the Highlanders drawn up at Balaclava or Inkerman.

"Up, Guards! and at 'em."
Ascribed to Wellington.

His real words, according to his biographer, Sir Herbert Maxwell, were, "Stand up, Guards."

In A. Tels' Guidebook, *Excursions to the Lion of Waterloo*, 2nd ed., 1904, a Belgian publication, this is improved as follows: "At nearly more than 50 yards from the english, Wellington cried—'Upright guards! prepare for battle.'"

Our only General.

Expression applied to Lord Wolseley (1833–1913), but of earlier origin. "He [Danton] stood between [General] Dumouriez and much censure, anxious not to exasperate our only General."—*Carlyle: French Revolution* (1837–1839), Bk. 3, ch. 3.

He never would believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.
Saying of Richard Rumbold, at his execution, 1685, as recorded by Lord Macaulay (History of England, Ch. 5).

Tommy Atkins.

This sobriquet of the British soldier comes from the imaginary name "Thomas Atkins," employed in 1815 in connection with *The Soldier's Account Book*, called into use by the War Office. "Thomas Atkins" appeared in the sample forms accompanying the official circular letter, August 31, 1815.

All quiet along the Potomac.
Proverbial saying in America. Supposed to have originated in a report by General G. B. McLellan, U.S. (1826–1885).

Be sure you are right. Then go ahead.
David Crockett, U.S. (1786–1836).

Hold the fort! I am coming!
Signal to General Corse, in Allatoona (Oct. 5, 1864), by William F. Sherman (1820–1891).

The religion of all men of sense.

The Earl of Shaftesbury said at last . . . "Men of sense are really but of one religion." Upon which says the lady, of a sudden, "Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?" "Madam," says the earl, "men of sense never tell it."—*Note by Speaker Onslow, to Burnet's notice of the Earl of Shaftesbury, "History of his own Times,"* Vol. I.*

A similar anecdote is told of Samuel Rogers in Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects"—"A plea for the Free Discussion of Theological Difficulties"—no doubt a confusion of memory on Froude's part.

Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
Is waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Is waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Epigram said to have appeared in the "Morning Chronicle" (1809).

The reference is to the recriminations following the failure of the military operations of John Pitt, second Earl of Chatham, in the expedition to Walcheren, 1809. He attributed his own fatal delays to the dilatoriness of Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, who retaliated that the Earl was unpunctual in fulfilling his arrangements, and nicknamed him "the late Earl of Chatham." Another version (given in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*) is:

Great Chatham, with his sabre drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

See also Cowper (p. 96*a*) "Admirals extolled for standing still."

To Banbury came I, O profane one!
Where I saw a Puritane one
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Richd. Brathwaite's Barnabee's Journal, printed 1638.

Banbury is described by Mr. S. R. Gardiner (*History of England*, Vol. 8, p. 93), as "that most Puritan of all Puritan towns."

Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe:
Where he's gone to I don't know.
If to the realms of peace and love,
Farewell to happiness above.
If he's gone to a lower level,
I can't congratulate the devil.

From the "Owl" (about 1871). Attributed to E. Knatchbull-Hugessen (afterwards Lord Brabourne).

We don't want to fight,
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money too.

Music Hall Song, 1877. Hence came the term "Jingoes" as applied to fire-eating politicians.

Hops, Reformation, Bays, and Beer
Came into England all in one year.

Old Rhyme. Another version (probably more correct) is in the edition by Edmund Howes (fl. 1607–1631) of Stow's *Annales or Chronicles* (*pub.* 1615 and 1631), *viz.*:

Turkeys, Carpes, Hops: Piccarels and beere,
Came into England: all in one yeere.

(*The time being about 1518–1524, but the exact year is not specified.*)

You may prove anything by figures.

Stated by Carlyle to be the saying of "a witty statesman." Chartism, No. 2.

All evil comes from Spain; all good from the north.

According to Sir T. Challoner, writing from Florence, 1597, this was then "a common provert in every man's mouth." (*Notes and Queries*, 10th Ser., Vol. 2, 23.)

Never was Legate or Cardinal that did good in England.

Referred to by Hall ("Chronicle," 16th Century) as being an "olde sawe" in the time of Henry VIII.

With how little wisdom the world is governed!

"Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the whole world." A saying ascribed to "a wise Pope" in Selden's *Table Talk* (*see* p. 275*b*); also to the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstierna; also told in connection with Conrad van Benningen, the Dutch statesman (1643). Lord Chatham, in a letter to Lord Shelburne (Jan. 25, 1775), writes of the expression as "the saying of one of the Popes—Alexander VI., Jules, or Leo—to a son of his."

The world is governed too much.

Motto of the "Globe" newspaper (U.S.). See Emerson: Essay: "New English Reformers."

Woman's reason.

"It is a woman's reason to say I will do such a thing because I will."
—*"Burroughs on Hosea," published* 1652, Vol. 4.

"Mere man."

"No mere man since the Fall, is able in this life perfectly to keep the Commandments."
Shorter Catechism.

Modesty is a very good thing, but a man in this country may get on very well without it.

Motto said to have been inscribed on a banner in a Western State.

O Athenians, what toil do I undergo to please you!

Alexander the Great. Quoted by Carlyle. (*Essay on Voltaire*, 1829.)

Drifting into war.

Expression used by the Earl of Clarendon, 1608–1674.

Every man has his price.

Ascribed to Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford (1676–1745). His nephew, Horace Walpole, in a letter dated August 26, 1785, says it was a maxim ascribed to Sir Robert "by his enemies."

Mr. E. Latham (*Famous Sayings and their Authors*) states that the saying is said to have originated in Sir R. Walpole's remark to Mr. Leveson, "I know the price of every man in this house, except three."

"It is an old Maxim that every Man has his Price."—*The Bee*, 1733–4, Vol. 8, p. 97.

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* Old Lord Shaftesbury, conferring with Major Wildman about the many sects of religion . . . came to this conclusion . . . 'All wise men are of the same religion. Whereupon a lady in the room . . . demanded what that religion was. To whom Lord Shaftesbury straight replied, "Madam, wise men never tell."—*John Toland: Clidophorus* (1720).

459*a*

"Gentlemen, I say ditto to Mr. Burke!"

Speech by Mr. Cruger after being returned with Mr. Burke as member for Bristol.

459*b*

Truth—truth all round, clearness of vision, is the most fortifying thing in the world.

Viscount Milner. Speech on War Censorship, Canterbury, Oct. 30, 1915.

10. POLITICAL PHRASES AND ALLUSIONS.

Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform.

"No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps."—*Washington Irving: The Sketch Book: John Bull* (1820).

An H. B. cartoon of November 26, 1830, represents Earl Grey as informing William IV. that his conditions are "Retrenchment, Reform, and Peace."

I am for Peace, for Retrenchment, and for Reform—thirty years ago the great watchwords of the great Liberal party.—*Speech by John Bright at Birmingham, April 28, 1859.*

"The three F's."

"Fair rents, fixity of tenure, and freedom of sale." The three F's were the policy of the Irish land legislation of 1881.

"Educate your masters."

Phrase used by Robert Lowe (afterwards Viscount Sherbrooke) (1811–1892).

Poll early and often.

"Vote early and vote often" was an expression, according to a speech by W. P. Miles (S. Carolina) in the U.S. House of Representatives (March 31, 1858), "openly displayed" on the election banners "in one of our northern cities."

His Majesty's Opposition.

Term applied by John Cam Hobhouse (1786–1869) to the Opposition in the British House of Commons, April 10, 1826.

What Lancashire thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow.

Nineteenth century saying, found in various forms, "Manchester" (or Birmingham) being occasionally substituted for "Lancashire."

Peace with honour.

Expression used by Lord Beaconsfield on his return from the Berlin Congress on the Eastern Question, July, 1878.

He had rather spend £10,000 on Embassies to keep or procure peace with dishonour, than £10,000 on an army that would have forced peace with honour.—*Sir Anthony Weldon: The Court and Character of King James*, 1650.

Register! Register! Register!

From a speech by Sir Robt. Peel at a "civic festival" (c. 1835). ("Ay, register, register, register!" said the Duke. "Those were immortal words." "I can tell your Grace three far better ones," said Mr. Tadpole, with a self-complacent air. "Object, object, object!"—*B. Disraeli: Coningsby*, Book 2, *ch.* 2.)

Policy of pin-pricks.

From the French expression "coups d'épingle" which seems to have been classical as early as the middle of the 18th century.

Defence not defiance.

Motto of the Volunteer Movement (c. 1852).

Three acres and a cow.

An expression often attributed to the Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P. (1831–1920), who carried the Small Holdings amendment against Lord Salisbury's Government in 1886.—John Stuart Mill (*Principles of Political Economy*, 1848, Book 2, ch. 6, sec. 5), referring to peasant-farming in Flanders, wrote: "When the land is cultivated entirely by the spade, and no horses are kept, a cow is kept for every three acres of land."

D. Defoe (1663–1731): *Tour through the whole Islands of Great Britain* (published posthumously ?)—suggested a provision of three acres of ground for every man in a settlement, and a certain quantity of common-land where they should have a few sheep and cows.

"Ten acres and a mule."—*American phrase indicating the expectations of emancipated slaves* (1862).

Latchkey franchise.

Qualification of part of a tenement as an occupier (and not as a lodger) in virtue of right of possessing a latchkey. At North Hackney Revision, 1906, many claimants to votes signed papers stating that they had latchkeys. The votes were eventually disallowed.

"Too late."

In this war the footsteps of the Allied Forces have been dogged by the mocking spectre of "Too late."—*D. Lloyd George, House of Commons, Dec. 20, 1915.*

The unspeakable Turk.

Expression used by Carlyle. Article on Das Niebelungen Lied. 1831.

The only good Indians I ever saw were dead.

According to Edwd. M. Ellis, A.M., who stated that he was present on the occasion, General Sheridan used these words in January, 1869, at old Fort Cobb, Indian Territory, when (after a fight) an Indian Chief, named Old Touch-away, when presented to Sheridan, said, "Me good Indian."

All political parties die at last of swallowing their own lies.

Attributed to John Arbuthnot, M.D. (1675–1735), in "Life of Emerson."

The classes and the masses.

A phrase used by Mr. Gladstone.

"This new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seized all ranks and classes,
Down to that new estate 'the masses.'"

T. Moore: The Fudges in England (1835). *Letter* 4.

Passive Resistance.

An old expression. In Scott's *Heart of Midlothian* (1818) (ch. 6) he speaks of "the passive resistance of the Tolbooth-gate" as being more effective than "the active interference of the magistrates."

The Duty of an Opposition is to oppose.

Quoted by Lord Randolph Churchill.

When I first came into Parliament, Mr. Tierney, a great Whig authority, used always to say that the duty of an Opposition was very simple—it was to oppose everything and propose nothing.—*Lord Stanley: Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, June 4, 1841.*

Are we downhearted? No!

This expression, which came into vogue in England towards the close of the General Election of Jan. 1906, seems to have originated in a speech by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at Smethwick, Jan. 15, 1906, in which he said: "We are not downhearted, but we cannot understand what is happening to our neighbours."

The lonely furrow.

"I must plough my lonely furrow alone."—*Earl of Rosebery, July 19, 1901.*

Terminological inexactitude.

"It [Chinese Labour in South Africa] could not, in the opinion of His Majesty's Government, be classified as slavery in the extreme acceptance of the word without some risk of terminological inexactitude."—*Mr. Winston Churchill in the British House of Commons, Feb. 22, 1906.* ("*Times*" *report.*)

Wait and see.

A phrase frequently used by Mr. Asquith (Premier) in reply to questions in the House of Commons, in the Session of 1910, as to the policy and intentions of the Liberal Government. On Feb. 6, 1911, speaking in the House of Commons on the Address, he said: "Well, the Estimates are not yet produced. I do not like to use language that is becoming only too familiar, but I do venture to recommend the right hon. gentleman in this, as in other matters, to—what shall I say?—cultivate the faculty of patient expectancy."

"To doubt is to decide."

A phrase used by Mr. Addington, British Premier in 1802—subjected to considerable ridicule at the time.

A scrap of paper.

"I found the [German] Chancellor [von Bethmann-Hollweg] very agitated. . . . He said the

step taken by his Majesty's Government was terrible. . . . Just for a word, 'neutrality,' a word which in war-time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation."—*Despatch by Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassador at Berlin, Aug. 4, 1914.*

The large thing to do is the only thing we can do.

John Woodrow Wilson, President, U.S. Message to Congress, March 5, 1914.

Some Americans need hyphens in their names, because only part of them has come over.

Id. Speech at Washington, May 16, 1914.

There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.

Id. Speech at Philadelphia, May 10, 1915. (After the sinking of the "Lusitania.")

The thing to do is to supply light and not heat.

Id. Speech, Pittsburgh, Jan. 29, 1916.

You will always be fools; we shall never be gentlemen.

Quoted as "a classic" by Lord Fisher in "The Times," June 16, 1919, and described as "the apposite words spoken by a German naval officer to his English confrère." "On the whole," commented Lord Fisher, "I think I prefer to be the fool—even as a matter of business!"

The British Army should be a projectile to be fired by the British Navy.

Viscount Grey of Falloden. Quoted by Lord Fisher ("*Memories,*" 1919) *as "the splendid words of Sir Edward Grey."*

11. FORENSIC.

The law of England is the greatest grievance of the nation, very expensive and dilatory.

Bishop Burnet's "History of his own Times" (1724).

The glorious uncertainty of the law.

First found in Macklin's *Love à la Mode* (1759). Afterwards used as a toast at legal dinners.—*See* Macklin, p. 207*b*.

Corporations have no souls.

Lord Chancellor Thurlow said that the corporations have neither bodies to be punished nor souls to be damned; they therefore do as they like.—*Poynder's "Literary Extracts."*

"They [corporations] feel neither shame, remorse, gratitude, nor goodwill."—*Hazlitt: Table Talk, Essay 27* (1817).

When he [a judge] put on his robes, he put off his relation to any; and like Melchisedech, becomes without pedigree.

Fuller's "Holy State" (1642).

As guardian of His Majesty's conscience.

Lord Chancellor Thurlow's speech in his defence in the House of Lords, c. 1780 ("*Butler's Reminiscences,*" *p. 199*).

Eight points of the law.

1. A good cause; 2. A good purse; 3. An honest and skilful attorney; 4. Good evidence; 5. Able counsel; 6. An upright judge; 7. An intelligent jury; 8. Good luck.

Old saying, attributed to Mr. Selwyn, a former candidate for the Chamberlaincy of the City of London.

No one could be so wise as Thurlow looked.

Attributed by Lord Campbell to Fox.—See "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," Vol. 5, 661.

A silly old man who did not understand even his silly old trade.

Attributed to Lord Westbury in reference to a witness from Heralds' College.

Also attributed to Lord Chesterfield, and referred to by G. B. Shaw as a saying by Whately.

Here you are, an able-bodied man, respectably brought up, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks.

Said to have been addressed to a prisoner by an Indian judge.

The man of law
Who never saw
The way to buy or sell,
Who seeks to rise
By merchandise,
God never speeds him well.

In Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Sec. 43, the lines (which are attributed to Sir Thomas More) appear :

A man of law that never saw
The wayes to buy and sell,
Wenyng to rise by merchandize,
I pray God speed him well.

Lines to similar effect are attributed to Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice (1422–1476).

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw ;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law.

" *The Herdman's Happy Life.*"

From *Sonets and Pastorales* included in *Psalmes, Sonets and Songs of Sadnes and Pietie, made into musicke of five partes*, by W. Byrd, 1588.

12. TOASTS.

Here's to you, as good as you are,
And here's to me as bad as I am ;
But as good as you are and as bad as I am,
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.

Old Scottish Toast.

God speed the Plow and bless the Cornmow.

Title of a Black-letter rhymed Dialogue, c. 1500.

Horn, corn, wool, and yarn.

Agricultural Toast formerly proposed at farming and other dinners in North Britain.

Here's a health to all those that we love,
Here's a health to all those that love us,
Here's a health to all those that love them that love those
That love them that love those that love us.

Old Toast.

Here's a health to poverty ; it sticks by us when all our friends forsake us.

Boston Bee.

Merry met, and merry part,
I drink to thee with all my heart.

Old Cup Inscription.

May all the world trample on the trade of Northampton ! (The shoe-making trade).

Northampton Toast.

May all your labours be in vein !

Mining Toast (Yorkshire).

Then who need care a fig
Who's a tory or whig ?
Here's a health to all honest men !

Tom Brown : Song, Every man take a glass in hand.

Here's a health unto his majesty,
With fa, la, la ;
Conversion to his enemies,
With fa, la, la.
And he that will not pledge his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself,
With a fa, la, la, etc.

From " Catch that Catch Can ; or, The Musical Companion," 1667.

Honest men and bonnie lasses.

A Toast formerly common in Scotland.

Hounds stout, horses healthy,
Earths well stopped, and foxes plenty.

The Old Oxford Toast.

Here's a health to the barley-mow ;
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both harrow and plough and sow.

Custom-rhyme (Suffolk).—J. H. Dixon's Collection.

May you live all the days of your life !

Swift : Polite Conversation. Dial. 2. (Given as a proverbial or " cant " saying.)

Here's to old Adam's crystal ale,
Clear, sparkling and divine !
Fair H_2O, long may you flow,
We drink your health (in wine).

Oliver Herford (b. 1863) Toast. Adam's Crystal Ale.

Here's to you in water,
I wish it was in wine ;
You'll drink to your true love,
An' I'll drink to mine.

Scottish.

Here's a health to you and yours,
Likewise to us and ours ;
And if ever you and yours
Need help that's in our powers,
We'll do as much for you and yours
As you have done for us and ours.

Traditional.

Here's to thee and me and aw' on us !
May we ne'er want nought, nawn on us !
Neither thee nor me, nor anyone else,
Aw' on us—nawn on us !

Yorkshire.

13. FOLK-LORE AND WEATHER RHYMES.

Weather Proverbs are included under the general heading of Proverbs, but will be found indexed, in the General Index, under the heading "Weather Proverbs."

The red is wise,
The brown trusty;
The pale peevish,
The black lusty. *Old Rhyme.*

With a red man rede thy rede;
With a brown man break thy bread;
At a pale man draw thy knife;
From a black man keep thy wife.
—*Old Rhyme.* Found in Thos. W[right]'s *Passions of the Mind in General*, 1604.

Se l'uomini piccoli fussero patienti,
E l'uomini grandi fussero valenti,
E li rossi leali,
Tutto il mondo sarebbe uguale. *Italian Proverb.*
(If little men were patient, and great men valiant, and red men loyal, all the world would be equal.)

Ne chese thu never to fere
Littele mon, ne long, ne red,
Yif thu wld don after mi red.
Proverbs of Alfred, l. 679.*
(Choose not ever as a companion a little man, nor a long, nor a red, if you will do after my counsel.)

Fair and foolish, little and loud,
Long and lazy, black and proud,
Fat and merry, lean and sad,
Pale and pettish, red and bad.

The lonke mon is lethe bei;
Selde comid his herte rei;
He havit stoni herte.
*Proverbs of Alfred.**
(The lanky man is lazy; seldom is his heart stirred; he has a stony heart.)

Blue is true,
Yellow's jealous,
Green's forsaken,
Red's brazen,
White is love,
And black is death!
Colour Superstitions. Lines obtained from the East of England.—Halliwell's "Popular Rhymes."

By him I made his tomb, in token he was trew;
And as to him belonged well, I covered it with blew.
Earl of Surrey. Complaint of a Dying Lover (c. 1590).

Blue eyes go to the skies;
Grey eyes go to Paradise;
Green eyes are doomed to hell;
And black in Purgatory dwell.
Tr. of old French Rhyme.

Grene for chaunge and doublenesse.
Lydgate. Falls of Princes (c. 1430–38), *Book 6, 1.*

Guillaume de Machault (1295?–1377) in a poem *Le Remède de Fortune*, states that blue means loyalty; red, ardent love; black, grief; white, joy; green, fickleness; yellow, falsehood.

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Pinks are sweet, and so are you.
A rhyme for St. Valentine's Day.—Halliwell.

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The gilly-flower sweet, and so are you.
Said to be an Easter-day rhyme in Oxfordshire.—Halliwell.

To break a pasture will make a man,
To make a pasture will break a man.
Old Suffolk saying.

The rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning
To carry his coat on his back.
The rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight,
For then no coat will he lack.
See Proverbs: "The rainbow in the morning."

When the wind is in the east,
Then the fishes do bite the least;
When the wind is in the west,
Then the fishes bite the best;
When the wind is in the north,
Then the fishes do come forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth.
J. O. Halliwell's "Popular Rhymes." Stated to be obtained from Oxfordshire, but to be found in a variety of versions throughout Great Britain.

The South wind brings wet weather,
The North wind wet and cold together;
The West wind always brings us rain.
The East wind blows it back again.
If the sun in red doth set
The next day surely will be wet;
If the sun doth set in grey,
The next will be a rainy day.
Lines by a Pessimist. Daily News, Dec. 3, 1919.

March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers. *Proverbial saying.*

Friday's moon,
Come when it will, it comes too soon.
Prevalent in the North of England.—Halliwell.

Friday's moon,
Once in seven year comes too soon. *Ib.*

Saturday's new, and Sunday's full,
Was never fine and never wool. *Ib.*

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* Reputed to date from Saxon times. The two extracts on this page are from a 13th Century MS., formerly at Trinity College, Cambridge.

When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn,
Sell your cow and buy your corn;
But when she comes to the full bit,
Sell your corn and your sheep. *Ib.*

The robin red-breast and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.
Common throughout England. The wren was anciently called "Our Lady's Hen." See Cotgrave in v. "Berchot."

A Sussex version:
Robins and wrens
Are God Almighty's friends;
Martins and swallows
Are God Almighty's scholars.
A. S. Cooke's "Off the Beaten Track in Sussex" (1912).

Twixt Martinmas and Yule
Water's wine in every pool.
(*Sc.*) (*Rain being then regarded as of extreme value.*)

Barnaby bright, Barnaby bright,
The longest day and the shortest night;
Lucy light, Lucy light,
The shortest day and the longest night.
Referring to St. Barnabas' Day, June 11, before the change of style, the summer solstice; and St. Lucy's Day, Dec. 13, the winter solstice, O.S.

This was superseded after the change of style by:

St. Thomas grey, St. Thomas grey,
The longest night and the shortest day.

If it freezes on St. Thomas's Day (Dec. 21) the price of corn will fall; if it be mild, the price will rise. *Old saying.*

Look at the weathercock at midday on St. Thomas's Day; the wind will remain the same for three months. *Old saying.*

One's unlucky, two's lucky;
Three's health, four's wealth;
Five is sickness, and six is death.
Rhyme as to birds (generally magpies or crows).

If the cock moult before the hen,
We shall have weather thick and thin;
But if the hen moult before the cock,
We shall have weather hard as a block.
North of England.

When Easter falls in our Lady's lap, [March 25]
Then let England beware a rap.
See Aubrey's Miscellanies (1696).

Friday night's dream, on the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true, be it never so old.
East and West England.

Sow in the sop,
'Twill be heavy a-top. *Ib.*

Born of a Monday, fair in face,
Born of a Tuesday, full of God's grace,
Born of a Wednesday, merry and glad,
Born of a Thursday, sour and sad,
Born of a Friday, Godly given,
Born of a Saturday, work for your living,
Born of a Sunday, ne'er shall we want,
So there ends the week, and there's an end on't. *Brand's Popular Antiquities.*

Monday's child is fair in face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living;
And a child that's born on Christmas Day,
Is fair and wise, and good and gay.
From Halliwell's "Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales."

Cut them on Monday, cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see your true love to-morrow;
Cut them on Sunday, your safety seek,
The devil will have you the rest of the week.
Lines on Cutting Finger-nails.—Traditional.

Friday's hair and Sunday's horn,
Goes to the D'ule on Monday morn.
—Ray's Proverbial Rhymes.

Lancashire law;
No stakes, no draw.
This saying implies that a wager does not hold good unless stakes are deposited.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lay on;
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head,
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.
J. O. Halliwell states that the first two lines were used in the time of Queen Mary, according to Ady, "Candle in the Dark," 1655.

Walk fast in snow,
In frost walk slow,
And still as you go,
Tread on your toe.
When frost and snow are both together,
Sit by the fire and spare shoe-leather.
Quoted by Swift as "a good Devonshire proverb."

In April come he will,
In May he sings all day,
In June he changes his tune,
In July he prepares to fly,
In August go he must.
Rhyme of the Cuckoo (E. of England).

In April cuckoos come,
In May he play his drum,
In June he change his tune
In July away he fly.
Midland Counties' version.

In April he show his bill,
In May he sings happy day,
In June his song he prune,
In July away he fly.
Another Midland Counties' version.

Heard in September,
A thing to remember;
Heard in October,
You're not sober.
Additional lines published as "probably unauthentic" in "The Observer," Sept. 15, 1912,

14. LONDON STREET SAYINGS.

Go to Putney on a pig.
Early 19th century. (*? Music-hall song*)

Sing old Joe, and blow the bellows.
c. *1820.* (*? Music-hall song.*)

How are you off for soap? c. *1830.*

Go to Bath and get your head shaved.
c. *1830 ?*

Ducky, what's your game? c. *1830.*

Who stole the donkey? The man in the white hat.

A joke on the material supposed to be used for making white hats, at the time when "Orator Hunt" and other leading Radicals wore them as badges of party.—Walter Thornbury, in "Notes and Queries," June 8, 1872.

The saying (or such use of white hats) may have been connected with the fact that the Marquis St. Huruge, French revolutionist, was noted for wearing a white hat. (*See* Carlyle's *French Revolution, Pt.* 2, *Bk.* 4, *ch.* 2; and *Bk.* 5, *ch.* 10 *and* 12.)

Is your rhubarb up? c. *1835.*

Jump Jim Crow. (*Popular Song.*) *1839.*

Jim along Josey. (*Title of Song.*) *1839.*

Has your mother sold her mangle? *1841.*

That's the ticket for soup.
Probably about the time of the starting of the Mendicity Society.—W. Thornbury.

Who's your hatter? c. *1830.*

What, the same old hat? *A later form.*

All round my hat.
c. *1830. Line of a Song.*

What a shocking bad hat! c. *1835.*

Go it, ye cripples. c. *1835.*

Does your mother know you're out?
Occurs in a poem in "The Mirror," April 28, 1838. See "Notes and Queries," 8th Ser., V. 8, p. 5.

How's your mother?
Quoted in "Punch," 1841.

All serene. c. *1850.*

Flare up, and join the Union! c. *1838 ?*

Twopence more, and up goes the donkey!
n.d.

You don't lodge here, Mr. Fergusson.
Line from a farce. c. *1840.*

Hooky Walker. c. *1840.*

There you go with your eye out!
c. *1840. Perhaps a joke on eye-glasses.—W. Thornbury.*

Bravo, Rouse! *Date before 1850.*

Do you see any green in my eye? c. *1840.*

Who shot the duck?
c. *1859. At the time of the volunteer or "riflemen's" movement.*

Keep your hair on. c. *1860 ?*

Get inside and pull the blinds down.
c. *1850. Cockney remark to cockney horsemen.*

Not in these boots! (Also: "Not in these trousers!") *Date uncertain.*

I would I were with Nancy.
Music-hall song. c. *1850.*

Not for Joe. *Music-hall song.* c. *1860.*

Like a bird. c. *1860.*

How's your poor feet? c. *1860.*

For we are so awfully clever!
Music-hall song. c. *1865.*

Run him in. c. *1860.*

Not for *this* child. c. *1860.*

Not to-day, baker.
Music-hall song. c. *1865.*

Just like Roger.
In reference to the Tichborne trial. *1872.*

Get your hair cut. c. *1880.*

Where did you get that hat?
Song. c. *1885 ?*

Wo, Emma! Mind the paint!
Song. c. *1890.*

'E dunno where 'e are!
Coster song. A. Chevalier. c. *1890 ?*

Mind the step! c. *1890.*

What ho! she bumps. *Song.* c. *1895.*

Now we sha'n't be long. *1896.*

Let 'em all come. *Music-hall song.* *1898.*

Pip, pip! *1898.*

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
Song imported from America. c. *1896.*

There's hair! *1900.*

Not 'alf. c. *1900.*

I *don't* think. c. *1900.*

How's your father? *1915.*

A little bit of all right. c. *1914 ?*

Thumbs up! (meaning, "All right!" or "A 1").
Quoted in "Evening News," Dec. 28, 1914, as "the saying of the day," and alleged to come from the dinner-table of the working classes—"thumbs up till it's your turn to be helped."

Have a banana! c. *1914.*

Sailors don't care. c. *1918.*

Always merry and bright. c. *1916.*

Keep smiling. c. *1916.*

Smile, d—— you, smile! c. *1916.*

Yes, we have no bananas to-day.
Imported from America. *1923.*

15. THE KORAN.

There is no doubt in this book. *Ch. 1.*

Their sinfulness is greater than their use. [Wine and gambling.] *Ch. 2.*

Let there be no violence in religion. *Ib.*

There is no god but God. *Ch. 3.*

God is the best deviser of stratagems. *Ib.*

Whosoever fighteth for the religion of God, whether he be slain or be victorious, we will surely give him a great reward. *Ch. 4.*

God is the best layer of plots. *Ch. 8.*

God is with those who persevere. *Ib.*

God loveth the clean. *Ch. 9.*

The ungrateful shall not prosper. *Ch. 12.*

Every age [period] hath its book. *Ch. 13.*

He shall not prosper who deviseth lies. *Ch. 20.*

Man is created of hastiness. *Ch. 21.*

Inquire not too curiously.* *Ch. 49.*

16. BOOK INSCRIPTIONS.

Steal not this book, for fear of shame,
For in it is the owner's name;
And when you're dead, the Lord will say,
"Where is that book you stole away?"

There are many variants of this inscription. The last two lines sometimes read:—

And if I catch you by the tail,
You must prepare for Newgate jail.

Sometimes there are two additional lines:

And if you say you do not know,
Down to the flames you'll have to go.

Small is the wren,
Black is the rook;
Blacker the sinner
That steals this book. *Traditional rhyme.*

This boke is one thing,
The halter is another;
He that stealeth the one
Must be sure of the other.
Found in a copy of Aristotle, dated 1578.

He who doth this book borrowe,
And doth not bring it back,
Certes shall he have sorrowe,
And comforte he shall lack.
Probably modern.

If you this precious volume bone,
Jack Ketch will claim you as his own.
Traditional.

Steal not this book, mine honest friend,
For fear the gallows be thine end. *Ib.*

Hic liber ad me pertinet,
Si quis furetur,
Per collum suspendetur,
In hoc modo.
[*A sketch of a gibbet follows.*]

If to your hand I chance to come,
Do not forget to send me home.
Finder, whoe'er thou art,
I speak to thee unknown,
Think always, in thy heart,
All men would have their own.
In a Quakeress's Book, dated "the 26 of the 4 month, 1709."

If I him lose, and thee him find,
Pray return him unto me;
I will content thee, to thy mind,
For thy good will and courtesy;
And if my name you chance to miss,
Look underneath and there it is.
Signed Mary Player (1709).

Hic liber est meus;
Testis est Deus.
Quis me queret,
Hic nomen erit.—John Atkinson (1693).

This booke is one thing,
And hemp is another;
Steale not the one,
For feare of the other;
For if you steale this booke,
It is very true
A harder thing heare after
Will ensue [to you]. *MS. (about 1693).*

This booke is mine, Eleanour Worcester:
An I yt loos and yow it find,
I pray yow hartely to be so kynd,
That yow will take a letel payne
To se my boke brothe [brought] home agayne.
Inscription in 15th Century Primer (Book of Devotion) at Brit. Museum. (The four lines of verse are found in many volumes of 15th century.)

This book, a child of Adam's race,
Amongst my human friends I place,
Whereof this label on his face
The symbol and the pledge is;
And all who offer him disgrace
I count as barbarous and base;
Have pity then upon his case,
And reverence his edges.
Anon. (19th Century.)

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* *See* Shakespeare (p. 297*a*, note).

17. BELL INSCRIPTIONS.

"*The Six Uses.*"
Men's death I tell by doleful knell;
Lightning and thunder I break asunder;
On Sabbath all to church I call;
The sleepy head I raise from bed;
The winds so fierce I doe disperse;
Men's cruel rage I doe asswage.

Fuller's tr. of the Latin lines:

Funera plango, fulmina frango, Sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

I mean to make it understood,
That though I'm little I am good.
Great Baddow, 1781.

Ye people all, that hear me ring,
Be faithful to your God and King.
Hornchurch, 1779.

All you of Bath that hear me sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound.
Tenor Bell, Bath Abbey.

King Edward made mee thirtie thousand weight and three.
Take mee down and wey mee and more you shall find mee.
Bell at Westminster. Gift of Edward III.

The concord of men's minds producèd me,
Like to itselfe, perfect in harmony.
Dunmow (Essex) 1671.

Placed here on high, we serve the town,
Beneath the Crown, beneath the Sky.
Differing in size, in note, and weight,
Yet, small or great, we harmonize.
With measured speech, well timed and true,
Our message due we tell to each.
Brief, clear, and bold, we say our say,
And then straightway our peace we hold.
O Mortal Race, our lesson learn;
Each has his turn and time and place.
Colchester Town Hall (Five Bells), 1901.

When I ring, God's prayses sing:
When I toule, pray heart and soule.
17th Century.

You ringers all that prize
Your health and happiness,
Be sober, merry, wise,
And you'll the same possess.
18th Century (c. *1770*).

GREEK QUOTATIONS.

Quoting from the Greek—always a desirable thing to do when in difficulty.
AUG. BIRRELL: *Obiter Dicta, "Edmund Burke."*

Sunt enim multi qui omnino Græcas non ament literas.—(There are many, to be sure, who do not altogether like Greek).—CICERO. *Acad. Quæst. Book* 2, 2.

Pr.=Proverbial phrases and expressions.

467*a*

Ἁ δ' ἀρετὰ βαίνει διὰ μόχθων. But virtue proceeds through toil. **Euripides.** *Heraclidæ, 625.*

Ἃ οἱ φίλοι τοῖς βασιλεῦσιν οὐ θαῤῥοῦσι παραινεῖν, ἐν τοῖς βιβλίοις γέγραπται. The things which their friends have not the courage to recommend to kings are not written in books. **Plutarch.**

Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἥδε βροτοῖσιν. Rivalry is good for mortals. **Hesiod.** *Works and Days, 24.*

Ἀγαθοὶ δ' ἀριδάκρυες ἄνδρες. Men given to tears are good.* **Pr.**

Ἀγεωμέτρητος μηδεὶς εἰσίτω. Let no one who is not a geometrician enter.
Inscription said to have been placed on Plato's door.

Ἀγροίκου μὴ καταφρόνει ῥήτορος. Despise not a rustic orator. **Pr.**

Ἀγὼν πρόφασιν οὐκ ἐπιδέχεται οὔτε φιλία. Strife and friendship allow of no excuse. **Pr.**

Ἀδικεῖ πολλάκις ὁ μὴ ποιῶν τι οὐ μόνον ὁ ποιῶν τι. Evil comes of omission as well as commission. **M. Aurelius Antoninus,** *9, 5.*

Ἀδύνατον πολλὰ τεχνώμενον ἄνθρωπον πάντα καλῶς ποιεῖν. It is impossible for a man who attempts many things to do them all well. **Xenophon.**

Ἀεὶ κολοιὸς παρὰ κολοιῷ ἱζάνει. A jackdaw is ever found near to a jackdaw. **Pr.**

Ἀεὶ φέρει τι Λιβύη κακόν (or *καινόν*). Libya always brings something evil (or new). (*See* the Latin "Ex Africa," etc.) **Aristotle.** *H. A., 8, 28, 11, Paroemiogr.*

467*b*

Ἀετοῦ γῆρας, κορύδου νεότης. The old age of an eagle is as good as the youth of a sparrow. **Pr.**

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς νομῷ ὡς διάκειται τιμᾶ. Honour first the immortal gods as by law enjoined. **Pythagoras.**

Αἱ δὲ σάρκες αἱ κεναὶ φρενῶν
Ἀγάλματ' ἀγορᾶς εἰσίν.
Bodies devoid of mind are as statues in the market place. **Euripides.** *Electra, 386.*

Αἵ τε γὰρ συμφοραὶ ποιοῦσι μακρολόγους.—Calamities make great talkers. **Appian.**

Αἰδὼς ὄλωλεν. Modesty has died out. **Theognis.**

Αἰδὼς οὐκ ἀγαθή. False shame; *mauvaise honte; pudor malus.* **Hesiod.**

Αἰδὼς τοῦ καλοῦ καὶ ἀρετῆς πόλις.
Πρῶτον ἀγαθὸν ἀναμαρτησία, δεύτερον δὲ αἰσχύνη.
Modesty is the citadel of beauty and of virtue; the first of virtues is guilelessness, the second the sense of shame. **Demades.**

Αἰεὶ δ' ἀμβολιεργὸς ἀνὴρ ἄτησι παλαίει. The procrastinating man is ever struggling with ruin. **Hesiod.** *Works and Days, 411.*

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων. Always to excel and to be superior to others. **Homer.** *Iliad, 6, 208.*

Αἱροῦντες ᾑρήμεθα. We who went to catch are caught ourselves. (Or, *Αἱρῶν αἱροῦμαι.* I, the capturer, am caught.)

Ἀκέφαλος μῦθος. A story without a head (or beginning). **Plato.** *Phædr., 264.*

Ἀκίνητα κινεῖς. You stir what should not be stirred. **Herodotus.** *6, 134.* (*Pr.*)

Ἄκουε τοῦ τέσσαρα ὦτα ἔχοντος. Listen to him who has four ears; *i.e.* to one who is a good listener himself. **Zenodotus.**

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* Another form is: *Ἀριδάκρυες ἀνέρες ἐσθλοί.*

Ἀκρὸν λάβε, καὶ μέσον ἕξεις. Seize what is highest, and you will possess what is in between. **Pr.**

Ἀλλ’ ἔστιν, ἔνθα χἠ δίκη βλάβην φέρει. But there are occasions when it happens that justice produces mischief. **Sophocles.**

Ἀλλ’ ἤτοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι. But truly these things rest on the knees of the Gods.
Homer. *Iliad, 17, 514; Odyssey, 1, 267; etc.*

Ἀλλ’ οἱ γὰρ ἀθυμοῦντες ἄνδρες οὔποτε
Τρόπαιον ἐστήσαντο.
But faint-hearted men never erected a trophy. **Eupolis.**

Ἀλλ’ ὅμως κρεῖσσον τῶν οἰκτιρμῶν φθόνος. But envy is better worth having than compassion. **Anon.**

Ἀλλ’ οὐ Ζεὺς ἄνδρεσσι νοήματα πάντα τελευτᾷ. But Zeus does not ratify all the designs of men. **Homer.** *Iliad, 18, 328.*

Ἀλλὰ κέρδει καὶ σοφία δέδεται. For wisdom even surrenders to desire of gain.
Pindar. *Pyth., 3, 54.*

Ἄλλος ἐγώ. Another self. (*Alter ego, q.v.*) **Zeno.**

Ἄλλων ἰατρὸς αὐτὸς ἕλκεσι βρύων. The physician of others, he himself abounds in ulcers. **Euripides.** *Frag., 1071.*

Ἅλμη οὐκ ἔνεστιν αὐτῷ. There is no salt in him. **Pr.**

Ἀμφοῖν φιλοῖν ὄντοιν, ὅσιον προτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν. Though both [Plato and truth] are dear to me, it is my duty to prefer truth. **Aristotle.** *Eth. N., 1, 6, 1.*

Ἀμφότεροι κλῶπες, καὶ ὁ δεξάμενος, καὶ ὁ κλέψας. Both are thieves, the receiver as well as the stealer. **Phocilides.**

Ἀνάγκᾳ δ’οὐδὲ θεοὶ μάχονται. The gods do not fight against necessity.
Simonides. *3, 20.*

Ἀναφαίρετον κτῆμ’ ἐστὶ παιδεία βροτοῖς. Education is a possession which cannot be taken away from men.

Ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου. Bear and forbear. **Epictetus.**
(*See Aulus Gellius, Book 17, 19, 6.*)

Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος. The whole earth is a sepulchre for famous men.
Thucydides. *2, 43.*

Ἄνδρων ἡρώων τέκνα πήματα. The children of heroes are causes of trouble. **Pr.**

Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται.* The man who flies shall fight again. (Expression attributed to Demosthenes on his flight at the battle of Chæronea, B.C. 338.)
Justinus, *9, 6;* **Ælianus,** *1, 3, 4, 5;* **Plutarch's** *Demosth.*; **Diodorus Siculus,** *16; etc.* (*See Aulus Gellius, Book 17, 21, 32.*

Ἄνθρακες ὁ θησαυρός. The treasure turns out coals.

Ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπῳ δαιμόνιον. Man is to man a deity. **Pr.**†

Ἄνθρωπος μέτρον. Man is the measure of all things. (The philosophical principle of Protagoras.)

Ἄνθρωπος φύσει ζῷον πολιτικόν. Man is by nature a civic animal. **Aristotle.** *Polit., 1, 2.*

Ἄνοος ὁ μακρός. A tall man is a fool. **Pr.**

Ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί. The fountains of sacred rivers flow upwards, *i.e.* everything is turned topsy-turvy.
Euripides. *Medea, 409.*

Ἀπ’ ἐχθρῶν πολλὰ μανθάνουσιν οἱ σοφοί. The wise learn many things from their foes. **Aristophanes.** *Birds, 376.*

Ἅπαντα τοῖς καλοῖσιν ἀνδράσιν πρέπει. Everything is becoming to the noble. **Pr.**

Ἅπασα δὲ χθὼν ἀνδρὶ γενναίῳ πατρίς. Every land is his native land to a brave man. **Pr.**

Ἅπαξ λεγόμενον. A word occurring only once.

Ἄπληστος πίθος. A cask that cannot be filled. **Pr.**

Ἁπλοῦν τὸ δικαίον, ῥάδιον τὸ ἄληθες. Justice is simple, truth is easy. **Lycurgus.**

Ἀπορία τὸ δυστυχεῖν. To be unlucky is poverty. **Euripides.** *Ion, 971.*

Ἀργυράγχην πάσχει. He has the silver quinsy. **Plutarch.** *Dem. 25.*

Ἄρης στυγεῖ μέλλοντας. Ares (the God of War) hates those who hesitate.
Euripides. *Heraclidæ, 722.*

Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ. The noblest of the elements is water. **Pindar.** *Olymp. 1, 1.*

Ἄριστον μέτρον. The middle course is the best. **Cleobulus.**

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* *See* "For those that fly may fight again" (p. 52*a*).
† *See* "Homo homini dæmon."

Ἀρχὰ πολιτείας ἁπάσης νέων τροφά. The foundation of every state is the education of its youth.

Diogenes (*according to Stobæus*).

Ἀρχὴ ἄνδρα δείξει. Rule will prove the man.

Bias (*cited by Aristotle, Eth. N., 5, 1, 16*).

Ἀρχὴ δέ τοι ἥμισυ παντός. The beginning is half of the whole.

Generally ascribed to **Pythagoras** ; *also to* **Hesiod.**

Ἄρχων οὐδεὶς ἁμαρτάνει τότε ὅταν ἄρχων ᾖ. No ruler sins as long as he is a ruler. **Pr.**

Ἄσβεστος γέλως. Unextinguishable laughter.

Homer. *Iliad, 1, 599 ; Odyssey, 8, 326 ; 20, 346.*

Αὐτὸς ἔφα. He himself has said so. (*See* " Ipse dixit.") *Said of* **Pythagoras.**

Ἄφιλον τὸ δυστυχές. Misfortune is friendless. **Euripides.** *Hercules Furens, 561.*

Ἀφορᾶν οὖν δεῖ εἰς τὸν νοῦν, καὶ μὴ εἰς τὴν ὄψιν. We must look to the mind, and not to the outward appearance. **Æsop.**

Βάρος τι καὶ τόδ᾽ ἐστιν, αἰνεῖσθαι λίαν. It is a kind of encumbrance to be overmuch praised. **Pr.**

Βασιλικὸν μὲν εὖ πράττειν κακῶς δε ἀκούειν. Well-doing, ill-report—it is the King's portion. **M. Aurelius Antoninus,** *7, 36.* (*From Antisthenes.*)

Βέλτιον θανεῖν ἅπαξ ἢ διὰ βίον τρέμειν. Better die once for all than to live in continual terror. **Æsop.**

Βοὴν ἀγαθός. Good at the battle cry. **Homer.** *Iliad, 2, 408* (*frequently repeated*).

Βότρυς πρὸς βότρυν πεπαίνεται. One bunch of grapes is ripened by another bunch.

Suidas.

Βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ μέγας βέβηκεν. A great ox has trodden on my tongue (*i.e.* I am constrained to silence).

Æschylus. *Ag., 36.*
(*See* " Bos in lingua " p. 498*b*.)

Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη. The ox-eyed awful Juno. **Homer.** *Iliad, 3, 144* (*also 7, 10 ; 18, 40 ; etc.*).

Βριάρεως φαίνεται, ὢν λαγώς. He appears to be a Briareus, being really a hare. **Pr.**

Βροτοῖς ἅπασιν ἡ συνείδησις θεός. Conscience is a God to all mortals.

Menander. *Monost., 564.*

Βροτοῖς πέφυκε τὸν πεσόντα λακτίσαι. It is the nature of mortals to kick a fallen man. **Æschylus** (*Adapted.*) *Agamemnon, 884.*

Βρῶμα θεῶν. Food for the gods. (Said by Nero of mushrooms by means of which Claudius was killed by Agrippina.)

Γαμεῖν ὁ μέλλων εἰς μετάνοιαν ἔρχεται. He who is about to marry is on his way to repentance. **Pr.**

Γάμος ἄγαμος. A marriage that is no marriage. **Pr.** (*Menander, Monost., 91.*)

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν εὐκταῖον κακόν. Marriage is an evil invoked by men.

Menander. *Monost., 102.*

Γαστέρες ἀργαί. Slow bellies ; lazy gluttons. (Quoted by St. Paul from a Cretan poet.) **Titus 1, 12.**

Γέλως ἄκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακόν. Ill-timed laughter among mortals is a dangerous evil. **Menander.** *Monost., 88.*

Γέροντα τὸν νοῦν σάρκα δ᾽ ἡβῶσαν φέρει. He carries an old mind with a youthful body. **Æschylus.** *Theb., 622.*

Γέρων ἅλιος. Old man of the sea (of Proteus).

Homer. *Odyssey, 4, 349 ; et passim.*

Γέρων Ἕλλην οὐδείς. No Greek was ever an old man. **Pr.**

Γίγνωσκι καίρον. Know the proper time.

Saying of **Pittacus.**

Γῆν ὁρῶ. I see land. I see the end of my labour. **Diogenes.**

Γῆρας διδάσκει πολλὰ καὶ χρόνου τριβή. Old age and the wear of time teach many things. **Sophocles.** *Tyro. Fragmenta, 586.*

Γηράσκω δ᾽ ἀεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος. I grow old ever learning many things.

Solon.

Γίγνωσκε δε
Ὡς πᾶσιν ἡμὶν κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται.
But learn that to die is a debt we must all pay. **Euripides.** *Alcestis, 418.*
(*See also " Andromache," 1271.*)

Γλαῦκ᾽ Ἀθήναζε, or *γλαῦκ᾽ εἰς Ἀθήνας.* Owls to Athens (=" Coals to Newcastle " : the Athenian coins were stamped with the owl). **Aristophanes.** *Aves, 301.*

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν. Know thyself. (*See* Latin quotations : " E cœlo," etc.) Cicero speaks of it as a precept of Apollo. It was inscribed in gold letters over the portico of the temple at Delphi.

Attributed to Solon and others.

Γύναι, γυναιξὶ κόσμον ἡ σιγὴ φέρει. Women, to women silence is the best ornament. **Sophocles.** *Ajax, 293.*

470a

Γυναῖκα γὰρ δὴ συμπονεῖν γυναικὶ χρή. A woman should always stand by a woman. **Euripides.** *Helena, 329.*

Γυναικὶ μὴ πίστευε, μηδ' ἂν ἀποθάνῃ. Believe not a woman, even when she dies.

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲ χρημ' ἀνὴρ ληΐζεται
'Εσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.
A man gains no possession better than a good woman, nothing more horrible than a bad one. (*See* "Τῆς μὲν κακῆς" κ.τ.λ.) **Simonides.** *Iamb., 7.*

Γυνὴ κὠφέλειαν καὶ νόσον ἀνδρὶ φέρει μεγίσταν. Woman brings to man his greatest blessing and his greatest plague. **Euripides.** *Alcmæon.*

Γυνὴ τὸ συνολόν ἐστι δαπανηρὸν φύσει. Woman is by nature generally extravagant. **Pr.**

Δαὶς ἐΐση. An equal diet. **Homer.** *Iliad, 15, 95.*

Δάκρυ' ἀδάκρυα. Tearless tears. **Euripides.**

Δεινὸς ὃς θεοὺς σέβει. He is to be feared who fears the gods. **Æschylus.** *Sept. Duces., 596.*

Δεῖ τοῖσι πολλοῖς τὸν τύραννον ἀνδάνειν. It is necessary for a prince to please the many. **Euripides.** *Antigone.* (*Fragm.*)

Δεὶ φέρειν τὰ τῶν θέων. We must needs bear the things which the gods choose. **Pr.**

Δίδου μοι τὴν σήμερον, καὶ λάμβανε τὴν αὔριον. Give me to-day, and take to-morrow. **Proverb quoted and condemned by St. Chrysostom.**

Δὶς ἢ τρὶς τὰ καλά. Good (or beautiful things, twice or thrice (*i.e.* are worth repeating.) **Pr.**

Δὶς κράμβη θάνατος. Cabbage served twice is death. (*See* "Crambe repetita," Latin quotations.) **Pr.**

Δὶς πρὸς τὸν αὐτὸν αἰσχρὸν προσκρούειν λίθον. It is disgraceful to stumble against the same stone twice. **Pr.**

Διώκει παῖς ποτανὸν ὄρνιν. A child pursues a flying bird (a proverb of futile actions). **Æschylus.** *Ag., 394.*

Δοκεῖ δέ μοι χαλεπώτερον εἶναι εὑρεῖν ἄνδρα τ' ἀγαθὰ καλῶς φέροντα, ἢ τὰ κακά. It seems to me harder to find a man who bears good fortune well, than one who bears evil. **Xenophon.**

Δός τι, καὶ λάβε τι. Give and take. **Pr.**

Δόσις δ'ὀλίγη τε, φίλη τε. A gift both rare and dear. **Homer.** *Odyssey, 6, 208.*

470b

Δός μοι ποῦ στῶ καὶ τὴν γῆν κινήσω. Give me a place to stand and I will move the earth. **Archimedes.**

Δρυὸς πεσούσης πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλεύεται. On the fall of an oak every man gathers wood. **Menander.** *Monost., 123.*

Δῶρα θεοὺς πείθει δῶρ' αἰδοίους βασιλῆας. Gifts persuade the gods, gifts persuade noble kings. *Quoted by* **Plato.** (*De Rep., Book 3) and attributed by Suidas to Hesiod.*

Δῶρα πείθειν καὶ θεοὺς λόγος. It is said that gifts persuade even the gods. **Euripides.** *Medea, 964.*

'Εὰν ᾖς φιλομαθὴς, ἔσει πολυμαθής. If you be a lover of instruction, you will be well instructed. **Isocrates.** *Ad Demonicum, sec. 18.**

'Εαυτὸν τιμωρούμενος. Tormentor of himself (title of a Comedy by Terence). **Menander.**

'Εγὼ γὰρ εἰμὶ τῶν ἐμῶν ἐμὸς μόνος. For I am alone, of all my friends, my own friend. **Apollodorus.**

'Εγὼ δε νομίζω τὸ μὲν μηδενὸς δεῖσθαι θεῖον εἶναι, τὸ δὲ ὡς ἐλαχίστων ἐγγυτάτον τοῦ θείου. I hold that to need nothing is divine, and the less a man needs the nearer does he approach divinity. **Socrates,** *quoted by Xenophon. Mem., Book 1, 6, 10.*

Εἰ 'Αλέξανδρος βουλέται εἶναι θεὸς, θεὸς ἐστῶ. If Alexander wishes to be a god, let him set up as a god. **Lacedemonian Edict on Alexander's claim to divinity.**

Εἰ γάρ κεν καὶ σμικρὸν ἐπὶ σμικρῷ καταθεῖο,
Καὶ θαμὰ τοῦτ' ἔρδοις, τάχα κεν μέγα καὶ τὸ γένοιτο.
For if you put by little to little, and do so often, it will quickly become much. **Hesiod.** *Works and Days, 359.*

Εἰ δὲ θεὸν
ἀνήρ τις ἔλπεταί τι λαθέ-
μεν ἔρδων, ἁμαρτάνει.
If any man hopes that in doing aught, he will elude the notice of God, he is in error. **Pindar.** *Olymp., 1, 64.*

Εἰ μὲν γὰρ πλουτῇς πόλλοι φίλοι, ἢν δὲ πένηαι
Παῦροι, κ' οὔκεθ' ὁμῶς αὐτὸς ἀνὴρ ἀγαθός.
For indeed if you are rich you will have many friends, but if you become poor you will have few, and will no longer be the same excellent man that you were. **Theognis.**

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* Ascham, in his *Scholemaster*, states that Isocrates caused these words to be inscribed, in golden letters, over his school.

Εἴ τι ἀγαθὸν θέλεις, παρὰ σεαυτοῦ λάβε. If you wish for anything good, seek it from yourself. **Arrian.**

Εἷς ἀνὴρ οὐ πάνθ' ὁρᾷ. One man does not see everything.
Euripides, *Phœnissæ, 745. See Prov., "Bernard the Monk," etc.*

Εἷς ἀνὴρ οὐδεὶς ἀνήρ. One man is no man. **Pr.**

Εἰς τὸ πῦρ ἐκ τοῦ κάπνου. Out of the smoke into the fire. **Lucian.**

Ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν. For we are thy offspring. (This is by some said to be the passage quoted by St. Paul, Acts 17, 28, but see "*Τοῦ γὰρ*" etc.)
Cleanthes. *Hymn to Zeus, l. 4.*

Ἐκ τοῦ ὁρᾶν γίγνεται τὸ ἐρᾶν. From seeing comes loving. **Pr.**

Ἐκ τοῦ φοβεροῦ κατ' ὀλίγον ὑπονοστεῖ πρὸς τὸ εὐκαταφρόνητον. From the awful there is a descent little by little to the contemptible. **Longinus.** *De Subl., 3.*

Ἐκ τῶν ὀνύχων τὸν λέοντα γιγνώσκειν. To judge of the lion by his claws. **Pr.**

Ἑκὰς, ἑκὰς ὅστις ἀλιτρός. Hence, hence, whoso is a sinful person.
Callimachus. *H. in Apoll. 2.*

Ἐλεύθερός ἐστιν ὁ ζῶν ὡς βούλεται. He is free who lives as he chooses.*
Epictetus. *Book 4, 1, 1.*

Ἐλπίδες ἐν ζώοισιν ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες. There is hope in the living, but the dead are hopeless. **Pr.**

Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί. When I am dead let the earth be dissolved in fire.† **Suetonius.**
Nerv., 38 (**Pr.**) ; *also in Euripides.*

Ἐμποδίζει τὸν λόγον ὁ φόβος. Fear impedes speech. **Demades.**

Ἐν ἀμούσοις καὶ κόρυδος φθέγγεται. With the unmusical even the lark is melodious. **Pr.**

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τοὺς σοφοὺς ἔχειν βίον. The wise should possess their life in hope. **Euripides.**

Ἐν οἴνῳ ἀλήθεια. In wine there is truth. (*See* "In vino veritas.") **Pr.**

Ἐν ὀλβίῳ ὄλβια πάντα. With a fortunate man all things are fortunate.
Theocritus. *15, 24.* (**Pr.**)

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* *Cf.* Cicero, *Parad.*, 5.
† *See* French : "Après nous le déluge."

Ἐν παντὶ εὐχαριστεῖτε. In everything give thanks. *1 Thess. 5, 18.*

Ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γὰρ μηδὲν ἥδιστος βίος. In knowing nothing is the sweetest life.
Sophocles. *Ajax 553.*

Ἐν τούτῳ νίκα. In this you shall conquer.* **Motto.**

Ἕνα . . . ἀλλὰ λέοντα. One, but that one a lion. **Æsop.**

Ἔνθ' Ὕπνῳ ξύμβλητο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτοιο. Where he falls in with Sleep, brother of Death. **Homer.** *Iliad, 14, 231.*

Ἔννους τὰ καινὰ τοῖς πάλαι τεκμαίρεται. A sensible man judges of present by past events. **Sophocles.** *Œd. Tyr., 916.*

Ἔξω βελῶν καθῆσθαι. To keep out of shot.

Ἐπαίρεται γὰρ μεῖζον, ἵνα μεῖζον πέσῃ. He is raised the higher that he may fall the heavier. **Menander.**

Ἔπεα πτερόεντα. Winged words.
Homer. *Iliad, Book 20, 331.*
(*Frequently repeated.*)

Ἐπὶ τὸ πολὺ ἀδικοῦσιν οἱ ἄνθρωποι, ὅταν δύνωνται. As a rule men do wrong when they have a chance. **Aristotle.**

Ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἀκμῆς. On the razor's edge = at the critical moment.
Pr. (*Homer: Iliad, 10, 173.*)

Ἑπτὰ πόλεις διερίζουσι περὶ ῥίζαν Ὁμήρου· Σμύρνα, Ῥόδος, Κολοφὼν, Σαλαμὶν, Ἴος, Ἄργος, Ἀθῆναι. Seven cities contend about [being] the birthplace of Homer : Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Ios, Argos, Athens.
Quoted by **A. Gellius** (*Book 3, 11*) *as an epigram in Varro's "Liber de Imaginibus."*†

Ἔργον δ' οὐδὲν ὄνειδος. Labour is in no way disgraceful. **Hesiod.**

Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν. Love, unconquered in battle. **Sophocles.** *Ant., 781.*

Ἐρωτηθεὶς τί ἐστιν ἐλπὶς ἐγρηγορότος· εἶπεν ἐνύπνιον. You ask what hope is. He (Aristotle) says it is a waking dream.‡
Diogenes Laertius. *Book 5, 18.*

Ἐς Τρόιαν πειρώμενοι ἦλθον Ἀχαιοί. By trying, the Greeks got into Troy.
Theocritus. *15, 61.*

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* *See* Latin : "In hoc signo vinces."
† *See* Latin : "Septem urbes."
‡ A similar expression is ascribed by Ælian to **Plato**, and by Stobæus to Pindar.

Ἔσσεται ἦμαρ ὅτάν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρή. There will be a day when sacred Ilium shall be no more.
Homer. *Iliad, 4, 164; 6, 448.*

Ἔστ' ἐλπὶς ἡ βόσκουσα τοὺς πολλοὺς βροτῶν. It is hope which maintains most of mankind. **Sophocles.** *Fragm.*

Εὕδοντι κύρτος αἱρεῖ. While the fisher sleeps the net takes fish. **Pr.**

Εὐπραξίαν ἔφυσεν ἡ πειθαρχία. Obedience produces success. **Pr.** (*See* Πειθαρχία.)

Εὕρηκα. I have found it.
Attr. to Archimedes on making a discovery.

Εὐτυχία πολύφιλος. Success is much befriended. **Pr.**

Εὐτυχῶν μὴ ἴσθι ὑπερήφανος, ἀπορήσας μὴ ταπεινοῦ. Be not elated by fortune, be not depressed by adversity. **Cleobulus.**

Ἔχει τε γάρ ὄλβιος οὐ μείονα φθόνον. The fortunate man truly has no small share of envy. **Pindar.** *11, 29.* (*Adapted.*)

Ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος, ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν,
Ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθει ἐνὶ φρέσιν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.
Hateful to me as the gates of Hades is he who hides one thing in his mind, and speaks another. **Homer.** *Iliad, 9, 312.*

Ἐχθρῶν ἄδωρα δῶρα, κοὐκ ὀνήσιμα. The gifts of enemies are not gifts, and have no value. **Sophocles.** *Ajax, 665.* **Pr.**

Ζεῖ χύτρα, ζῇ φιλία. The pot boils, friendship lives. **Pr.**

Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή. My life and soul.[*]

Ζῶμεν οὐχ ὡς θέλομεν, ἀλλ' ὡς δυνάμεθα. We live not as we desire, but as we can. **Pr.**

Ἡ βοοτικὴ τῇ παλαιστικῇ ὁμοιοτέρα ἤπερ τῇ ὀρχηστικῇ Life is more like wrestling than dancing.
M. Aurelius Antoninus, *761.*

Ἡ γὰρ φύσις βέβαιον, οὐ τὰ χρήματα. For it is a man's nature which makes him trustworthy, not his wealth. **Aristotle.**

Ἡ γλῶσσ' ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρὴν ἀνώμοτος. The tongue has sworn it, but the mind is unsworn. **Euripides.** *Hipp. 612.*

Ἡ δεισιδαιμονία καθάπερ πατρὶ τῷ τύφῳ πείθεται. Superstition obeys vanity just like a father.
Socrates (*according to Stobæus*).

Ἡ εὐδαιμονία τῶν αὐτάρκων ἔστι. Happiness belongs to those who are contented.
Aristotle.

Ἢ ζῆν ἀλύπως, ἢ θανεῖν εὐδαιμόνως. Either a tranquil life, or a happy death.
Ancient Maxim.

Ἡ μεν γὰρ σοφία οὐδέν θεωρεῖ ἐξ ὧν ἔσται εὐδαίμων ἄνθρωπος. For wisdom does not occupy itself with what will make a happy man. **Aristotle.**

Ἢ πῖθι ἢ ἄπιθι. Either drink or go away.[*] **Ancient Maxim of Topers.**

Ἡ σοφίας πηγὴ διὰ βιβλίων ῥέει. The fountain of wisdom flows through books.

Ἡ συνείδησις τὴν ψυχὴν πλήττει. Conscience chastises the soul. **Pr.**

Ἢ τὰν ἢ ἐπὶ τάν. Either this or upon this. (Either bring this back or be brought back upon it.)
Spartan mother's words to her son on giving him his shield.

Ἢ τέθνηκεν ἢ διδάσκει γράμματα. He is either dead or teaching school. (Marcellus records the proverb: "'Ἀλλ' ἢ τέθνηκεν, etc.") **Zenobius.** *Quoted by Erasmus, in Latin, as a proverb.*

Ἥδιστον ἄκουσμα ἔπαινος. The sweetest sound is praise.
Xenophon. (*See Mem. 2, 1, 31.*)

Ἡδύ τοι σωθέντα μεμνῆσθαι πόνων. Sweet is the remembrance of troubles when you are in safety.
Euripides. *Andromeda, 10, 2.* (*Fragm.*)

Θαλάσση, καὶ πῦρ, καὶ γυνὴ, κακὰ τρία. The sea, and fire, and woman, are three evils. **Proverbial saying.**

Θάνατος ἀπροφάσιστος. Death takes no excuse.
Euripides. *Bacchæ, 1002 (adapted).*

Θανεῖν βροτοῖσι πημάτων ἀπαλλαγή. To die is, to mortals, deliverance from miseries.
Æschylus. *Prom. Vinctus, 754 (adapted).*

Θεὸς ἐκ μηχανῆς. A God from the mechanism; *i.e.* divine help from some contrivance unseen or unexpected. (Supposed to refer to the way in which gods appeared suddenly on the stage by the help of mechanism.)
Menander. *Theoph., 5; also in* **Lucian.**[†]

Θεὸς ἡ ἀναίδεια. Impudence is a goddess. **Pr.**

Θύε ταῖς χάρισι. Sacrifice to the Graces.
Diogenes Laertius. *Book 4, 6.*[‡]

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[*] *See* Juvenal, Sat. 6, 195; *also* Martial 10, 68.

[*] *See* Latin: "Mihi quidem," etc.
[†] *See* Latin, "Deus ex machina."
[‡] *See* p. 448*a*, "Sacrifice to the Graces."

Ἰατρὲ, θεράπευσον σεαυτόν. Physician, heal thyself. **St. Luke 4, 23.**

Ἰατρεῖον ψυχῆς. The medicine chest of the soul. **Inscription on a Library.**

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
Ἴδμεν δ', εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.
We know how to speak many things which are false as if they were true, and we know, when we choose, how to wrap up truth in fable. **Hesiod.** *Theog., 28.*

Ἰλιὰς κακῶν. An Iliad of woes.
Pr. (*Found in Demosthenes, 387, 12; Diodorus Siculus, etc.*)

Ἱστορία φιλοσοφία ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειγμάτων. History is philosophy derived from examples. **Pr.**

Ἰχθὺς ἐκ τῆς κεφαλῆς ὄζειν ἔρχεται. Fish begins to stink from the head. **Pr.**

Καδμεία νίκη. A Cadmean victory (wherein the conquerors suffer as much as the conquered).*
Proverbial expression *found in Herodotus 1, 166.*

Καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχῷ φθονέει, καὶ ἀοιδὸς ἀοιδῷ. And a beggar envies a beggar, and a poet a poet. **Hesiod.** *Works and Days, 26.*

Καὶ τοῦτο τοί τ' ἀνδρεῖον, ἡ προμηθία. And this, too, is a manly quality, namely, foresight (*i.e.* caution is true valour).
Euripides. *Suppl. 510.*

Καιρὸν γνῶθι. Know your opportunity. **Pittacus.**

Κακὰ κέρδεα ἶσ' ἀτῆσι. Evil gains are as ruin. **Hesiod.** *Works and Days.*

Κακοῖς ὁμιλῶν, κ' αὐτὸς ἐκβήσῃ κακός. Associating with the bad, you yourself will become bad. **Menander.**

Κακὸν ἀναγκαῖον. A necessary evil.

Κακοῦ κόρακος κακὸν ᾠόν. From a bad crow a bad egg.

Κακῶν γὰρ δυσάλωτος οὐδείς. For there is no one whom ills cannot reach.
Sophocles. *Œdipus Coloneüs, 1722.*

Καλῶς ἀκούειν μᾶλλον ἢ πλουτεῖν θέλε. Wish rather to be well spoken of than to be rich. **Menander.**

Κατατήκει ὁ χρόνος, καὶ γηράσκει πάντα. Time dissolves all things, and makes them old. **Aristotle.** *Physica, 4, 12, 12.*

Κατ' ἐξοχήν. By pre-eminence.

Κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων. Even Patroclus is dead, who was far better than you.
Homer. *Iliad, Book 21, 107.*

Κατόπιν ἑορτῆς. After the feast.*
Plato. *Gorg., 447.*

Κάμηλος καὶ ψωριῶσα πολλῶν ὄνων ἀνατίθεται φορτία. The camel, even when mangy, bears the burdens of many asses. **Pr.**

Καρπὸς μέγιστος ἀταραξία. Quietude (or peace) is the most profitable of things. **Pr.**

Κεῖνον μόνον δῆτ' ὀλβίσαι δὲ χρὴ
Βίον τελευτήσαντ' ἐν εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ.
Hold him alone truly fortunate who has ended his life in happy well-being.†
Æschylus. *Agamemnon, 928.*

Κλύζει θάλασσα πάντα τῶν ἀνθρώπων κακά. The sea washes away all the woes of men. **Pr.**

Κοινὰ πάθη πάντων· ὁ βίος τροχός, ἄστατος ὄλβος. Suffering is common to all; life is a wheel, and good fortune is unstable. **Phocylides.**

Κοινὰ τὰ τῶν φίλων. The belongings of friends are common.
Attributed to Pythagoras and also to Socrates.‡

Κούφη γῆ τοῦτον καλύπτοι. May the earth be light upon him.
Form of Grecian epitaph.§

Κρεῖσσον, ἄριστον ἔοντα κακοῦ γένεος, ἢε κάκιστον
Ἔμμεναι εὐγενέτην.
It is better to be the best of a bad family than to be well born and the worst of one's race. **Gregorius Nazianzen.**

Κρεῖσσον τοι σοφίη καὶ μεγάλης ἀρετῆς. Knowledge indeed is better even than great valour. **Theognis.**

Κρείττων ἡ πρόνοια τῆς μεταμελείας. Forethought is better than repentance.
Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται, κακὰ θηρία, γαστέρες ἀργαί. The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. **Titus.** *1, 12.*‖

Κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί. A possession for ever.
Thucydides. *1, 22.*

Κύριε ἐλέησον. Lord, have mercy.

Λαγὼς καθεύδων. A sleeping hare. **Pr.**

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* *See* "Pyrrhic victory," p. 452*a*.

* *See* "After the fair," p. 447*a*.
† *See* "Οὐ χρὴ" κ.τ.λ.
‡ *See* Martial, *Epig.*, Book 2, 43.
§ *See* Latin: "Levis sit terra."
‖ A hexameter line quoted from a poet, supposed to be Epimenides.

Λάθε βιώσας. Remain hidden in life.
Epicurus. (*Quoted by Plutarch.*)

Λαμπάδια ἔχοντες διαδώσουσιν ἀλλήλοις. Those having torches will pass them on to others. **Plato.** *Rep. 328.*

Λύχνου ἀρθέντος, γυνὴ πᾶσα ἡ αὐτή. When the candle is taken away, every woman is alike. **Pr.**

Λύχνου ὄζει. It smells of the lamp.
Said of Demosthenes.*

Λίμος δὲ πολλῶν γίγνεται διδάσκαλος. Hunger is the instructor of many. **Pr.**

Λοιδορεῖσθαι δ' οὐ πρέπει
Ἄνδρας ποιητὰς. ὥσπερ ἀρτοπώλιδας.
It does not become poets to rail at one another like bread-women.
Aristophanes. *Frogs, 858.*

Μαθοῦσιν αὔδω. κοὐ μαθοῦσι λήθομαι. I speak to those that know, and ignore those who know not. **Æschylus.**

Μάντις γ'ἄριστος ὅστις εἰκάζει καλῶς. He is the best diviner who conjectures well.
Euripides. *Fragm.*

Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν. A great book is a great evil. **Callimachus** (c. *250* B.C.)

Μεγάλη πόλις μεγάλη ἐρημία. A great city is a great solitude. **Pr.**

Μεῖζον τοὐπίγραμμα τῷ θυλακῷ. The inscription (or label) is bigger than the bag.
Pr. *Quoted by Lucian, "Demosthenis Encomium," ch. 10.*

Μελετή τὸ πᾶν. Practice (or diligence) is everything. **Periander.**

Μετὰ τὸν πόλεμον ἡ συμμαχία. After the war, help (or alliance). **Pr.**

Μεταβολὴ παντών γλυκεῖα. The variety of all things forms a pleasure.
Euripides. *Orestes, 234.*

Μέτρον ἄριστον. Moderation is best.
Saying of Cleobulus.

Μὴ γένοιτο. May it not be; God forbid!
Rom. 3. 31.

Μὴ εἰς τὴν αὔριον ἀναβάλλου· ἡ γὰρ αὔριον οὐδέποτε λαμβάνει τέλος. Put not off till to-morrow; for the morrow never comes to completion. **St. Chrysostom.**

Μὴ κακὰ κερδαίνειν· κακὰ κέρδεα ἶσ' ἄτησιν. Do not make evil gains: evil gains are equivalent to losses.
Hesiod. *Works and Days, 350.*

Μὴ κακὸν εὖ ἔρξης· σπείρειν ἴσον ἐστ' ἐν πόντῳ. Do not do a favour to a bad man; it is like sowing your seed in the sea.
Phocylides.

Μὴ κίνει Καμαρίναν. Do not stir Lake Camarina (a lake which caused a pestilence through a futile attempt to drain it).*
Pr.

Μὴ παιδὶ μάχαιραν. Do not give a sword to a child. **Pr.**

Μὴ πρὸ τῆς νίκης ἐγκώμιον. Let not the praise be before the victory. **Pr.**

Μὴ πῦρ ἐπὶ πῦρ. Do not add fire to fire.
Pr.

Μή τις βέβηλος εἰσίτω. Let no profane person enter!
Inscribed on the gateway of an old library at Berne.

Μὴ ὑπὲρ τὸν πόδα τὸ ὑπόδημα. Let not the shoe be larger than the foot. **Pr.**

Μηδὲν ἄγαν. Nothing too much; no excess.
Proverb *sometimes attributed to Chilo; also to Solon, Thales, and Stratodemus.*

Μηδὲν θαυμάζειν. To wonder at nothing. (*Nil admirari.*) *Attributed by* **Plutarch.** (*Hours, 13*) *to Pythagoras.*

Μηδένα κακηγορείτω μηδείς. Let no one speak evil of anyone.
Plato. (*Adapted.*)

Μηνὶν ἄειδε, Θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
Οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε.
Sing, goddess, the deadly wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus, which worked for the Greeks innumerable distresses.
Homer. *Iliad, Book 1, 1.*

Μία γὰρ ἐστὶ πρὸς τύχην ἀσφάλεια, τὸ μὴ τοσαυτακὶς αὐτὴν πειράσαι. One means of being sure against fortune is not to try her too often. **Diocles of Carystus.**

Μιᾶς γὰρ χειρὸς ἀσθενὴς μάχη. The fight is a feeble affair when you have only one hand. **Euripides.**

Μικρὰ πρόφασίς ἐστι τοῦ πρᾶξαι κακῶς. A slight pretext suffices for doing evil. **Pr.**

Μικρὸν κακὸν, μέγα ἀγαθόν. A small evil is a great good. **Pr.**

Μισῶ μνήμονα συμποσίῳ. I hate a man with a memory at a drinking bout. **Pr.**

Μισῶ σοφιστὴν, ὅστις οὐχ αὑτῷ σοφός. I hate the philosopher who is not wise for himself. **Euripides.** (*Quoted by Cicero.*)†

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* *See* p. 452*a*.

* *See* "Camarinam," Latin Quotations, p. 499*b*.
† *See* Latin, "Nequicquam sapere," p. 590*b*.

Μόνος ὁ σοφὸς ἐλεύθερος, καὶ πᾶς ἄφρων δοῦλος. The wise man alone is free, and every fool is a slave. **Stoic maxim.**

Μόνος σὺ, θάνατε, τῶν ἀνηκέστων κακῶν ἰατρός. Thou alone, O Death, art the healer of deadly ills.
Æschylus. *Philoctetes. Fragm.* (*adapted*).

Νᾶφε καὶ μέμνασ' ἀπιστεῖν· ἄρθρα ταῦτα τᾶν φρενῶν. Be sober and remember to distrust : these are the very mainsprings of understanding. **Epicharmus.**
119 Ahreus de Dialecto Dorico.

Νείκεων παλαιῶν χρηστὸς ἀμνήμων ἀνήρ. A worthy man is not mindful of past injuries. **Euripides.** *Andromache, 1164.*

Νεκρὸν ἰατρεύειν καὶ γέροντα νουθετεῖν ταὐτόν. To physic the dead and to advise an old man are the same thing. **Pr.**

Νόμοις ἕπεσθαι τοῖσιν ἐγχωρίοις καλόν. It is well to obey the laws of one's country.
Extract from Old Greek Tragedy.
Given by Grotius ; quoted by Montaigne (1580).

Ξενίων δέ τε θυμὸς ἄριστος. In hospitality the will is the chief thing. **Pr.**

Ξύλον ἀγκύλον οὐδέποτ' ὀρθόν. A crooked stick can never be made straight. **Pr.**

Ξύν τῷ δικαίῳ γὰρ μέγ' ἔξεστι φρονεῖν. In a just cause it is right to be confident.
Sophocles.

Ξυρεῖν ἐν χρῷ. To touch the quick.
Sophocles. *Ajax, 786.*

Ξυρεῖν ἐπιχειρεῖν λέοντα. To attempt to shave a lion. **Plato.** *Republ. 1, 15.*

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκώς. Man was produced to do good deeds.
Antoninus. *Book 9.*

Ὁ βίος ἀνθρώποις λογισμοῦ καὶ ἀριθμοῦ δεῖται πάνυ. The life of men stands greatly in need of reasoning and calculation.
Epicharmus.

Ὁ βίος βραχὺς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρή. Life is short and the art (of healing) is long.[*]
Hippocrates. *Aphor. 1.*

Ὁ βούλεται τοῦθ' ἕκαστος καὶ οἴεται. What each man wishes, that also he thinks.
Demosthenes.

Ὁ γὰρ διαιτητὴς τὸ ἐπιεικὲς ὁρᾷ, ὁ δὲ δικαστὴς τὸν νόμον. The umpire has regard to equity, and the judge to law.
Aristotle. *Rhet. 1, 13.*

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[*] This refers to the physician's art. *See* "Ars longa," under Latin Quotations, 492*b*

Ὁ δ' ὄλβος οὐ βέβαιος, ἀλλ' ἐφήμερος. Happiness is not steadfast but transient.
Euripides. *Phœnissæ, 558.*

Ὁ Θεὸς γεωμετρεῖ. God is a geometrician. **Attributed to Plato,**[*] *but not found in his works.*

Ὁ πᾶς πρέπει ἐννέπειν τὰ δίκαια χρόνος. All time is the right time for saying what is just. **Sophocles.**

Ὁ σοφὸς ἐν αὐτῷ περιφέρει τὴν οὐσίαν. The wise man carries wealth in himself.[†]
Menander.

Ὁ φεύγων μύλον ἄλφιτα φεύγει. He who shuns the millstone shuns the meal. **Pr.**

Οἱ αὐτοὶ περὶ τῶν αὐτῶν τοῖς αὐτοῖς τὰ αὐτά. The same persons telling to the same people the same things about the same things. **Pr.**
Quoted, apropos of schoolmasters, by Isaac le Grange, editor of "Juvenal and Persius."

Οἱ γὰρ κακοί, κακίους ἐπαινούμενοι. The bad, when praised, become still worse.
Philostratus.

Οἱ γὰρ πολλοὶ μᾶλλον ὀρέγονται τοῦ κέρδους, ἢ τῆς τιμῆς. The multitude grasp at gain more than at honour. **Aristotle.**

Οἱ δὴ στεναγμοὶ τῶν πόνων κουφίσματα. Lamentations are a sure relief of sufferings.
Æschylus. *Fragm.*[‡]

Οἱ διψῶντες σιωπῇ πίνουσι. Those who are thirsty drink in silence. **Pr.**

Οἱ κύβοι Διὸς ἀεὶ εὐπίπτουσι. The dice of God are always loaded. **Pr.**

Οἱ μὲν ζῶσιν ἵν' ἐσθίωσιν, αὐτὸς δ' ἐσθίει ἵνα ζῇ They live that they may eat, but he himself (*i.e.* Socrates) eats that he may live.
Attr. to **Socrates.** (*Athenæus, 4, 15 ; see Aulus Gellius, 18, 2, 8.*)

Οἱ πλεῖστοι κακοί. The majority of people are bad. **Bias.**[§]

Οἱ πολλοί. The many ; the multitude.

Οἴνου δὲ μηκέτ' ὄντος οὐκ ἔστιν Κύπρις. Where there is no wine there is no love.
Euripides. *Bacchæ, 73.*

Οἶος ὁ βίος τοῖος ὁ λόγος. As the life is, so is the speech. **Pr.**

Ὁμοιότης τῆς φιλότητος μήτηρ. Similarity is the mother of friendship (or affection).
Pr.

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[*] *See* Plutarch, *Sympos.*, 8, 2.
[†] *See* "Homo doctus," p. 545*b*.
[‡] *See also* Sophocles. *Electra*, 283 ; and *Iliad*, 23, 10.
[§] Diog. Laertius, *Life of Bias, ad fin.*

476*a*

῞Ον οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος. He whom the gods love dies young. **Menander.** *Dis Exapaton.*

῎Ονος ἐν πιθήκοις. An ass among apes. **Pr.** (*Menander. See Aulus Gellius, Book 2, 23.*)

῎Ονος πρὸς λύραν. An ass before the harp (*i.e.* a person unmoved by music, art, or higher things). **Pr.** *Quoted by Boethius, Book 1, Prose 4.*

῎Ονου πόκας ζητεῖς. You seek wool from an ass. **Pr.**

῎Ονῳ τὶς ἔλεγε μῦθον· ὁδὲ τα ὦτα ἐκίνει. Someone related a fable to an ass; and he shook his ears. **Pr.**

῞Ορα τέλος μακροῦ βίου. Look to the end of a long life. **Solon's words to Crœsus.**

᾿Οργὴ φιλοῦντων ὀλίγον ἰσχύει χρόνον. The anger of lovers lasts a short time. **Menander.** *Stobæus, "Floril," 63, 20.**

῞Ορκους ἐγὼ γυναικὸς εἰς ὕδωρ γράφω. I write a woman's oaths in water. **Sophocles.** *Fragm., 694.*

῎Ορος ὄρει οὐ μιγνῦται. Mountain will not mingle with mountain.

᾿Ορῶ γὰρ τῶν ἀνθρώπων οὐδένα ἀναμάρτητον. For I perceive no man free from faults. **Xenophon.**

῝Ος δ' ἂν πλεῖστ' ἔχῃ, σοφώτατος. He that has most is wisest. **Euripides.**

῝Ος τε πολὺ γλυκίων μέλιτος καταλειβομένοιο. It (revenge) is sweeter far than flowing honey. **Homer.** *Iliad, 18, 109.*

῞Οταν δὲ Δαίμων ἀνδρὶ προσύνῃ κακὰ,
Τὸν νοῦν ἔβλαψε πρῶτον.
When a divinity would work evil to a man, first he deprives him of his senses. **Euripides.** *Fragm.*†

Οὐ γὰρ δοκεῖν ἄριστος, ἀλλ' εἶναι θέλει. He does not wish to seem the best, but to be it. **Æschylus.** *Sept. c. Thebas, 592.*

Οὐ γὰρ τὰ ὀνόματα πίστις τῶν πραγμάτων ἐστί, τὰ δὲ πράγματα καὶ τῶν ὀνομάτων. For it is not names which give confidence in things, but things which give confidence in names. **Chrysostom.**

Οὐ γνῶσις, ἀλλὰ πρᾶξις. Not knowledge, but practice. **Pr.**

Οὐ λέγειν δεινὸς, ἀλλὰ σιγᾶν ἀδύνατος. Not able to speak, but unable to hold his tongue. **Epicharmus.** *Quoted by Aulus Gellius, Book 1, ch. 15.*

476*b*

Οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα. It does not become a man of counsel to sleep the whole night. **Homer.** *Iliad, 2, 24.*

Οὐ χρή ποτ' εὖ πράσσοντος ὀλβίσαι τύχας
᾿Ανδρὸς, πρὶν αὐτῷ παντελῶς ἤδη βίος
Διεκπερανθῇ, καὶ τελευτήσῃ βίον.
It is never right to consider that a man has been made happy by fate, until his life is absolutely finished, and he has ended his existence.* **Sophocles.** *Frag. Tyndarus.*

Οὐδ' εἴ μοι δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι, δὲκα δὲ στὸματ' εἶεν. Not if I had ten tongues and ten mouths. **Homer.** *Iliad, Book 2, 489.*

Οὐδὲ γὰρ ὁ Ζεὺς
Οὔθ' ὕων οὔτ' ἀνέχων πάντεσσ' ἁνδάνει.
For not even Jove can please all, whether he rains or does not rain. **Theognis.** *26.*

Οὐδεὶς διχὰ ἀπωλείας καὶ ζημίας κακός ἐστι. No one is wicked without loss and punishment. **Epictetus.**

Οὐδεὶς ἐπλούτησε ταχέως δίκαιος ὤν. No just man ever became rich all at once. **Menander.**

Οὐδὲν ἄλλο ἐπιτηδεύουσιν ἢ ἀποθνήσκειν. They practise nothing else but to die.† **Plato.** *Phaeton.*

Οὐδὲν γὰρ τοῦ πάσχειν εὑρετικώτερον. For there is nothing more inventive than suffering. **Greg. Nazienzen.**

Οὐδὲν γίγνεται ἐκ τοῦ μὴ ὄντος. Nothing comes out of what is not. **Epicurus.**

Οὐδὲν οὕτω δεινὸν, ὡς γυνὴ, κακόν. There is no evil so terrible as a woman. **Euripides.** *Fragm.*‡

Οὐδὲν οὕτω πιαίνει τὸν ἵππον ὡς βασιλέως ὀφθαλμός. Nothing fattens the horse so much as the eye of its master. **Plutarch.** *Morals, Bk. 1 (quoted as a saying).*

Οὐδὲν πρὸς ἔπος. Nothing to the purpose. **Pr.**

Οὐδὲν ῥῆμα σὺν κέρδει κακόν. No word that is profitable is bad. **Sophocles.**

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω,
Εἷς βασιλεύς.
It is not good that few should be governed by many; let there be one ruler only, and one king only. **Homer.** *Iliad, 2, 204.*

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* *See* "Amantium iræ," p. 488*b*.
† *See* "Quem Deus vult perdere," p. 631*a*.

* *See* "Κεῖνον μόνον," κ.τ.λ. The same saying is given in different words by Sophocles in *Trachiniæ*, l. 1–3 and he there describes it as an ancient saying. The idea is also found in his *Œdipus Tyrannus*, l. 1525.
† *See* Latin, "Tota philosophorum," p. 671*b*.
‡ *See* "Τῆς μὲν κακης," etc.

Οὐκ αἰσχρὸν οὐδὲν τῶν ἀναγκαίων βροτοῖς. What is natural is never disgraceful.
Euripides.

Οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο χωρὶς ἐσθλὰ καὶ κακὰ
᾽Αλλ᾽ ἐστί τις σύγκρασις, ὥστ᾽ ἔχειν καλῶς.
Neither good nor bad can exist separately, so there is a mixture so that things may go well. **Euripides** (*as quoted by Plutarch*).

Οὐκ ἔστ᾽ ἐραστὴς ὅστις οὐκ ἀεὶ φιλεῖ. He is not a lover who does not love for ever.
Euripides. *Troades, 1051.*

Οὔποτε ποιήσεις τὸν καρκίνον ὀρθὰ βαδίζειν. You cannot make a crab walk straight.
Aristophanes. *Pax., 1083.*

Οὔτε πάντα, οὔτε πάντῃ, οὔτε παρὰ πάντων. Do not (accept) either all things, or everywhere, or from all persons. **Pr.**

Οὔτε τι τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων ἄξιον ὂν μεγάλης σπουδῆς. Nothing in the affairs of men is worthy of great anxiety.
Plato. *Repub., 604.*

Οὕτω χρὴ ποιεῖν, ὅπως ἕκαστός τις ἑαυτῷ ξυνείσεται τῆς νίκης αἰτιώτατος ὤν. We must so strive that each man may regard himself as the chief cause of the victory.
Xenophon.

Πάθη μάθος. Suffering is teaching.*
Æschylus. *Ag., 176.*

Παθὼν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω. Even the fool knows, when he has suffered. **Hesiod.**

Πᾶν ἀρχαῖον αἰδέσιμον. Everything ancient is to be respected.† **Pr.**

Πᾶν γὰρ τὸ πολὺ πολέμιον τῇ φύσει. For everything in excess is opposed to nature.
Hippocrates. (*See Aph., Book 2, 3 and 4.*)

Πᾶν τὸ σκληρὸν χαλεπῶς μαλάττεται. Everything that is hard is with difficulty softened. **Plutarch.**

Πάντα ῥεῖ. Everything flows (the philosophical principle of Heraclitus).

Πάντα μὲν καθαρὰ τοῖς καθαροῖς. To the pure all things are pure. **Titus 1, 15.**

Πάντας γ᾽ ἐφέλκων, οἷα μαγνῆτις. Attracting all like a magnet. **Pr.**

Πάντες κακοὶ δοῦλοι. All bad men are slaves.
Stoic Maxim. (*See Epictetus, 4, 1.*)

Πάντων δέ μάλιστ᾽ αἰσχύνιο σαυτόν. But respect yourself most of all.
Golden Verses of the Pythagoreans.

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* *See* the English proverb, "Time is the great teacher," p. 859*b*.

† *See* Latin, "Antiquis," p. 491*a*.

Παραμυθίαν φέρει τὸ κοινωνοὺς εἶναι τῶν συμφορῶν. It brings some encouragement to have companions in what happens.
Chrysostom.

Πᾶς ἐστὶ νόμος εὕρημα μὲν καὶ δῶρον θεῶν. Every law is the invention and gift of the gods. **Demosthenes.**

Πᾶσιν γὰρ εὐφρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη For chance fights ever on the side of the prudent. **Euripides.** *Pirithous* (*adapted*).

Πειϐαρχία γὰρ ἐστι τῆς εὐπραξίας
Μήτηρ, γυνὴ σωτῆρος.
Obedience is the mother of success, the wife of safety.
Æschylus. *Septem. Duces, 224.*

Πειθὼ μὲν γὰρ ὄνειαρ, ἔρις δ᾽ ἔριν ἀντιφυτεύει. Conciliation indeed is profitable, but strife produces strife. **Phocylides.**

Πένης τὴν γυναῖκα πλουσίαν λαβὼν, ἔχει δέσποιναν, οὐ γυναῖκ᾽ ἔτι. A poor man who takes a wealthy wife, has a ruler and not a wife.
Alexandrides. (*As quoted by Stobæus.*)

Περὶ παντὸς τὴν ἐλευθερίαν. Above all, Liberty. **Favourite motto of John Selden.**

Πῆμα κακὸς γείτων, ὅσσον τ᾽ἀγαθὸς μέγ᾽ ὄνειαρ. A bad neighbour is as great an evil as a good neighbour is an advantage. **Hesiod.**

Πίστει χρήματ᾽ ὄλεσσα, ἀπιστίῃ δ᾽ἐσάωσα. By trust I lost money, and by distrust I saved it. **Theognis.**

Πλέον ἥμισυ παντός. The half is better than the whole.
Hesiod. *Works and Days, 40.*

Πλοῦτος ὁ τῆς ψυχῆς πλοῦτος μόνος ἐστιν ἀληθής. The wealth of the mind is the only true wealth. **Pr.**

Πολιὰ χρόνου μήνυσις, οὐ φρονήσεως. White hairs are a sign of age, not of wisdom. **Pr.**

Πολλαὶ μὲν θνητοῖς γλῶτται, μία δ᾽ ἀθανάτοισιν. Mortals have many languages, the immortals one. **Pr.**

Πολλάκι καὶ κηπωρὸς ἀνὴρ μάλα καίριον εἶπεν. Many times has even a labouring man spoken very much to the purpose.
Quoted by Aulus Gellius (*Book 2, ch. 6*) *as " a very ancient verse or proverb."*

Πολλάκις ὦ Πολύφαμε, τὰ μὴ καλὰ καλὰ πέφανται. Often, O Polyphemus, what is not fair seems to be fair.
Theocritus. *6, 19.*

Πολλὰς ἂν εὕροις μηχανὰς, γύνη γὰρ εἶ. You can discover many contrivances, for you are a woman. **Euripides.**

Πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείττονες διδασκάλων. Many learn more than their teachers; *i.e.* eclipse their tutors.
Gr. Poet. *Quoted in Cic., Ep. 7, 9.*

Πολλῶν δ'ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω. He saw the cities of many men and knew their manners.
Homer. *Odyssey, 1, 3.* (*See Latin :* "Multum providus.")

Πολλῶν ἰατρῶν εἴσοδός μ' ἀπώλεσεν. The visits of many physicians have killed me.
Epitaph.

Πολλῶν ὁ λιμὸς γίγνεται διδάσκαλος. Hunger is a teacher of many things. **Pr.**

Πολυφλοίσβοιο θάλασσης. Of the loud resounding sea.
Homer *Iliad, Book 9, 182* (*et passim*).

Πομφόλυξ ὁ ἄνθρωπος. Man is a bubble.
Pr.

Ποντίων τε κυμάτων
'Ανήριθμον γέλασμα.
The innumerable laughter of the sea-waves.* **Æschylus.** *Prom. 89.*

Πῦρ σιδήρῳ (*or* Πῦρ μαχαίρᾳ) μὴ σκαλεύειν. Stir not the fire with a sword. **Pr.**

'Ρᾷον βίον ζῇς, ἂν γυναῖκα μὴ τρέφῃς. You will live life more easily if you have not a wife to maintain. **Pr.**

'Ρᾷον παραινεῖν ἢ παθόντα καρτερεῖν. It is easier to give counsel than to endure sufferings manfully.
Euripides. *Alcestis, 1078.*

'Ρεχθὲν δέ τε νήπιος ἔγνω. What has happened, even the fool knows.
Homer. *Iliad, 17, 32.*

'Ρῆμα παρὰ καιρὸν ῥηθὲν ἀνατρέπει βίον. A word out of season may mar the course of a whole life. **Pr.**

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παίγνιον· ἢ μάθε παίζειν
Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθείς, ἢ φέρε τὰς ὀδύνας.
All life is a stage and a play; either learn to trifle, laying earnestness aside, or bear its griefs. **Palladas.** *Anth. Plalat, 10, 72.*

Σκληρόν σοι πρὸς κέντρα λακτίζειν. It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.
Current Proverb, *quoted Acts 26, 14.*

Σὸν τὸ μηνύειν ἐμοί. To give me information is thy office.
Euripides. *Suppl. v. 98.*

Σοφὴν δὲ μισῶ. Μὴ γὰρ ἔν γ'ἐμοῖς δόμοις
Εἴη φρονοῦσα πλεῖον ἢ γυναῖκα χρή.
I hate a learned woman. May there never be in my abode a woman knowing more than a woman ought to know.
Euripides. *Hip. 640.*

Σοφόν τοι τὸ σαφὲς, οὐ τὸ μὴ σοφές. What is clear is wise, but what is not clear is not wise. **Euripides.** *Orestes, 397.*

Σοφὸς ἦν τις, ὃς τὸ Θεῖον εἰσηγήσατο. He was a wise man who originated the idea of God. **Euripides.** *Sisyphus.*

Σπεῦδε βραδέως. Hasten deliberately; "festina lente."
Proverb *used by Augustus Cæsar.* (*See Aulus Gellius, 10, 11, 5.*)

Στρατιωτικὴ ἀλογία. Military stupidity; obtuseness common to soldiers. **Pr.**

Στύλος γὰρ οἴκου παῖδές εἰσιν ἄρρενες. For male children are the prop of a house. **Pr.**

Συγγνώμη πρωτοπείρᾳ. Allowance is to be made for him who first attempts a thing.
Pr.

Συμτριβῆ προηγεῖται ὕβρις. Insolence is the precursor of destruction.
Pr. cited by Gregory Nazianzen.

Συνειδὸς ἀγαθὸν φιλεῖ παῤῥησιάζεσθαι. A good conscience likes to speak out.
Pausanias.

Σώματα πολλὰ τρέφειν, καὶ δώματα πολλ' ἀνεγείρειν,
'Ατραπὸς εἰς λεκίην ἐστιν ἑτοιμοτάτη.
To feed many bodies, and to help many households, is the readiest road to poverty.
Anon.

Τὰ δάνεια δούλους τοὺς ἐλευθέρους ποιεῖ. Debts make freemen slaves.

Τὰ δεινὰ (*or* δειλὰ) κέρδη πημονὰς ἐργάζεται. Ill-gotten gains work evil. **Sophocles.** *Antig. 326.* (*See p. 474a, Hesiod.*)

Τὰ μεγάλα τῶν πραγμάτων, μεγάλων δεῖται κατασκευῶν. Great deeds need great preparations. **Heliodorus.**

Τὰ πάνθ' ὁρᾷ Θεὸς, αὐτὸς οὐχ ὁρώμενος. God sees all things, himself unseen.
Euripides. *Fab. Incerta.*

Τὰ σκληρὰ μαλθακῶς λέγειν. To say harsh things soothingly. **Pr.**

Τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, τὴν σκάφην σκάφην λέγων. Calling figs figs, and a skiff a skiff.
Quoted by Lucian, *Quom. Hist. sit conscribend, 41.* (*Said to be from Aristophanes.*)

Τὰ τῶν τεκόντων σφάλματ' εἰς τοὺς ἐκγόνους
Οἱ θεοὶ τρέπουσιν.
The errors of parents the gods turn to the undoing of their children.
Euripides. *Fragm.*

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* "The many-twinkling smile of Ocean."—*Keble.*

Τὰν παρεοῖσαν ἄμελγε· τί τὸν φεύγοντα διώκεις. Milk the cow which is near. Why pursue the one which runs away?
Theocritus. *11, 75.*

Τέλος ὅρα μακροῦ βίου. Consider the end of a long life. *Attrib. to* **Solon.**

Τέτταρας δακτύλους θάνατου οἱ πλέοντες ἀπέχουσιν. Those who go to sea are only four inches from death. **Anacharsis**

Τέχνη γ᾽ ἀνάγκης ἀσθενεστέρα μακρῷ. Art is by far weaker than necessity.
Æschylus. *Prometheus Vinctus, 514.*

Τῇ χειρὶ δεῖ σπείρειν, ἀλλὰ μὴ ὅλῳ τῷ θυλάκῳ. One should sow with the hand and not with the whole sack, *i.e.* distribute the grain and not scatter it wholesale. (A proverbial saying.)
Plutarch. *Treatise respecting the skill of the Athenians in arms and letters. Ch. 4.*

Τὴν δὲ μάλιστα γαμεῖν. ἥτις σέθεν ἔγγυθι ναίει. Be specially careful to marry a woman who lives near to you.
Hesiod. *Works and Days.*

Τῆς μὲν κακῆς κάκιον οὔτι γίγνεται
Γυναικός· ἐσθλῆς δ οὐδὲν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν
Πέφυκ᾽ ἄμεινον *
There is no worse evil than a bad woman; and nothing has ever been produced better than a good one. **Euripides.** *Melanippe.*

Τί δὲ καὶ ἐστιν ὅλως τὸ ἀείμνηστον; ὅλον κενόν And what after all is everlasting fame? Altogether vanity.
Antoninus. *Med., 4, 33.*

Τί κοινὸν κυνὶ καὶ βαλανείῳ. What has a dog to do with a bath? **Pr.**

Τί τυφλῷ καὶ κατόπτρῳ. What has a blind man to do with a mirror?

Τὸ ἀγαθόν. Supreme happiness. **Pr.**

Τὸ ἀργύριόν ἐστιν αἷμα καὶ ψυχὴ βροτοῖς. Money is blood and life to mortals.
Antiphanes.

Τὸ αὐτόματον ἡμῶν καλλίω βουλεύεται. Chance contrives better than we ourselves.
Menander.

Τὸ γὰρ ἡδὺ, ἐὰν πολὺ, οὔ τί γε ἡδύ. For that which is sweet if it be often repeated is no longer sweet. **Pr.**

Τὸ γὰρ τοι συνέχον ἀνθρώπων πόλεις
Τοῦτ᾽ ἔσθ᾽, ὅταν τις τοὺς νόμους σώζῃ καλῶς.
For this is the bond of men in cities, that all shall rightly preserve the laws.
Euripides. *Supplices, 313.*

Τὸ γὰρ τρέφον με, τοῦτ᾽ ἐγὼ κρίνω θεόν. That which maintains me I esteem as a god. **Pr.**

Τὸ γὰρ ψευδὲς ὄνειδος οὐ περαιτέρω τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀφικνεῖται. An undeserved reproach goes no further than the ears. **Æschines.**

Τό γε λοιδορῆσαι θεοῖς, ἐχθρὰ σοφία. To blaspheme the gods is a hateful form of cleverness. **Pindar.** *Pyth, 9, 40.*

Τό δ᾽εὐτυχεῖν
Τό δ᾽ἐν βροτοῖς θεός τε καὶ θεοῦ πλεόν.
To be fortunate is God, and more than God to mortals. **Æschylus.** *Choēphoræ, 60.*

Τὸ ἦθος ἔθος ἐστὶ πολυχρόνιον. Character is simply habit long continued. **Plutarch.**

Τὸ καλόν. The noble; the beautiful.
Pr.

Τὸ μηδὲν εἰκῆ. πανταχοῦ ᾽στι χρήσιμον. The precept "Nothing rashly," is everywhere serviceable. **Pr.**

Τὸ μὲν ἀληθὲς πικρόν ἐστι καὶ ἀηδὲς τοῖς ἀνοήτοις· τὸ δὲ ψεῦδος γλυκὺ καὶ προσηνές. The truth is bitter and disagreeable to fools; but falsehood is sweet and acceptable. **Chrysostom.**

Τὸ πρέπον. The becoming; that which is decorous. **Pr.**

Τὸ συγγενὲς ἐσαναγκάζει. Relationship compels.
Æschylus. *Prometheus Vinctus, 289.*

Τὸ τέχνιον πᾶσα γῆ τρέφει. Every land fosters its own art. **Pr.**

Τὸ τῆς ἀνάγκης ἔστ᾽ ἀδήρῑτον σθένος. The force of necessity is irresistible.
Æschylus. *Prometheus Vinctus, 105.*

Τοῖς διὰ φύσιν αἰσχροῖς οὐδεὶς ἐπιτιμᾷ. No one finds fault with defects which are the result of nature. **Aristotle.** *Eth. 3, 5.*

Τὸν γὰρ οὐκ ὄντα ἅπας εἴωθεν ἐπαινεῖν. Everyone is wont to praise him who is no more. **Thucydides.**

Τὸν δὲ ἀποιχόμενον μνήμῃ τιμᾶτε, μὴ δάκρυσιν. Him who is dead and gone, honour with remembrance, not with tears.
Chrysostom.

Τὸν τεθνηκότα μὴ κακολογεῖν. Do not speak evil of the dead.* **Chilo.**

Τοῦ ἀριστεύειν ἕνεκα. For the sake of excelling. **Motto** *of Henniker family.*

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* *See* "Γυνὴ κὠφέλειαν," κ.τ.λ.

* *See* Latin, "De mortuis," p. 511*b*.

Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν. For we also are his offspring.* **Aratus.** *Phænomena.*

Τρία κάππα κάκιστα, Κρῆτες, Καππάδοκες, Κίλικες. The three accursed K's, the Cretans, the Cappadocians, and the Cilicians. **Suidas.**

Τρισκαιδεκάπηχυς. A fellow thirteen cubits high. **Theocritus.** *15, 17.*

Τρόπος γε χρηστὸς ἀσφαλέστερος νόμου. A good custom is surer than law.
Euripides. *Pirithoüs.*

Τύραννος γὰρ ’εὼν τυράννᾳ συγκατεργάσεται. One tyrant helps another tyrant.
Herodotus. *Book 8, 142.*

Τῷ γὰρ πενίῃ δεδμημένῳ δέδεται ἡ γλῶσσα. To the poor and subject man a tongue has been given. **Theognis.**

Τῷ τεκόντι πᾶν φίλον. Everything is dear to its parent.
Sophocles. *Œdipus Colonēus, 1108.*

Τῶν γὰρ πενήτων εἴσιν οἱ λόγοι κενοί. The words of poor men are in vain. **Pr.**

Τῶν πόνων πωλοῦσιν ἡμῖν πάντα τἀγαθὰ θεοί. The gods sell us all good things for hard work.
Epicharmus. *Xen. Mem., 2, 1, 20.*†

Ὑγίεια καὶ νοῦς ἐσθλὰ τῷ βίῳ δύο. Health and intellect are the two blessings of life.
Menander. *Monost., 15, 15.*

Ὕδραν τέμνεις. You are wounding a Hydra (which produces two heads for every one cut off). **Plato.** *Rep. 426. (Pr.)*

Ὕστερον πρότερον. The latter become the former (the cart before the horse). **Pr.**

Φάγωμεν καὶ πίωμεν· αὔριον γὰρ ἀποθνήσκομεν. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.
1 Cor. 15 32.‡

Φαντάσματα θεῖα, καὶ σκιαὶ τῶν ὄντων. Divine visions and shadows of things that are. **Sophocles** (?).

Φήμη γε μεντοι δημόθρους μέγα σθένει. Report uttered by the people is everywhere of great power.§
Æschylus. *Agamemnon, 938.*

Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρῆσθ’ ὁμιλίαι κακαί. It must be that evil communications corrupt good dispositions **Menander.**

Quoted by St. Paul, 1 Cor. 15, 33. (A similar passage is in **Plato.** *Rep. 550.)*

Φθόνον οὐ σέβω· φθονεῖσθαι δ’
Ἐθέλοιμ’ ἂν επ’ ἐσθλοῖς.
I do not honour envy; but I would fain be envied for good deeds.
Euripides. *Phænissæ.*

Φρονεῖν γὰρ οἱ ταχεῖς, οὐκ ἀσφαλεῖς. Those who are quick in deciding are in danger of being mistaken.
Sophocles. *Œdipus Tyrannus, 617.*

Φύεται μὲν ἐκ τῶν τυχόντων πολλάκις τὰ μέγιστα τῶν πραγμάτων. The greatest of events often are produced by accidents.
Polybius.

Φύεται ἐκ πολυορκίας ψευδορκία καὶ ἀσέβεια. Perjury and impiety are produced by habitual swearing.
Philo Academicus, *2, 196.*

Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά. Things good are difficult. **Pr.**

Χάρις ἀμεταμέλητος. Kindness is not to be repented of. **Theophrastus.**

Χάρις χάριν γὰρ ἐστιν ἡ τίκτουσ’ ἀεί. For kindness is ever the begetter of kindness.
Sophocles. *Ajax, 522.*

Χεὶρ χεῖρα νίπτει, δάκτυλός τε δάκτυλον. Hand washes hand, and finger finger. **Pr.**

Χρόνος γάρ εὐμαρὴς θεός. Time is a gentle deity. **Sophocles.** *Electra, 179.*

Χρόνῳ τὰ πάντα γίγνεται καὶ κρίνεται. By time all things are produced and judged.

Χρυσὸς ὁ ἀφανὴς τύραννος. Gold is an unseen tyrant. **Gregory Nazianzen.**

Χωρὶς τὸ τ’ εἰπεῖν πολλὰ καὶ τὰ καίρια. It is a different thing to say many things and things to the purpose. **Sophocles.**

Χωρὶς ὑγιείας ἄβιος βίος, βίος ἀβίωτος. Without health life is not life, life is lifeless. **Ariphron the Sicyonian.**

Ὦ δόξα δόξα· μυρίοισι δὴ βροτῶν
Οὐδὲν γεγῶσι βίοτον ὤγκωσας μέγαν.
O glory, glory, to thousands of men you become nothing but a loud sound of braying. **Euripides.** *Andromache, 319.*

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* Said to be the passage quoted by St. Paul, Acts xvii. 18. *See* "Ἐκ σοῦ, etc."

† *See* Latin, "Dii laboribus omnia vendunt," p. 516*b*.

‡ *See* Latin, "Convivæ certe tui dicant," p. 506*a*.

§ *See* "Vox populi" and the English proverb: "What everyone says is true." Plumptre's trans. of the above passage is: "And yet a people's whisper hath great might," and he notes that the line is an echo of l. 763 of Hesiod's *Works and Days*: "No whispered rumours, which the many spread, can wholly perish."

Ὦ ξεῖν, ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε κείμεθα τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι. O, stranger, go and tell the Lacedemonians that here we lie, obedient to their laws. —**Herodotus** states that this epitaph was inscribed above the burial-place of the heroes of Thermopylæ (B.C. 480). It is ascribed to **Simonides of Ceos**, who lived c. 556–469, B.C.*

Ὦ κακὸν, κακῶν κάκιστον. O evil, of evils most evil. **St. Chrysostom.**

Ὦ κακῶν κάκιστε. O worst of evil persons. **Sophocles.** *O.T. 334, Ph. 984.*

Ὦ ὀλίγον οὐχ ἱκᾰνὸν, ἀλλὰ τούτῳ γε οὐδὲν ἱκᾰνόν. Him whom a little will not content, nothing will content.

Epicurus. *Quoted by Ælian.*

Ὦ τρὶς κακοδαίμων, ὅστις ὢν πένης γαμεῖ. O thrice ill-starred is he who marries when he is poor ! **Menander.** *Plocius.*

Ὦ φίλοι, οὐδεὶς φίλος. O my friends, there is no friend.†

Diog. Laert. 5, 21. *Saying of Chilo.*

Ὡς αἰεὶ τὸν ὁμοῖον ἄγει θεὸς ὡς τὸν ὁμοῖον How God ever brings like to like !

Homer. *Odyssey 17, 218. (A proverbial expression, equivalent to "Birds of a feather," etc. Cf. Aristot., Eth. Mag., 2, 11 ; Euripides, Hecuba, 993 ; Aristoph., Pluto, 32 ; etc.)*

Ὡς κάκιστον θηρίον ἐστὶν ἡ γαστήρ. What a vilest of beasts is the belly. **Pr.**

Ὡς οὐδὲν ἡ μάθησις, ἂν μὴ νοῦς παρῇ. How vain is learning unless intelligence go with it ! **Stobæus.**

Ὦτα τυγχάνει ἀνθρώποισι ἐόντα ἀπιστότερα ὀφθαλμῶν. The ear is a less trustworthy witness than the eye.

Herodotus, 1, 8.

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* Lord Curzon's translation :

Stranger, go hence and say to the men who hold Lacedæmon,
"Here, far away, we lie, proudly obeying her words."

Another version (Conington) :

Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

† In *Don Quixote* is the proverbial Spanish saying : "No hay amigo para amigo" (There is no friend for a friend). But this seems to have the sense of "Those who in quarrels interpose." *See* the English proverb "Friends are like fiddle-strings."

LATIN

QUOTATIONS, PROVERBS, PHRASES, LAW TERMS, MOTTOES, ETC.

Law = Legal phrases. **Pr.** = Proverbial phrases and expressions.

A bove majori discit arare minor.—The young ox learns to plough from the older one. **Pr.**

A cruce salus.—Salvation from the cross. **Thomas Kempis** (*adapted*).*

A cuspide corona.—From the spear a crown, *i.e.* a crown the reward of military service or success. **Pr.**

A dispari.—From the difference; a negative argument derived from a fact or statement.

A divitibus omnia magnifice fiunt.—All things are done magnificently by the rich. **Pr.**

A facto ad jus non datur consequentia.—From fact to law no deduction is allowable. **Law.**

A fonte puro pura defluit aqua.—From a pure fountain pure water flows. **Pr.**

A fortiori.—By a still stronger argument (*i.e.* "much more"). **Euclid.**

A fronte præcipitium, a tergo lupus.—In front a precipice, behind a wolf. **Pr.**

A Jove principium.—Origin from Jupiter.

A lasso rixam quæri.—A quarrel is to be picked with one who is exhausted.†
Seneca. *De Ira., Lib. 3, 10.*

A mensa et thoro.—From board and bed.

A numine salus.—Safety (or health) is from the Deity.‡

A posse ad esse.—From the possible to the actual. **Law.**

A posteriori.—From the latter; from what follows.

A priori.—From what is before (deduction from cause to effect).

A re decedunt.—They wander from the matter at issue.

A solis ortu usque ad occasum.—From the rising of the sun even to the setting thereof.
Vulgate. *Ps. 50, 1; 113, 3.*

A verbis legis non est recedendum.—There must be no departure from the words of the law. **Coke.**

A vinculo matrimonii.—From the bond of matrimony. **Law.**

Ab abusu ad usum non valet consequentia.—An argument derived from the abuse of a thing does not hold good against its use. **Law.**

Ab actu ad posse valet illatio.—From what has been done to what may be done the inference holds good. **Law.**

Ab alio expecte, alteri quod feceris.—What you have done to another, you may expect from another. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ab homine homini periculum quotidianum.—Man is daily in danger from man.
Seneca. *Ep. 103.* (*See p.* 18*b.* "Of all beasts the man-beast is worst.")

Ab honesto virum bonum nihil deterret.—Nothing deters a good man from what is right. **Seneca** (*adapted*).*

Ab igne ignem.—From fire comes fire. **Pr.**
Quoted by Cicero as a common saying (*De Officiis, Book 1, 16, 52*).

Ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen.—It is called after him, and preserves his name for ever throughout the ages.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 234.*

Ab inconvenienti.—An argument of the inconvenience or inexpediency of anything.

Ab initio.—From the beginning.

Ab ovo usque ad mala.—From the egg (the first dish) even to the apples (the last dish). **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 3, 6.*

Ab uno disce omnes.—(*See* "Crimine ab uno.")

Ab urbe condita *or* Anno urbis conditæ (A.U.C.).—From the year of the founding of the city (*i.e.* Rome, viz. B.C. 753).

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* "In cruce salus."—*De Imit. Christi*, Book 2, 2.

† Referred to by Seneca as "an ancient saying."

‡ A physician's motto, which S. Foote is reported to have translated, "God help the patient" (*Memoirs of S. Foote*).

* What Seneca wrote was:
"Ab honesto nulla re deterrebitur." (Ep. 76).

Abeunt studia in mores.—Pursuits develop into habits.
Ovid. *Heroides. Ep. 15, 83. (Quoted by Bacon : Essay " Of Studies.")*

Abi in malam rem maximam.—Go thoroughly to the bad.
Plautus. *Epidicus. Act i. 1.*

Abi in pace.—Go hence in peace.

Abige abs te lassitudinem.—Banish idleness from you.
Plautus. *Mercator, Act i. l. 3.*

Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.—He has gone, he has made off, he has escaped, he has broken away.
Cicero. *Oratio 2 in Catilinam.*

Abiturus illuc, quo priores abierunt,
Quid mente cæca miserum torques spiritum ?
—You who are about to depart where your predecessors have gone before, why with blindness of mind torment your wretched soul ?
Phædrus. *Fab. Book 4, 19.*

Abite nummi, ego vos mergam, ne mergar a vobis.—Begone money ! I will drown you that I be not drowned by you.

Ablata justitia, quid sunt regna nisi magna atrocinia ?—Abolish justice, and what are kingdoms but great robberies ?
St. Augustine.

Abnormis sapiens.—A strangely wise man.
Horace. *Sat. 2, 2, 3.*

Absentem lædit, cum ebrio qui litigat.—He injures the absent who contends with a drunken man. **Publilius Syrus.**

Absentem qui rodit amicum ;
Qui non defendit, alio culpante ; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis ;
Fingere qui non visa potest ; commissa tacere
Qui nequit ; hic niger est ; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
—He who backbites an absent friend, who does not defend him when others find fault ; who loves to raise men's laughter, and to get the name of a witty fellow ; who can pretend what he never saw ; who cannot keep secrets entrusted to him ; this man is a dangerous individual. Beware of him, Roman.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 81.*

Absit a jocorum nostrorum simplicitate malignus interpres.—May there be no ill-natured interpreter to put false constructions on the honest intention of my jests.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, Preface.*

Absit invidia verbo.—May there be no ill-construction in the remark ; *lit.* May ill-will be wanting in the word.
Maxim *quoted by Bacon.*

Absit omen.—May the omen be averted.

Absque argento omnia vana.—Without money all things are vain. **Pr.**

Absque hoc.—Without this ; this being excepted. **Law.**

Absque sudore et labore nullum opus perfectum est.—Without sweat and toil no work is brought to completion. **Pr.**

Abstineto a fabis.—Abstain from beans (*i.e.* from elections, decided at Athens by beans). **Pythagoras** (*tr.*).

Abstulerat miseris tecta superbus ager.—The proud park takes away the dwellings from the poor.
Martial. *De Spectaculis, 2, 8.*

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem ;
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.
—An early death took away the renowned Achilles ; a long old age reduced Tithonus to insignificance.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 16, 29.*

Absurdum est ut alios regat, qui seipsum regere nescit.—It is absurd that he who does not know how to govern himself should govern others. **Pr.**

Abundans cautela non nocet.—Excessive precaution does no harm. **Coke.**

Abundat dulcibus vitiis.—He abounds in sweet faults. **Quintilian.**

Abusus non tollit usus.—The abuse of a thing does not forbid its use. **Pr.**

Accedas ad curiam.—You may come to the Court. **Law.**

Accede ad ignem hunc, jam calesces plus satis.—Come near to this fire and you will soon be more than warm enough.
Terence. *Eunuchus, 1, 2, 5.*

Accedent sine felle joci, nec mane timenda
Libertas, et nil quod tacuisse velis.
Let there be jesting without bitterness, and no liberty of talk to cause apprehension on the morrow, nor anything which you could wish to have refrained from saying.
Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 48, 21.*

Acceptissima semper
Munera sunt, auctor quæ pretiosa facit.
—The gifts which the author (by giving) makes precious, are ever the most acceptable.
Ovid. *Heroides, 17, 71.*

Accipe, daque fidem.—Accept and give the pledge of good faith.
Virgil. *Æneid, 8, 150.*

Accipe, sume, cape, sunt verba placentia papæ.—Take, have, and keep are words pleasing to a pope. (*See* " Roma manus," *etc.*)
Quoted by Rabelais, "Pantagruel" (*1533*), *as from " Gloss. Canonicum."*

Accipere quam facere præstat injuriam.—It is better to receive than to do an injury.
Cicero. *Tusc., 5, 19.*

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat.—A mind inclined to what is false rejects better things. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 2, 6.*

Accusare nemo se debet nisi coram Deo.—No one need accuse himself except before God. **Law.** *Maxim.*

484*a*

Acerbis facetiis inridere solitus: quarum apud præpotentes in longum memoria est.—Accustomed to scoff with bitter jests, whereof the memory is of long duration amongst the very powerful.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 5, 2.*

Acerrima proximorum odia.—The feuds of those most akin are the sharpest.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 70.*

Acerrimum ex omnibus nostris sensibus esse sensum videndi.—The sense of sight is the keenest of all our senses.
Cicero. *De Oratore, Book 2, 87.*

Acribus, ut ferme talia, initiis, incurioso fine.—As is usual in such matters, keen in commencing, negligent in concluding.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 6, 17.*

Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitat ira:
Tum pudor incendit vires, et conscia virtus.
—He returns with greater zest to the fight, and anger brings back his strength; moreover, shame, and his valour known to him, kindle his powers. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 5, 454.*

Acta exteriora indicant interiora secreta.—Outward actions are a clue to hidden secrets, **Law.**

Acta senem faciunt.—Deeds make the old man (*i.e.* a man may be called old according to the extent of what he has done).
Ovid. *Ad Liviam, 447.*

Acti labores jucundi.—Labours accomplished are pleasant. **Pr.**

Actio personalis moritur cum persona.—A personal action dies with the person. **Law.**

Actio recta non erit, nisi recta fuerit voluntas; ab hac enim est actio. Rursus, voluntas non erit recta, nisi habitus animi rectus fuerit; ab hoc enim est voluntas.—An action will not be right unless the will be right; for from thence is the action derived. Again, the will will not be right unless the disposition of the mind be right; for from thence comes the will. **Seneca.** *Epist. 95.*

Actis ævum implet, non segnibus annis.—He fills his lifetime with deeds, not with inactive years.
Ovid (*adapted*).* *Ad Liviam, 449.*

Actum, aiunt, ne agas.—They say, "Do not do what is already done." (Cicero also employs this saying.)
Terence. *Phormio, 2, 2, 72.*

Actum est de republica.—It is all over with the republic.

Actus Dei nemini facit injuriam.—The act of God does no injury to any person. **Law.**

Actus legis nulli facit injuriam.—The act of the law does no injury to anyone. **Law.**

484*b*

Actus me invito factus non est meus actus.—An act done against my will is not my act. **Law.**

Actus non facit reum, nisi mens sit rea.—The act does not constitute a criminal unless the mind is criminal. **Law.**

Actutum fortunæ solent mutarier. Varia vita est.—Fortunes are wont to change suddenly. Life is variable.
Plautus. *Truculentus, Act ii. 1.*

Acu rem tetigisti.*—You have touched the matter with a needle. **Pr.**

Ad amussim.—According to measure; exactly. **Varro.** *De re rustica, 2, 1, 26.*

Ad aperturam.—Wherever a book shall open.

Ad arbitrium.—At choice or pleasure.

Ad astra per ardua.—To the stars through difficulties. **Motto.**

Ad avisandum (*or* avizandum).—For consideration. (*Used when judgment in a case is reserved for consideration.*)
Law. (*Scottish.*)

Ad calamitatem quilibet rumor valet.—In calamity any rumour is considered worth listening to. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ad captandum vulgum.—To captivate the rabble. **Pr.**

Ad conciliandum auditorem.—For the conciliation of the listener. **Law.**

Ad connectendas amicitias, tenacissimum vinculum est morum similitudo.—For binding friendships, a similarity of manners is the surest tie. (*See* "Scitis omnes," etc.)
Pliny the Younger.

Ad consilium ne accesseris, antequam voceris.—Do not go the council-room before you are called. **Pr.**

Ad generum Cereris sine cæde et vulnere pauci
Descendunt reges, et sicca morte tyranni.—Few kings and tyrants descend to Pluto (the son-in-law of Ceres) without violence or bloodshed, or by a natural death.
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 112.*

Ad hoc.—For this particular matter or purpose.

Ad impossibile nemo tenetur.—No one is held bound to the impossible.
Law. (Quoted by Johannes Navizanus, Sylva Nuptialis, Bk. 1, 122.

Ad impossibile nemo obligatur.—*Another form of foregoing.* (*Also* "Ultra posse nemo obligatur.")

Ad interim.—In the meantime.

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* Attributed to Albinovanus Pedo, contemporary poet with Ovid.

* The expression is in Plautus, *Rudens*, v. 2: "Tetigisti acu."

Ad juga cur faciles populi, cur sæva volente Regna pati pereunt?
—Why are the people so docile to the yoke, why do they perish willing to endure cruel tyranny?
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 2, 314.*

Ad Kalendas Græcas.—To the Greek Kalends—*i.e. never.* **Pr.**
According to Suetonius (Cæsar Augustus, cap. 87) *the saying was used by Cæsar Augustus* (61 B.C.–14 A.D.).

Ad libitum.—At pleasure.

Ad majorem Dei gloriam.—To the greater glory of God. **Motto of the Jesuits.**

Ad mala quisque animum referat sua.—Let each one turn his mind to his own troubles.
Ovid. *Remedia Amoris, 559.*

Ad mensuram aquam bibit.—He drinks (even) water by measure. **Pr.**

Ad misericordiam.—Appealing to mercy or pity.

Ad nauseam.—To a sickening point.

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.—Scarcely has the slight rumour of fame reached us. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 7, 646.*

Ad nullum consurgit opus, cum corpore languet.—The work comes to nothing, it languishes with the body.
Pseudo-Gallus. *1, 125.*

Ad omnem libidinem projectus homo.—A man abandoned to every lust.
Justinianus. *41, 3, 9.*

Ad patres.—To the fathers or ancestors (Expression applied to death.)

Ad perditam securim manubrium adjicere.—To throw the handle after the lost hatchet.
Pr.

Ad pœnitendum properat, cito qui judicat.—He makes speed to repentance who judges hastily.
Publilius Syrus. *See* "In judicando."

Ad populum.—To the people. (Appealing to popular feeling or prejudice.) **Pr.**

Ad populum phaleras: ego te intus et in cute novi.—To the people those trappings; I have known thee both inwardly and outwardly. **Persius.** *Sat., 3, 30.*

Ad posteros enim virtus durabit; non perveniet invidia.—For virtue will endure to posterity; envy will not reach them.
Quintilian. *Instit. Orat., 3, 1.*

Ad præsens ova cras pullis sunt meliora.—Eggs now are better than chickens to-morrow.
Mediæval.

Ad quæstionem juris respondeant Judices, ad quæstionem facti respondeant juratores.—Let the judges answer on the question of law; the jury on the question of fact. **Law.**

Ad quod damnum.—To what injury. **Law**

Ad referendum.—To be [considered and] brought back again. **Law.**

Ad rem.—To the matter in point; to the purpose.

Ad sanitatem gradus est novisse morbum.—It is a step towards health to know what the complaint is.
Pr. *Quoted by Erasmus. Fam. Coll.*

Ad suum quemque hominem quæstum esse æquum est callidum.—It is just that every man should be keen for his own advantage.
Plautus. *Asinaria, i. 3, 34.*

Ad theatrales artes degeneravisse.—To have degenerated into theatrical arts.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 14, 21.*

Ad tristem partem strenua est suspicio.—Suspicion is strong on the part of the distressed. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ad unguem.—To the nail. (Used in reference to a person highly finished and often quoted, Homo factus ad unguem.)
Horace. *Sat., 5, 32, Book 1; also De Arte Poet., 294.*

Ad unum corpus humanum supplicia plura quam membra.—One human body has more pains than members. **St. Cyprian.**

Ad unum omnes.—All to a man.

Ad utrumque paratus.—Prepared for either fate.

Ad valorem.—According to the value.

Ad vivum.—To the life.

Adæquarunt judices.—The judges were equally divided. **Law.**

Adde parum parvo, magnus acervus erit.—Add a little to a little, and there will be a great heap. **Ovid** (*adapted*).*

Addere legi justitiam decus.—It is an honourable thing to combine justice with the law.

Addito salis grano.—A grain of salt being added. **Pliny.** *Nat. Hist., 23, 8.*

Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est.—Of so much importance is training in our tender years. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 2, 272.*

Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.—So sacred is every ancient poem.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 54.*

Adhibenda est in jocando moderatio.—Moderation should be observed in joking.
Cicero. *De Oratore, 2, 59.*

Adhibenda est munditia, non odiosa neque exquisita nimis.—A certain elegance of style is to be sought for, not irritating nor too far-fetched. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, 1, 36.*

Adhuc tua messis in herba est.—At present your crop is still in the blade.
Ovid. *Heroides, 17, 263.*

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* *See* "De multis," p. 511*b*.

Admonere volumus, non mordere; prodesse non lædere; consulere morbis hominum, non officere.—Our object is to admonish, not to attack (*lit.* to bite); to profit, not to injure; to prescribe for men's diseases, not to obstruct their cure. **Erasmus.**

Adolescentem verecundum esse decet.—It befits a young man to be modest.
Plautus. *Asinaria, v. 1, 6.*

Adornare benefacta suis verbis.—To enhance good deeds by his words.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., 1, 8, 15.*

Adscriptus glebæ.—Attached to the soil.
Law.

Adsit
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas.—
Let there be a system which imposes equal penalties for crimes.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 3, 117.*

Adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici.
—The most sagacious class of flatterers praise the discourse of the unlearned, and the countenance of an ugly friend.
Juvenal. *Sat., 3, 86.*

Adulatio, blanditiæ, pessimum veri affectus venenum.—Fawning and flattery, the worst poison of true feeling.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 15.*

Adulatio quam similis est amicitiæ!—How like is flattery to friendship!
Seneca. *Ep. 45.*

Adversa virtute repello.—I repulse evil chances by valour. **Motto.** *Denison family.*

Adversus solem ne loquitor.—Do not argue against the sun (*i.e.* against what is clear).
Pr.

Ædificare in tuo proprio solo non licet quod alteri noceat.—It is not allowable to build upon your own land that which may do injury to another. **Law.**

Ægis fortissima virtus.—Virtue is a very strong shield. **Motto.** *Aspinall family.*

Ægrescitque medendo.—He becomes more ill through remedies. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 12, 46.*

Ægri somnia vana.—The vain dreams of a sick man.
Horace (*adapted*). *De Arte Poetica, 7.*

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem, quorum est tandem philosophorum?—What sort of philosophers are they, forsooth, to praise grief, the one thing most detestable of all?
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 4, 25.*

Æmulandi amor validior, quam pœna ex legibus et metus.—The love of emulating is of more effect than the punishments and restraints of the law.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 3, 55.*

Æmulatio æmulationem parit.—Emulation produces emulation. **Pr.**

Æmulus studiorum et laborum.—Eager in pursuit of studies and labours.
Cicero. *Pro Marcello, 1.*

Æqua lege necessitas,
Sortitur insignes et imos,
Omne capax movet urna nomen.—
Necessity has the same law for high and low. The capacious funeral urn shakes up every name. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 1, 14.*

Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur,
Regumque pueris.
—The equal earth is opened alike to the poor man and the sons of kings.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 18, 32.*

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia.
—Remember to preserve an even mind in adverse circumstances, and equally in good fortune a mind free from insolent joy.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 3, 1.*

Æquemus pugnas.—Let us make the battle one on equal terms.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 419.*

Æquitas enim lucet ipsa per se.—Equity indeed shines herself by her own light.
Cicero. *Off., 1, 9.*

Æquitas sequitur legem.—Equity follows the law. **Law.**

Æquo animo paratoque moriar.—May I die with even and well-prepared mind.
Cicero.

Æquum est
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.—
It is just that he who asks forgiveness for his offences should grant it in return.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 3, 74.*

Æra nitent usu.—Metal shines with use.
Ovid. *Am., 1, 8, 61.*

Ære perennius.—More lasting than brass.

Ærugo animi, rubigo ingenii.—Rust of the mind is the blight of the abilities.
Seneca (*adapted*).

Æs debitorem leve, gravius inimicum facit.—A small sum makes a debtor, a larger sum an enemy. **Laberius.**
(*Seneca has an almost identical phrase.*)

Æs erat in pretio; chalybeïa massa latebat.
Heu! quam perpetuo debuit illa tegi.—
Copper was then of much value; steel lay unknown. Alas! that it might have remained ever hidden. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 4, 405.*

Æstimatio delicti præteriti ex post facto non crescit.—The assessment of a former crime does not increase by what has happened since. **Law.**

Æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor.
—Deep in his heart boils overwhelming shame.
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 870.*

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.
—The age of our fathers, worse than our grandfathers, produced us still more vicious, who are soon about to raise a still more iniquitous progeny.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 6, 46.*

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.—The manners of every age should be observed by you. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 156.*

Æternum servans sub pectore vulnus.—Cherishing in her breast an ever-enduring wound. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 36.*

Æthiopem dealbare.—To wash a negro white. **Pr.**

Ævo rarissima nostro,
Simplicitas.
—Simplicity, a very rare thing in our age.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 241.*

Affectatio quietis in tumultum evaluit.—The violent desire for quiet grew into a tumult. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 1, 80.*

Afflavit Deus et dissipantur. God has breathed and they are dispersed.
Motto *on Armada medal.*

Age, libertate Decembri,
(Quando ita majores voluerunt), utere.—Come, since our forefathers so willed it, employ the liberty of December [the Saturnalia]. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 7, 4.*

Agentes et consentientes.—Those who do a thing are consenting parties.* **Pr.**

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.—I recognise traces of the ancient fire.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 23.*

Agnus Dei.—The Lamb of God.
Vulgate.

Agri non omnes frugiferi sunt.—The fields are not all fruitful.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 2, 5, 13.*

Agunt, non cogunt.—They lead, not drive.

Ah ! quam dulce est meminisse.—Ah, how sweet it is to have remembered.
Pr. (*See* " Quæ fuit durum pati.")

Ah ! vitam perdidi, operose nihil agendo.—Ah ! I have lost my life, by laboriously doing nothing. **Grotius.**

Albæ gallinæ filius.—Son of a white hen.
Said of an exceptionally lucky person. See Juvenal, Sat., 13, 141 ; Suetonius, 7, 1, etc.

Album calculum addere.—To put in a white stone (*i.e.* to signify approval, as opposed to " black-balling ").

Alea judiciorum.—The hazard of the law.
Pr.

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* Quoted by **Rabelais,** ***Pantagruel*** (1533). *See* " Consentientes."

Aleam invenit Dæmon.—The devil invented dicing.
St. Augustine. *De Civit. Dei, Book 4, In præceptorio.*

Aleator quanto in arte est melior, tanto est nequior.—The better a gambler is in his art, the worse he is. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ales volat propriis.—The bird flies to its own. **Motto.** (*See* " Alis volat.")

Alexander, victor tot regum atque populorum, iræ succubuit.—Alexander, conqueror of so many kings and peoples, was overcome by anger. **Seneca** (*adapted*). *Ep., 113.*

Alia tentanda via est.—Another way must be tried.
Virgil (*adapted*). *See Georgics, 3, 8.*

Alia res sceptrum, alia plectrum.—A sceptre is one thing, lute-playing is another (*i.e.* Ruling is one thing, criticism is another). **Pr.**

Aliam quercum excute.—Shake some other oak (*i.e.* I have done what I can for you ; try someone else). **Pr.**

Aliena negotia curo,
Excussus propriis.
—I am occupied with the affairs of others, having neglected my own.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 19.*

Aliena nobis, nostra plus aliis placent.—The things of others please us most, and our affairs are most pleasing to others.
Publilius Syrus.

Aliena opprobria sæpe
Absterrent vitiis.
—The disgraces of others often deter us from vice. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 128.*

Aliena optimum frui insania.—It is very good to profit by the madness of others.
Pliny the Elder.

Aliena vivere quadra.—To live at another person's board. **Juvenal.** *Sat., 5, 2.*

Alieni appetens, sui profusus.—Coveting the property of another, profuse with his own. **Sallust.** *Catilina, 5.*

Alieno in loco
Haud stabile regnum est.
—Dominion of a foreign place is in no wise stable.
Seneca. *Hercules Furens, Act ii., 345.*

Alienos agros irrigas, tuis sitientibus.—You water the fields of others, your own being left dry. **Pr.**

Alienum æs homini ingenuo acerba est servitus.—Debt is a grievous bondage to an honourable man. **Publilius Syrus.**

Alii sementem faciunt, alii metentem.—Some do the sowing, others the reaping. **Pr.**

Aliis quod triste et amarum est,
Hoc tamen esse aliis possit prædulce videri.
—What is to some sad and bitter, may seem to others particularly sweet.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 4, 638.*

Aliquando gratius est quod facili quam quod plena manu datur.—Sometimes that which is given with a kindly hand is more acceptable than what is given with a full hand. **Pr.**

Aliquid mali esse propter vicinum malum.—It is somewhat of a disaster to live near a bad neighbour.
Plautus. *Mercator, Act iv. Quoted as an ancient saying.*[*]

Aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis.—Somebody in all things, no one in single matters (*i.e.* a smatterer, excelling in no single pursuit). **Scaliger.**

Aliquis non debet esse judex in propria causa.—It is not allowable for anyone to be judge in his own cause. **Coke.**

Alis volat propriis.—He flies with his own wings. **Pr.**

Alitur vitium vivitque tegendo.—Vice is nourished and kept alive by concealment.
Virgil. *Georgics, 3, 454.*

Aliud est celare, aliud tacere.—It is one thing to conceal, another to hold your tongue. **Law.**

Aliud et idem.—Another thing, yet the same.

Aliud ex alio malum.—One evil rises out of another. **Terence.** *Eunuchus, v. 7, 17.*

Aliud legunt pueri, aliud viri, aliud senes.—Boys read one thing, men another, old men another. **Pr.**

Aliud vinum, aliud ebrietas.—Wine is one thing, drunkenness another.
Quoted as a saying by Burton, "Anat. Melan.," 1621.

Alium silere quod voles, primus sile.—To make another silent, first be silent yourself.
Seneca. *Hippolytus, Act iii., l. 876.*

Allegans contraria non est audiendus.—He who alleges things which are contradictory is not to be heard. **Law.**

Alma mater.—A kind mother.
Applied by students to the university where they have graduated.[†]

Alta sedent civilis vulnera dextræ.—The wounds of civil warfare are deeply seated.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 1, 32.*

Alter alterius auxilio eget.—One stands in need of the assistance of the other.
Sallust. *Catilina, 1.*

Alter ego. My other self.[‡]

Alter ipse amicus.—A friend is another self.

Alter remus aquas, alter tibi radat arenas.—Have one oar in the water, the other in the sand (*i.e.* the shore).
Propertius. *Book 3, Eleg. 3.*

Alter rixatur de lana sæpe caprina,
Propugnat nugis armatus.
—One person often quarrels about a piece of goat's hair, and fights fully armed about trifles. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 18, 15.*

Altera manu fert lapidem, panem ostentat altera.—In one hand he bears a stone, with the other offers bread.[*]
Plautus. *Aulularia, Act ii., 2, 18.*

Alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.
—So one thing asks the help of another, and harmonises amicably with it.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 410.*

Alterius non sit qui suus esse potest.—Let not a man be the dependent of another who can be his own master. **Paracelsus.**

Alternant spesque timorque fidem.—Hope and fear make it at one time credible, at another not. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 6, 38.*

Ama tanquam osurus; oderis tanquam amaturus.—Love as though you might have to hate; hate as though you might have to love. (*See* "Amicum ita habeas.") **Pr.**

Amabilis insania.—A lovable madness.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 4, 5.*

Amans iratus multa mentitur sibi.—An angry lover tells himself many lies.
Publilius Syrus.

Amantem et languor et silentium arguit.—Listlessness and silence denote the lover.
Horace. *Epodon, Lib. 11, 9.*

Amantes amentes.—Lovers, madmen.
Plautus. *Mercator, Prol. 81; also in Terence: Andria, i., 3, 13.*

Amantium iræ amoris integratio est.—The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love.
Terence. *Andria, iii., 3, 23.*

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.—To love and to be wise is scarcely given to a god. **Publilius Syrus.**

Amare juveni fructus est, crimen seni.—To a young man it is natural to love, to an old man it is a crime. **Publilius Syrus.**

Amaris litibus aptus.—Prone to bitter quarrelling.
Martial. *Epig., Book 12, 69, 3.*

Amat victoria curam.—Victory loves trouble. **Pr.**

Ambiguas in vulgum spargere voces.—To scatter doubtful rumours among the common people. **Virgil.** (*Adapted.*)

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[*] *See* "Πῆμα κακὸς" (p. 477*b*).

[†] Aug. Birrell, in *Obiter Dicta* (Milton), calls the university "a stony-hearted step-mother." This seems to be derived from De Quincey, who calls Oxford Street (London) a "stony-hearted step-mother."—*Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, part I.

[‡] *See* Greek quotations (p. 468*a*).

[*] "Fabius Verrucosus beneficium ab homine duro aspere datum, panem lapidosum vocabat."—*Seneca: De Benef.*, 2, 7. ("Fabius Verrucosus called a favour roughly bestowed by a hard man, bread made of stone.") The allusions point to the antiquity of a proverbial saying similar to that in Matthew 7, 9.

Ambiguum pactum contra venditorem interpretandum est.—An ambiguous agreement is to be interpreted against the vendor.
Law.

Ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta.
He will lop off pretentious embellishments.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 447.*

Amici, hodie diem perdidi.—Friends, to-day I have lost a day.
Titus Vespasianus. (A.D. *41–81.*) *Saying, according to Eutropius, Book 7, 21; also Suetonius, Titus, 8.*

Amici fures temporis.—Friends are thieves of time.
Maxim *quoted by Bacon as "advice to young students."*

Amici vitia si feras, facias tua.—If you bear with the faults of a friend, you make them your own.
Publilius Syrus.

Amici vitium ni feras, prodis tuum.—Unless you bear with the fault of a friend, you betray your own.
Publilius Syrus.

Amicis inesse adulationem.—Flattery is natural in friends.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 1, 12.*

Amicitia semper prodest; amor etiam aliquando nocet.—Friendship is ever serviceable; love has at times also the property of being hurtful.
Seneca. *Ep. 35.*

Amico firmo nihil emi melius potest.—Nothing can be purchased which is better than a firm friend.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 1, 12.*

Amicorum esse omnia communia.—With friends all things are in common.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 16.* (*Quoted as a Greek saying.*)

Amicorum, magis quam tuam ipsius laudem, prædica.—Set forth the praises of your friends, rather than your own.
Ennius. (*Quoted by Cicero.*)

Amicum ita habeas, posse ut fieri hunc inimicum scias.—So regard your friend as though you know that he may become an enemy.
Laberius.

Amicum perdere est damnorum maximum.—To lose a friend is the greatest of injuries.
Pr.

Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.—A certain friend is recognised in an uncertain business.
Ennius. (*Quoted by Cicero in "De Amicitia."*)

Amicus curiæ.—A friend to the court (a disinterested adviser or advocate in a case).
Law.

Amicus est tanquam alter idem.—A friend is, as it were, a second self.
Cicero (*adapted*). *De Amicitia, 21, 80.*

Amicus humani generis.—Friend of the human race.

Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.—Plato is a friend, Socrates is a friend, but truth is a greater friend than all.
Latin version of remark attributed to Aristotle when disputing with Plato.

Amicus usque ad aras.—A friend even to the altars (*i.e.* a friend who will make sacrifices for friendship; *but also interpreted,* a friend as far as conscience will allow).
Pr.

Amissum quod nescitur non amittitur.—A loss which is not known is not lost.*
Publilius Syrus.

Amittimus iisdem modis quibus acquirimus.—We lose by the same means whereby we acquire.
Law.

Amittit famam qui se indignis comparat.—He loses fame who compares himself to unworthy people.
Phædrus.

Amittit merito proprium qui alienum appetit.—He deservedly loses what is his own who covets that which is another's.
Phædrus. *Book 1, 4.*

Amor animi arbitrio sumitur, non ponitur.—Love is commenced at the mind's bidding, but is not cast off by it.
Publilius Syrus.

Amor et melle et felle est fœcundissimus.—Love is very fruitful both of honey and gall.
Plautus. *Cistellaria.*

Amor gignit amorem.—Love begets love.

Amor laudis et patriæ pro stipendio est.—Love of praise and of one's country are their own reward.
Pr.

Amor mundum fecit.—Love made the world.
Pr.

Amor omnia vincit.—Love conquers all things.
Pr.

Amor omnibus idem.—Love is the same in all people.
Virgil. *Georgics, 3, 244.*

Amor ordinem nescit.—Love knows no rule.
St. Jerome. *Letter to Chromatius* (*ad fin.*).

Amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.
—She plans amours from her tenderest youth.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 6, 23.*

Amoris teneo omnes vias.—I know all the ways of love.
Plautus. *Trinummus, iii. 2.*

Amphora cœpit
Institui: currente rota cur urceus exit?
—A vase was begun: why does it turn out a worthless vessel?
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 21.*

Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.—So valuable a bottle of wine has not deserved to die.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 19, 8.*

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* *See* "Dimissum."

Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus.
Hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.
—A good man increases the space of his life. To be able to enjoy (in memory) your former life is to live twice over.
Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 23, 1.*

Amplius deliberandum censeo.
Res magna est.
—I consider it a matter to be more fully thought over. It is a great affair.
Terence. *Phormio, ii., 3, 17.*

An bona te mater novit abesse domum?—Does your good mother know that you are out? **Schoolboy Verse.**

An boni quid usquam est, quod quisquam uti possit
Sine malo omni; aut ne laborem capias, cum illo uti voles?
—Is there any good at all which anyone can enjoy without any sort of evil admixture; or for which you must not undertake labour, when you wish to enjoy it?
Plautus. *Mercator, i. 34.*

An dives omnes quærimus; nemo an bonus.—We all ask whether he is wealthy; none whether he is good. **Seneca.**
Epist. 115 (derived from Euripides).

An erit, qui velle recuset
Os populi meruisse?
—Will anyone disown a wish to deserve the popular praise? **Persius.** *Sat., 1, 41.*

An nescis longas regibus esse manus?—Do you not know that kings have long hands?
Ovid. *Heroides, 17, 166.*

An nescis quantilla prudentia mundus regatur?—Do you not know with how little wisdom the world is governed?
Attributed to Count Axel Oxenstierna, *of Sweden (1583-1654), and said to be addressed to his son in 1648.**

An potest quidquam esse absurdius, quam, quo minus viæ restat, eo plus viatici quærere.—Can anything be more absurd than to make so much the more provision for life's journey, as there is less of that journey left?
Cicero. *De Senectute, 19.*

An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere vitam
Cui licet, ut voluit?
—Is anyone else free but he who may lead his life as he wishes? **Persius.** *Sat. 5, 83.*

Anceps remedium est melius quam nullum.—A doubtful remedy is better than none. **Pr.**

Anglia ventosa; si non ventosa, venenosa.—England is windy; when it is not windy it is pestilent.† **Old Saying.**

Anguillam cauda tenes.—You hold an eel by the tail. **Pr.**

Animal implume bipes.—A featherless two-legged animal.
Plato's Definition of a Man. (*Latin tr.*)

Animal natum tolerare labores.—An animal born to endure labour.*
Ovid. *Met., 15, 120.*

Animi cultus erat ei quasi quidam humanitatis cibus.—The culture of the mind was to him as it were a kind of food to humanity.
Cicero. *De Fin., 5, 19.*

Animo ægrotanti medicus est oratio.—Speech is a physician to a sick mind. **Pr.**

Animo dolenti nihil oportet credere.—No credence is to be given to a mind in pain.
Publilius Syrus.

Animo imperabit sapiens, stultus serviet.—A wise man will be master of his mind, a fool will be its slave. **Publilius Syrus.**

Animoque supersunt,
Jam prope post animam.
—They retain their courage almost after their life. **Sidonius.**

Animula vagula, blandula!
Hospes, comesque corporis!
—Soul of mine, fleeting and wandering, guest and companion of my body!
Hadrian (*according to his biographer, Ælius Spartianus.*)

Animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc.—Now hither, now thither, he turns his wavering mind. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 285.*

Animum pictura pascit inani.—He feeds his mind with an empty painting.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 464.*

Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,
Imperat.
—Rule your mind, which, unless it is your servant, is your master.
Horace. *Ep., 2, Book 1.*

Animus æquus optimum est ærumnæ condimentum.—An undisturbed mind is the best sauce for affliction.
Plautus. *Rudens, Act ii. 3.*

Animus est in patinis.—My mind is in the dishes (*i.e.* is set upon eating).
Terence. *Eunuchus, iv., 7, 46.*

Animus facit nobilem.—The mind makes a man noble. **Seneca.** *Ep., 44.*

Animus furandi.—The intention of stealing (a felonious design). **Law.**

Animus homini, quicquid sibi imperat, obtinet.—What the mind of man commands to itself it obtains. **Pr.**

Animus hominis semper appetit agere aliquid.—Man's mind ever yearns to be doing something. **Cicero.** *De Fin., 5, 20.*

Animus quod perdidit optat.—The mind desires that which it has lost.
Petronius Arbiter. *Satyricon, c. 128.*

Animus vereri qui scit, scit tutus ingredi.—The mind which knows how to fear, knows how to go safely. **Publilius Syrus.**

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* *See*, however, under Waifs and Strays, p. 458*b*.
† *See* Proverbs: "No weather is ill," p. 817*b*.

* Written of the ox.

Annus inceptus habetur pro completo.—A year begun is reckoned as one finished.
Law.

Annus mirabilis.—A marvellous year.
Title of Dryden's Poem, 1667; *also used in Evelyn's Diary,* 1659–60.

Ante barbam doces senes.—You are teaching the aged before you possess a beard.
Plautus.

Ante oculos errant domus, urbs, et forma locorum;
Succeduntque suis singula facta locis.
—My home, the city, and the image of well-known places pass before my eyes; and each different event follows in its turn.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 3, 4, 57.*

Ante senectutem curavi ut bene viverem; in senectute, ut bene moriar.—Before old age my care was to live well; in old age, to die well.
Seneca.

Ante victoriam ne canas triumphum.—Do not sing your triumph before you have conquered.
Pr.

Antequam incipias, consulto; et ubi consulueris, mature facto opus est.—Before beginning a thing take counsel, and when you have consulted let the thing be done thoroughly.
Sallust. *Catilina, 1.*

Antiqua homo virtute ac fide.—A man of antique virtue and faith.
Terence. *Adelphi iii., 389.*

Antiquis debetur veneratio.—Reverence is due to things which are old.*
Proverbial Saying (Erasmus).

Antiquum repetent iterum chaos omnia.—All things will seek to revert once more to pristine chaos.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 1, 75.*

Apage, Satana.—Begone, Satan!

Aperit præcordia Liber.—Bacchus opens the gate of the heart.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 89.*

Aperte mala cum est mulier, tum demum est bona.—When a woman is openly wicked, then at length she is good.
Publilius Syrus.

Aperto vivere voto.—To live with every wish made known.
Persius. *Sat. 2, 7.*

Apio opus est.—There is need of parsley (*i.e.* to strew upon the grave; used in reference to a dying person).
Pr.

Apparatus belli.—The equipments of war.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.—Here and there they are seen swimming in the vast flood.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 118.*

Appetitus rationi obediant.—Let the appetites be subject to reason.
Cicero. *Off., 1, 29, and 36, 39.*

Aqua pumpaginis.—Pump water.
Medical (*Dog Latin*).

Aquilæ senecta.—The old age of an eagle.

Aquilam volare doces.—You are teaching an eagle how to fly.
Pr.

Aquosus languor.—The watery weakness (dropsy).

Aranearum telas texere.—To weave spiders' webs.
Pr.

Arbiter bibendi.—Arbitrator of the drinking (*i.e.* master of the feast).
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 7, 25.*

Arbiter elegantiarum.*—A judge of matters of taste.
Tacitus (*adapted*).

Arbiter es formæ.—Thou art arbiter of beauty.
Ovid. *Heroides 16, 69.*

Arbiter hic sumtus de lite jocosa.—He was appointed arbiter in this mirthful contest.
Ovid. *Met. 3, 332.*

Arbores magnæ diu crescunt, una hora extirpantur.—Great trees are long in growing, but they are rooted up in a single hour.
Curtius.

Arbores serit diligens agricola, quarum aspiciet baccam ipse nunquam.—The diligent husbandman sows trees, of which he himself will never see the fruit.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 1, 14.*

Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.
—Arcadians both, equal in the song and ready in the response.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 7, 4.*

Arcana celestia.—Heavenly mysteries.

Arcana imperii.—Mysteries of empire.

Arcana sacra.—Sacred mysteries.
Tacitus. *Germania, 18.* (*Also in Ovid.*)

Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis illius† unquam;
Commissumque teges.
—Never pry into his secrets; and that which has been entrusted to you to keep to yourself.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 37.*

Arcum intensio frangit, animum remissio.—Straining breaks the bow, relaxation the mind.
Publilius Syrus.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.
—Though she may herself burn, she delights in her lover's torment.
Juvenal. *Sat., 6, 109.*

Ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit.
—In cold blood he leapt into burning Etna.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica.*

Ardentia verba.—Burning words.

Ardua cervix,
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus, obesaque terga,
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus.

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* *See Greek* "Πᾶν ἀρχαῖον" (p. 477*a*).

* "Elegantiæ arbiter."—*Tacitus: Annals,* Book 16, 18.

† Another reading is "ullius"—*i.e.* "*anyone's* secret.'

—His neck is high and erect, his head replete with intelligence, his belly short, his back full, and his proud chest swells with hard muscle. **Virgil.** *Description of a horse.*

Ardua molimur: sed nulla nisi ardua virtus.—We attempt difficult things, but there is no honour which is not difficult. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 2, 537.*

Arenæ mandas semina.—You commit seeds to the sand. **Pr.**

Arenæ sine calce.—Sand without lime (*i.e.* without coherence). **Suetonius.**

Arescit gramen veniente autumno.—The grass withers as autumn comes on. **Pr.**

Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi.—I have accepted money, I have sold my authority for a dowry. **Plautus.** *Asinaria, Act i.*

Argilla quidvis imitaberis uda.—You will model what you wish in moist clay. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 2, 8.*

Argumentum ab auctoritate fortissimum est in lege.—An argument derived from authority is of the greatest force in law. **Coke.** *Lit., 141.*

Argumentum ad crumenam.—An argument to the money-bag (*i.e.* self-interest).

Argumentum ad hominem.—An argument to the man (*i.e.* founded on an opponent's personality or principles; a personal argument).

Argumentum ad ignorantiam.—An argument to ignorance (*i.e.* devised to take advantage of your adversary's want of knowledge).

Argumentum ad invidiam.—An argument to envy or prejudice (*i.e.* appealing to those passions).

Argumentum ad judicium.—An argument to good judgment.

Argumentum ad verecundiam.—An argument to good feeling (*i.e.* propriety).

Argumentum baculinum.—Argument by club (*i.e.* force).

Argutos inter strepit anser olores.—He gabbles like a goose amid the graceful swans. **Virgil.** *Ecl. 9, 36.*

Arma Cerealia.—The arms of Ceres (*i.e.* agricultural implements). **Pr.**

Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis.—Mad I take arms, nor in arms have I reason enough. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 314.*

Arma pacis fulcra.—Arms are the props of peace. **Motto** *of Artillery Company (London).*

Arma tenenti
Omnia dat, qui justa negat.
—He who denies what is just to the man bearing arms, gives all things up to him. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, 1, 343.*

Arma, viri, ferte arma; vocat lux ultima victos;
Reddite me Danais, sinite instaurata revisam
Prœlia: nunquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.
—Arms, O men, bring arms; their last day calls the vanquished; let me return to the Greeks, let me see again my battles renewed; we shall never all die unavenged this day. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 668.*

Arma virumque cano.—Arms and the man I sing. **Virgil.** *Æneid, Book 1, 1.*

Armis vicit, vitiis victus est.—He [Alexander] vanquished by arms; he was vanquished by vices. **Seneca.**

Arrectis auribus astant.—They wait with ears pricked up. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 152.*

Ars artium omnium conservatrix.—The art which is the conserver of all arts (*i.e.* printing).

Ars est captandi, quod nolis velle videri.—The art of obtaining is to seem to want what you do not want. **Martial.** *Book 11, 56, 3.*

Ars est celare artem.[*]—Art consists in concealing art. **Pr.**

Ars est sine arte, cujus principium est mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare.—It is an art without art, the beginning of which is lying, the middle labour, the end beggary. (*Applied to Alchemy.*)

Ars inveniendi adolescit cum inventis.—The art of invention grows young with the things invented. *Quoted by Bacon as a* **Maxim.**

Ars longa, vita brevis.[†]—Art is long, life is short. **Hippocrates.** *Aph. 1 (translated).*

Ars varia vulpis, ast una echino maxima.—The fox is versatile in its resources, but the hedgehog has one, and that the chief of all. **Pr.**

Arte magistra.—With art as directress. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 8, 442; and 12, 427.*

Arte mea capta est: arte tenenda mea est.—She has been obtained by my skill; by my skill she must be retained. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 2, 12.*

Artem quævis alit terra.—Every land fosters some kind of art. (*See* Τὸ τέχνιον, p. 479*b*.) **Pr.**

Asinus ad lyram.—An ass at the lyre. **Pr.** (*from the Greek*, p. 476*a*.)

Asinus asino, et sus sui pulcher.—An ass is beautiful to an ass and a pig to a pig. **Pr.**

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[*] Compare Ovid's line (*Ep. ex Ponto*, Book 2, 10, 15): "Naso parum prudens, Artem dum tradit amandi." (Naso is scarcely judicious, when he betrays the art of loving.)

[†] Seneca: *De Brevitate Vitæ*, has this: "Illa maximi medicorum exclamatio est, Vitam brevem esse, longam artem."—That is the utterance of the greatest of physicians, that life is short and art long. Hippocrates, the famous physician of Cos, is said to have died B.C. 361, aged 99. For the Greek original, *see* "'O Bίος" (p. 475*a*).

Asinus inter simias.—An ass among apes (an ass among fools who ridicule him). **Pr.**

Asperis facetiis inlusus; quæ ubi multum ex vero traxere, acrem sui memoriam relinquunt.—Amused with rough jests, which, where they have much truth in them, leave behind a bitter remembrance.
Tacitus. *Annals, 15, 68.*

Asperitas agrestis, et inconcinna gravisque.—A rustic roughness, awkward and loutish.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 6.*

Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.—Nothing is rougher than a low-bred man when he has risen to a height.
Claudian.

Aspicere oportet quidquid possis perdere.—It is well to look at whatever you may lose.
Publilius Syrus.

Assiduo labuntur tempora motu,
Non secus ad flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen.
Nec levis hora potest.
—Time glides by with constant movement, not unlike a stream. For neither can a stream stay its course, nor can the fleeting hour. **Ovid.** *Metam., 15, 180.*

Assumpsit.—He assumed or took upon himself personal responsibility. **Law.**

Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.—The stars govern men, but God governs the stars.

Astræa redux.—Astræa (goddess of justice) restored as our guide.
Title of Poem *by Dryden* (1660.)

At hæc etiam servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.—But these things were ever free to slaves, that they should fear, rejoice or lament, by their own choice rather than that of any one else. **Cicero.** *Ep.*

At ingenium ingens
Inculto latet sub hoc corpore.
—Yet a mighty genius lies hid under this rough exterior.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 3, 33.*

At jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.
—But now your home will never again receive you with joy, nor your best of wives, nor will your sweet children hasten to snatch your kisses, and thrill your heart with speechless pleasure.
Lucretius. *De Natura Rerum, 3, 907.*

At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier, Hic est!—But it is a fine thing to be pointed out with the finger, and to be spoken of, "That is he!" **Persius.** *Sat. 1, 28.*

At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa.
Nempe hoc indocti.
—Ah, but revenge is a blessing sweeter than life itself—so think the uninstructed.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 180.*

Atavis edite regibus.—O [Mæcenas], sprung from ancient kings.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 1.*

Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sævitiæ.
—And would that he [Domitian] had rather devoted to such trifles as these, all those days of cruelty. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 4, 150.*

Atqui vultus erat multa et præclara minantis.—Truly you had the appearance of one threatening many and excellent things.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 9.*

Atria regum hominibus plena sunt, amicis vacua.—The halls of kings are full of men, but void of friends. **Seneca.**

Atrocitatis mansuetudo est remedium.—Clemency is the remedy of cruelty. **Phædrus.**

Auctor pretiosa facit.—The author makes [the gift or work] precious. **Ovid** (*adapted*).*

Audacem fecerat ipse timor.—Fear itself made her daring. **Ovid.** *Fast., 3, 644.*

Audacia pro muro habetur.—Daring serves as a wall.
Sallust. *Catalina, 58.* (*Part of Cataline's oration to his soldiers.*)

Audacter calumniare, semper aliquid hæret.—Calumniate daringly; something always sticks. **Maxim.**

Audacter te vendita, semper aliquid hæret.—Praise yourself up daringly, something always sticks.
Bacon's variant of the foregoing quotation.

Audax est ad omnia, quæ amat vel odit, femina.—A woman dares all things when she either loves or hates.
Spurious works of St. Jerome, Ep. of Valerius to Rufinus (*ed.* 1742, *Verona, Vol. 2, col. 245*). *Also in Migne's Patr. Lat., Vol. 30, col. 259; and in "De Nugis Curialium Distinctio," 4, cap 3* (*Walter Map*).

Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum et nefas.
—Daring to undergo all things, the human race rushes through that which is forbidden and criminal. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 3, 25.*

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.
—If you wish to be some one, dare to do something worthy of banishment and imprisonment. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 1, 73.*

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.
—Dare, my guest, to despise riches, show

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* Motto of Lubbock and other families. *See* "Acceptissima semper," etc. (p. 483*b*).

yourself of godlike disposition and approach without taking offence at poor surroundings. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 8, 364.*

Aude sapere.—(*See* "Sapere aude," p. 648*b*).

Audendo magnus tegitur timor.—Great fear is concealed beneath daring. **Lucanus.**

Audendo virtus crescit, tardando timor.—Valour grows by daring, fear by holding back. **Publilius Syrus.**

Audendum dextra: nunc ipsa vocat res.—Now we must dare to attempt with the help of our right hand; now the event itself calls us to action. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 320.*

Audentem Forsque Venusque juvant.—Fortune and love favour the bold. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 1, 608.*

Audentes Deus ipse juvat.*—God himself helps the brave. **Ovid.** *Met., 10, 586.*

Audentes fortuna juvat.*—Fortune favours the daring. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 284.*

Audi alteram partem.†—Hear the other side. **St. Augustine.** *De duabus Animabus, ch. 14, sec. 22.*

Audi, vide, tace, si vis vivere in pace.—Hear, see, and be silent, if you wish to live in peace. **Gesta Romanorum** (*14th Century*). *Story of Folliculus.*

Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juventus.
—Posterity, thinned by the crime of its ancestors, shall hear of those battles. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 2, 23.*

Audita querela.—The dispute having been heard. **Law.**

Auditque vocatus Apollo.—And Apollo hears when invoked. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 4, 7.*

Auferimur cultu.—We are captivated by dress (or ornament). **Ovid.** *Rem. Am., 343.*

Augurium ratio est, et conjectura futuri:
Hac divinavi, notitiamque tuli.
—Reason is my augury, and my interpretation of the future; by it I have practised divination, and obtained knowledge. **Ovid.** *Tristia, 1, 9, 51.*

Auguriis patrum et prisca formidine sacram.—(A wood) made sacred by the religious mysteries of our fathers, and by ancient awe. **Tacitus.** *Germania, 39.*

Aura popularis.—The popular breeze; the breath of public opinion. **Cicero.** *De Harusp. Resp., 20, 43.*

Aurea nunc vere sunt sæcula; plurimus auro
Venit honos; auro conciliatur amor.
—Truly now is the golden age; the highest honour comes by means of gold; by gold love is procured. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 2, 277.*

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit.
—Whoso loves the golden mean. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 10.*

Aureo piscari hamo.—To fish with a golden hook. **Pr.**

Auribus teneo lupum:
Nam neque quo amittam a me, invenio, neque
uti retineam scio.
—I hold a wolf by the ears. Nor do I know by what means I can get rid of him, nor how I am to keep him. **Terence.** *Phormio, iii. 2, 21.*

Auro pulsa fides, auro venalia jura,
Aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.
—Faith is banished by gold; by gold our rights are betrayed; the law follows gold; soon the restraints of decency will be unobserved. **Propertius.** *Book 3 18, 51.*

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores.
—Meanwhile the morning had restored to unhappy mortals her gentle light, bringing them back work and toil. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 11, 182.*

Aurora musis amica est.—Aurora (the morning) is friendly to the Muses. **Erasmus.** *De Ratione Studii.*

Aurum e stercore.—Gold from a dunghill. **Pr.**

Aurum et opes, præcipuæ bellorum causæ.—Gold and power, the chief causes of wars. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 4, 74.*

Austria est imperare orbi universo.—Austria is to rule the whole universe. (*Also in German:* Alles Erdreich ist Oesterreich unterthan, *and designated by the five initial vowels* "A.E I.O.U.") *Motto adopted by Frederick III, Roman Emperor* (*1415–1493*).

Aurum omnes, victa jam pietate, colunt.—All men now worship gold, piety being quite overthrown. **Propertius.** *Book 3, 13, 48.*

Aut amat aut odit mulier; nil est tertium.—A woman either loves or hates; there is no third course. **Publilius Syrus.**

Aut bibat aut abeat.—Let him either drink or depart. (Also quoted "Aut bibe aut abi": Either drink or depart.)* **Cicero.** *Tusc. Quæst, 5, 4.*

Aut Cæsar aut nihil.—Either Cæsar or nothing. **Motto** *of Cæsar Borgia.*

Aut Cæsar aut nullus.—Either Cæsar or nobody.†

Aut formosa fores minus, aut minus improba,
vellem.
Non facit ad mores tam bona forma malos.
—I would that you were either less beautiful, or less corrupt. Such perfect beauty does not suit such imperfect morals. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 3, 11, 41.*

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* *See* "Fortes fortuna adjuvat," p. 534*b*.
† *See* Seneca, *Medea*, ii. 199, "Parte altera inaudita" (The other side being left unheard)

* *See* "Ἢ πῖθι" (p. 472*b*).
† *See* Suetonius, *Caius Caligula*, 37.

Aut fuit, aut veniet; nihil est præsentis in illa:
Morsque minus pœnæ, quam mora mortis, habet.
—Either death has been, or it will come; there is nothing of the present about it: and it has less of pain about it than the expectation of death.
Quoted by Montaigne (1580), Book 1, ch. 40. (*Authorship unknown.*)

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.—The man is either mad, or he has taken to making poetry. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 7, 117.*

Aut mortuus est aut docet litteras.—He is either dead or teaching letters.
Erasmus. *Adagia.* (*Translation of Greek Proverb, see p. 472b.*)

Aut non tentaris, aut perfice.—Either do not attempt at all, or go through with it. (*Altered by Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, for his motto, to* " *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice.*") **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 1, 389.*

Aut petis, aut urgues ruiturum,* Sisyphe, saxum.—Either you pursue or push, O Sisyphus, the stone destined to keep rolling.
Ovid. *Met., 4, 459.*

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.
—Poets either wish to profit or to please; or at the same time to tell things which are pleasant and things which are serviceable in life. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 333.*

Aut regem aut fatuum nasci oportet.—It is well to be born either a king or a fool.
Seneca. *De Morte Claudii Cæsaris.* (*Quoted by Seneca as a true proverb.*)

Aut ridenda omnia aut flenda sunt.—All things are cause for either laughter or weeping.
Seneca. *De Ira, Book 2, 10.*

Aut vincere aut mori.—Either to conquer or to die. **Motto** *of Duke of Kent.*

Aut virtus nomen inane est,
Aut decus et pretium recte petit experiens vir.
—Either virtue is an empty name, or the man of knowledge rightly seeks it as his glory and reward. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 17, 42.*

Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.—Dread autumn, harvest season of the gloomy Libitina. (Goddess of funerals.)
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 6, 19.*

Auxilia humilia firma consensus facit.—Concord makes lowly help powerful.
Publilius Syrus.

Avaro non est vita sed mors longior.—A miser's existence is not a life but a prolonged death. **Publilius Syrus.**

Avarus nisi cum moritur, nihil recte facit. —A miser does nothing well except when he dies. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant (or " te salutamus ").—Hail, Cæsar, those about to die salute thee (or " We who are about to die salute thee.") (*The salutation of the gladiators on entering the arena.*)
Suetonius. *Divus Claudius, c. 21.*

Avida est periculi virtus.—Virtue (or valour) is greedy of danger.
Seneca. *De Provid., ch. 4.*

Avidis, avidis natura parum est.—To the greedy, to the greedy, all nature is insufficient.
Seneca. *Hercules Œtæus, Act ii. 631.*

Avidum esse oportet neminem, minime senem.—It becomes no one to be covetous, and least of all an old man. **Publilius Syrus.**

Avito viret honore.—He flourishes upon ancestral honour. **Motto.** *Villiers Family.*

Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra;
Sed vitam faciunt balnea, vina, Venus.
—Baths, wine, and Venus bring decay to our bodies; but baths, wine and Venus make up life. **Epitaph** *in Gruter's Monumenta.*

Barbæ tenus sapientes.—Wise as far as the beard (*i.e.* Wise in appearance). **Pr.**

Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor ulli.—I am a barbarian here, because I am not understood by anyone.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 5, 10, 37.*

Basia dum nolo, nisi quæ luctantia carpsi. —As I do not care for kisses, unless I have snatched them in spite of resistance.
Martial. *Epig., Book 5, 47.*

Bastardus nullius est filius, aut filius populi. —A bastard is the son of no one, or the son of the public. **Law.**

Beata æternitas vel æterna beatitudo.—Blessed eternity or eternal blessedness.
St. Augustine. *De Civitate Dei, 9, 132.*

Beata simplicitas.—Blessed is simplicity.
Thomas Kempis. *De Imit. Christi, Book 4, ch. 18.*

Beati immaculati in via.—Blessed are the undefiled in the way. **Vulgate.** *Ps. 119.*

Beati misericordes: quoniam ipsis misericordia tribuetur.—Blessed are the merciful, for mercy shall be accorded to them.
Adapted from Theodore de Beza's translation of St. Matt. 5, 7. (**Motto** *of Scots Corporation.*)

Beati pauperes.—Blessed are the poor.
St. Luke 6, 20.

Beati monoculi in regione cæcorum.—Blessed are the one-eyed in the country of the blind.
Prov. quoted by **Frederick the Great.** (*See Carlyle's* " *Frederick,*" *Book 4, ch. 11.*)

Beati pacifici.—Blessed are the peacemakers. **Vulgate.** *St. Matt. 5, 9.*

Beati possidentes.—Blessed are those who possess.* **Pr.**

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* " Rediturum " (*i.e.* " destined to return ") in some editions.

* *See* " Non possidentem."

Beatissimus [is est], qui est totus aptus ex sese, quisque in se uno sua ponit omnia.—Most happy is he who is entirely self-reliant, and who centres all his requirements in himself alone. **Cicero.** *Paradoxa, 2.*

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
  Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
  Solutus omni fœnore.

—Happy he who far from business, like the primitive race of mortals, cultivates with his own oxen the fields of his fathers, free from all anxieties of gain.
Horace. *Epodon, Book 2, 1.*

Beatus qui est, non intelligo quid requirat ut sit beatior.—I do not perceive why he who is happy requires to be happier.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæs., 5, 8, 23.*

Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos. —Has it been satisfactory to wage wars which will leave no cause for triumph? (*i.e.* civil wars). **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, 1, 12.*

Bella! horrida bella—Wars, frightful wars!
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 86.*

Bella manu letumque gero.—I bear in my hand war and death. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 7, 455.*

Bella suscipienda sunt ob eam causam, ut sine injuria in pace vivatur.—Wars are to be undertaken in order that it may be possible to live in peace without molestation.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 11.*

Belle narras.—You tell the story prettily.

Bellicæ virtutis præmium.—The reward of merit in war.
Cicero (*adapted*). *Pro Murena.*

Bellum ita suscipiatur ut nihil aliud nisi pax quæsita videatur.—Let war be so carried on that nothing but peace shall seem to be sought.
Cicero. *De Re Publica.*

Bellum magis desierat, quam pax cœperat. —It was rather a cessation of war than a beginning of peace.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 1.*

Bellum nec timendum nec provocandum.—War should be neither feared nor provoked.
Pliny the Younger.

Bellum omnium in omnes.—A war of all against all. **Pr.**

Belua multorum capitum.—The monster of many heads (the mob). **Pr.**

Bene audire alterum patrimonium est.—To listen well is a second inheritance.
Publilius Syrus.

Bene cogitata si excidunt non occidunt.—Good thoughts, even if they are forgotten, do not perish. **Publilius Syrus.**

Bene dormit qui non sentit quam male dormiat.—He sleeps well who is not aware that he has slept badly. **Publilius Syrus.**

Bene ferre magnam
Disce fortunam.
—Learn to bear great fortune well.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 27, 74.*

Bene merenti mala es; male merenti bona es.—To a man well deserving you are evil; to one ill-deserving you are good.
Plautus. *Asinaria, Act ii.*

Bene nati, bene vestiti, et mediocriter docti. —Well born, well dressed, and moderately learned. (Qualifications of a Fellow of the College.)
Statutes of All Souls College, Oxford.

Bene orasse est bene studuisse.—To have prayed well is to have well endeavoured. **Pr.**

Bene perdit nummos judici cum dat nocens. —He loses his money to advantage, who, being guilty, gives it to the judge.
Publilius Syrus.

Bene qui conjiciet, vatem hunc perhibebo optimum.—I shall regard him as the best prophet who guesses well. (*Given as a Grecian adage.*)
Cicero. *De Divinatione, Book 2, 5.*

Bene qui latuit, bene vixit.—He who has lived well in obscurity has lived a good life.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 3, 4, 25.*

Bene vixit is qui potuit cum voluit mori.—He has lived well who has been able to die when he has desired to die. **Publilius Syrus.**

Benedictus benedicat!—May the Blessed One bless! *Old form of Grace before a meal.*

Benedictus, qui venit in nomine Domini.—Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Vulgate. *St. Matt. 23, 39; St. Mark 11, 10; St. Luke 13, 35.*

Benefacta male locata, malefacta arbitror. —Favours ill-placed I adjudge injuries.
Ennius. (*Cited by Cicero, Off., 2, 18.*)

Benefacta sua verbis adornant.—They give charm to their gifts by words. **Pliny.**

Beneficia donari aut mali aut stulti putant. —Those who are either wicked or foolish think that benefits are to be bestowed.
Publilius Syrus.

Beneficia eo usque læta sunt, dum videntur exsolvi posse: ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur.—Benefits are pleasing up to that point when they seem to be capable of requital; when they far exceed that possibility hatred is returned instead of gratitude.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 4, 18.*

Beneficia plura recipit qui scit reddere.—He receives more favours who knows how to return them. **Publilius Syrus.**

Beneficium accipere libertatem est vendere. —To accept a benefit is to sell one's liberty.
Publilius Syrus.

Beneficium dando accepit qui digno dedit.*—He has received a favour who has granted one to a worthy person. **Publilius Syrus.**

Beneficium dare qui nescit injuste petit.—He who does not know how to grant a favour has no right to seek one. **Publilius Syrus.**

Beneficium dignis ubi des, omnes obligas.—Where you confer a benefit on the worthy you oblige all men. **Publilius Syrus.**

Beneficium invito non datur.—A benefit cannot be conferred upon a person unwilling to accept it. **Law.**

Beneficium meminisse debet is, in quem collata sunt ; non commemorare qui contulit.†—He ought to remember favours on whom they are conferred ; he who has conferred them ought not to bring them to mind.
Cicero. *Pro Lælio, 20, 71.*

Beneficium non in eo quod fit aut datur constitit, sed in ipso dantis aut facientis animo . . . Animus est qui parva extollat.—A favour does not consist in what is given or done, but in the will itself of the doer or giver. It is the will which raises small things in estimation.
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, Book 1, 6.*

Beneficium qui dedisse se dicit, petit.—He who says he has granted a favour, seeks one.
Publilius Syrus.

Beneficium sæpe dare, docere est reddere.—To confer a favour frequently is to teach how to return a favour. **Publilius Syrus.**

Beneficus est quinon sua sed alterius causa benigne facit.—He is beneficent who acts kindly not for his own sake, but for another's.
Cicero (*adapted*). *See* "*De Legibus*," *Book 1, 18.*

Benignior sententia in verbis generalibus seu dubiis est præferenda.—The more generous construction is to be preferred in words which are general or doubtful. **Coke.**

Benignitas, quæ constat ex opera et industria, et honestior sit, et latius pateat, et possit prodesse pluribus.—Bounty, which consists in work and effort, is more honourable, and extends further, and is able to be of assistance to more persons. **Cicero.**

Benignitate benignitas tollitur.—Kindness is produced by kindness.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 2, 15.*

Benigno numine.—Under a favourable Providence. **Pr.**

Benignus etiam causam dandi cogitat.—The charitable man considers even the cause of his giving. **Publilius Syrus.**

Bibere papaliter.—To drink like a pope.
Mediæval Pr.

Bis dat qui cito dat.—He gives twice who gives quickly. (*See* " Inopi beneficium.")

Bis fiet gratum, quod opus est, si ultro offeras. — That which is wanted becomes doubly acceptable if you offer it spontaneously.
Publilius Syrus.

Bis tanto amici sunt inter se quam prius.—They are twice as much friends together as they were before (quarrelling).
Plautus. *Amphitruo, Act iii. 2, 62.*

Bis vincit qui se vincit in victoria.—He is twice a conqueror who conquers himself in the moment of victory. **Publilius Syrus.**

Blanda truces animos fertur mollisse voluptas.—Alluring pleasure is said to have softened the savage dispositions (of early mankind).
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 477.*

Blandæ mendacia linguæ.—The lies of a flattering tongue.

Blanditias molles, auremque juvantia verba
Adfer.
—Employ soft flatteries, and words which delight the ear.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 159.*

Bœotum in crasso jurares aere natum.—You would swear that he was born in the foggy air of the Bœotians (Bœotia being proverbial for the stupidity of its inhabitants).
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 244.*

Bombalio, clangor, stridor, taratantara, murmur.—A booming, clanging, whistling, trumpeting, buzzing sound. **Mediæval.**

Bona bonis contingunt.—Good things befall the good.

Bona fama in tenebris proprium splendorem tenet.—Good report retains its own brightness even in obscurity. **Publilius Syrus.**

Bona fama propria possessio defunctorum.—Good fame is the rightful property of the dead. *Quoted by Cicero from Demosthenes.*

Bona malis paria non sunt etiam pari numero ; nec lætitia ulla minimo mærore pensanda.—The good things of this world do not equal its ills, even though equal in number ; nor is any joy to be weighed against the least sorrow.
Pliny the Elder.

Bona mors est homini, vitæ quæ extinguit mala.—Good is a man's death which destroys the evils of life. **Publilius Syrus.**

Bona nemini hora est, ut non alicui sit mala.—An hour is good for no one without being at the same time bad for someone else.
Publilius Syrus.

Bona notabilia.—Notable goods ; term for goods worth over five pounds. **Law.**

Bona opinio hominum tutior pecunia est.—The good opinion of men is safer than money.
Publilius Syrus.

Bona pars bene dicendi est scite mentiri.—A good portion of speaking well consists in lying skilfully.
Erasmus. *Philetymus et Pseudocheus.*

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* Quoted in this form by Erasmus, who states: "Unless I am mistaken, I have read this somewhere in Seneca." The expression is not found in Seneca's works.

† *See* " Qui dedit beneficium," p. 631*b*.

Bona peritura.—Perishable goods. **Law.**

Bona præterita non effluere sapienti; mala meminisse non oportere.—Good fortune that is past does not vanish from our memories; evil fortune we should not remember.
Cicero. *De Finibus, Book 2, 32.*

Bona prudentiæ pars est nosse stultas vulgi cupiditates, et absurdas opiniones.—It is a good part of sagacity to have known the foolish desires of the crowd and their unreasonable notions. **Erasmus.**
De Utilitate Colloquiorum (*Preface*).

Bona vacantia.—Goods which are unclaimed or ownerless. **Law.**

Bonæ leges malis ex moribus procreantur.—Good laws are produced by evil manners.
Macrobius. *Saturnalia, 2, 13.*

Bonam ego quam beatam me esse nimio dici mavolo.—I would far rather be called a good woman than a happy one.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, i. 2, l. 90.*

Bonarum rerum consuetudo est pessima.—It is very evil to be accustomed to things which are good. **Publilius Syrus.**

Boni judicis est ampliare justitiam.—It is the part of a good judge to make justice wide. **Law.**

Boni nullo emolumento impelluntur in fraudem, improbi sæpe parvo.—Good men are incited to fraud by no kind of gain, evil men are often so incited by very small gain.
Cicero. *Pro Milone, 12, 32.*

Boni pastoris est tondere pecus, non deglubere.—It is the duty of a good shepherd to shear the sheep, not to flay them. **Suetonius.**
Tib. 32. A saying of Tiberius Cæsar.

Boni venatoris est plures feras capere non omnes.—It is the characteristic of a good hunter to take much game, not all.
Nonnius.

Boni viri me pauperant, improbi alunt.—Good men make me poor, bad men give me a living. **Plautus.** *Pseudolus, iv.*

Bonis avibus; malis avibus.—With happy omens; with bad omens (*lit.* birds).

Bonis inter bonos quasi necessaria est benevolentia.—Goodwill is as it were essential between good men. **Cicero.** *Pro Lælio, 14, 50.*

Bonis quod benefit haud perit.—That which is done well for the good in no wise perishes.
Plautus. *Rudens, iv. 3.*

Bonis tuis rebus meas res irrides malas.—With your prosperity you mock my evil circumstances. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, ii. 4.*

Bono ingenio me esse ornatam, quam auro multo mavolo.—I had rather be a woman adorned with a good disposition, than with much gold. **Plautus.** *Pœnulus, i. 2, l. 88.*

Bonum esse cum bonis, haud valde laudabile est.—To be good when with good men is no great matter for praise. **Gregory I.**

Bonum est fugienda aspicere in alieno malo.—It is good to see in another's evil the things that we should flee from.
Publilius Syrus.

Bonum est pauxillum amare sane; insane non bonum est.—It is good sanely to be a little in love; it is not good insanely.
Plautus. *Curculio, i. 3, 20.*

Bonum magis carendo quam fruendo cernitur (*or* sentitur).—That which is good is perceived (or is felt) more when it is lost than when it is enjoyed. **Pr.**

Bonum quo communices, eo melius.—The good in which you let others share becomes thereby the better. **Pr.**

Bonum quod est supprimitur, nunquam exstinguitur.—What is good is hidden from sight, but is never destroyed.
Publilius Syrus.

Bonum summum quo tendimus omnes.—The highest good at which we all aim.
Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., 6, 25.*

Bonus animus in mala re dimidium est mali.—A good spirit in an evil matter makes the evil less by half.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, i. 5.*

Bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum prætulit utili.
—A good and faithful judge prefers what is right to what is useful.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 9, 40.*

Bonus dux bonum reddit militem.—A good leader produces a good soldier. **Pr.**

Bonus judex secundum æquum et bonum judicat, et æquitatem strictæ legi præfert.—A good judge judges according to what is right and good, and prefers equity to strict law. **Coke.**

Bonus orator, pessimus vir.—A good orator is the worst man. **Pr.**

Bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis;
Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ.
—He is truly a good neighbour, a lovable host, a kind husband to his wife, who can pardon his servants their faults, and not go mad about the broken seal of a wine-cask.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 132.*

Bonus vir semper tiro.—A good man is always a learner. **Pr.**

Bos in lingua.—An ox in his tongue (*i.e.* a coin stamped with an ox has been given him as a bribe). **Pr.** (See *Greek*, p. 469*a*.).

Bos lassus fortius figit pedem.—The tired ox sets down his foot the more firmly. **Pr.**

Bos locutus est.—The ox has spoken.[*] **Pr.**

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[*] *See* Livy 50, 35, ch. 2: The ox is credited with uttering omens from time to time, such as "Rome, beware," etc.

Bovi ditellas imponere.—To put a pack-saddle on an ox (*i.e.* to put a duty on a man for which he is unqualified). **Pr.**
(*Cited by Cicero, Ep. ad Att., 5, 15.*)

Breve tempus ætatis satis est longum ad bene honesteque vivendum.—A short space of time is sufficiently long for living well and honourably. **Cicero.** *De Senect., 19.*

Brevi manu.—With a short hand (*i.e.* summarily or offhand). **Pr.**

Brevis a natura nobis vita data est; at memoria bene redditæ vitæ est sempiterna.—A short life is given us by nature, but the memory of a well-spent life is eternal.
Cicero. *Phil. 14, 12.*

Brevis esse laboro;
Obscurus fio.
—I labour to be brief; I become obscure.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 25.*

Brevis est hæc, et non vera voluptas.—This is a brief and not a true pleasure.
Ovid. *Heroides, 19, 65.*

Brevis ipsa vita est, sed malis fit longior.—Life itself is short, but it is made too long by evil chances. **Publilius Syrus.**

Brevis oratio penetrat cælum.—A short prayer finds its way to heaven.
Quoted by Piers Plowman (1362).

Brevis oratio penetrat cælos, longa potatio evacuat scyphos.—A short prayer enters heaven, a long drink empties the cups.
Rabelais. *Gargantua (1534), Book 1, ch. 41.*

Brevis voluptas mox doloris est parens.—Short pleasure is soon the parent of sorrow. **Pr.**

Bruma recurrit iners.—The sluggish winter returns to us. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 7, 12.*

Brutum fulmen.—A senseless (*i.e.* harmless) thunderbolt.
Pliny. *2, 43, 43, sec. 113.*

Cacoethes carpendi.—An itch for grumbling. (Also for collecting).

Cacoethes loquendi.—An itch for talking.

Cacoethes scribendi.—An itch for writing.
Juvenal. *Sat. 7, 52.*

Cadenti porrigo dextram.—I stretch out my right hand to a falling man. **Pr.**

Cadit quæstio.—The question drops. **Law.**

Cæca invidia est, nec quidquam aliud scit quam detrectare virtutes.—Malice is blind and knows nothing but to disparage good qualities. **Livy.** *38, 49.*

Cæci sunt oculi cum animus alias res agit.—The eyes are blind when the mind is engaged with other matters. **Publilius Syrus.**

Cæcus amor sui.—The blind love of one's self. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 18, 14.*

Cæsar non supra grammaticos.—Cæsar is not an authority over the grammarians. **Pr.**

Cæsarem vehis, Cæsarisque fortunam.—You carry Cæsar and Cæsar's fortune.*
Cæsar's remark to a pilot in a storm.

Calamitas querula est et superba felicitas.—Calamity is querulous and prosperity is overbearing. **Curtius.** *5, 5, 12.*

Calamitosus est animus futuri anxius.—Full of misery is the mind anxious about the future. **Seneca.** *Epist., 98.*

Calidum hercle audivi esse optimum mendacium. Quicquid dei dicunt, id rectum est dicere.—I have heard that a warm (*i.e.* suddenly-invented) lie is the best. Whatever the gods put into your mind is the best thing to say.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, iii. 1, l. 136.*

Calumniamque fictis elusit jocis. — He evaded accusation for libel by speaking in humorous fables.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, Prol. 37.*

Calumniare fortiter aliquid adhærebit.—Slander stoutly something will stick. (*See* Audacter.) **Pr.**

Calvo turpius est nihil comato.—There is nothing more shocking than a bald man with a wig on. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 10, 83, 12.*

Camarinam movere.—To stir Lake Camarina (a lake which caused a pestilence through a futile attempt to drain it; hence the proverb applied to any unsuccessful and dangerous attempt).† **Pr.**

Camelus desiderans cornua etiam aures perdidit.—The camel desiring to have horns lost even its ears. **Pr.**

Camelus saltat.—The camel is dancing.
Said of a person employed in some incongruous and surprising manner.

Campos ubi Troja fuit.—The fields where Troy was. **Lucanus.**

Canam mihi et Musis.—I will sing to myself and to the Muses.

Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras.—White peace becomes men, cruel anger wild beasts. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 3, 502.*

Candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
—Fair Concord, ever abide by their couch, and to so well matched a pair may Venus ever be propitious. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 4, 13.*

Candidus in nauta turpis color: æquoris unda
Debet et a radiis sideris esse niger.
—A white colour is a disgrace in a sailor: he should be dark-complexioned from the sea-water and the rays of the sun.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 723.*

Candide secure.—Honestly is safely. **Pr.**

Candor dat viribus alas.—Honesty gives wings to strength. **Pr.**

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* Sometimes given: "Cæsarem portas et fortunam ejus." *See Bacon: Essays, Of Fortune.*

† *See* Greek proverb, p. 474b.

Canes currentes bibere in Nilo flumine,
A crocodilis ne rapiantur, traditum est.
—It is said that dogs run when they drink in the river Nile, lest they should be seized by crocodiles. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 1, 25, 4.*

Canina facundia.—Dog-like (*i.e.* snarling) eloquence. **Appius** (*quoted by Sallust, Hist. Frag., 2, 37*).

Canis a non canendo.—A dog (canis) so called from its not singing (canens).
Founded on **Varro.** *De Linguâ Latinâ, 7, 32.*

Canis festinans cæcos parit catulos.—The bitch making too much haste brings forth her pups blind. **Pr.**

Canis in præsæpi.—The dog in the manger. **Pr.**

Canis timidus vehementius latrat quam mordet.—The cowardly dog barks more violently than it bites.
Quintus Curtius. *7, 4, 13.*

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.—The traveller with empty pockets will sing before the robber. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 22.*

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus.—Let us sing on our journey as far as we go; the way will be less tedious.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 9, 64.*

Cantilenam eandem canis.—You sing the same old song. **Terence.** *Phormio, iii. 2, 10.*

Capias ad respondendum.—You may take him to answer your complaint. **Law.**

Capias ad satisfaciendum.—You may take him to satisfy your claim. **Law.**

Capiat qui capere possit.—Let him take who can take. **Pr.**

Capitis nives.—The snows of the head.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 13, 12.*

Captantes capti sumus.—We the captors are caught. **Pr.** (*From the Greek.*)

Captum te nidore suæ putat ille culinæ.—He thinks that you are caught by the savour of his kitchen. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 5, 162.*

Caput artis est decere quod facias.—The chief thing in an art is that what you do shall be befitting. **Cicero.** *De Oratore, 1, 29.*

Caput inter nubila condit.—[Fame] hides her head among the clouds.
Virgil. *Æn., 4, 177.*

Caput lupinum.—A wolf's head.
Law. *Applied to a felon or outlaw who on account of his crimes might be knocked on the head like a wolf.*

Caput mortuum.—A dead-head (a worthless person).

Caput mundi.—The head of the world. (*Applied to Rome.*)

Cara, valeto! Cara, vale, sed non æternum.—Dear one, farewell. Farewell, but not for ever. **Ancient epitaph.**

Carbone notare.—To mark with charcoal; to place a black mark against.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 7, 98.*

Caret initio et fine.—It wants beginning and ending.

Caret periculo, qui etiam cum est tutus cavet.—He is free from danger who, even when he is safe, is on his guard.
Publilius Syrus.

Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares; sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est.—Dear are our parents, dear are our children, our neighbours, our companions; but all the affections of all men are bound up in one native land.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 17.*

Caritate benevolentiaque sublata, omnis est e vita sublata jucunditas.—Take away affection and goodwill, and all the pleasure is taken away from life. **Cicero** (*adapted*).*

Carmen perpetuum primaque origine mundi
Ad tempora nostra.
—A song perpetual, and lasting from the first origin of the world to our own times.
Ovid (*transposed*). *Met., Book 1, l. 4.*

Carmen triumphale.—A triumphal song.

Carmina morte carent.—Songs have immunity from death.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 15, 32.*

Carmina nil prosunt; nocuerunt carmina quondam.—My songs are of no advantage to me; at one time my songs did me injury.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 4, 13, 41.*

Carmina . . . spreta exolescunt; si irascare, agnita videntur.—Spiteful songs die out; but if you grow enraged by them they seem to have secured acknowledgment.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 4, 34.*

Carmine Di placantur, carmine manes.—By song the gods are pleased, and by song the deities below.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 138.*

Carmine fit vivax virtus; expersque sepulcri,
Notitiam seræ posteritatis habet.
—By song virtue is filled with life; and, free of the grave, obtains the notice of late posterity. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 4, 8, 47.*

Carni vale.—Farewell to flesh.

Carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas.—Pluck the grapes hanging from the well-stocked vines (*i.e.* take advantage of plenty when you have the opportunity).
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 10, 55.*

Cassandræ quia non creditum, ruit Ilium.—Troy fell because Cassandra was not believed.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, 10, 4.*

Casta ad virum matrona parendo imperat.—A chaste matron rules her husband in obeying him. **Publilius Syrus.**

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* *See* "Sublata," p. 664*b*.

Casta est, quam nemo rogavit.—She is chaste whom no one has solicited.

Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 8, 43.*

Castigat ridendo mores.—He (*or* it) corrects manners by laughing.

Motto adopted by Paris "Opera Comique," said to be from Jean Baptiste de Santeul (1630–1677).

Castigo te non quod odio habeam, sed quod amem.—I chastise thee not because I have thee in hatred, but because I love thee.

Old flogging line.

Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem Pugnis.
—Castor delights in horses; he that was sprung from the same egg, in fights.

Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 1, 26.*

Castrant alios, ut libros suos, per se graciles, alieno adipe suffarciant.—They strip the books of others that they may stuff their own, meagre of themselves, with others' fat.

Jovius.

Casus belli.—A reason for, or occasion of, war. **Pr.**

Casus in eventu est.—The event is in course of completion.

Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 379.*

Casus omissus.—A case not provided for.

Law.

Casus quæstionis.—Loss of question; failure to maintain an argument. **Law.**

Casus quem sæpe transit, aliquando invenit. —Chance (or mischance) at some time discovers him whom it has frequently passed by.

Publilius Syrus.

Casus ubique valet; semper tibi pendeat hamus.
Quo minime credas gurgite, piscis erit.
—Opportunity is ever worth expecting; let your hook be ever hanging ready. The fish will be in the pool where you least imagine it to be. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 3, 425.*

Cato contra mundum.—Cato against the world.

Cato esse, quam videri bonus, malebat.—Cato preferred rather to be, than to seem, good. **Sallust.** *Catilina, 54.*

Cato mirari se aiebat, quod non rideret aruspex aruspicem cum vidisset.—Cato used to say that he wondered that one soothsayer did not laugh when he saw another.

Cicero. *De Divinatione, 2, 24.*

Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tangere plantas.—The cat loves fishes, but does not wish to dip its feet in the water. **Mediæval.**

A Portuguese proverb is to the same effect. *See* "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' Like the poor cat i' the adage."—*Shakespeare: "Macbeth."**

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* *See* Proverb: "The cat would eat fish," p. 841*b*.

Causa causans.—The causing cause (the first cause).

Causa latet: mala nostra patent.—The cause is hidden; but our woes are manifest.

Ovid. *Heroides, 21, 53.*

Causa latet, vis est notissima fontis.—The cause of the fountain is hidden, but the effect is very obvious.

Ovid. *Metam., Book 4, 287.*

Causa sine qua non.—An indispensable condition. **Pr.**

Cautionis est in re plus quam in persona.—There is more security in a thing than in a person. (Property is a better security than a personal undertaking.) **Law.**

Cautis pericla prodesse aliorum solent.—The dangers of others are wont to be profitable to the prudent. **Phædrus.**

Cautor captus est.—The wary man was caught. **Plautus.** *Capteivei, Act ii. 2, 6.*

Cautus enim metuit foveam lupis, accipiterque Suspectos laqueos, et opertum miluus hamum. —For the cautious wolf fears the pitfall, and the hawk the suspected snares, and the fish the hidden hook.

Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 16, 50.*

Cave a signatis.—Beware of marked men.

Pr.

Cave ab homine unius libri.—Beware of the man of one book. **Pr.**

Cave, adsum!—Beware, I am here.

Said to have been written on a photograph presented to Bismarck by the German Emperor, William II (then Prince William), in 1884.

Cave canem.—Beware of the dog.

Cave ne quid stulte, ne quid temere, dicas aut facias contra potentes.—Beware of saying or doing anything foolishly or rashly in opposition to powerful persons. **Cicero.**

Cave sis ne superare servum sinis faciendo bene.—Take care that you do not let your servant excel you in doing right.

Plautus. *Bacchides, Act iii. 2, 18.*

Cave tibi a cane muto et aqua silenti.—Have a care of a silent dog and still water.

Pr.

Caveat actor.—Let the doer beware.

Caveat emptor.—Let the buyer beware.

Cavendum est ne assentatoribus patefaciamus aures.—We must beware of giving ear to flatterers. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, Book 1, 26.*

Cavendum est ne major pœna quam culpa sit.—Care should be taken lest the punishment exceed the guilt.

Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 25.*

Cavendum ne fiat pro consilio convicium.—Beware lest clamour be taken for counsel.

Erasmus. *Senatulus.*

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ.*—Let arms yield to the civic gown, let the laurel give place to eloquence.
Cicero. *De Off., 1, 22.*

Cedant carminibus reges, regumque triumphi.—Let kings and the triumphs of kings yield before songs.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 15, 33.*

Cedat uti conviva satur.—Let him give up his place like a guest well-filled.†
Horace. *Sat., Book 1 1, 119.*

Cede Deo.—Yield to God.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 467.*

Cede repugnanti; cedendo victor abibis.—Yield to him who resists; by yielding you will depart victorious.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 2, 197.*

Cedere majori, virtutis fama secunda est.—To have given way to a greater man is the second reward of valour.
Martial. *De Spectaculis, 31.*

Cedit enim rerum novitate extrusa vetustas.—For antiquity gives place pushed out by newness of things.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 3, 977.*

Cedite, Romani scriptores; cedite, Graii!—Give place, ye Roman writers; give place, ye Greeks! **Propertius.** *Book 2, 34, 65.*

Cedunt grammatici; vincuntur rhetores; omnis
Turba tacet.
—The grammarians give way; the rhetoricians are vanquished; the whole multitude is silent. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 438.*

Censor morum.—Censor of morals.

Centum doctum hominum consilia sola hæc devincit dea
Fortuna.
—This goddess Fortune alone breaks down the counsels of a hundred learned men.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, Act ii.*

Centum puer artium.—Boy of a hundred tricks. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 1, 15.*

Centum solatia curæ
Et rus, et comites, et via longa dabunt.
—The country, companions, and the length of your journey will afford a hundred compensations for your toil.
Ovid. *Rem. Am., 242.*

Cepi corpus.—I have taken the body. **Law.**

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper.—Like wax to bend into vice, to advisers stiffly obstinate (applied to youth).
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 163.*

Certa amittimus dum incerta petimus.—We lose certainties whilst we seek uncertainties. **Plautus.** *Pseudolus, ii. 3, 19.*

Certe ignoratio futurorum malorum utilior est quam scientia.—Undoubtedly ignorance of future ills is a more useful thing than knowledge. **Cicero.** *De Div., 2, 9.*

Certiorari.—To be made more certain.
Law.

Term applied to a writ from a superior to an inferior court, commanding the certification or return of the records of a case depending before them.

Certis rebus certa signa præcurrunt.—Sure signs precede sure events.
Cicero. *De Div., 1, 52.*

Certum est quia impossibile est.—It is certain because it is impossible.*
Tertullian (*adapted*). *De Carne Christi, 5.*

Certum est quod certum reddi potest.—That is sure which can be made sure. **Coke.**

Cessante causa, cessat et effectus.—The cause having ceased, the effect ceases also.
Coke.

Cessio bonorum.—A surrender of goods.
Law (*Scottish*).

Cetera quis nescit?—Who does not know the rest? **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 5, 25.*

Ceteris major qui melior.—He is greater than others who is better. **Pr.**

Ceteris paribus.—Other things being equal (*i.e.* other things being unaffected).

Charta non erubescit.—A document does not blush. (*See* Epistola.) **Pr.**

Chius dominum emit.—The Chian buys himself a master; brings about his own servitude. **Pr.**

Christe eleison.—Christ have mercy.
Romish Breviary (*Greek Latinised*).

Christus bene cœpta secundet.—May Christ further things which are well begun.
Quoted by Erasmus, Fam. Coll

Cibi condimentum esse famem, potionis sitim.—Hunger is the best appetiser of food, and thirst of drink.
Cicero. *De Finibus, Book 2, 28.* (*Quoted by Cicero as a saying of Socrates.*)

Cicatrix conscientiæ pro vulnere est.—A scar on the conscience is the same as a wound.
Publilius Syrus.

Cineri gloria sera venit.—Glory comes late to our ashes. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 1, 26, 8.*

Circuitus verborum.—A round-about of words.

Circulus in probando.—A circle in proving (*i.e.* begging the question—an argument which ends where it begins).

Cita mors ruit.—Swift death rushes upon us.
Horace (*adapted from Sat. 1, 8*).

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* "Laudi" instead of "linguæ" is a reading preferred by many scholiasts. The line is presumably a quotation from an ancient poet.

† *See* "Cur non ut plenus," etc., p. 509*b*

* Credibile quia ineptum est.—It is believable because irrational.—*Tertullian. Ib.*

Cito rumpes arcum, semper si tensum habueris.—You will soon break the bow if you keep it always stretched.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book* 3, 14, 10.

Citius quam asparagi coquuntur.—Quicker than asparagus is cooked.
Proverb *much used by Cæsar Augustus.* (*Suetonius: Aug., cap. 87*).

Citius venit periculum cum contemnitur.—Danger comes more swiftly when it is despised.
Publilius Syrus.

Cives magistratibus pareant, magistratus legibus.—Let the citizens obey the magistrates, and the magistrates the laws. **Pr.**

Civis Romanus sum.—I am a Roman citizen.
Cicero. *In Verrem, Book 5, 57, 147. Stated by Cicero to be an ancient form of appeal which had often saved men from death and indignity in the utmost parts of the earth.*

Civitas ea autem in libertate est posita, quæ suis stat viribus, non ex alieno arbitrio pendet.—For that state is in freedom which stands in its own strength, and does not depend on foreign rule. **Livy.**

Clamorem ad sidera mittunt.—They send their shout to the stars.
Statius. *Thebais, 12, 521.*

Clamoribus populi arma poscentis refovebatur.—He was re-encouraged by the clamour of the people demanding war.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 3, 58.*

Clarior e tenebris.—Clearer from the darkness. **Motto.**[*]

Clarum et venerabile nomen.—A distinguished and venerable name.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 9, 203.*

Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.—Close the stream now, lads; the meadows have drunk enough.
Virgil. *Ecl. 3, 111.*

Clavam extorquere Herculi.—To wrest his club from Hercules. **Pr.**

Clavus clavo pellitur, consuetudo consuetudine vincitur.—A nail is driven out by another nail, habit is overcome by habit.
Erasmus. *Diluculum.* (*See* "*Consuetudo.*")

Clodius accuset mœchos, Catalina Cethegum.—Let Clodius (well known for immorality) accuse the adulterers, and Cataline Cethegus. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 2, 27.*

Cœlestûm vis magna jubet.—The great power of the heavenly beings ordains it.
Virgil. *Æneid, 7, 432.*

Cœlo tegitur qui non habet urnam.—He is covered by the heavens who has no sepulchral urn.[†] **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Book 7, 831.*

Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.—They who cross the seas, change their sky but not their disposition.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 11, 27.*

Cœlum undique, et undique pontus.—On all sides nothing but sky and sea.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 193, and 5, 9.*

Cœnæ fercula nostræ
Malim convivis quam placuisse cocis.
—I prefer that the courses at our banquet should give pleasure to the guests rather than to the cooks. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 9, 82.*

Cœpisti melius quam desinis; ultima primis
Cedunt; dissimiles hic vir, et ille puer.
—You began better than you end; the last is inferior to the first; the man of the present and the boy of the past are very different.
Ovid. *Heroides, Ep. 9, 23.*

Coetus dulces, valete!—Delightful gatherings, farewell!
Catullus (*adapted from 46, l. 8*).

Cogenda mens est ut incipiat.—In order that the mind may make a beginning, it must be forced. **Seneca.**

Cogere consilium, cum muros obsidet hostis.—To call a counsel when the enemy is under the very walls (*i.e.* when too late)
Virgil. *Æneid, 11, 304.*

Cogi qui potest nescit mori.—He who can be coerced knows not how to die.
Seneca. *Herc. Furens, Act ii. l. 426.*

Cogitatio nostra cœli munimenta perrumpit, nec contenta est, id, quod ostenditur, scire.—Our thoughts break through the defences of heaven, and are not satisfied to know that which is spread before our observation.
Seneca.

Cogitationis pœnam nemo patitur.—No one is punished for his thought.
Ulpian. *Ad Edictum, Book 3.*

Cogito; ergo sum.—I think; therefore I am. **Descartes.**
Princip. Philos., 1644 (*Amsterdam*).

Cognatio movit invidiam.—Relationship leads to ill-feeling.

Cognovit actionem.—He has admitted the action. **Law.**

Collige, virgo, rosas, dum flos novus et nova pubes,
Et memor esto ævum sic properare tuum.
—Bind, maiden, the roses, whilst the flower is fresh and you too are fresh in your youth, and remember that your lifetime is in like manner hastening to its end. **Ausonius.**

Colloquio jam tempus adest.—Now is the time for converse.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 607.*

Colubram sustulit
Sinuque fovet, contra se ipse misericors.
—He carried and nourished in his breast a snake, tender-hearted against his own interest.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 4, 18.*

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[*] *See* Cicero, *Pro Dejotaro*, 11, 30.

[†] *See* "He that unburied lies," p. 28*b*.

Comes atra premit sequiturque fugacem.—The black companion (care) presses upon and follows the man who flees from it.
Horace. *Sat., 2, 7, 116.*

Comes facundus (*or* jucundus) in via pro vehiculo est.—A well-spoken (or pleasant) companion on the way is as good as a carriage.
Publilius Syrus.

Comibus est oculis alliciendus amor.—Love is allured by gentle eyes.
Ovid. *Ars. Amat., Book 3, 51.*

Comitas inter gentes.—International comity.

Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato ;
Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.
—With a differing fate men commit the same crimes ; this man bears a cross as the reward of his villainy, this other man bears a diadem.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 104.*

Commodum ex injuria sua nemo habere debet.—No one ought to derive benefit from injury perpetrated by himself. **Law.**

Commune bonum.—The common good.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 5, 956.*

Commune naufragium omnibus est consolatio.—A common shipwreck is a consolation to all. **Pr.**

Commune periculum concordiam parit.—Common danger produces agreement. **Pr.**

Communi consensu.—By common consent.

Communi fit vitio naturæ, ut invisis, latitantibus atque incognitis rebus magis confidamus, vehementiusque exterreamur.—It happens by a common vice of nature that we trust most to, and are most seriously frightened at, things which are not seen, which are hidden away, and unknown.
Cæsar. *De Bell. Civ., 2, 4.*

Communia esse amicorum inter se omnia.—All things belonging to friends are common property. (Cited as "an old saying.")
Terence. *Adelphi, v. 3, 17. See Greek* (p. 473*b*).

Communis utilitas societatis maximum vinculum est.—The common advantage is the greatest bond of society. **Livy.**

Communiter negligitur quod communiter possidetur.—That which is possessed in common is commonly neglected.

Compendia dispendia.—A short cut is a loss of time.

Compendiaria res improbitas, virtus tarda.—Vice is summary, virtue is slow. **Pr.**

Compesce clamorem, ac sepulcri
Mitte supervacuos honores.
—Cease wailing, and dispense with the superfluous honours of the tomb.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 20.*

Compesce mentem.—Restrain your mind.
Horace. *Book 1, 16, 22.*

Componitur orbis.
Regis ad exemplum ; nec sic inflectere sensus
Humanos edicta valent, quam vita regentis.
—The world (or realm) is ordered by the example of the king ; nor do royal edicts appeal to the perceptions of men so much as the life of the ruler.
Claudian. *De Quarto Consul. Hon., l. 299.*

Compositum miraculi causa.—A matter trumped up for the sake of the marvellous.
Tacitus. *Annals, 11, 27.*

Compos mentis.—Sound of mind. (Compote mentis pectore.)
Tacitus. *Annals, 15, 76.*

Concilia enim non minuunt mala sed augent potius.—Councils do not lessen evils but rather increase them.*

Conciliat animos comitas affabilitasque sermonis.—Courtesy and affability of discourse conciliate the feelings. **Cicero.** *Off., 2, 14.*

Concordia discors.—A discordant agreement.
Horace. *Ep., Lib. 1, 12, 19 ; also* **Lucanus,** *Book 1, v. 98 ; also in* **Ovid.**

Concordia parvæ res crescunt, discordia maximæ dilabuntur.—By agreement small things grow, by discord the greatest go to pieces. **Sallust.** *Jugurtha, 10, 10.*

Conditio sine qua non.—A condition without which the matter cannot be. **Law.**

Condo et compono quæ mox depromere possim.—I put together and arrange the things which I shall be able soon to produce.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 12.*

Confessus in judicio pro judicato habetur.—One who has confessed in a trial is regarded as having been tried. **Law.**

Confirmat usum qui tollit abusum.—He confirms the use of a thing who abolishes its abuse. **Law.**

Confiteor, si quid prodest delicta fateri.—I confess my fault, if it is of any use to admit faults. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 2, 43.*

Conjugis ante oculos deceptæ stabit imago
Tristis.
—The sad form of your deceived wife shall stand before your eyes.
Ovid. *Heroides, 7, 69.*

Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.—She calls it wedlock, and covers over her fault with this name.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 172.*

Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia risit.—A mind conscious of right laughs at the falsehoods of rumour. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 4, 311.*

Conscientia rectæ voluntatis maxima consolatio est rerum incommodarum.—The consciousness of good intention is the greatest solace in misfortunes. **Cicero** *5 Epist., 4.*

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* Quoted by Bacon as the words of "a wise father" (Advertisement touching the controversies of the Church of England).

Consensus facit legem.—Agreement makes law.
Law.

Consensus facit matrimonium.—Consent makes marriage.
Law.

Consentientes et agentes pari pœna plectentur.[*]—Those who consent to the act and those who do it shall be punished equally.
Coke.

Consentire non videtur qui errat.—He is not deemed to give consent who is under a mistake.
Law.

Consilia firmiora sunt de divinis locis.—Counsel from divine sources comes with greater strength.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, Act v. 1, 55.*

Consilia qui dant prava cautis hominibus,
Et perdunt operam, et deridentur turpiter.
—Those who give base counsel to men of discretion, both lose their labour and get themselves shamefully laughed at.
Phædrus. *Fab., 1, 25.*

Consilio melius vincas quam iracundia.—You can achieve victory better by deliberation than by wrath.
Publilius Syrus.

Consilium ab omnibus datum est, periculum pauci sumsere.—Advice was forthcoming from all; few accepted the danger.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 3, 69.*

Consilium custodiet te.—Counsel shall guard thee.
Vulgate. *Prov., 2, 11.*

Consilium feminile nimis carum aut nimis vile.—Woman's counsel is either too dear or too cheap.
Albertano of Brescia. *Liber Consolationis. (Given as a common saying. See Chaucer, Melibeus, sec. 15.)*

Consilium Themistocleum est; existimat enim, qui mari teneat, eum necesse rerum potiri.—It is the opinion of Themistocles; for he considers that whoso can hold the sea has command of the situation.
Cicero. *Ep. ad Att., Book 10, 8.*

Constructio legis non facit injuriam.—The construction of the law does no injury.
Coke.

Consueta vitia ferimus, nova reprendimus.—We bear with accustomed vices, we reprove those that are new.
Publilius Syrus.

Consuetudine animus rursus te huc inducet.—Through habit your inclination will lead you into it again.
Plautus. *Mercator, v. 4, 41.*

Consuetudinem quasi altera natura effici.—Custom becomes, as it were, another nature.
Cicero. *De Fin., 5, 25.*

Consuetudinis magna vis est.—Great is the power of custom.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 2, 17.*

Consuetudo concinnat amorem.—Habit causes love.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 4, 1278.*

Consuetudo consuetudine vincitur.—Habit is overcome by habit.
Thomas Kempis. *Book 1, 21.*

Consuetudo est altera natura.—Custom is another nature.
Galenus. *De tuenda Valetudine, cap. 1.*

Consuetudo est optimus interpres legum.—Custom is the best interpreter of the laws.
Coke.

Consuetudo pro lege servatur.—Custom is held as law.
Law.

Consule de gemmis, de tincta murice lana,
Consule de facie corporibusque diem.
—Consult daylight as to gems, and as to wool dyed in purple, and consult it as to the face and the figure as well.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 250.*

Consummatum est.—It is finished.
Vulgate. *John 19, 30.*

Contemni est gravius stultitiæ quam percuti.—To be despised is worse to folly than to be chastised.
Pr.

Contemnuntur ii qui nec sibi, nec alteri prosunt, ut dicitur; in quibus nullus labor, nulla industria, nulla cura est.—They are despised who, as the saying goes, are no good to themselves or to anyone else; in whom there is no effort, no industry, no pains.
Cicero.

Contemporanea expositio est fortissima in lege.—An exposition contemporary with the statute or subject at issue, is specially weighty in law.
Law.

Contempsi gladium Catilinæ; non pertimescam tuos.—I have despised the sword of Catiline; I shall not dread yours.
Cicero. *Phil., 2, 46.*

Contendere durum est
Cum victore.
—It is a hard thing to contend with a conqueror.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 9, 42.*

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.—All were with one accord silent, and deeply attentive held their peace.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 1.*

Conticuisse nocet nunquam, nocet esse locutum.—To have kept silence never hurts; to have spoken is the hurtful thing.
See "Dixisse."

Contigimus portum quo mihi cursus erat.—We have reached the port whither my course was directed.
Ovid. *Rem. Am., l. 812.*

Continuo ferro culpam compesce, priusquam
Dira per incautum serpant contagia vulgus.
—Repress the mischief forthwith with cold steel before the dread contagion has spread throughout the reckless multitude.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 468.*

Contra bonos mores.—Contrary to good manners or usage.

Contra felicem vix deus vires habet.—Against a lucky man even a god scarcely has power.
Publilius Syrus.

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[*] *See* "Agentes," p. 487*a*.

Contra impudentem stulta est nimia ingenuitas.—Too much straightforwardness is foolish against a shameless person.
Publilius Syrus.

Contra malum mortis non est medicamen in hortis.—Against the evil of death there is no remedy in the gardens (*i.e.* there is no remedial herb).
Mediæval.

Contra negantem principia non est disputandum.—There is no arguing with one who denies first principles.
Law.

Contra verbosos noli contendere verbis ;
Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.
—Against the verbose abstain from contending in words ; power of speech is given to all, wisdom of mind to few.
Cato.

Contractata jure, contrario jure pereunt.—Things established by law are done away with by an opposite law.
Law.

Contraria contrariis curantur.—Contraries are cured by contraries.
Pr.

Contumeliam si dices, audies.—If you speak insults you will hear them also.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, iv. 7, 77.*

Conventio privatorum non potest publico juri derogare.—A private agreement cannot override the public law.
Coke.

Converso pollice.—With thumb turned up (the popular method of signifying the wish for the death of a defeated gladiator).
Prudentius (c. 400 A.D.) *Adv. Sym., l. 1098.**

Convivæ certe tui dicant, Bibamus, moriendum est.—Your companions may certainly say to you, " Let us drink, for we must all die."
Seneca.

Convivatoris uti ducis, ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.
—Untoward incidents are wont to bring to light the resource of a host, as of a leader, and favourable fortune wont to conceal it.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 8, 73.*

Copia verborum.—Abundance of words.

Cor et mentem colere nitimur.—We strive to improve the heart and the mind.
Motto *over a School at Marquise, France.*

Cor ne edito.—Do not eat your heart.
Founded on a saying of Pythagoras.

Cor nobile, cor immobile.—A heart noble is a heart unmovable.
Motto.

Coram non judice.—Before an unauthorised tribunal.
Law.

Coram rege sua de paupertate tacentes
Plus poscente ferent.
—Those who are silent before the king as to their poverty, will take away more than one who asks.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 17, 43.*

Coronat virtus cultores suos.—Virtue crowns her worshippers.
Pr.

Corpora lente augescunt, cito extinguuntur ; sic ingenia studiaque oppresseris facilius quam revocaveris.—Bodies grow quickly, but rapidly perish ; so you will more easily stamp out intelligence and learning, than recall them.
Tacitus. *Agricola, 3.*

Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrasse leoni :
Pugna suum finem, cum jacet hostis, habet.
—It is enough to the noble-minded lion to have brought his victims to the ground : the fight is finished when the enemy lies low.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 3, 5, 33.*

Corpori tantum indulgeas quantum bonæ valetudini satis est.—Indulge the body so much as is enough for good health.
Seneca. *Ep. 8.*

Corporis et fortunæ bonorum, ut initium, finis est. Omnia orta occidunt, et aucta senescunt.—To the chance of health and also of property, there is an end as there is a beginning. All things which rise, fall, and those which grow, grow old.
Sallust. *Jugurtha, 2, 3.*

Corpus delicti.—The body (*i.e.* the substance) of the offence.
Law.

Corpus eras sine pectore.—You were a body without a soul. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 4, 6.*

Corpus inanime.—A dead-alive body.

Corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una.
—The body, weighted by the excesses of yesterday, depresses the intellect at the same time.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 2, 77.*

Corpus valet sed ægrotat crumena.—The body is well, but the purse is sick.
Erasmus. *Fam. Coll.*

Corrumpunt mores bonos colloquia mala.—Evil communications corrupt good manners.
Vulgate. *1 Cor. 15, 33.*

Corrupti mores depravatique sunt admiratione divitiarum.—Manners become corrupted and depraved through admiration of wealth.
Cicero. *De Off., Book 2, 20.*

Corruptio optimi pessima.—The corruption of the best is the worst of corruptions. **Pr.**

Corruptissima republica plurimæ leges.—In a very corrupt state there are very many laws.
Tacitus. *Annals, 3, 27.*

Corvo quoque rarior albo.—Rarer even than a white raven.
Juvenal. *Sat. 7, 202.*

Corycæis plena sunt omnia.—All things are full of spies.
Quoted by Erasmus.

Cos ingeniorum.—Whetstone of wits.

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* Juvenal (*Sat.* 3, 36) uses the expression " verso pollice." " Vertere " or " convertere pollicem " was the sign of condemnation ; " premere " or " comprimere pollicem " (to press or press down the thumb) signified popular favour. To press down both thumbs (utroque pollice compresso) signified a desire to caress one who had fought well. (*See* Horace, Ep. 1, 18, 66.).

Cotem novacula præcidere.—To cut the whetstone with a razor.
Cicero. *De Div., 1, 17, 42. Proverbial expression.*

Crambe repetita.—Cabbage served up again.
Juvenal. *7, 154.*[*]

Cras credemus, hodie nihil.—To-morrow we will believe, to-day not at all.

Credat Judæus Apella, non ego.—Let Apella, the Jew, believe that; I cannot.
Horace. *Sat., Book 5, 100.*

Crede mihi bene qui latuit, bene vixit, et intra
Fortunam debet quisque manere suam.
—Believe me, he who has lived in obscurity has lived well, and everyone ought to live within his own lot in life.
Ovid. *Tristia., Book 3, 4, 25.*

Crede mihi; res est ingeniosa dare.—Believe me, it is a clever thing to know how to give. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 8, 62.*

Crede quod habes, et habes.—Believe that you have it, and you have it. **Pr.**

Credebant hoc grande nefas et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.
—They used to regard it as gross impiety and worthy to be expiated by death, if a young man did not rise at the presence of an elder.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 54.*

Credenti nulla procella nocet.—No storm hurts a man who believes.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 2, 11, 22.*

Credere nil sapiens amat, omnia credere simplex;
Scilicet hic aliis credulus, ille sibi.
—The wise man loves to believe nothing; the simple man to believe all things. The latter is credulous to others; the former to himself.
W. G. Cole. *Sent up as an Exercise at Rugby, 1853 or 1854, with the title "Credula simplicitas."*

Credite, posteri!—Believe it, posterity.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 19, 2.*

Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris.
—I imagine that in the reign of Saturn (the Golden Age) chastity lingered upon the earth.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 1.*

Credo quia absurdum.—I believe it because it is absurd. (R. Burton, *Anat. Melan.*, 1621, cites the saying as "Ideo credendum quod incredibile.") *Based upon Tertullian.*[†]

Credula res amor est.—Love is a credulous affair.
Ovid. *Heroides, 6, 21; Met., Book 7, 82.*

Credula vitam
Spes fovet, ac melius cras fore semper ait.
—Credulous hope is kind to our life, and ever tells us that to-morrow will be better than to-day. **Tibullus.** *Book 2, El. 7, 1.*

Credunt plerique militaribus ingeniis subtilitatem deesse.—Many believe that subtlety is wanting in military genius.
Tacitus. *Agricola, 9.*

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,
Majorumque fames.
—Care follows increasing wealth, and the desire for greater things.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 16, 17.*

Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.—The love of money grows as the money itself grows. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 14, 139.*

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops.—Self-indulging, the dreadful dropsy grows.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 2, 13.*

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama.
—Fame grows like a tree with hidden life.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 12, 45.*

Crescit scribendo scribendi studium.—The desire for writing grows with writing.
Erasmus.

Crescit sub pondere virtus.—Virtue grows under a burden. **Motto** *of Earl of Denbigh.*

Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota.—Let not a day so fair be without its white chalk mark.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 36, 10.*

Creta an carbone notandi?—To be marked with white chalk or charcoal? (*i.e.* good or bad). **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 3, 246.*

Cretizandum cum Crete.—We must be Cretans with the Cretans (*i.e.* liars with liars).
Pr.

Crimen læsæ majestatis.—The crime of high treason (*lit.* injured majesty). **Law.**[*]

Crimen quos inquinat æquat.—Crime equalises those whom it contaminates. **Pr.**

Crimina qui cernunt aliorum, non sua cernunt.
Hi sapiunt aliis, desipiuntque sibi.
—Those who detect the faults of others, do not detect their own. These are wise on others' behalf, and foolish on their own.

Crimine ab uno
Disce omnes.
—From one example of their villainy judge them all. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 65.*

Cruci dum spiro fido.—While I breathe I trust in the cross. **Motto.**

Crudelem medicum intemperans æger facit.
—An unruly patient makes a harsh physician.
Publilius Syrus.

Crudelis est in re adversa objurgatio.—Blame in ill-fortune is cruel.
Publilius Syrus.

Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.
—Everywhere cruel lamentation, everywhere consternation, and death in very numerous shapes. **Virgil.** *Æneid, Book 2, 369.*

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[*] *See* Greek Proverb, p. 470a.
[†] *See* "Certum est," p. 502b.

[*] *See* "Læsæ majestatis," p. 563b.

Crudelitas vestra gloria est nostra.—Your cruelty is our glory.
Tertullian. *Ad Scapulam, 4.*

Crux criticorum.—The difficulty of the critics.

Crux medicorum.—The difficulty of the physicians? **Pr.**

Cui bono?*—For whose advantage?
(*Quoted as a maxim of Lucius Cassius, whose expression was "Cui bono fuerit?"*)
Cicero. *Pro Milone 12.*

Cui des videto.—See (*i.e.* be careful) to whom you give. **Dion Cato.** *Brev. Sent. 23.*

Cui famulatur maximus orbis,
Diva potens rerum, domitrixque pecunia fati.
—Money, to whom the great world is servant, the potent goddess of mortal affairs, and the controller of fate.

Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
—He who has chosen a subject according to his power, will want neither suitable language nor lucid arrangement.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 40.*

Cui licet quod majus, non debet quod minus est non licere.—When a greater right belongs to a man, the lesser right ought to be included. **Law.**

Cui malo?—To whose hurt is it?

Cui malus est nemo, quis bonus esse potest?
—To whom no one seems bad, can anyone appear good? **Martial.** *12, 82.*

Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
—To him of diviner mind and whose lips can utter great things, you may give the honour of this name (of poet).
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 43.*

Cui non conveniat sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit, subvertet, si minor, uret.
—As at times a shoe, if larger than the foot, will cause its owner to fall, if too small, will gall him, so is it with him whose business is not in accordance with his inclination.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 10, 42.*

Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio sors.—When another's lot is what a man fancies, his own is certain to be a cause of dislike to him. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 14, 11.*

Cui placet, obliviscitur; cui dolet, meminit.
—He who is pleased, forgets his cause of pleasure; he who is grieved remembers his cause of grief. **Pr.**

Cui plus licet quam par est, plus vult quam licet.—He to whom more is allowed than is reasonable, desires more than is allowable. **Publilius Syrus.**

Cui prodest scelus, is facit.—He has done the crime to whom it was of advantage.
Seneca.

Cuicunque aliquis quid concedit, concedere videtur et id, sine quo res ipsa esse non potest.
—He who grants anything to another person, is supposed also to grant that without which the thing itself cannot exist. **Law.**

Cuique suum.—To each one his own.

Cuivis dolori remedium est patientia.—Patience is a remedy for every suffering.
Publilius Syrus.

Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad coelum.
—He who has the soil owns the property up to the very sky. **Law.**

Cujus vita despicitur, restat ut ejus prædicatio contemnatur.—When a man's life is despicable, it follows that his preaching also is despised. **St. Gregory.**

Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver.—To what vulture shall this carcase be given?
Martial. *Epig. 6, 62.*

Cujuslibet rei simulator atque dissimulator.
—Both a pretender and a dissembler in any matter. **Sallust.** *Catilina, 5, 4.*

Cujusvis hominis est errare; nullius nisi insipientis in errore perseverare.—It is the nature of every man to err, but of none but a fool to persevere in error.*
Cicero. *Phil., 12, 2.*

Culpa sua damnum sentiens, non intelligitur damnum pati.—He who sustains a loss by his own fault is not considered to have suffered any damage. **Law.**

Culpam pœna premit comes.—Punishment is a close attendant on guilt.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 5, 24.*

Cum corpore et una
Crescere sentimus; pariterque senescere
mentem.
—We feel the mind growing with the body, and equally aging with it.
Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., 3, 446.*

Cum duplicantur lateres, venit Moses.—When the tale of bricks is doubled, then comes Moses. **Mediæval Pr.**

Cum feriant unum, non unum fulmina terrent.—When the thunderbolts strike one man, it is not one man only whom they fill with terror.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 3, 2, 9.*

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* There was an ancient Roman lawyer, of great fame in the history of Roman jurisprudence, whom they called Cui Bono, from his having first introduced into judicial proceedings the argument, "What end or object could the party have had in the act with which he is accused?"—*Burke: Impeachment of Warren Hastings, 1794.*

* Humanum fuit errare, diabolicum est per animositatem in errore manere.—It was human to err; it is devilish to remain in error by wilfulness.—*St. Augustine: Sermon, 164, 14.*

Cum fortuna manet, vultum servatis, amici;
Cum cedit, turpi vertitis ora fuga.
—Whilst fortune lasts, friends, you countenance; when she breaks down, you turn away your faces in base flight.
Petronius Arbiter.

Cum frueris felix quæ sunt adversa caveto.—When you are fortunate beware of adversity.
Cato.

Cum grano salis.—With a grain of salt.
Pr. *See "Addito," etc.*

Cum moritur dives concurrunt undique cives;
Pauperis ad funus vix est e millibus unus.
—When a rich man dies the citizens gather from all parts, but at a poor man's funeral there is scarcely one man present out of thousands.
Mediæval.

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.—With many other matters which it would now be tedious to write about fully.
Pr. (*A hexameter.*)

Cum pare contendere, anceps est; cum superiore, furiosum; cum inferiore, sordidum.—To strive with an equal is a doubtful thing to do; with a superior, a mad thing; with an inferior, a vulgar thing.
Seneca. *De Ira, 2, 34, 1.* (*Quoted by Chaucer, Melibeus, sec. 46.*)

Cum sol non solito lumine riserit.—When the sun smiled with unaccustomed light.
Matthew Casimir Sarbieirus (*b. 1595; d. 1645*), *Book 1, Ode 2.*

Cum surges abitura domum, surgemus et omnes.—When you rise to go home we also will all rise to go.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 4, 55.*

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.—Let him, with his tablets, assume the disposition of an honest critic (or satirist).
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 110.*

Cum tacent clamant.—When they hold their tongues they cry out (*i.e.* their silence is eloquent). **Cicero.** *In Catilinam, 1, 8.*

Cum ventis litigare.—To strive with the winds. **Petronius Arbiter.** *83.*

Cum vitia prosunt, peccat qui recte facit.—When evil is advantageous he errs who does rightly. **Publilius Syrus.**

Cuncta in cineres gravis intulit hora
Hostilisque dies; nobis meminisse relictum.
—The grievous hour and the hostile day have brought all to ashes; to have remembered was left to us. **Statius.** *Sylvarum, Bk. 2, 1, 54.*

Cunctando restituit rem.—He restored matters by delay. (Applied to Fabius, surnamed Cunctator.)
Ennius. (*As cited by Cicero, De Sen., 4.*)

Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.—Let all be present and expect the rewards of the deserved palm-branch.
Virgil. *Æneid, Book 5, 70.*

Cunctis potest accidere quod cuivis potest.—That may happen to all which can happen to one. **Publilius Syrus.**

Cunctis servatorem liberatoremque acclamantibus.—All hailing him as saviour and deliverer. **Livy.** *34, 50.*

Cupias non placuisse nimis.—Desire not to have pleased over much. **Martial.**

Cupidine humani ingenii, libentius obscura creduntur.—By the eagerness of the human mind things which are obscure are more easily believed. **Tacitus.** *Hist., 1, 22.*

Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior est.—The desire to rule is more vehement than all the passions.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 15, 53.*

Cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?—Why does trembling seize the limbs before the trumpet sound? **Virgil.** *Æneid 11, 424.*

Cur in theatrum Cato severe venisti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?
—Why, severe Cato, did you come to the theatre? Did you only come then that you might go away? (On Cato having left the theatre on the occasion of the licentious Floralia.) **Martial.** *Epig., Book 1, 1, 3.*

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?—Why do you exhaust me with your complaints?
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 7, 1.*

Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?—Why, perversely modest, do I prefer to be ignorant rather than to learn?
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 88.*

Cur non, ut plenus vitæ conviva, recedis,
Æquo animoque capis securam, stulte, quietem?
—Fool, why do you not, like a guest satiated with life, retire, and with calm mind take your perfect rest?
Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., 3, 951.*

Cura ducum fuerant olim regumque poetæ.—Poets were formerly the care of leaders and kings. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 3, 405.*

Cura pii dis sunt, et qui coluere coluntur.—The pious are the care of the gods, and those who have honoured the gods are honoured.
Ovid. *Met., Book 8, 725.*

Cura ut exacte scribas, potius quam multa.—Be careful that you write accurately rather than much. **Erasmus.** *Philodoxus.*

Cura ut valeas.—Be careful of your health.
Cicero. *Ep. 7, 5* (*et passim*).

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.—Light troubles speak; immense troubles are silent. **Seneca.** *Hipp., Act ii., sc. 3, l. 607.*

Curatio funeris, conditio sepulturæ, pompa exsequiarum, magis sunt vivorum solatia, quam subsidia mortuorum.—The care of funeral, the manner of burial, the pomp of obsequies are rather a consolation to the living than of any service to the dead.
St. Augustine. *Civitas Dei, 1, 12.*

Curia advisare vult.—The court desires to consider. **Law.**

Curia pauperibus clausa est; dat census honores.—The Senate-house is closed to the poor; fortune gives honours.
Ovid. *Amorum, 3, 3, 55.*

Curiosa felicitas.—A careful happiness of style. **Petronius Arbiter.** *118, 5.*

Curiosis fabricavit inferos.—He fashioned hell for the inquisitive.
St. Augustine. (*Adapted.*)[*]

Curiosus nemo est quin sit malevolus.—There is no inquisitive person who is not also ill-natured. **Plautus.** *Stichus, Act ii. 1.*

Currente calamo.—With a flowing pen. **Pr.**

Currenti calcar addere.—To spur one who is running. **Pr.**

Curva trahit mites, pars pungit acuta rebelles.—The curved end draws the docile, the sharp end repels the unruly.
Old inscription on crosiers.

Curva trahit, quos virga regit, pars ultima pungit.—The curved part draws those whom the rod rules, and the end repels. *Id.*

Custos morum.—The guardian of morals.

Cutis vulpina consuenda est cum cute leonis.—The fox's skin should be sewn with that of the lion; cunning and strength should go together. **Pr.** *See under Miscellaneous.*

Da fidei, quæ fidei sunt.—Give to faith the things which belong to faith.
Francis Bacon. *Advancement of Learning, Book 2.*

Da juranti veniam.—Pardon the swearer; forgive the oath. **Pr.**

Da locum melioribus.—Give place to your betters. **Terence.** *Phormio, iii. 2, 37.*

Da mihi castra sequi.—Give me a life of war. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Book 2, 348.*

Da mihi hodiernum, tu sume crastinum.—Give me to-day, and take you to-morrow.
Maxim condemned by St. Chrysostom.

Da mihi mutuum testimonium.—Give me your testimony in exchange for mine.
Cicero.

Da mihi polentam et aquam et cum Jove ipso de felicitate contenderim.—Give me barley meal and water and I will rival Jove himself in happiness.
Saying of Epicurus. (*Quoted in similar words by Seneca, Epist., 110.*)

Da, precor, ingenio præmia digna meo.—Give, I pray, rewards worthy of my ability.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 3, 11, 50.*

Da spatium, tenuem moram; mala cuncta ministrat
Impetus.
—Allow time and moderate delay; haste administers all things badly.
Statius. *Thebaidos, Book 10, 704.*

Da spatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos.—Give us length of life, O Jupiter, give us many years. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 188.*

Da veniam culpæ.—Pardon the fault.
Ovid. *Heroides, 7, 105.*

Da veniam lacrymis.—Pardon these tears. **Pr.**

Dabit Deus his quoque finem.—To these also God will give an ending.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 199.*

Damna minus consueta movent.—Losses to which we are accustomed affect us less. **Pr.**

Damnant quod non intelligunt.—They condemn what they do not understand.
Quintilian. *10, 1, 26.*

Damnosa hereditas.—A ruinous inheritance.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?—What is there that injurious time does not lessen? **Pr.**

Damnum absque injuria.—Loss without [illegal] injury. **Law.**

Damnum appellandum est cum mala fama lucrum.—Gain accompanied by ill report may be called loss. **Publilius Syrus.**

Dantur opes nulli nunc nisi divitibus.—Power is nowadays given to none but the rich. **Martial.**

Dapes inemptas apparet.—He brings out dainties unbought (*i.e.* the produce of his own land). **Horace.** *Epod., 2, 48.*

Dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis.
—The lyre is welcome at the feasts of supreme Jupiter. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 22, 13.*

Dare fatis vela.—To give the sails to fate; to sail where fate directs.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 9.*

Dat Clemens hiemem; dat Petrus ver cathedratus;
Æstuat Urbanus; autumnat Bartholomæus.
—Clement (Nov. 23) gives the winter; Peter of the Chair (Feb. 22) gives the spring; Urban (May 25) brings summer; Bartholomew (Aug. 24) the autumn.
W. Lindewood (*d. 1446*).

Dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi.—God gives short horns to the savage ox. **Pr.**

Dat enim Dominus ibi benedictionem suam, ubi vasa vacua invenerit.—For the Lord gives his blessing even where he has found empty vessels.
Thomas Kempis. *De Imit. Christi, Book 4, 15, 3.*

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[*] Founded on Book 11, ch. 12, of the *Confessions*, where Augustine quotes an unnamed person as having jokingly used a similar expression, "Alta, inquit, scrutantibus gehennas parabat." (God prepared hell, he said, for those who are inquisitive about high things.)

Dat sæpe Deus in uno brevi momento, quod longo negavit tempore.—For God often gives in one brief moment that which he has for a long time denied.
Thomas Kempis. *De Imit. Christi, Book 4, 15, 1.*

Dat inania verba,
Dat sine mente sonum.
—He utters empty words, he utters sound without mind. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 639.*

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.—He pardons the ravens, but storms at the doves. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 2, 63.*

Data fata secutus.—Following the fate assigned to him. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 382.*

Data tempore prosunt
Et data non apto tempore vina nocent.
—Given at the proper time wine is good, but given at an unfitting time it is injurious.
Ovid. *Rem. Am., 132.*

Date et dabitur vobis.—Give, and it shall be given to you. **Vulgate.** *St. Luke 6, 38.*

Date obolum Belisario.—Give an obolus (= about 1½*d.*) to Belisarius (a general reduced to beggary).

Datur ignis, tametsi ab inimicis petas.—Fire is given even though you ask it from enemies. (This refers to the superstition that it was unlucky to refuse fire.)
Plautus. *Trinummus, iii. 2, 53.*

Davus sum, non Œdipus.—I am plain Davus, not Œdipus (the solver of riddles).
Terence. *Andria, i. 2, 23.*

De alieno corio liberalis.—Liberal with another man's leather. **Pr.**

De asini umbra disceptare.—To dispute about an ass's shadow. **Pr.**

De calceo sollicitus, et pedem nihil curans.—Anxious about the shoe, and caring nothing about the foot. **Pr.**

De die in diem.—From day to day.

De duobus malis, minus est semper eligendum.—Of two evils the lesser is always to be chosen.
Thomas Kempis. *De Imit. Christi, Book 3, 12, 2.*

De facto.—In point of fact; by right of the fact.

De fumo disceptare.—To dispute about smoke. **Pr.**

De gustibus non disputandum.—There is no disputing about tastes. **Pr.**

De heretico comburendo.—Title of writ against a convicted heretic, who could thereupon be burnt. **Law.**

De hoc multi multa, omnes aliquid, nemo satis.—Concerning this many have said much, all something, no one enough. **Pr.**

De inimico non loquaris male, sed cogites.—Do not speak ill of an enemy, but think it.
Publilius Syrus.

De jure.—By right; by law.

De lana caprina.—About goats' wool (*i.e.* a worthless subject).
Pr. (*Horace. Ep., 1, 18, 15; et al.*)

De male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius heres.—That which is ill-gotten a third heir hardly ever enjoys.*
Apparently a proverbial saying; quoted in Walsingham's "Historia Anglicana" (c. 1422). See also Ovid, Amores, 1, 10, 48.—"Non habet eventus sordida præda bonos" (Evil booty does not bring good luck).

De medietate linguæ.—Of a moiety of languages. (Said of a jury or tribunal half-composed of foreigners.) **Law.**

De minimis non curat lex.—The law does not concern itself about trifles.† **Law.**

De missa ad mensem.—From the mass to the table.
Rabelais ("Pantagruel," Book 3, ch. 15) calls this "a proverb of the cloister," referring to the alleged gluttony and idleness of monks.

De morte hominis nulla est cunctatio longa.—No delay (in law) is long concerning the (decision as to the) death of a man. **Law.**

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.—Of the dead nothing but what is good. **Pr.**
According to Plutarch it was a law of Solon that men must not speak ill of the dead.—Vide "Life of Solon."—See Greek, p. 479b.

De motu proprio.—Of one's own motion (spontaneously). **Pr.**

De multis grandis acervus erit.—Out of many things a great heap will be formed.
Ovid. *Rem. Am., 424.*

De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.—From nothing nothing can proceed, and nothing can be reduced into nothing.
Persius. *Sat. 3, 84.*

De non apparentibus et non existentibus est eadem ratio.—As to things which do not appear, the conclusion is the same as to things which do not exist. **Coke.**

De omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis.—About everything knowable and certain other things.
Giovanni Pico, *Duke of Mirandola (1463–94).*

De profundis.—From the depths.
Vulgate. *Ps. 129.*

De propaganda fide.—For propagating the faith.

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* *See* under Proverbs: "Ill-got, ill-spent."

† Cicero in *De Nat. Deorum* says: "Nec in regnis quidem reges omnia minima curant." *See also* "Magna dii curant," p. 570*a*.

De publico est elatus.—He was buried at the public cost. **Livy.** *28, 28.*

Dea certe.—Oh! a goddess without a doubt. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 328.*

Debemur morti nos nostraque.—We and our works are a debt due to death.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 63.*

Debetis velle quæ velimus.—You ought to wish as we wish.
Plautus. *Amphitruo, Prol. 39.*

Deceptum risi, qui se simulabat amare;
In laqueos anceps decideratque suos.
—I have laughed at the mistaken man who made a pretence that he was in love; and the fowler has fallen into his own snares.
Ovid. *Rem. Am., 501.*

Decet affectus animi neque se nimium erigere nec subjicere serviliter.—The passions of the mind should be neither over-elated nor abjectly depressed. **Cicero.**

Decet imperatorem stantem mori.—It becomes an emperor to die standing (*i.e.* "in harness").
Vespasian. (*Suetonius: Vesp. Aug., 24.*)

Decet verecundum esse adolescentem.—It becomes a young man to be modest.
Plautus. *Asinaria, Act v. 1, 6.*

Decies repetita placebit.—Ten times repeated it will please.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 365.*

Decipies alios verbis vultuque benigno,
Nam mihi jam notus dissimulator eris.
—You may take in others with your words and your pleasing countenance, for to me you are already known as a deceiver.
Martial. *Epig., Book 4, 89, 9.*

Decipimur specie recti.—We are deceived by the appearance of right.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 25.*

Decori decus addit avito.—He adds honour to ancestral honour. **Pr.**

Decorum ab honesto non potest separari.—What is right cannot be separated from what is glorious.
Cicero. (*Adapted from De Off., 1, 27.*)

Dedecet philosophum abjicere mentem.—It ill becomes a philosopher to be cast down in mind. **Cicero.**

Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus.—He (the husband) will be the last to know of the dishonour of his house.
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 342.*

Dediscit animus sero qui didicit diu.—The mind is slow in unlearning what it has been long in learning. **Seneca.** *Troades, 631.*

Dedit hoc providentia hominibus munus, ut honesta magis juvarent.—Providence has given to men this gift that things which are honest are also the most advantageous.
Quintilian. *Inst. Orat., 1, 12.*

Defectio virium adolescentiæ vitiis efficitur sæpius quam senectutis.—Decay of strength is oftener effected by the faults of youth than of age. **Cicero.** *De Senect., 9, 29.*

Defendit numerus junctæque umbone phalanges.—Number is their defence, and their battle array ranged as a shield.
Juvenal. *Sat. 2, 46.* (*See "Deperdit."*)

Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.
—I (*i.e.* my writings) shall be consigned to that part of the town where they sell incense, and scents, and pepper, and whatever is wrapped up in worthless paper.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 269.*

Defleri magis, quam defendi possunt.—These things are to be lamented rather than to be defended. **Tacitus.** *Annals, 1, 58.*

Deformius, Afer,
Omnino nihil est ardelione sene.
—There is nothing in the world, Afer, more unseemly than an aged busybody.
Martial. *Epig., Book 4, 79.*

Degeneres animos timor arguit.—Fear argues ignoble minds.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 13.*

Delatores, genus hominum publico exitio repertum.—Informers, a class of men invented to be the public ruin.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 4, 30.*

Delegata potestas non potest delegari.—Power delegated cannot be further delegated.
Coke.

Delegatus non potest delegare.—The delegate cannot delegate. **Law.**
Quoted in this form by Burke: Imp. of Hastings, 1794.

Delenda est Carthago.—Carthage must be destroyed.[*] **Cato Major.**

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.
Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.
—From henceforth I blot all women out of my mind. I am sick of these everyday beauties. **Terence.** *Eunuch., 2, 3, 5.*

Delere licebit
Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti.
—It will be practicable to blot written words which you do not publish; but the spoken word it is not possible to recall.[†]
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 389.*

Deliberando sæpe perit occasio.—Opportunity is often lost by pausing. **Pr.**

Deliberandum est diu quod statuendum est semel.—That which is to be established once for all should be considered long.
Publilius Syrus.

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[*] He (Cato) never gave his opinion in the Senate upon any other point whatever, without adding these words, "And, in my opinion Carthage should be destroyed."—*Plutarch: Life of Cato the Censor.*

[†] *See* "Litera scripta manet," p. 567*a*.

Deliberare utilia mora est tutissima.—It is the safest of delay to deliberate about things which are useful. **Publilius Syrus.**

Deliberat Roma, perit Saguntum.—Rome deliberates, Saguntum perishes.
Pr. *Founded on Livy, 21, 7.*

Deliciæ illepidæ atque inelegantes.—Ungraceful and inelegant pleasures.
Catullus. (*Adapted from Carm. 6, 1 and 2.*)

Deliciæ populi, quæ fuerant domini.—What had been the delights of the lord are now the delights of the people. (Spoken of land given to the public use.)
Martial. *De Spectaculis, 2, 12.*

Deligas tantum quem diligas.—Choose such a man as you can love. **Pr.**

Deliramenta doctrinæ.—The mad delusions of learning. **Pr.**

Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.—Kings go mad, the Greeks suffer.
Horace. *Epist., Book 1, 2, 14.*

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.—He paints a dolphin in the woods, a boar in the waves. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 30.*

Demens
Judicio vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo.
—Mad in the judgment of the mob, sane, perhaps, in yours. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 6, 97.*

Demon te nunquam otiosum inveniat.—Let the devil never find thee unemployed.
Jerome.

Dens Theonina.—A calumniating disposition.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 82.* (*Theon was a satirical poet.*)

Deo favente.—God favouring.

Deo gratias.—Thanks to God.

Deo ignoto.—To the unknown God. (**"Ignoto Deo"** in Vulgate. Acts 17, 23.)

Deo juvante.—God helping.
Erasmus (*et al.*).

Deo optimo maximo.—To God the best and greatest. **Inscription** *on Monuments, etc.*

Deo volente.—God willing.

Deos absentes testes memoras ?—Do you remember that the gods, though absent, are witnesses ? **Plautus.** *Mercator.*

Deperdit numerus.—The number (of his friends) was fatal to him.
The maxim of the wise, according to C. C. Cotton ("Lacon."), as opposed to "Defendit numerus" (q.v.), "the maxim of the foolish."

Deprendi miserum est.—It is grievous to be caught. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 2, 134.*

Depressus extollor.—Having been brought low, I am raised up. **Motto.**

Derisuri non spectaturi sedent.—They take their seats intending to scoff and not to look on. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 5, 5, 26.*

Derivativa potestas non potest esse major primitiva.—Power delegated cannot exceed that which was its origin. **Law.**

Desiderantem quod satis est, neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare, . . .
Non verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax.
—Him, who desires what is enough, neither the raging sea disturbs, nor the vineyards smitten with hail, nor a disappointing farm.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 1, 25.*

Designatio unius est exclusio alterius.—The specifying of the one implies the exclusion of the other. **Coke.**

Desine fata Deum flecti sperare precando.—Cease to hope that the gods' decrees are to be changed by prayer. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 376.*

Desine jam tandem, precibusque inflectere nostris.—O give way at length, and yield to our prayers. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 12, 800.*

Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.—A beautiful woman in the upper part of the body, she ends as a fish.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 5.*

Desperatio facit monachum. — Despair makes the monk.
Quoted as a saying by Burton : Anat. Melan.

Destitutis ventis remos adhibe.—When the winds fail, take to the oars. **Pr.**

Desunt cætera.—The remainder is wanting. **Pr.**

Desunt inopiæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.—Poverty wants many things, avarice all things. **Pr.**

Desunt nonnulla.—Some portions are wanting. **Pr.**

Deteriores omnes sumus licentia.—We are all made the worse by licence.
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, iii. 1, 74.*

Detur digniori.—Let it be given to the more worthy. **Pr.**

Detur dignissimo.—Let it be given to the most worthy. **Pr.**

Detur pulchriori.—Let it be given to the more beautiful.
Inscription *on the apple of discord.*

Deum cole, regem serva.—Reverence God, serve the king. **Motto.**

Deum colit qui novit.—He who has known God reverences him. **Seneca.** *Ep., 95.*

Deus avertat.—God forbid.

Deus det [nobis pacem].—May God give [us peace].* *Ancient form of grace after meat.*

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* *See* Rabelais, *Pantagruel* (1533), ch. 16: "Il sceut toutes les rues comme son Deus det." (He knew all the streets like his "Deus det.")

Deus est mortali juvare mortalem, et hæc ad æternam gloriam via.—It is godlike for mortal to assist mortal; and this is the way to eternal glory. **Pliny the Elder.**

Deus ex machina.—A god from some artificial or mechanical contrivance.*

Deus hæc fortasse benigna
Reducet in sedem vice.
—God perchance will by a happy change restore these things to a settled condition.
Horace. *Ep., 13, 7.*

Deus id vult.—God wills it.
Crusaders' War Cry before Jerusalem.

Deus misereatur nobis.—God be merciful to us. **Vulgate.** *Ps. 67, 1.*

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.—God has made this repose for us. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 1, 6.*

Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori.—God be merciful to me a sinner.
Vulgate. *St. Luke 18, 13.*

Deus scitur melius nesciendo.—God is best known in not knowing Him.†
St. Augustine. *De Ordine, 2, 16.*

Dextra mihi Deus.—My right hand is to me as a god. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 773.*

Dextro tempore.—At a lucky time.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 1, 18.*

Dextrum Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis.—Scylla is on the right hand side, and inappeasable Charybdis on the left.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 420.*

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.
—The gods have done well, and have made me of a poor and feeble mind in everything, and one who speaks seldom and very few words. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 4, 17.*

Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ.—May the Gods grant that this may be the highest point of your glory (*i.e.* the end of your achievements).
Ovid. *Heroides, Ep., 2, 66. (Quoted in Shakespeare's "Henry VI," Part 3, Act i. 3.)*

Di faciles, peccasse semel concedite tuto:
Id satis est. Pœnam culpa secunda ferat.
—Indulgent gods, grant me to sin once with impunity. That is sufficient. Let a second offence bear its punishment.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 2, 14, 43.*

Di immortales! homini homo quid præstat!
stulto intelligens
Quid interest! —Immortal gods! how one man excels another man! What a difference there is between a clever man and a fool!
Terence. *Eunuchus, ii. 2, 1.*

Di nos quasi pilas homines habent.—The gods treat us men like balls.
Plautus. *Capteivei, Prol., 22.*

Di, talem terris avertite pestem.—Ye gods, avert such a scourge from the earth.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 620.*

Di tibi, Demea, omnes semper omnia optata adferant.—May all the gods, Demea, always give you all things that you desire.
Terence. *Adelphi, v. 19, 21.*

Di tibi dent annos! a te nam cætera sumes;
Sint modo virtuti tempora longa tuæ.
—The gods give thee years! for you will derive from yourself all else you need; only may there be length of time given to your virtue.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 2, 1, 54.*

Di tibi omnes id, quod es dignus, duint.
—May all the gods give you that [misfortune], since you deserve it.
Terence. *Phormio, iii. 2, 34.*

Diaboli virtus in lumbis est.—The virtue of the devil is in the loins.
St. Jerome. *Contra Jovimen, 2, 1, 2 (p. 72, ed. Basle,* 1537).

Dic mihi, cras istud, Postume, quando venit?—Tell me, Postumus, when does that to-morrow of yours come?
Martial. *Epig., Book 5, 59.*

Dic mihi quod feci, nisi non sapienter amavi.
—Tell me what have I done, except that I have loved not wisely. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 2, 27.*

Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris.—Tell me, if you were turned into a lion, what sort of one would you be? **Martial.**

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio.
—I will speak something notable, new, and hitherto unsaid by any other mouth.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 25, 7.*

Dicenda tacenda locutus.—Saying things which should be said, and things on which silence should be kept.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 7, 72.*

Dicenda tacendaque calles.—You are skilled in knowing what to say and what not to say.
Persius. *Sat. 4, 5.*

Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit amor.—What I was ashamed to say, love has bidden me write. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 4, 10.*

Dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.
—Before he is dead and buried no one ought to be called happy.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 3, 136.*

Dicite, pontifices, in sacro quid facit aurum?
—Say, ye priests, what does gold do in the sacred place (*i.e.* in the temple)?
Persius. *Sat. 2, 69.*

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* *See* Greek proverb (p. 472*b*).

† "Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him; and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach."—*Hooker: Ecclesiastical Polity,* Book 1, ch. 2, 3.

Dico tibi verum, libertas optima rerum;
Nunquam servili sub nexa vivito fili.
—I tell you true, liberty is the best of all things; never live beneath the noose of a servile halter.
Mediæval Pr. *Used by Sir Wm. Wallace (1270 ?–1305).*

Dicta docta pro datis.—Smooth words in place of gifts. **Plautus.** *Asinaria, Act iii.*

Dicta et facta.—Said and accomplished (*i.e.* done as soon as said). **Terence.** *Eunuchus, v. 4, 19.*

Dicta fides sequitur.—Trust follows his words. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 6, 55.*

Dicta tibi est lex.—The law is laid down to you. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 2, 18.*

Dictis facta suppetant.—Let deeds correspond with words. **Plautus.** *Pseudolus, Act i. 1.*

Dictum de dicto.—A report founded on a report.

Dictum sapienti sat est.—A word to the wise is sufficient.* **Plautus.** *Persa iv. 7, 19 (see "Verbum sapienti").*

Dies artificialis.—A day consisting of from sunrise to sunset. **Law.** *Coke on Littleton.*

Dies datus.—A day appointed. **Law.**

Dies diem docet.—Day teaches day. **Pr.** *See "Discipulus."*

Dies dolorem minuit.—Day lessens grief. **Pr.**

Dies Dominicus non est juridicus.—Sunday is not a day in law. **Coke.**

Dies faustus (*or* infaustus).—A lucky (*or* unlucky) day.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Sæclum solvet in favilla.
—O day of wrath! O that day! The world shall dissolve in ashes.
Ancient Monastic Chant from the Romish Office of the Dead.

Dies naturalis.—A day of twenty-four hours. **Law.** *Coke on Littleton.*

Dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic Di voluistis, habebo.
—Unless I mistake, the day is at hand which I shall always regard as a day of sorrow, always a day to be honoured, so have you willed it, O gods. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 5, 49.*

Dies non.—A day not reckoned as a day. **Law.**

Dies si in obligationibus non ponitur, præsente die debetur.—If no day is fixed in obligations, the debt is due on the present day. **Law.**

Dies solemnes.—Holy days.

Difficile est crimen non prodere vultu.—It is difficult not to betray crime by the countenance. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 2, 447.*

Difficile est, fateor, sed tendit in ardua virtus.—It is difficult, I confess, but courage exerts itself in difficulties. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 2, 2, 113.*

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.
—It is difficult suddenly to lay aside an old passion.
Catullus. *Carmen, ad se ipsum, 76, 13.*

Difficile est mutare animum, et si quid est penitus insitum moribus, id subito evellere.—It is a difficult thing to change the disposition, and if there is anything deeply engrained in our nature to suddenly pluck it out. **Cicero.** *Epist., ad Quintum, 1, 1, 13.*

Difficile est proprie communia dicere.—It is difficult to speak commonplaces effectively. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 128.*

Difficile est satiram non scribere.—It is difficult not to write satire. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 1, 30.*

Difficile est tristi fingere mente jocum.—It is difficult to fashion a jest with a sad mind. **Tibullus.** *Book 3, Eleg. 7, 2.*

Difficilem oportet aurem habere ad crimina.
—It is right to give a tardy hearing to calumnies. **Publilius Syrus.**

Difficilia quæ pulchra.—The beautiful is difficult of attainment. **Pr.**

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem;
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.
—You are at the same time difficult, easy, pleasant, sour; nor can I live with you or without you. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 12, 47.*

Difficilis in otio quies.—Tranquillity is difficult of attainment in leisure. **Pr.**

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti,
Se puero.
—Hard to please, full of complaints, praiser of the days past, when he was a boy.*
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 173.*

Difficilius est temperare felicitati, qua te non putes diu usurum.—It is more difficult to be moderate in pleasure which you think you will not enjoy for long. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 2, 47.*

Difficultatem facit doctrina.—The teaching makes the difficulty. **Quintilian.** *Inst. Orat., 10, 3.*

Difficulter reciduntur vitia quæ nobiscum creverunt.—Vices which have grown with us are with difficulty cut away. **Pr.**

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* **Intelligenti satis dictum est** (To the understanding man a word is enough).—*Thomas Kempis: De Imit. Christi, 3, 34.*

* He praises al thing that es gon;
O present thing he praises non.
Cursor Mundi (*14th Century*), *line* 3577.

Diffugiunt cadis
Cum fæce siccatis, amici,
Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.
—Friends disappear with the dregs from the empty wine casks, faithless in taking an equal share of the yoke.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 35, 26.*

Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro.—No maiden is more worthy (O muses!) of your choir. **Tibullus.** *Book 4, 2, 24.*

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.—The muse forbids that a man worthy of honour shall die. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 8, 28.*

Dignum te Cæsaris ira
Nullus honor faciet.
—No honour shall make thee worthy of Cæsar's wrath.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 3, 137.*

Dii laboribus omnia vendunt.—The gods sell all things to labour. *Tr. from Greek.*

Dii pedes lanatos habent.—The gods have their feet swathed in wool (*i.e.* their approach is unnoticed). **Petronius Arbiter.**

Dii penates.—The household gods.

Diis proximus ille est,
Quem ratio non ira movet.
—He is nearest to the gods whom reason not passion moves. **Claudian.**

Dilatio damnum habet, mora periculum.—Procrastination brings loss, delay danger.
Erasmus. *Adolescens.*

Dilationes in lege sunt odiosæ.—Delays in law are hateful. **Law.**

Dilexi justitiam et odi iniquitatem, propterea morior in exilio.—I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile.
Gregory VII., *on his death-bed.*

Diligere parentes prima naturæ lex est.—To love our parents is the first law of nature.
Valerius Maximus. *Book 5, 4, 7.*

Diligitur nemo, nisi cui fortuna secunda est.
—No one is loved, unless fortune is favourable to him. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 2, 3, 23.*

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet.—He who has begun, has half done.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 40.*

Dimidium plus toto.—Half is more than the whole; a safe half is more than the whole secured with labour and loss.
Tr. from **Hesiod.**[*]

Dimissum quod nescitur non amittitur.—A point abandoned, which is not known, is not lost. **Publilius Syrus.**

Dira necessitas.—Dire necessity.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 24, 6.*

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.—He pulls down, builds up, and changes what is square to what is round.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 100.*

Dîs aliter visum.—It is otherwise decreed by the gods. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 428.*

Disce aut discede.—Learn or depart. **Pr.**

Disce, doce, dilige.—Learn, teach, love.

Disce, doce, dilige Deum, and thyn enemye.
Piers Plowman (*1362*). *Passus 16, l. 141.*

Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amiculus; ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit.
—Listen to the things which your good friend, who is still a learner, has to impart; it is even as though a blind man wishes to show you the way. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 17, 3.*

Disce pati.—Learn to suffer.

Disce puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis.
—Learn, boy, from me virtue and true labour; from others good fortune.
Virgil. *Æneid, 12, 435.*

Disce, sed a doctis.—Learn, but learn from the learned. **Cato.**

Discipulus est prioris posterior dies.—Each succeeding day is the pupil of its predecessor.
Publilius Syrus.

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
—For a man learns more quickly and remembers more easily that which he laughs at, than that which he approves and reveres.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 262.*

Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.—Take warning and learn justice, and not to despise the gods.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 620.*

Discite, quam parvo liceat producere vitam,
Et quantum natura petat.
—Learn how little is necessary to sustain life, and what amount of food nature requires.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 4, 377.*

Discordia fit carior concordia.—Agreement is made more precious by disagreement.
Publilius Syrus.

Discrepant facta ejus cum dictis.—His deeds differ from his words.
Cicero. *De Finibus, 2, 30.*

Disjecta membra.—The scattered limbs.

Disjecti membra poetæ.—The remains of the dismembered poet.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 63.*

Disjice compositam pacem; sere crimina belli.—Down with the patched-up peace; sow the pretexts of war.
Virgil. *Æneid, Book 7, 339.*

Disputandi pruritus ecclesiarum scabies.—The itch of disputing is the scab of the churches. **Sir H. Wotton** (*d. 1639*).
Inscribed on his tomb.[*]

[†] *See* Greek Quotations (p. 477*b*).

[*] *See* English Quotations, under "Wotton" (p. 403*a*).

Dissimilis est pecuniæ debitio et gratiæ.—A pecuniary debt and gratitude are different things. **Cicero.** *Pro Cn. Plancio, 28, 68.*

Dissimulatio errores parit, qui dissimulatorem ipsum illaqueant.—Dissimulation brings forth errors, which ensnare the dissembler himself.
Quoted by Bacon, "Adv. Learning," Book 2.

Dissipat Evius
Curas edaces.
—Bacchus scatters devouring cares.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 11, 18.*

Dissociata locis, concordia pace ligavit.—Agreement has bound together by peace things separated by locality.
Motto *of Great Exhibition, 1851 (founded on Ovid, Metam., 1, 25).*

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina.
—Dispel the cold, liberally heaping the logs upon the fire, and pour out with generous hand the four-year-old wine from the Sabine jar.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 9, 5.*

Dissolvit legem judex misericordia.—Mercy as judge loosens the law. **Publilius Syrus.**

Dissolvitur lex cum fit judex misericors.—The law is loosened when the judge becomes tender-hearted. **Publilius Syrus.**

Distat opus nostrum; sed fontibus exit ab isdem;
Artis et ingenuæ cultor uterque sumus.
—Our work is different; but it proceeds from the same source; each of us is a cultivator of a liberal art.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 2, 5, 65.*

Distrahit animum librorum multitudo.—A crowd of books distracts the mind.
Seneca. *Ep., 2.*

Ditissimus agris.—Very rich in lands.
Adapted from **Horace** *(see "Dives agris").*

Diu adparandum est bellum ut vincas celerius.—War should be long in preparing in order that you may conquer the more quickly. **Publilius Syrus.**

Diutius durant exempla quam mores.—Examples of bad last longer than good manners. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 4, 42.*

Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis.
—Rich in lands, rich in money put out to usury. **Horace.**
De Arte Poetica, 421; Sat., Book 1, 2, 13.

Dives aut iniquus est aut iniqui hæres.—A rich man is either a villain or the heir of a villain. **Pr.**

Dives est, cui tanta possessio est, ut nihil optet amplius.—He is rich who has such property that he desires nothing beyond.
Cicero. *(Adapted from Paradoxa 6.)*

Divide et impera.—Divide and govern.*
Traditional.

Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.—Godlike Nature has given us the fields, human art has built the cities.
Varro. *(See "God made the country.")*

Divisum sic breve fiet opus.—The work divided is in that manner shortened.
Martial. *Ep., Book 4, 83, 8.*

Divitiæ grandes homini sunt, vivere parce
Æquo animo.
—It is great riches to a man to live sparingly with an even mind.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., 5, 1117.*

Divitiarum acquisitio magni laboris, possessio magni timoris, amissio magni doloris.—The acquisition of wealth is a great toil, its possession a great terror, its loss a great tribulation. **Pr.**

Divitiarum et formæ gloria fluxa atque fragilis; virtus clara æternaque habetur.—The glory of wealth and of beauty is transient and slender; virtue abides illustrious and eternal. **Sallust.** *Catilina, 1, 4.*

Divitiarum expectatio inter causas paupertatis publicæ erat.—The expectation of riches was amongst the causes of the poverty of the public. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 16, 3.*

Divitis servi maxime servi.—Slaves of the rich are slaves indeed. **Pr.**
Quoted by Lord Bacon in his "Table of the Colours."

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.
—You will have spoken excellently, if a cunning juxtaposition shall have made a trite word novel. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 47.*

Dixisse me, inquit, aliquando pœnituit, tacuisse nunquam.—He [Xenocrates] said that he had often repented speaking, but never of holding his tongue.†
Valerius Maximus. *Book 7, 2, Ext. 7.*

Do ut des.—I give that you may give.
Prince Bismarck's Maxim.

Docendo discimus.—We learn by teaching.
Pr.

Doceo insanire omnes.—I teach that all men are mad. **Horace.** *Sat. Book 2, 3, 81.*

Dociles imitandis
Turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus.
—We are all quick to copy what is base and depraved. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 14, 40.*

Docti rationem artis, intelligunt, indocti voluptatem.—The learned understand the theory of art, the unlearned its pleasure.
Quintilian.

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* Bacon has it, "Separa et impera," and calls it "that same cunning maxim."—Letter to James I., 1615.

† Ascribed by Plutarch to Simonides. *See also* "Rumorem fuge"; and "Conticuisse."

Doctor utriusque legis.—Doctor of both laws (civil and canon).

Doctrina est ingenii naturale quoddam pabulum.—Learning is a kind of natural food of the mind.
Cicero. (*Adapted from Acad. Quæst., 4, 41, and De Sen., 14.*)

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.
—But instruction awakens the innate force, and right discipline strengthens the mind.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 4, 33.*

Doli non doli sunt, nisi astu colas.—Frauds are not frauds, unless you make a practice of deceit. **Plautus.** *Capteivei, Act ii. 1, 30.*

Dolium volvitur.—The wine-jar (*or* cask) rolls (and so does a wine-bibber). **Pr.**

Dolor animi gravior est quam corporis.—Pain of mind is worse than pain of body.
Publilius Syrus.

Dolor decrescit ubi quo crescat non habet.—Grief decreases where it has nothing by which it can increase. **Publilius Syrus.**

Dolor omnia cogit.—Pain compels all things.
Seneca. *Epig., 5, Querela.*

Dolore affici, sed resistere tamen.—To be affected by grief (*or* pain), but to resist it nevertheless. **Pliny.**

Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?—Who troubles himself either about valour or fraud in an enemy? **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 390.*

Dolus versatur in generalibus.—Fraud deals in generalities. **Pr.**

Domi manere convenit felicibus.—It befits those who are happy at home to remain there.
Pr.

Domi puer ea sola discere potest quæ ipsi præcipientur; in schola etiam quæ aliis.—At home a boy can learn only those things which are taught to him; in school he learns also from what is taught to others.
Quintilian.

Domine, dirige nos.—Lord, direct us.
Motto *of City of London.*

Domini pudet, non servitutis.—It is my master I am ashamed of, not my servitude.
Attr. to **Seneca.**

Dominium a possessione cœpisse dicitur.—Right is said to have commenced in possession.
Law.

Dominus illuminatio mea.—The Lord is my light. **Vulgate.** *Ps. 27, 1.*
(*Motto, Oxford University.*)

Dominus providebit.—The Lord will provide. **Vulgate.** *Genesis 22, 8.*

Dominus solus dux.—The Lord only as leader. **Vulgate.** *Deut. 32, 12.*

Dominus vobiscum.—The Lord be with you! **Missal.**

Domus amica domus optima.—A friendly house is the best of houses. **Pr.**

Domus Dei, et porta cœli.—The house of God and the gate of heaven.
Vulgate. *Genesis 28, 17.*

Domus et placens uxor.—Home and a pleasing wife. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 14.*

Domus procerum.—The House of Peers.

Domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium.—Every man's home is his safest place of refuge.
Coke.

Dona eis requiem sempiternam.—Give them eternal rest. **Mass for the Dead.**

Dona præsentis cape lætus horæ, ac
Linque severa.
—Gladly take the gifts of the present hour, and leave vexing thoughts.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 8, 27.*

Donatio mortis causa.—A gift made on account of (*i.e.* in prospect of) death. **Law.**

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.
—As long as you are prosperous, you will have many friends; but if your days are overcast, you will find yourself alone.*
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 1, 9, 5.*

Donum exitiale Minervæ.—The deadly gift of Minerva (the wooden horse at Troy).
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 31.*

Dormit aliquando jus, moritur nunquam.—A right sleeps sometimes, it never dies. **Law.**

Dormiunt aliquando leges, nunquam moriuntur.—The laws sleep sometimes, but never die. **Coke.**

Dos est magna parentium
Virtus.
—The virtue of parents is a great dowry.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 24, 21.*

Dos est uxoria lites.—Strife is a wife's dowry. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 2, 155.*

Dotatæ mactant malo et damno viros.—Well-dowered wives bring evil and loss to their husbands. **Plautus.** *Aulularia, sc. 17.*

Dotem accepi, imperium perdidi.—I have accepted a dowry, I have lost an empire. **Pr.**

Duabus sedere sellis.—To sit on two stools.
Pr.

Duæ res sunt conscientia et fama. Conscientia tibi, fama proximo tuo.—Conscience and reputation are two things. Conscience [is due] to yourself, reputation to your neighbour.†
St. Augustine. *Caillou ed.* (*Paris*). *Vol. 21, p. 347.*

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* *See* "Tempore felici," p. 670*a*.

† Chaucer, in quoting this in *Melibeus*, sec. 53, adds his own gloss: "Ther been two thinges that arn necessarie and needfulle, and that is good conscience and good loos (good report); that is to seyn, good conscience to thyn owene persone inward, and good loos for thy neighbore outward."

Duas tantum res anxius optat,
Panem et Circenses.
—Two things only the people anxiously desire, bread and the Circus games.
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 80.*

Dubiam salutem qui dat afflictis, negat.—He who holds out a doubtful chance of deliverance to the wretched, gives them a denial. **Seneca.** *Œdipus, Act ii., l. 213.*

Dubiis ne defice rebus.—Do not fail me when fortune is doubtful.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 196.*

Dubitando ad veritatem pervenimus.—By doubting we come at the truth. **Cicero.**

Dubitandum non est, quin nunquam possit utilitas cum honestate contendere.—It is beyond doubt that interest can never be opposed to honour.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 3, 3.*

Duce tempus eget.—The time is in want of a leader. **Lucanus.**

Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt.—The fates lead the willing, and drag the unwilling.
Seneca. *Ep., 107.* (*Quoting Cleanthes.*)

Dulce bellum inexpertis.—War is sweet to those who have not tried it.
Pr. (*Quoted by Erasmus.*)

Dulce domum.—Sweet home.
Winchester College Breaking-up Song.

Dulce est desipere in loco.—It is sweet to play the fool now and then (*lit.* in the place for so doing). **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 12.*

Dulce est miseris socios habuisse doloris.—It is sweet to the wretched to have had companions in adversity.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.—It is sweet and honourable to die for one's country. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 2, 14.*

Dulce etiam fugias fieri quod amarum potest.—Flee even what is sweet if it can turn to bitterness. **Publilius Syrus.**

Dulce periculum est.—Sweet is the danger.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 25, 18.*

Dulce sodalitium.—A pleasant association of comrades. **Catullus.** *100, 4.*

Dulcibus est verbis alliciendus amor.—Love is to be allured by sweet words.
Ovid. (*Adapted from Ars Amat., 3, 510, and Am. 2, 19, 17.*)

Dulcior est fructus post multa pericula ducta.—Fruit is sweeter after many dangers have been undergone for it.
Mediæval. (*Quoted by Rabelais, "Pantagruel,"* 1533.)

Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.—And I will capture your minds with sweet novelty.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 4, 284.*

Dulcis et alta quies, placidæque simillima morti.—Sweet and deep repose, very much resembling quiet death.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 522.*

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici;
Expertus metuit.
—The cultivation of the friendship of a powerful man is sweet to the inexperienced; an experienced man dreads it.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 86.*

Dum aurora fulget, moniti adolescentes, flores colligite.—Be advised, young men, and whilst the morning shines, gather the flowers.
Mediæval (?).

Dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.
—Whilst we drink, whilst we call for garlands, perfumes, women, old age, unperceived, steals upon us. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 9, 126.*

Dum deliberamus quando incipiendum sit, incipere jam serum est.—Whilst we deliberate how to begin a thing, it grows too late to begin it. **Quintilian.** *12, 6, 3.*

Dum excusare velis, accusas.—When you would excuse, you are accusing.
St. Jerome. *Ep. 4.*

Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento huc illuc impellitur.—When the mind is in doubt it is impelled hither and thither by slight influence. **Terence.** *Andria, i. 5, 31.*

Dum lego, assentior.—Whilst I read, I give my assent. **Cicero.**

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis, vive beatus;
Vive memor quam sis ævi brevis.
—Whilst time permits, live happy in the midst of pleasures; live mindful also that your time is short.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 6, 96.*

Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem.
—While we are speaking envious time will have fled. Seize the present day.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 11, 7.*

Dum loquor hora fugit.—While I am speaking the hour flies.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 11, 15.*

Dum ne ob malefacta peream, parvi id æstimo.—So long as I do not die for ill deeds, I regard death but little.
Plautus. *Capteivei, iii. 5, 24.*

Dum numerat palmas credidit esse senem.—When he counted up his honours he fancied himself an old man.
Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 53.*

Dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.—As you read it out it begins to grow your own.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 39.*

Dum se bene gesserit.—As long as he is of good behaviour. **Law.**

Dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur.—Whilst they fight separately they are conquered collectively. **Tacitus.** *Agricola, 12.*

Dum spiro, spero.—While I breathe, I hope.
Motto.

Dum tacent, clamant.—Whilst they hold their peace they cry out (*i.e.* their silence is eloquence).
Cicero.

Dum vires annique sinunt, tolerate labores;
Jam veniet tacito curva senecta pede.
—Whilst strength and years permit endure labour; for now will bent old age come with silent foot.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 669.*

Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.—Fools, when they avoid vices, run to the opposite extremes.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 2, 24.*

Dum vivimus, vivamus.—While we live, let us live.
An ancient inscription.

Dummodo morata recte veniat, dotata est satis.—Provided she comes with good principles, she is sufficiently endowed.
Plautus. *Aulularia, sc. 17.*

Dummodo sit dives, barbarus ipse placet.—As long as he is rich, even a barbarian is delightful.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 276.*

Duobus modis, id est aut vi, aut fraude, fiat injuria.—Injury may be done by two methods, that is either by fraud or by force.
Cicero. *De Off., Book 1, 13.*

Duo cum faciunt idem, non est idem.—When two do the same thing it is not the same thing.
Proverbial. *Founded partially on Terence's* " Duo cum idem faciunt " (*q.v.*).

Duo cum idem faciunt, sæpe, ut possis dicere.
Hoc licet impune facere huic, illi non licet.
When two do the same thing, often, as you may say, this thing may be harmless in one, in the other it may not be harmless.
Terence. *Adelphi, v. 3, 37.*

Duos qui sequitur lepores neutrum capit.—He who chases two hares catches neither.
Pr.

Duplex libelli dos est: quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.
—The book has a double portion: it moves to laughter, and by its counsel teaches a wise man how to live.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, Prologue, 3.*

Duplex omnino est jocandi genus: unum illiberale, petulans, flagitiosum, obscœnum; alterum elegans, urbanum, ingeniosum, facetum.—Joking is divided into two distinct classes: one low, wanton, shameful, obscene; the other elegant, courtly, ingenious, polite.
Cicero. *De Off., Book 1, 29.*

Durante beneplacito.—During our good pleasure; condition of tenancy or service.
Law.

Durante minore ætate.—During years of infancy, or period of minority.
Law.

Durat opus vatum.—The poet's work endures.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 3, 9, 29.*

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.—Endure, and keep yourselves ready for prosperous fortune.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 207.*

Durum est negare superior cum supplicat.—It is hard to refuse when a superior entreats.
Publilius Syrus.

Durum est, sed ita lex scripta est.—It is hard, but the law is so written.
Ulpianus.

Durum et durum non faciunt murum.—Hard and hard do not make a wall. (*i.e.* A wall is not made without a soft substance—mortar.)
Pr. (*Mediæval.*)

Durum: sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.
—It is hard! but that which it is not lawful for us to amend, is made lighter by endurance.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 24.*

Dux erat ille ducum.—He was leader of leaders.
Ovid. *Heroides, 8, 46.*

Dux fœmina facti.—The leader in the deed a woman.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 364.*

E cœlo descendit, *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*.[*]—The precept " Know thyself " descends from heaven.
Juvenal. *Sat. 11, 27.*

E flamma petere te cibum posse arbitror.—I suppose that you can seek your food from the fire (*i.e.* can gain a desperate living).
Terence. *Eunuchus, iii. 2, 38.*

E fungis nati homines.—Men born of mushrooms.
Pr.

E malis multis, malum, quod minimum est, id minimum est malum.—Out of many evils the evil which is least is the least of evils.
Plautus. *Stichus, i. 2.*

E pluribus unum.—From many, one.
Motto *of United States.*[†]

E tenui casa sæpe vir magnus exit.—Often a great man comes forth from a humble cottage.
Pr.

E vestigio.—Immediately.
Cicero.

E vita, quum ea non placeat, tanquam a theatro, exeamus.—Let us go from life, when it does not please, as we should from a theatre.
Cicero. *De Finibus, 1, 15.*

Ea fama vagatur.—That report is in circulation.

Ea, quoniam nemini obtrudi potest,
Itur ad me.
—She, because she cannot be forced upon anyone, comes to me.
Terence. *Andria, i. 5, 16.*

Ea sola voluptas
Solamenque mali.
—His sole delight and solace in his woe.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 660.*

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[*] " *Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν*! And is this the prime
And heaven-sprung message of the olden
time? "
—*S. T. Coleridge.* (*See* Greek, p. 469*b*).

[†] " Ex pluribus unum facere."—*St. Augustine: Conf.*, Book 4, 8, 13.

Ea sub oculis posita negligimus; proximorum incuriosi, longinqua sectamur.—The things placed under our eyes we neglect; careless of things nearest to us, our pursuits are far afield. **Pliny.** *Ep., 8, 20, 1.*

Eadem sunt omnia semper.—All things are always the same.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., 3, 958.*

Ebrii gignunt Ebrios.—Drunkards beget drunkards. *Said by Burton, in Anat. Melan.*, 1621, *to be from Plutarch.*

Ecce agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccatum mundi.—Behold the Lamb of God, behold him who taketh away the sin of the world.
Vulgate. *St. John 1, 2.*

Ecce homo!—Behold the man!
Vulgate. *St. John 19, 5.*

Ecce iterum Crispinus!—Behold, this Crispinus again! (Crispinus, a profligate in Domitian's Court.) **Juvenal.** *Sat. 4, 1.*

Ecce signum.—Behold the sign (or proof).
Pr.

Ecquis erit mecum, O juvenes, qui primus in hostem?—Which of you, young men, will first attack the foe with me?
Virgil. *Æneid, 9, 51.*

Edepol næ hic dies pervorsus atque advorsus mihi obtigit!—Upon my word, if this day has not proved perverse and contrary for me.
Plautus. *Menæchmi, v. 5, 1.*

Edere oportet ut vivas, non vivere ut edas.—You ought to eat to live, not live to eat.
Cicero. *Ad Herennium.*

Editio princeps.—The original edition.

Editiones expurgatæ.—Editions with objectionable passages omitted.

Edo, ergo sum.—I eat, therefore I exist.
Pr.

Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum.—Riches, the incentives to evil, are dug out of the earth. **Ovid.** *Metam., 1, 140.*

Effugere cupiditatem regnum est vincere.—To avoid covetousness is to conquer a kingdom.
Publilius Syrus.

Effugere non potes necessitates; potes vincere.—You cannot escape necessities; you can conquer them. **Seneca.** *Ep. 37.*

Effugit mortem, quisquis contempserit; timidissimum quemque consequitur.—Whosoever has despised death has escaped it; it follows any arrant coward. **Curtius.**

Ego apros occido, alter fruitur pulpamento.—I kill the boars, another enjoys the tit-bits.
Vopiscus.

Ego ero post principia: inde omnibus signum dabo.—I will be behind the first rank (*i.e.* in a safe position); thence I will give the signal to all.
Terence. *Eunuchus, iv. 7 ,11.*

Ego et rex meus.—I and my king.
Cardinal Wolsey's arrogant expression (cited as an example of bad taste but good Latin).*

Ego me amare hanc fateor; si id peccare est, fateor id quoque.—I confess that I love this woman, and if that is a sin I confess that also. **Terence.** *Andria, v. 3, 25.*

Ego meorum solus sum meus.—Of my friends I am the only one I have left.
Terence. *Phormio, iv. 1, 21.*

Ego primam tollo, nominor quia Leo.—I carry off the chief share because I am called the Lion.
Phædrus. *Fables, Book 1, 5, 7.*

Ego, si bonam famam mihi servasso, sat ero dives.—If I can preserve my good name I shall be rich enough.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, i. 3.*

Ego spem pretio non emo.—I do not buy hope at a price. **Terence.** *Adelphi, ii. 2, 12.*

Ego sum, ergo omnia sunt.—I am, therefore all things are. **Pr.**

Ego sum rex Romanus, et supra grammaticam.—I am the King of Rome, and above grammar.
Sigismund *at the Council of Constance.*

Ego verum amo; verum volo mihi dici.—I for my part love the truth, and I wish the truth to be told me.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, i. 3, 24.*

Egomet sum mihi imperator.—I am myself my own commander.
Plautus. *Mercator, Act v.*

Egregios cumulare libros præclara supellex;
Ast unum utilius volvere sæpe librum.
—To collect rare books is a splendid distinction; but it is a more useful thing often to turn over one book.
Michael Verinus (*15th Century*). *Disticha de Moribus.*

Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.
—Alas! Posthumus, Posthumus, the flying years glide by; nor can religion give pause to wrinkles, and approaching age, and invincible death. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 14.*

Eheu! quam brevibus pereunt ingentia causis.—Alas! what vast undertakings perish through slight causes. **Claudian.**

Eheu! quam miserum est fieri metuendo senem.—Alas! how wretched a thing it is to become old through fear. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ejicite ex animo curam atque alienum æs.
—Banish care and debt from your mind.
Plautus. *Casina, Prol. 23.*

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* Steele in *The Spectator*, No. 562, describes the phrase as "the most violent egotism I have met with in the course of my reading."

Ejusdem farinæ.
—Of the same flour (*i.e.* of the same composition). **Pr.**

Elapsum semel
Non ipse possit Jupiter reprehendere.
—Once lost, Jupiter himself cannot bring back opportunity. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 5, 8, 4.*

Elati animi comprimendi sunt.—Minds which are lifted up must be humbled.

Elegans non magnificus, splendidus non sumptuosus, omni diligentia munditiam, non affluentiam, affectabat.—A man of taste and not of display, brilliant, not extravagant, he affected, with all zeal, not abundance but tasteful simplicity.
Cornelius Nepos. *Atticus.*

Elige eum cujus tibi placuit et vita et oratio.—Choose him whose life and manner of speech please you.
Seneca. *Ep. 114 (founded on the Greek prov. "As is the man so is his speech").*

Eloquentia, alumna licentiæ, quam stulti libertatem vocabant.—(That form of) eloquence, the foster-child of licence, which fools call liberty.
Tacitus. *Dialogus de Oratoribus, 46.*

Emas non quod non opus est, sed quod necesse est. Quod non opus est, asse carum est.—Buy not what you want, but what you have need of; what you do not need is dear at a farthing.
Cato. (*As quoted by Seneca, Ep. 94.*)

Emax domina.—A lady with a passion for buying. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., 1, 421.*

Emitur sola virtute potestas.—Power is bought by virtue alone. **Claudian.**

Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo.—I would not die out, but do not care anything about being dead. (Translation of a verse of Epicharmus.)
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 1, 8.*

Empta dolore docet experientia.—Experience bought with sorrow teaches. **Pr.**

Emunctæ naris.—Of a keen scent (*i.e.* for other people's faults).
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 8.*

En, hic declarat quales sitis judices!—Lo, this (man) proclaims what manner of judges you are. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 5, 5, 38.*

En quo discordia cives
Perduxit miseros!
—Lo, whither has dissension led the unhappy citizens. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 1, 72.*

Enervant animos citharæ, lotosque, lyræque.—The music of the cithara, the flute, and the lyre enervates the mind.
Ovid. *Remedia Amoris, 753.*

Eo magis præfulgebant quod non videbantur.—They shone forth the more that they were not seen. **Tacitus.**
(*Adapted from Annals, Book 3, 76.*)[*]

Epicuri de grege porcum.—A pig of Epicurus's flock. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 4, 16.*

Epistola enim non erubescit.—For a letter does not blush. **Cicero.** *Ep., Book 5, 12.*

Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte.—A horseman better than Bellerophon (rider of Pegasus) himself. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 12, 7.*

Equi et poetæ alendi, non saginandi.—Horses and poets are to be fed not fattened.
Attr. to Charles IX. of France.

Equi frænato est auris in ore.—The ear of a horse is in his bridled mouth.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 15, 13.*

Equo ne credite, Teucri.—Trust not the horse, Trojans. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 48.*

Equus Sejanus.—The horse which belonged to Cn. Sejus (which brought ill-luck to its various owners). **Gellius.** *3, 9, 6.*

Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur.—There were some to whom he seemed too greedy of fame, at a time when moreover the intense desire of glory is laid aside by the wise. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 4, 6.*

Eripe te moræ.—Tear thyself from delay.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 29, 5.*

Eripe turpi
Colla jugo. Liber, liber sum, dic age.
—Tear your necks from the base yoke. Come and say "I am free, I am free."
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 7, 91.*

Eripit interdum, modo dat medicina salutem.—Medicine sometimes snatches away health, sometimes gives it.
Ovid. *Tristia, 2, 269.*

Eripite isti gladium quæ sui est impos animi.—Take away the sword from her who is not in possession of her senses.
Plautus. *Casina, Act iii. 5, 7.*

Eripuit cælo fulmen, mox sceptra tyrannis.—He snatched the lightning from heaven and then the sceptres from tyrants.
Manilius. *Astronomica, 1, 104 (adapted). Inscription on B. Franklin's bust in allusion to his invention of the lightning rod (1753) and his services to the French Revolution.*[*]

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.—To me you shall be the great Apollo.
Virgil. *Eclogues 3, 104.*

Errare humanum est.—It is human to err.
Pr. *From St. Jerome:* "Errasse humanum est," *Epist., 57, 12.* (*See* "Cujusvis hominis.")

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[*] *See* "Conspicuous by his absence," under "Miscellaneous."

[*] The inscription is attributed to Anne Robert Jacques Turgot, Baron de Laune (1727–1781), but Frederick Baron von Trenck (1726–1794) also claimed it. In the original (Manilius) there are two readings: "Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresque tonantis," and "Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresque tonandi." Cardinal Melchior de Polignac (1661–1742) in his *Anti-Lucretius* (pub. 1745), had the line, "Eripuit fulmenque Jovi, Phœboque sagittas." (1, 96.)

Errare malo cum Platone, . . . quam cum istis vera sentire.—I would rather err with Plato than perceive the truth with those others. **Cicero.** *Tusc. Quæst., 1, 17, 39.*

Errat longe, mea quidem sententia,
Qui imperium credat gravius esse aut stabilius,
Vi quod fit quam illud quod amicitia adjungitur.
—He is much in error, in my opinion, who supposes that authority which is obtained by force is firmer or more lasting than that which is acquired by goodwill.
Terence. *Adelphi, i. 1, 40.*

Esse bonam facile est, ubi quod vetet esse remotum est.—It is easy for her to be good when what prevents from so being is far off.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 5, 14, 25.*

Esse quam videri.—To be rather than to seem.
Latin Version of the Greek maxim, found in Æschylus—"Siege of Thebes" (B.C. *524–456).*

Esse solent magno damna minora bono.—Lesser losses are wont to be of great advantage.
Ovid. *Rem. Am., 672.*

Est aliquid fatale malum per verba levare.—Speech concerning a fatal evil is some mitigation of it. **Ovid.** *Tristia, Book 5, 1, 59.*

Est amicus socius mensæ, et non permanebit in die necessitatis.—He is a friend who is a table-companion, and will not endure in the day of necessity. **Vulgate.** *Eccles. 6, 10.*

Est animus lucis contemptor.—[My] mind is a despiser of the light (*i.e.* of life).
Virgil. *Æneid, 9, 205.*

Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, et secundis
Temporibus dubiisque rectus.
—You have a mind careful in business, and unmoved either in times of prosperity or of doubt. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 9, 34.*

Est animus, tibi sunt mores, est lingua fidesque.—You have courage, manners and conversation, and sense of honour.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 57.*

Est aviditas dives, et pauper pudor.—Greediness is rich and shame poor.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 2, 1, 12.*

Est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam.
—He is so good that no one can be a better man. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 3, 32.*

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia.—There is need of brevity that the meaning may run on. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 10, 9.*

Est demum vera felicitas felicitate dignum videri.—It is alone true happiness to seem worthy of happiness. **Pliny the Younger.**

Est deus in nobis: agitante calescimus ille.—There is a God within us, and we glow when he stirs us. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 6, 5.*

Est deus in nobis; et sunt commercia cœli.[*]—There is a God within us and intercourse with heaven.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 549.*

Est enim hoc commune vitium in magnis liberisque civitatibus ut invidia gloriæ comes sit.—For there is this common defect in great and free states, that envy is companion to glory. **Cornelius Nepos.** *Chabrias.*

Est enim lex nihil aliud nisi recta et a numine deorum tracta ratio, imperans honesta, prohibens contraria.—For law is nothing else than right reason under the divine command of the gods, commanding what is good, prohibiting the opposite. **Cicero.**

Est enim malitia versuta, et fallax nocendi ratio.—For malice is cunning, and men's reason is deceitful in working mischief.
Cicero. *De Nat. Deorum, Book 3, 30.*

Est enim proprium stultitiæ aliorum vitia cernere, oblivisci suorum.—For it is the property of folly to perceive the faults of others, and to forget its own.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 3, 30.*

Est etiam miseris pietas, et in hoste probatur.—To the wretched also there is a reverence due, it is honourable in an enemy.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 1, 9, 35.*

Est etiam placuisse sibi quotacumque voluptas.—There is also some little delight in having pleased one's self.
Ovid. *Medicamina Faciei, 31.*

Est etiam, ubi profecto damnum præstet facere, quam lucrum.—There is a time when it is certainly better to make a loss than a gain. **Plautus.**

Est genus hominum qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt,
Nec sunt.
—There is a sort of men who wish to be first in all things, and are not.
Terence. *Eunuchus, ii. 2, 17.*

Est huic diversum vitio vitium prope majus.—There is another vice opposite to this vice and almost greater.[†]
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 5.*

Est in aqua dulci non invidiosa voluptas.—In sweet water there is a pleasure ungrudged by anyone.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 2, 7, 73.*

Est miserorum, ut malevolentes sint, atque invideant bonis.—It is the nature of the wretched to be ill-disposed and to envy the good. **Plautus.** *Capteivei, iii. 4, 51.*

Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.
—There is a measure in things; there are at

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[*] Milton's "Looks commercing with the skies" (*Il Penseroso*, l. 3) is derived from this line.

[†] The vices thus contrasted are flattery on the one hand, and extreme and unmannerly harshness on the other, the latter being the "almost greater" vice.

length fixed boundaries, beyond and about which that which is right cannot exist.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 1, 106.*

Est multi fabula plena joci.—It is a story full of much humour.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 6, 320.*

Est natura hominum novitatis avida.—The nature of men is greed for novelty.
Pliny the Elder.

Est nobis voluisse satis.—To have willed is sufficient for us. **Tacitus.**

Est pater ille quem nuptia demonstrant.—He is the father whom marriage indicates as such. **Law.**

Est profecto Deus, qui quæ nos gerimus auditque et videt.—There is assuredly a God who both hears and sees what we are doing.
Plautus.

Est quadam* prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.—To advance up to a certain point is allowed, if not beyond.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 32.*

Est quædam flere voluptas;
Expletur lacrimis egeriturque dolor.
—There is a certain pleasure in weeping; grief is appeased and expelled by tears.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 4, 3, 37.*

Est quiddam gestus edendi.—One's behaviour in eating is something.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 755.*

Est quoque cunctarum novitas carissima rerum.—Novelty also is of all things the best loved. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 3, 4, 51.*

Est rosa flos Veneris; quo dulcia furta laterent,
Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,
Convivæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciant.
—The rose is the flower of Venus; and Love, in order that her sweet dishonesties might be hidden, dedicated this gift of his mother to Harpocrates (god of silence). Hence the host hangs the rose over his friendly tables, that his guests may know that beneath it what is said will be regarded as secret. (Hence *Sub rosa.*) **Anon.**

Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid, nullum tamen est tempus in quo dicenda sunt omnia.—There is a time for saying nothing, a time for saying something, but there is no time in which all things should be said.
Monkish Precept.

Este procul lites, et amaræ prœlia linguæ;
Dulcibus est verbis mollis alendus amor.
—Get far hence contentions, and battles of the bitter tongue. Soft love is to be fostered with sweet words.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 151.*

Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et cœlum, et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter est, quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.
—Has God any habitation except earth, and sea, and air, and heaven, and virtue? Why do we seek the highest beyond these? Jupiter is whatsoever you see, wheresoever you move. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Book 9, 578.*

Estne novis nuptis odio Venus? Anne parentum
Frustrantur falsis gaudia lacrymulis?
—Is Venus odious to brides? Or is the joy of their parents cheated with false tears?
Catullus. *66, 15.*

Esto perpetua.—Let it last for ever.
Last words of Paul Sarpi, referring to Venice. Motto of Amicable Society of London, 1706.

Esto quod es; quod sunt alii, sine quemlibet esse;
Quod non es nolis; quod potes esse velis.
—Be what you are; allow anyone else to be what others are; do not wish to be what you are not; desire to be what you are able to be.
Mediæval.

Esto quod esse videris.—Be what you seem to be. **Pr.**

Esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis.—Be, as many are now, rich to yourself, poor to your friends.
Juvenal. *Sat. 5, 113.*

Esurienti ne occurras.—Do not run up against a hungry man. **Pr.**

Et credis cineres curare sepultos?—And do you believe that the buried ashes care?
Virgil. (*Adapted from Æneid, 4, 34.*)

Et dicam, Mea sunt; injiciamque manus.—And I will say "They are mine"; and lay hands on them.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 4, 40.* (*See also Heroid., 12, 158.*)

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?—And do we hesitate thus to extend our renown by deeds?
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 806.*

Et facere et pati fortiter* Romanum est.—It is the nature of a Roman to do and suffer bravely. **Livy.** *Book 2, 12.*

Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat:
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque.
—Money, a queen, bestows position and beauty, and Suadela (Goddess of Persuasion) and Venus favour the well-moneyed suitor.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 6, 37.*

Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est.—Both rank and valour, without wealth, are more worthless than seaweed.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 5, 8.*

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* Another reading is "quoddam," when the meaning is, "It is something to advance to a certain point, if not beyond."

* "Fortia" in some editions, instead of "fortiter," *i.e.* "brave things" instead of "bravely."

Et hoc genus omne.—And all this sort.

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.
—And now far off the high roofs of the farmhouses smoke, and the greater shadows fall from the tall mountains. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 1, 83.*

Et lateat vitium proximitate boni.—And let each fault lie hidden in the nearest good quality. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 2, 662.*

Et latro, et cautus præcingitur ense viator;
Ille sed insidias, hic sibi portat opem.
—The robber and the wary traveller are both girded with swords; but the one carries his for outrage, the other for self-defence.
Ovid. *Tristia, 2, 271.*

Et magis adducto pomum decerpere ramo,
Quam de cælata sumere lance juvat.
—And it is more pleasing to pluck an apple from the branch which you have seized, than to take one up from a graven dish.
Ovid. *Ep. de Pont., Book 3, 5, 19.*

Et mala sunt vicina bonis.—And evil things are neighbours to good.
Ovid. *Rem. Am., 3, 23.*

Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.—And to return to the forge the badly-turned verses. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 441.*

Et mea cymba semel vasta percussa procella,
Illum, quo læsa est, horret adire locum.
—And my skiff, once dashed about by the terrible storm, fears to approach the spot where it was damaged.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 1, 1, 85.*

Et mihi dulce magis resoluto vivere collo.—And to me it is more sweet to live free from the yoke. **Gallus.** *1, 61.*

Et mihi, Propositum perfice, dixit, opus.
—And said to me, Complete the task you have set yourself. **Ovid.** *Rem. Am., 40.*

Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.
—And I endeavour to subdue circumstances to myself, and not myself to circumstances.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 191.*

Et minimæ vires frangere quassa valent.—And the least force suffices to break what is already to pieces.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 3, 11, 22.*

Et modo quæ fuerat semita, facta via est.—What was only a path is now made a high road. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 7, 60.*

Et monere et moneri, proprium est veræ amicitiæ.—Both to advise and to be advised is a feature of real friendship. **Cicero.**

Et moveant primos publica verba sonos.—And let words dealing with public topics be the first to be heard.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 1, 144.*

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.
—The children of our children, and those who shall be descended from them.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 98.*

Et neque jam color est mixto candore rubori;
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modo visa placebant;
Nec corpus remanet.
—And now no longer is his complexion of white mixed with red; nor are his energy, nor his strength, nor those things which pleased our sight, nor even his body, left to us.
Ovid. *Metam., 3, 491.*

Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadunt parce detorta.
—And new and lately-coined words will obtain currency, if they come moderately distorted from a Greek source.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 55.*

Et nulli cessura fides, sini crimine mores,
Nudaque simplicitas purpureusque pudor.
—And fidelity which will give way to nothing, manners which are blameless, simplicity unadorned, and blushing modesty.
Ovid. *Amorum, 1, 3, 13.*

Et pudet, et metuo, semperque eademque precari,
Ne subeant animo tædia justa tuo.
—I am ashamed to be begging for ever and always for the same things, and I fear lest a natural disgust should gradually pervade your mind. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 4, 15, 29.*

Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.
—And those things which each one dreaded as against himself, they could endure when directed to the destruction of one poor unfortunate wretch. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 130.*

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia?—And when was there ever a richer abundance of vices? **Juvenal.** *Sat. 1, 87.*

Et qui nolunt occidere quenquam
Posse volunt.
—Even those who do not wish to kill anyone would like to be able to.
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 96.*

Et redit in nihilum quod fuit ante nihil.—It began of nothing and in nothing it ends.
Cornelius Gallus. (*Translated by Burton in "Anat. Melan.,"* 1621.)

Et res non semper, spes mihi semper adest.
—And the actual fact is not always propitious to me, but hope always is.
Ovid. *Heroides, 18, 178.*

Et rident stolidi verba Latina Getæ.—And the dull Getan fools laugh at Latin words.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 5, 10, 38.*

Et sanguis et spiritus pecunia mortalibus.—Money is both blood and life to mortals. **Pr.**

Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.
—And the spoken word once uttered flies abroad never to be recalled.
Horace. *Ep., 1, 18, 71.*

Et si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses.—And if by some means you had not injured him, you would have died.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 3, 15.*

Et tu, Brute fili.—You also, O son Brutus.
Cæsar's words on being stabbed by Brutus.[*]

Et veniam pro laude peto.—And I crave grace rather than praise.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 1, 7, 31.*

Etiam bonis malum sæpe est adsuescere.—It is often an evil thing to accustom one's self even to things which are good.
Publilius Syrus.

Etiam capillus unus habet umbram suam.—Even a single hair has its own shadow.
Publilius Syrus.

Etiam celeritas in desiderio mora est.—In desire even speed is delay. **Publilius Syrus.**

Etiam fera animalia, si clausa teneas, virtutis obliviscuntur.—Even savage animals, if you keep them shut up, forget their courage.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 64.*

Etiam fortes viros subitis terreri.—Even brave men are to be terrified by sudden things.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 15, 59.*

Etiam in secundissimis rebus maxime est utendum consilio amicorum.—Even in the utmost prosperity the advice of friends is to be very greatly employed. **Cicero.**

Etiam innocentes cogit mentiri dolor.—Pain forces even the innocent to lie.[†]
Publilius Syrus.

Etiam oblivisci quod scis, interdum expedit.—Sometimes it is expedient to forget even what you know. (Also printed *quid sis*, *i.e.* "Sometimes it is expedient to forget even who you are.") **Publilius Syrus.**

Etiam sanato vulnere cicatrix manet.—Even when the wound is healed the scar remains. **Pr.**

Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur.—The desire for fame is the last desire that is laid aside even by the wise.[‡]
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 6.*

Etiam stultis acuit ingenium fames.—Hunger sharpens the understanding even in fools. **Pr.**

Etsi pervivo usque ad summam ætatem, tamen
Breve spatium est perferendi quæ minitas mihi.
—Even though I should live to extreme old age, the time would be short for enduring what you threaten me with.
Plautus. *Capteivei, iii. 5, 84.*

Euge, poeta !—Bravo, O poet !
Persius. *Sat. 1, 75.*

Eum ausculta cui quatuor sunt aures.—Listen attentively to him who has four ears (*i.e.* to a good listener). **Pr.**

Eveniunt digna dignis.—Worthy things happen to the worthy.
Plautus. *Poenulus, Act v.*

Eventus stultorum magister est.—The event is the schoolmaster of fools (*i.e.* they are wise after the event). **Livy.** *20, 39.*

Eversis omnibus rebus, quum consilio profici nihil possit, una ratio videtur ; quidquid evenerit, ferre moderate.—When all things have gone wrong, when counsel can avail nothing, one plan seems to remain—whatever shall happen, to endure it with moderation. **Cicero.**

Evolare rus ex urbe tanquam ex vinculis.—To fly from the town to the country as though from chains. **Cicero.** *De Orat., Book 2, 6.*

Ex abundante cautela.—Out of abundance of caution. **Law.**

Ex abusu non arguitur ad usum.—The abuse of a thing is not an argument for its use. **Law.**

Ex abusu non argumentum ad desuetudinem.—The abuse of a thing is no argument for its discontinuance. **Law.**

Ex æquo et bono judicare.—To judge according to what is right and good. **Law.**

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi.—Always something new out of Africa.[*]
Pliny. *N. H., 8, 6.* (*Greek prov.*)

Ex alieno tergore lata secantur lora.—Broad thongs are cut out of another man's leather. **Pr.**

Ex animo.—From my soul (*i.e.* willingly).
Cicero, etc.

Ex arena funiculum nectis.—You are weaving a rope out of sand. **Pr.**

Ex auribus cognoscitur asinus.—The ass is known by his ears. **Pr.**

Ex cathedra.—From the chair of authority. **Pr.**

Ex commodo.—At convenience ; leisurely.

Ex concesso.—From what has been conceded.

Ex confesso.—Confessedly. **Quintilian.**

Ex desuetudine amittuntur privilegia.—Rights are lost by disuse. **Law.**

Ex diuturnitate temporis omnia præsumuntur esse solemniter acta.—After long duration of time all things are presumed to have been done with due form. **Law.**

Ex facto oritur jus.—The law arises from fact. **Law** (*Blackstone, etc.*).

Ex fumo dare lucem.—To give light from smoke. **Pr.**

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[*] Suetonius says that Caesar's words, on seeing Brutus, were "*καὶ σὺ τέκνον*"—"You also, my son ?" The saying is sometimes given as "Tu quoque, Brute."

[†] *See* "Dolor omnia cogit."

[‡] *See* Milton, "That last infirmity of noble mind" (p. 226*a*, *note*).

[*] *See* Greek, "Aεὶ φέρει, κ.τ.λ.," p. 467*a*.

Ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit fortuna jocari.
—Whenever fortune wishes to joke, she lifts people from what is humble to the highest extremity of affairs. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 3, 39.*

Ex improviso (*or* de improviso).—Unexpectedly. **Cicero.**

Ex industria.—Intentionally. **Livy.**

Ex inimico cogita posse fieri amicum.—Consider that a friend may be made out of an enemy. **Seneca.**

Ex luce lucellum.—Out of light a little profit, *Pitt's description of the Window Tax.*[*]

Ex malis moribus bonæ leges natæ sunt.—Good laws have sprung from bad customs. **Coke.**

Ex mediocritate fortunæ, pauciora pericula sunt.—In modesty of fortune there are the fewer dangers. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 14, 60.*

Ex mero motu.—Of one's own unrestrained impulse.

Ex necessitate rei.—From the urgency of the case. **Law.**

Ex nihilo nihil fit.—Out of nothing nothing is made. **Pr.**

Ex officio.—By virtue of office or official employment.

Ex oriente lux, ex occidente lex.—From the East comes light, from the West law (*i.e.* direction). **Pr.**

Ex otio plus negotii quam ex negotio habemus.—We have more occupation from our leisure than from our occupation. **Pr.**

Ex parte.—From one side only.

Ex pede Herculem.—Hercules from his foot (*i.e.* the foot tells us it is Hercules). **Pr.**

Ex post facto.—After the event. **Law.**

Ex professo.—From one acknowledged.

Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.—A Mercury is not made out of any block of wood. **Quoted by Apuleius** *as a saying of Pythagoras.*

Ex scintilla incendium.—From a spark a fire. **Pr.**

Ex sese.—From himself (*i.e.* by his own exertions). **Cicero.**

Ex tempore.—Without preparation. **Cicero.** *De Orat., 50.*

Ex umbra in solem.—Out of shade (or obscurity) into the light of day. **Pr.**

Ex ungue leonem.—By his claw you may know the lion. **Pr.** (*Greek*).

Ex uno disce omnes.[†]—From one judge all. **Pr.**

Ex vita discedo, tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo.—I depart from life as from an inn, and not as from my home. **Cicero.** *De Senect., 23.*

Ex vitio alterius sapiens emendat suum.—From another's evil qualities a wise man corrects his own. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ex vultibus hominum mores colligere.—To acquire knowledge of human nature from men's physiognomy. **Pr.**

Exceptio in non exceptis firmat regulam.—An exception claimed in the case of matters or persons not excepted strengthens the rule. **Law.**

Exceptis excipiendis.—Those things being excepted which it is requisite should be excepted. **Law.**

Excepto quod non simul esses, cætera lætus.
—Except that you were not with me, I was happy as to other things. **Mediæval** (*Hexameter verse*).

Excessit ex ephebis.—He has quitted the hobbledehoy stage ; he is out of his teens. **Terence.** *Andria, i. 1, 24.*

Excessit medicina malum.—The remedy has exceeded the disease. **Pr.** (*Modern*).

Excessus in jure reprobatur.—Excess is condemned in law. **Law.**

Excludat jurgia finis.—Let this end of the controversy stop all quarrel. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 1, 38.*

Exeat aula,
Qui vult esse pius.
—Let him depart from the court who wishes to be an honest man. **Mediæval** (?).

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.—I have raised up a memorial more lasting than brass. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 30, 1.*

Exempli gratia.—By way of example. **Cicero** (*and other authors*).

Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus.—We live more by example than by reason. **Pr.**

Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
Displicet auctori. Prima est hæc ultio, quod se
Judice nemo nocens absolvitur.
—Whatever guilt is perpetrated by some evil prompting, is grievous to the author of the crime. This is the first punishment of guilt that no one who is guilty is acquitted at the judgment seat of his own conscience. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 1.*

Exemplumque Dei quisque est in imagine parva.—Each one is a copy of God in a small form. **Manilius.**

Exercere imperium sævis unguibus.—To exercise authority with cruel claws. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 1, 31, 12.*

Exige, ac suspende te.—Go and hang yourself. **Plautus.** *Bacchides.*

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[*] Also suggested by Robert Lowe, Chancellor, as a motto for matchboxes, when the British Government introduced a match tax, 1871.

[†] *See* "Crimine ab uno."

Exigit et a statuis farinas.—He extracts meal even from statues. **Pr.**

Exigite, ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cera vultum facit.
—Require of him that he shall mould their tender nature as with his thumb, even as a man fashions a face in wax. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 7, 237.*

Exigua est virtus præstare silentia rebus;
At contra, gravis est culpa tacenda loqui.
—Slight is the merit of keeping silence on a matter, on the other hand serious is the guilt of talking on things whereon we should be silent. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 2, 603.*

Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.—Of small number, but their valour quick for war. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 5, 754.*

Exiguum est ad legem bonum esse.—It is a slight thing to be good according to law. **Seneca.**

Exiguum natura desiderat.—Nature requires very little. **Seneca.** *Ep. 16.*

Exilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant,
Atque alio patriam quærunt sub sole jacentem.
—And for exile they change their homes and pleasant thresholds, and seek a country lying beneath another sun. **Virgil.** *Georgics, Book 2, 511.*

Exilium patitur patriæ qui se denegat.—He suffers exile who denies himself to his country. **Publilius Syrus.**

Exitio est avidum (*or* avidis) mare nautis.——The greedy sea is fatal to sailors (or, according to the alternative reading, which is more commonly accepted, "The sea is fatal to greedy seafarers"). **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 28, 18.*

Exitus acta probat.—The result proves the action. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 2, 85.*

Exitus in dubio est: audebimus ultima, dixit.—The outcome is doubtful, he said, we will dare the very utmost. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 2, 781.*

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.—Some avenger shall rise up from our bones. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 625.*

Expectans expectavi.—I waited patiently. **Vulgate.** *Ps. 401.*

Expectata dies aderat.—The longed-for day is at hand. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 5, 104.*

Expedit esse deos: et ut expedit, esse putemus.—It is expedient that there should be gods; and as it is expedient let us believe them to be. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 1, l. 637.*

Experimentum crucis.—A crucial experiment. **Pr.**

Experiundo scies.—You shall know by experience. **Terence.** *Heauton., 3, 2, 90.*

Experto crede Roberto.—Believe the experienced Robert.—Found in the introduction of Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621, but Antonius de Arena (*d.* 1544) wrote also "Experto crede Roberto." Ruperto is sometimes substituted for Roberto, in German writings. **Mediæval.**

Experto credite.—Believe one who knows by experience. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 11, 283.*

Expetuntur divitiæ ad perfruendas voluptates.—Riches are desired for the enjoyment of our pleasures. **Cicero** (*adapted from De Officiis, 1, 8*).

Explorant adversa viros; perque aspera duro
Nititur ad laudem, virtus interrita clivo.
—Adversity tries men, and virtue strives for glory through adverse circumstances, undeterred by hard obstacles. **Silius Italicus.** *4, 605.*

Expressa nocent, non expressa non nocent.—What is expressed may be prejudicial, what is not expressed cannot be so. **Law.**

Expressio unius est exclusio alterius.—The naming of one man is the exclusion of the other. **Law.**

Extinctus amabitur idem.—He shall be loved though dead. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 1, 14.*

Extra ecclesiam nulla salus.—No salvation outside the Church. **Mediæval.**

Extrema gaudii luctus occupat.—Grief takes possession of the confines of gladness. **Vulgate.** *Prov. 14, 13.*

Extremæ est dementiæ discere dediscenda.—It is the worst of madness to learn what has to be unlearnt. **Erasmus.** *De Ratione Studii.*

Extremis malis extrema remedia.—To desperate evils, desperate remedies. **Pr.**

Exuerint sylvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti,
In quascunque voces artes, haud tarda sequentur.
—They will lay aside their rustic mind, and by continued instruction will quickly follow into whatsoever arts you may invite them. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 2, 51.*

Fabas indulcet fames.—Hunger sweetens beans. **Pr.**

Faber compedes quas fecit ipse
Gestet.
—Let the smith wear the shackles which he himself made. **Ausonius.** *Idyll., 7, fin.*

Faber quisque ingenii sui.—Every man is the maker of his own genius. **Bacon** (*an adaptation of Apuleius's "insolent and unlucky saying"*).

Faber quisque suæ fortunæ [*or* "fortunæ propriæ"].—Every man is the maker of his own fortune. **Sallust.** *De Republica, 1, 1* (*quoted as from Apuleius*).

Fabricando fabri fimus.—By working we become workmen. **Pr.**

Fabula, nec sentis, tota jactaris in urbe.—Though you are not aware of it, you are become the talking-stock of the whole town.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 3, 1, 21.*

Fac et excusa.—Do it and make excuses.
Pr.

Faciam, hujus loci, dieique, meique semper memineris.—I will make you always remember this place, this day, and me.
Terence. *Eunuchus, v. 7, 31.*

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen; qualem decet esse sororum.
—Not altogether the same features, nor yet different; but such as would be natural in sisters.
Ovid. *Metam., 2, 13.*

Facies tua computat annos.—Your face shows your age.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 199.*

Facile consilium damus aliis.—We easily give advice to others.
Quoted by Burton: Anat. Melan., 1621.
Founded on Terence. (*See "Facile omnes".*)

Facile est imperium in bonis.—To govern the good is easy.
Plautus.

Facile est inventis addere.—It is easy to add to inventions.
Pr.

Facile est miserum irridere.—It is easy to mock the wretched.
Plautus. *Curculio, ii. 1.*

Facile est ventis dare vela secundis,
Fecundumque solum varias agitare per artes,
Auroque atque ebori decus addere, cum rudis ipsa
Materies niteat.
—It is easy to spread the sails to propitious winds, and to cultivate in different ways a rich soil, and to give lustre to gold and ivory, when the very raw material itself shines.
Manilius. *Astr., 3.*

Facile invenies et pejorem, et pejus moratam, pater,
Quam illa fuit: meliorem neque tu reperies, neque sol videt.
—You will easily find a worse woman, and one of worse disposition, father, than she was; but a better one you will not find, nor does the sun behold one.
Plautus. *Stichus, i. 2, 52.*

Facile largiri de alieno.—It is easy to be generous with other people's property.
Pr.

Facile omnes, cum valemus, recta concilia egrotis damus.—When we are well, we all easily give good advice to the sick.
Terence. *Andria, ii. 1, 11.*

Facile palmam habes.—You win easily.
Plautus. *Trinummus, iii. 2.*

Facile princeps.—Easily foremost.
Pr.

Facili fæminarum credulitate.—With the easy credulity of women.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 14, 4.*

Facilis descensus Averno* est;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.
—Easy is the descent to Lake Avernus (mouth of Hades); night and day the gate of gloomy Dis (god of Hades) is open; but to retrace one's steps, and escape to the upper air, this indeed is a task; this indeed is a toil.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 26.*

Facilis vindicta est mihi,
Sed inquinari nolo ignavo sanguine.
—My vengeance is easy, but I do not care to be stained with ignoble blood.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 29, 10.*

Facilius crescit quam inchoatur dignitas.—Dignity grows more easily than it obtains a beginning.
Laberius.

Facilius sit Nili caput invenire.—It would be easier to discover the source of the Nile.
Old Saying.

Facinus majoris abollæ.—A crime on a larger scale (*lit.:* a deed of the larger cloak).
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 115.*

Facinus quos inquinat æquat.—A crime equals those whom it debases.
Lucanus. *Book 5, 287.*

Facit gradum† fortuna quam nemo videt.—Good fortune which no one notices, makes a stepping-stone.
Publilius Syrus.

Facit indignatio versum.—Indignation leads to the making of poetry. (Often quoted "Facit indignatio versus"—*i.e.* verses.)
Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 79.*

Facito aliquid operis, ut semper te diabolus inveniat occupatum.—Keep doing some kind of work, that the devil may always find you employed.
St. Jerome.

Facta canam; sed erunt qui me finxisse loquantur.—I will sing of facts; but there will be some to say that I have invented them.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 6, 3.*

Facta ducis vivent, operosaque gloria rerum;
Hæc manet: hæc avidos effugit una rogos.
—The deeds of the leader shall live, and the toilsome glory of his actions; this endures, this alone escapes the greedy destruction of death.
Ovid. *Ad Liviam, 265.*

Facta ejus cum dictis discrepant.—His deeds do not agree with his words.
Cicero. *De Fin., Book 2, 30.*

Facta non verba.—Deeds not words.

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* In some editions,
"Facilis descensus Averni:
Noctes atque dies," etc.

† Another reading is "gratum"—*i.e.* "The good fortune which is unnoticed (and therefore unenvied) makes a man grateful for it."

Factis ignoscite nostris
Si scelus ingenio scitis abesse meo.
—Overlook our deeds, since you know that crime was absent from our inclination.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 3, 309.*

Factūm abiit; monumenta manent.—The deed has gone; the memorial thereof remains.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 4, 709.*

Factum est illud; fieri infectum non potest.—It is done; it is not possible for it to be undone. **Plautus.** *Aulularia.*

Fæx populi (*or* plebis).—The dregs of the people (*or* of the common people).
Cicero. *Ep. ad Quint., 2, 9, 5.*

Fallacia
Alia aliam trudit.
—One falsehood makes way for another (*lit.:* pushes aside another).
Terence. *Andria, iv. 5, 39.*

Fallaci nimium de crede lucernæ.—Do not trust too much to deceitful lamp-light (in judging of a woman's beauty).
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 245.*

Fallentis semita vitæ.—The pathway of life which escapes observation.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 103.*

Fallere credentem non est operosa puellam
Gloria.
—To deceive a trusting girl is not a glorious or arduous achievement.
Ovid. *Heroides, 2, 63.*

Fallit enim vitium, specie virtutis et umbra
Cum sit triste habitu, vultuque et veste severum.
—For vice deceives, under the appearance and shadow of virtue, when sad in its appearance, and austere in countenance and dress.
Juvenal. *Sat. 14, 109.*

Fallite fallentes.—Deceive the deceivers.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 645.*

Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub principe credit
Servitium. Nunquam libertas gratior exstat,
Quam sub rege pio.
—He who thinks it slavery to be under a distinguished chief, is mistaken. Never does liberty appear more pleasing than under a righteous king. **Claudian.** *24, 113.*

Fallor? An arma sonant? Non fallimur, arma sonabant;
Mars venit, et veniens bellica signa dabat.
—Am I deceived? Or is it the clash of arms? I am not deceived, it was the clash of arms; Mars approaches, and, approaching, gave the signs of war. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 5, 549.*

Falsa grammatica non vitiat concessionem.
—False grammar does not vitiate a grant.
Coke.

Falso damnati crimine mortis.—Men condemned to death on a false accusation.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 430.*

Falsum in uno, falsum in omni.—False in one particular, false in every particular. **Pr.**

Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret,
Quem, nisi mendosum et medicandum?
—Whom does false honour help, or whom does ~~lying~~ calumny alarm, except the liar ~~and~~ the man who is sickly in temperament?
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 16, 39.*

Fama clamosa.—A noisy rumour.

Fama est obscurior annis.—The report thereof has become obscured through age.
Virgil. *Æneid, 7, 205.*

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.
—Report, than which no evil thing of any kind is more swift, increases with travel, and gains strength by its progress.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 174.*

Fama tamen clara est; et adhuc sine crimine vixi.—My good name is nevertheless unstained; and so far I have lived without blame. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 17, 17.*

Fama volat parvam subito vulgata per urbem.—The rumour forthwith flies abroad dispersed throughout the small town.
Virgil. *Æneid, 8, 554.*

Famæ damna majora sunt quam quæ æstimari possint.—Injuries to reputation are greater than can be estimated. **Livy.**

Famæ laboranti non facile succurritur.—Fame in danger is not easily rescued. **Pr.**

Famam extendere factis.—To extend fame by deeds. (*Motto of Linnæus, Monckton family, etc.*) **Virgil** (*altered*).*

Famem fuisse suspicor matrem mihi.—I suspect that hunger was my mother.
Plautus. *Stichus, ii. 1, 1.*

Fames et mora
Bilem in nasum conciunt.
—Hunger and delay stir up bile in one's nostril. **Plautus.** *Amph., iv. 3, 40.*
(*Quoted as an ancient saying.*)

Fames, pestis et bellum populi sunt pernicies.—Famine, pestilence, and war are the destruction of a people. **Pr.**

Famulatur dominus ubi timet quibus imperat.—That master becomes a servant when he fears those whom he rules.
Publilius Syrus.

Fare, fac.—Speak, do. **Motto.**

Fasti et nefasti dies.—Lucky and unlucky days. **Pr.**

Fastidientis stomachi est multa degustare.—It is the nature of a dainty appetite to taste many dishes. **Seneca.** *Ep. 2.*

Fastus inest pulchris, sequiturque superbia formam.—Haughtiness is natural in the fair, and pride accompanies beauty.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 1, 419.*

Fata obstant.—The Fates stand in the way.
Pr.

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* *See* "Et dubitamus."

Fata viam invenient.—Destiny will find out a way. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 113.*

Fata vocant.—The Fates call.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 496.*

Fatetur facinus is qui judicium fugit.—He who flees from judgment confesses his crime.
Publilius Syrus.

Fatigatis humus cubile est.—To the weary the ground is a bed. **Curtius.**

Fatis accede, Deisque;
Et cole felices, miseros fuge. Sidera terra
Ut distant, et flamma mari, sic utile recto.

—Conciliate the Fates and the Gods; worship the fortunate and shun the wretched. As the stars are distant from earth, and as fire differs from the sea, so does the expedient differ from the right. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia 8.*

Fatua mulier. A foolish woman (a woman of bad character). **Law.**

Favete linguis. (*See* "Odi.")

Fecimus et nos
Hæc juvenes.

—We ourselves did these things when we were young men. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 8, 163.*

Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum?
—Whom have not the flowing goblets made eloquent? **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 5, 19.*

Fecundus est error.—Error is prolific.
Erasmus. *Epicureus.*

Felices errore suo.—Happy in their error.
Lucanus.

Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

—Thrice happy, and more than thrice happy, are those whom an unbroken bond holds, and whom love, unimpaired by evil disputes, will not sunder before their last day.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 13, 17.*

Felicitas multos habet amicos.—Prosperity has many friends. **Pr.**

Felicitas nutrix est iracundiæ.—Prosperity is nurse to ill-temper. **Pr.**

Felicitate corrumpimur.—We are corrupted by good fortune. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 1, 15.*

Feliciter is sapit qui periculo alieno sapit.—He is fortunately wise who grows wise by dangers of others.
Plautus. *Mercator.* (*Interpolated scene, supposed to be by Hermolaus Barbus.*)

Felix est cui quantulumcunque temporis contigit, bene collocatum est.—Happy is he who has well employed his time, however brief it may have been. **Seneca.**

Felix, heu nimium felix.—Happy, alas! too happy. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 656.*

Felix improbitas optimorum est calamitas.
—Lucky dishonesty is the misfortune of the best men. **Publilius Syrus.**

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.
—Happy is he whom the dangers of others make cautious.
Quoted as a Saying in Cyllenus's "Tibullus," published 1493.[*]

Felix quem faciunt aliorum cornua cautum. Happy is he whom the horns of others have made cautious.
Johannes Ravisius Textor (*French writer*). *Dialogue, written* c. 1525 (*printed at Rotterdam,* 1651). (*Probably a proverbial saying.*)

Felix qui nihil debet.—Happy he who nothing owes.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas;
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!

—Happy he who has been able to understand the causes of things, and who has put under his feet all fears, and inexorable fate, and the roaring of greedy Acheron!
Virgil. *Georgics, 2, 490.*

Felix qui quod amat defendere fortiter audet.—Happy he who dares to stoutly defend that which he loves.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 2, 5, 9.*

Felix quicunque dolore
Alterius disces posse carere tuo.

—Happy are you, whoever you may be, who can learn, by the pain of another, to avoid it yourself. **Tibullus.** *Book 3, El. 7, 11.*

Felo de se.—A criminal upon himself (a suicide). **Law.**

Feras, non culpes, quod mutari non potest.
—Bear, do not blame, what cannot be changed.
Publilius Syrus.

Feras quod lædit, ut quod prodest perferas.
—Bear what is hurtful, that you may preserve what is profitable. **Publilius Syrus.**

Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.—As a rule men freely believe what they wish. **Cæsar.** *De Bello Gallico, 3, 18.*

Fere scriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt.

—Sometimes writers debase noble deeds by celebrating them in an unworthy poem.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 236.*

Feriis caret necessitas.—Necessity has no holidays. **Pr.**

Ferme fugiendo in media fata ruitur.—Often it happens to a man flying from fate that he rushes into the midst of it. **Livy.**

Ferreus assiduo consumitur anulus usu.—The iron ring is worn out by constant use.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 473.*

Ferte citi ferrum, date tela, scandite muros;
Hostis adest, eja!

—Hasten with the sword, bring weapons, climb the walls; the enemy is at hand—come on! **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 37.*

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[*] *See* "Feliciter is sapit."

Fertilior seges est alienis semper in agris,
Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet.
—The crop is more abundant in other people's fields, and our neighbour's herd has more milk than ours.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 349.*

Ferto fereris.—By bearing with others, you shall be borne with. **Pr.**

Ferulæque tristes, sceptra pedagogorum,
Cessent.
—And let the dismal rods, the sceptres of schoolmasters, have a rest.
Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 62, 10.*

Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.—My liver is in a ferment, burning with gall not to be restrained. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 13.*

Fervet olla, vivit amicitia.—The pot boils, friendship lives.[*] **Pr.**

Fervet opus.—The work goes on with a will. **Virgil.**

Festina lente.—Hasten slowly.
Motto *attributed to Octavius Cæsar. (Suetonius, Aug., 25.)*[†]

Festinatio tarda est.—Hurry is slow. **Pr.**

Feudum maternum (*or* paternum).—A feud descending from mother, or father.
Blackstone. *Comm., v. 2, 212, 243*

Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.—Let he experiment be made on a worthless body. **Pr.**

Fiat jus et pereat mundus.—Let right be done, and let the world perish.
Attributed by Jeremy Taylor to St. Augustine.

Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.—Let justice be done, and let the heaven fall.[‡] **Pr.**

Fiat lux.—Let light be made.
Vulgate. *Genesis, 1, 3.*

Ficos dividere.—To split figs (*i.e.* to be guilty of meanness). **Pr.**

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.—Let fictions meant to please be very near to truth. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 338.*

Fictis, nos jocari meminerit fabulis.—Let him remember that we are making fun with tales of fiction.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, Prol. 7.*

Ficum cupit.—He covets a fig; he wants some favour, and is there fore civil or polite. **Pr.**

Fide abrogata, omnis humana societas tollitur.—Credit being lost, all the social intercourse of men is brought to naught.
Livy (*adapted from Book 6, 41*).

Fide et diffide.—Trust and distrust. **Motto.**

Fidei commissum.—Left to trust; bequeathed in confidence in the heir's integrity. **Law.**

Fidelis ad urnam.—Faithful to the funeral urn (*i.e.* to death). **Pr.**

Fidelius rident tuguria.—The peasants (*lit.*, the peasants' cottages) laugh in a more genuine way (*i.e.* humble folk are more sincere and hearty in laughter). **Pr.**

Fidem nemo unquam perdit nisi qui non habet.—No one ever loses credit excepting he who has it not. **Publilius Syrus.**

Fidem qui perdit nihil ultra perdere potest.—He who loses credit can lose nothing further. **Publilius Syrus.**

Fidem qui perdit quo se servet reliquo?—He who loses credit, what has he left that can avail him? **Publilius Syrus.**

Fides carbonaria.—The coalheaver's faith (*i.e.* a belief like that of the coalheaver who said that he believed what the Church believed. When asked what that was, he said, "What I believe"). **Mediæval.**

Fides in animum unde abiit, nunquam redit.—Confidence never returns to the mind whence it has departed. **Publilius Syrus.**

Fides non habet meritum ubi humana ratio præbet experimentum.—Faith has not merit where human reason supplies the proof.
St. Gregory. *Homily 40, Book 2, 26.*

Fides Punica.—Punic (*or* Phœnician) honour (*i.e.* faithlessness). **Sallust.**
Jugurtha, 108, 3 (and in other authors).

Fides servanda est.—Faith must be kept. **Plautus.**

Fides, sicut anima, unde abiit eo nunquam redit.—Confidence, like the soul, never returns thither whence it has departed.
Publilius Syrus.

Fides sit penes auctorem.—Let credit be in the possession of the author (*i.e.* Credit this to the author). **Pr.**

Fidus Achates.—Faithful Achates (faithful companion of Æneas).
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 158, etc.*

Fieri curavit.—He caused this to be made.
On monumental inscriptions: expressed by "F. C."

Fieri facias.—Cause it to be done (writ empowering a sheriff to levy). **Law.**

Figulus figulo invidet, faber fabro.—The potter is envious of the potter, the smith of the smith. **Pr.**

Filii non plus possessionum quam morborum hæredes.—Sons, not more heirs of possessions than of diseases. **Pr.**

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[*] *See* Greek Proverb, p. 472*a*.

[†] *See* Greek Quotations: "Σπεῦδε Βραδέως," p. 478*b*.

[‡] You goe against that Generall maxime in the lawes, which is that "Fiat justitia et ruant cœli."—*W. Watson: Quodlibets of Religion and State* (1602). Also quoted 1603 (*Manningham's Diary*, Camden Society, under the date April 11, 1603) "Fiat justicia et cœlum ruat."

Filius istarum lacrymarum.—A child of those tears.[*] **St. Augustine.** *Conf., Book 3, 12.*

Filius nullius.—The son of no one (an illegitimate son). **Law.**

Filius populi.—Son of the people (an illegitimate son). **Law.**

Filius terræ.—Son of the earth (*i.e.* low, earth-born). **Law.**

Filum aquæ.—The thread or middle of a stream (parting two lordships or properties). **Law.**

Finem respice (*or* Respice finem).—Have regard to the end. *Translation of Chilo's saying.*[†]

Finge datos currus, quid agas?—Suppose the chariot of the sun were given you, what would you do? (Apollo's question to Phaeton.) **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 2, 74.*

Fingit equum tenera docilem cervice magister
Ire viam qua[‡] monstret eques.
—The trainer trains the docile horse to turn, with his sensitive neck, whichever way the rider indicates. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 2, 64.*

Fingunt se medicos quivis idiota, sacerdos,
Judæus, monachus, histrio, rasor, anus.
—Every idiot, priest, Jew, monk, actor, barber, and old woman, fancy themselves physicians. **Mediæval.**

Finis adest rerum.—The end of affairs is at hand. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Book 3, 329.*

Finis alterius mali, gradus est futuri.—The end of one woe is the step to one that is to come. **Pr.**

Finis ecce laborum!—Lo! the end of my labours!

Firmior quo paratior.—The stronger being better prepared. **Motto** *of Earls of Selkirk.*

Fistula dulce canit volucres dum decipit auceps;
Impia sub dulci melle venena latent.
—The pipe sounds sweetly whilst the fowler is ensnaring the birds; and villainous poison lies concealed in the sweet honey. **Ovid.** (*Adapted, the second line being from Book 1, 8, 104; the other from an unknown source.*)

Fit cito per multas præda petita manus.—The booty sought by many hands is quickly plundered. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 8, 92.*

Fit in dominatu servitus, in servitute dominatus.—In mastery there is bondage, in bondage there is mastery. **Cicero.** *Pro. Rege Dejot., 11.*

Fit quoque longus amor, quem diffidentia nutrit.—The love which is fostered by despair is long-lasting. **Ovid.** *Rem. Am., 543.*

Fit scelus indulgens per nubila sæcula virtus.—In overcast times the virtue of tenderness becomes a crime. **Pr.** (*Hexameter verse*).

Fit via vi.—A way is made by force. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 494.*

Fixit in æternum causas qua cuncta coercet.—He fixed for ever causes whereby he keeps all things in order. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Book 2, 9.*

Flagrante bello.—Whilst the war is raging. **Pr.**

Flagrante delicto.—Whilst the crime is blazing (in the very act of crime). **Pr.**

Flamma fumo est proxima.—Flame is very near to smoke. **Plautus.** *Curculio, Act i. 1, 53.*

Flamma per incensas citius sedetur aristas.—Sooner might the flame be subdued amongst the standing corn as it burns. **Propertius.** *Book 3, Eleg. 19, 5.*

Flamma recens parva sparsa resedit aqua.—The newly kindled fire subsides sprinkled with a little water. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 17, 190.*

Flebile ludibrium.—A tragic subject of laughter. **Pr.**

Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.—He shall mourn, and shall be marked out for the gossip of the whole town. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 1, 46.*

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.—If I cannot influence the gods, I will move Acheron (Hades). **Virgil.** *Æneid, 7, 312.*

Flere licet certe: flendo diffundimus iram:
Perque sinum lacrimæ, fluminis instar enim.
—Truly it is allowed us to weep: by weeping we disperse our wrath; and tears go through the heart, even like a stream. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 8, 61.*

Flet victus, victor interiit.—The conquered weeps, the conqueror has perished. **Pr.**

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta,
Aurea, perpetua semper dignissima vita.
—As the bees in the flower-grown meadows take the sweets from all the flowers, so we also satiate ourselves with your golden sayings, golden indeed, and ever most worthy of endless life (an apostrophe of Epicurus). **Lucretius.** *De Rer. Nat., Book 3, 11.*

Flos juvenum, *or* Flos juventutis.—The flower of the young men, *or* the flower of youth. **Livy.** *8, 8; 37, 12, etc.*

Flos poetarum.—The flower of poets. **Plautus.** *Casina, Prol., 18.*

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[*] "It cannot be, that a child of those tears (of mine) shall perish." Augustine says that this was his mother's saying when he became infected with the Manichean heresy.

[†] *See also* Ecclus. 28, 6 (p. 420*b*).

[‡] Another reading has "quam."

Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant.—Now streams of milk were flowing, now streams of nectar. (The Golden Age.)
Ovid. *Metam., Book 1, 111.*

Fluvius cum mari certas.—A river, you contend with the sea. **Pr.**

Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.—One of these days you will attempt something baser than this. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 2, 82.*

Fœdum consilium, quum incepto, tum etiam exitu fuit.—It was a detestable counsel in its beginning, detestable also in its ending.
Livy. *Book 26, 38.*

Fœnum habet in cornu; longe fuge; dummodo risum
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcit amico.
—He is dangerous (*lit.*, he has hay upon his horn); keep at a distance; as long as he can force a laugh for himself, he is not the one to spare his friend.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 34.*

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.
—But do not entrust your songs to leaves, lest, dispersed, they fly about, the sport of the devouring winds. **Virgil.** *Æneid., 6, 74.*

Fons et origo mali.—The fount and origin of the evil. **Pr.**

Fons malorum.—The fount of evils. **Pr.**

Fontes ipsi sitiunt.—The fountains themselves are athirst.
Cicero. *Ep. ad Quint., 3, 1, 4.*

Foris ut mos est, intus ut libet.—Outside in accordance with custom; within our doors as it pleases us. **Pr.** *See Seneca, Ep. 5, 2.*

Forma bonum fragile est.—Personal beauty is a transitory good.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 113.*

Forma viros neglecta decet.—A carelessness as to personal appearance is becoming to men.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 509.*

Formidabilior cervorum exercitus, duce leone, quam leonum cervo.—An army of stags led by a lion would be more formidable than one of lions led by a stag. **Pr.**

Formosissimus annus.—The most charming period of the year. (According to Ovid, the autumn; according to Virgil, the spring.)
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 315.*

Formosos sæpe inveni pessimos,
Et turpi facie multos cognovi optimos.
—I have often found persons of handsome appearance to be the worst; and I have noticed that many of evil appearance are the best. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 3, 46.*

Fors et virtus miscentur in unum.—Chance and valour are blended in one.
Virgil. *Æneid, 12, 714.*

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.—Perhaps it will be a pleasure to us some day to remember even these things.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 203.*

Forsan miseros meliora sequentur.—Better things, perhaps, will attend the wretched.
Virgil. *Æneid, 12, 153.*

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.—Perchance even our name will be mingled with theirs.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 339.*

Forsitan hic aliquis dicat, Quæ publica tangunt
Carpere concessum est; hoc via juris habet.
—Perhaps someone here may say, "It is allowable to pluck what is found on the public way; this much of right the road confers." **Ovid.** *Nux Elegia, 133.*

Forte scutum salus ducum.—The safety of leaders is a strong shield.
Motto *of Fortescue.*

Fortem facit vicina libertas senem.—Liberty, near at hand, makes an old man brave. **Seneca.** *Hippolytus, i. 139.*

Fortem posce animum, mortis terrore carentem,
Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ, qui ferre queat quoscunque labores.
—Pray for a brave mind, wanting in fear of death, which regards the last stage of life as among the gifts of Nature, which is able to bear any labours. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 357.*

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
Est in juvencis, est in equibus patrum
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.
—The brave are born from the brave and good. In steers and in horses is to be found the excellence of their sires; nor do savage eagles produce a peaceful dove.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 4.*

Fortes fortuna adjuvat.—Fortune gives help to the brave. **Terence.** *Phormio, i. 4, 26.*

Fortes in fine assequendo, et suaves in modo assequendi simus.—Let us be resolute in prosecuting our ends, and mild in our methods of so doing.
Aquaviva. (*16th Century.*)

Forti et fideli nihil difficile.—Nothing is difficult to a brave and faithful man.
Motto *of Lord Muskerry.*

Fortior et potentior est dispositio legis quam hominis.—The disposition of the law is more decisive and powerful than that of men. **Law.**

Fortis cadere, cedere non potest.—It may be the lot of a brave man to fall, he cannot yield. **Pr.**

Fortis et constantis animi est non perturbari in rebus asperis.—It is the nature of a brave and resolute mind not to be disquieted in difficult matters. **Cicero.**

Fortis imaginatio generat casum.—A powerful imagination produces the event.
Quoted, as a saying of the wise, by Montaigne.

Fortissimus ille est
Qui promptus metuenda pati, si comminus instent.
—He is the bravest man who is swift to encounter horrors even though they stare him in the face. **Lucanus.**

Fortiter ferendo vincitur malum quod evitari non potest.—Ill-fortune which cannot be avoided is subdued by bravely enduring. **Pr.**

Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo.—Resolute in action, gentle in method.[*] **Pr.**

Fortius e multis mater desiderat unum,
Quam quæ flens clamat, Tu mihi solus eras.
—With more fortitude does a mother long for one out of many, than she who weeping cries, "Thou wast my only one." **Ovid.** *Rem. Am., 463.*

Fortuito quodam concursu atomorum.—By some fortuitous concourse of atoms. **Cicero** (*adapted from De Nat. Deorum, Book 1, 24*).[†]

Fortuna arbitriis tempus dispensat iniquis;
Illa rapit juvenes; sustinet illa senes.
—Chance dispenses life with unequal judgment; she snatches away the young; and prolongs the life of the old. **Ovid.** *Ad Liviam, 371.*

Fortuna humana fingit artatque ut lubet.—Fortune moulds and compresses human affairs as she pleases. **Plautus.** *Capteivei, ii. 2, 54.*

Fortuna in homine plus quam consilium valet.—Fortune is of more account to a man than judgment. **Publilius Syrus.**

Fortuna magna magna domino est servitus.—A great fortune is a great bondage to its master. **Pr.**[‡]

Fortuna meliores sequitur.—Fortune follows the more worthy. **Sallust.**

Fortuna miserrima tuta est.—A very poor fortune is a safe one. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 2, 2, 31.*

Fortuna multis dat nimis, nulli satis.—Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 12, 10.*

Fortuna multis parcere in pœnam solet.—Fortune is wont to spare many for some future punishment. **Laberius.**

Fortuna nimium quem fovet, stultum facit.—Fortune makes a fool of the man whom she favours over much. **Publilius Syrus.**

Fortuna obesse nulli contenta est semel.—Fortune is not satisfied with injuring a man only once. **Publilius Syrus.**

Fortuna opes auferre, non animum potest.—Fortune can take away our wealth but not our courage. **Seneca.** *Medea, ii. 176.*

Fortuna parvis momentis magnas rerum commutationes efficit.—Fortune effects great changes in brief moments. **Pr.**

Fortuna, sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
—Fortune rejoicing in cruel employment, and persistent in playing her insolent game, changes uncertain honours, favourable now to me, now to another. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 29, 49.*

Fortuna simul cum moribus immutatur.—Fortune alters with change of conduct. **Sallust.** *Catilina, 2.*

Fortuna vitrea est; tum cum splendet frangitur.—Fortune is glass; just when it becomes bright it is broken. (Said to be taken from "Senecae Sententiae.") **Publilius Syrus.**

Fortunæ cetera mando.—I commit the rest to fortune. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 2, 140.*

Fortunæ filius.—A son of fortune. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 6, 49.*

Fortunæ majoris honos, erectus et acer.—An honour to his high position, upright and energetic. **Claudian.**

Fortunæ veniam damus.—We make allowances (for faults) in the case of large fortune. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 11, 174.*

Fortunam citius reperias quam retineas.—You may find Fortune more easily than you can retain her. **Publilius Syrus.**

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.
—Happy both of you! If my verses are capable of anything, no day shall ever take you from the memory of time. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 446.*

Fortunato omne solum patria est.—To a lucky man every land is a fatherland. **Pr.**

Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes.—Happy is he who has known the divinities of the country. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 2, 493.*

Fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido.
—Striving to fix its teeth in what is easily broken, [envy] dashes them against what is solid. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 1, 77.*

Frangas non flectas.—You may break, you shall not bend. **Motto** *of Leveson-Gower families.*

Frange leves calamos, et scinde Thalia libellos.—Break the frail pens, and tear, Thalia, the books. (Written in indignation at the neglect of literature.) **Martial.** *Epig., Book 9, 74.*

Frange, miser, calamos, vigilataque prœlia dele,
Qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,
Ut dignus venias hederis et imagine macra:
Spes nulla ulterior.
—Poor wretch, break your pens, and blot out

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[*] *See* "Fortes in fine," etc.

[†] The words in Cicero are: "Nulla cogente natura, sed concursu quodam fortuito." Atoms (atomi) and minute particles (corpusculi) are mentioned in preceding sentences. *See also* Quintilian, 7, 2, 2.

[‡] Founded on Seneca. *See* "Magna servitus est."

the battles which have kept you up so late, you who compose sublime poetry in a cramped attic, that you may come forth worthy of an ivy wreath and a wretched statue. Beyond this you have no hope of anything.
Juvenal. *Sat. 7, 27.*

Frange, puer, calamos, et inanes desere Musas.—Break, my boy, your pens, and forsake the useless muses. **Calphurnius,** *4, 23.*

Frangere dum metuis, frangis crystallina: peccant
Securæ nimium, sollicitæque manus.
—When you fear to break vases of crystal, you break them; and the too careful and too anxious hands are apt to do the damage (they are trying to avoid).
Martial. *Epig., Book 14, 111.*

Frangitur ipsa suis Roma superba bonis.—Proud Rome is enervated by her own good fortune. **Propertius;** *3, 13, 60.*

Fraudare eos qui sciunt et consentiunt nemo videtur.—No one is regarded as committing fraud upon those who know and assent to what is done. **Law.**

Fraus est accipere quod non possis reddere.—It is a fraud to accept what you cannot repay.
Publilius Syrus.

Fraus est celare fraudem.—It is fraud to conceal fraud. **Law.**

Fraus latet in generalibus.—Deceit lurks in generalities. **Law.**

Frenos imponit linguæ conscientia.—Conscience places a bridle upon the tongue.
Publilius Syrus.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris.—The cold becomes milder with the Spring Zephyrs.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 7, 9.*

Frons domini plus prodest quam occipitium.—The master's countenance avails him more than the back of his head.
Pr. *quoted by Cato and Pliny the Elder.* (*Pliny 18, 5, 6, § 31.*)

Frons homini lætitiæ et hilaritatis, severitatis et tristitiæ index.—The face of man is the index to joy and mirth, to severity and sadness.
Pliny the Elder, *11, 37.*

Frons, oculi, vultus, persæpe mentiuntur; oratio vero sæpissime.—The brow, the eyes, the countenance very often deceive us; but most often of all the speech.
Cicero. *Ep. ad Quint., 1, 1, 5.*

Fronti nulla fides.—There is no trust to be placed in outward looks.
Juvenal. *Sat. 2, 8.*

Fructu non foliis arborem æstima.—Judge a tree by its fruit, not by its leaves. **Pr.**

Frustra fit per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora.—What can be done by the help of a few things, it is unnecessary to do by means of many things. **Pr.**

Frustra Herculi.—In vain against Hercules; it is foolish to talk against Hercules. **Pr.**

Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet.—He labours in vain who tries to please all.
Pr.

Frustra retinacula tendens,
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.
—Vainly pulling at the reins, the charioteer is borne along by the horses, nor does the chariot take heed of the curb.
Virgil. *Georgics, Book 1, 513.*

Frustra vitium vitaveris illud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris.
—In vain you avoid that particular fault, if you in your depravity turn aside after another.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 2, 54.*

Fuge magna; licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vita præcurrere amicos.
—Shun great things; it is possible beneath a poor roof to excel, by your life, kings and the friends of kings. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 10, 32.*

Fugiendo in media sæpe ruitur fata.—By flight we often rush into the thick of our fate.
Livy, *8, 24.*

Fugit irreparabile tempus.—Time flies, never to be recovered.
Virgil. *Georgics, 3, 284.*

Fugit juventus.—Youth flies.
Horace. *Epodon, 17, 21.*

Fugit hora.*—The hour passes.

Fugit improbus, ac me
Sub cultro linquit.
—The rascal takes to flight and leaves me under the knife.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 9, 73.*

Fuimus Troes; fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum.
—We Trojans have been (*i.e.* we are things of the past). Troy has been, and the huge renown of the Trojans.
Virgil. *Æneid, Book 2, 325.*

Fuit hæc sapientia quondam
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.
—This was once upon a time considered wisdom: to distinguish between public and private interests, between sacred things and common; to restrain from promiscuous concubinage; to ordain laws for the married; to build towns; to inscribe laws upon tablets. Thus did honour and name come to divine poets and songs.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 396.*

Fumos vendere.—To sell smoke; to dispense what is useless and intangible.
Martial. *Epig., Book 4, 5.*

Fumum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ.—The smoke and wealth and hubbub of Rome.
Horace. *Odes Book 3, 29, 12.*

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* *See* "Dum loquor."

Functus officii.—Having discharged his office. **Law.**

Fundamentum est autem justitiæ fides.—But good faith is the foundation of justice. **Cicero.** *De Off., Book 1, 7.*

Funem abrumpere nimium tendendo.—To break the rope by over-stretching it. **Pr.**

Fungar inani
Munere.
—I will perform a useless duty.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 885.*

Fungino genere est; capite se totum tegit.—He is of the race of the mushroom; he covers himself altogether with his head (*i.e.* he wears a broad-brimmed *petasus*). **Plautus.** *Trinummus, iv 1, 9.*

Fungino genere est; subito crevit de nihilo.—He is of the mushroom kind; he has suddenly grown out of nothing. **Pr.**

Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.
—I will perform the function of a whetstone, which is able to restore sharpness to iron, though itself unable to cut.*
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 304.*

Furens quid fœmina possit.—That which an enraged woman can accomplish. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 5, 6.*

Furiosus absentis loco est.—A madman is as it were in the position of an absent person. **Coke.**

Furiosus furore suo punitur.—A madman is punished by his own madness. **Law.**

Furor arma ministrat.—Rage supplies arms. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 150.*

Furor est post omnia perdere naulum.—It is madness, after losing all, to lose even your passage money. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 8, 97.*

Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia.—Patience abused too often becomes fury. **Publilius Syrus.**

Furor iraque mentem præcipitant.—Fury and anger carry the mind away. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 316.*

Furor loquendi.—A rage for talking.

Furor poeticus.—The frenzy of the poet.

Furor teutonicus.—Teuton madness. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, 1, 255.*

Futura expectans præsentibus angor.—Hoping for good things to come I am tormented by my present circumstances. **Pr.**

Galea spes salutis.—Hope is the helmet of salvation. **Vulgate.** *1 Thess. 5, 8.*

Galeatum sero duelli
Pœnitet.
—The soldier who has buckled on his helmet repents too late of having to fight.
Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 169.*

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* A whetstone is no kerving instrument, and yet it maketh sharpe kerving tolis.—*Chaucer: Troilus, Bk.* 1, 631.

Gallus in sterquilinio suo plurimum potest.—The cock is at his best on his own dunghill. **Seneca.** *De Morte Claudii.*

Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas.
—He tells old women's tales appropriate to the matter. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 6, 77.*

Gaudensque viam fecisse ruinâ.—And rejoicing that he has made his way by ruin. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Book 1, 150.**

Gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ.
—His delicate ears rejoice in a prænomen (or title). **Horace.** *Book 2, 5, 32.*

Gaudet tentamine virtus.—Valour delights in the test. **Pr.**

Gaudia non remanent, sed fugitiva volant.—Joys do not stay, but take wing and fly away. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 1, 16, 8.*

Gemitus columbæ.—The sighings of a dove.†

Generari et nasci a principibus, fortuitum, nec ultra æstimatur.—To be begotten and born of princes is held to be an accidental circumstance, nor anything beyond. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 1, 16.*

Genius loci.—The presiding genius of the place. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 7, 136.*‡

Gens superstitioni obnoxia, religionibus adversa.—A race prone to superstition, contrary to religion.§ **Tacitus.** *Hist., 5, 13.*

Gens togata.—The race wearing the toga (the Roman race); applied also to civilians generally. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 282.*

Genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Præstrinxit, stellas exortus uti ætherius sol.
—He (Epicurus) excelled the human race in genius, and made all other men appear dark, as the glorious sun when risen puts the stars from our sight. **Lucretius.** *Book 3, 1056.*

Genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis
Durius.
—And that (early) race of mankind was much more hardy in the fields.
Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., 923.*

Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.
—The race remains immortal, and the fortune of the house endures through many years, and grandsires of grandsires are recorded.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 209.*

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* Referring to Julius Cæsar.

† "Gentle hints, gemitus columbæ—little amorous complaints."—Burke's *Impeachment of Warren Hastings*, 1788.

‡ In Virgil, "Genius" signifies a divinity. Monumental stones were inscribed by the ancient Romans, "Genio loci"—"To the Divinity of the locality," practically the unknown "patron saint" of the town or country.

§ Referring to the Jews.

De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.
—Nothing can be born of nothing, nothing can be resolved into nothing.
Persius. *Sat. 3, 83.*

Gigni pariter cum corpore, et una
Crescere sentimus, pariterque senescere mentem.
—We feel that the mind is born with the body, that it grows with it, and that it likewise ages with it.
Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., Book 3, 446.*

Gladiator in arena consilium capit.—The gladiator is taking counsel after entering the arena (*i.e.* when it is too late).
Seneca. *Ep. 22, 1.* (*Quoted as* " *an old proverb.*")

Glebæ ascriptus.—Attached to the soil.
Law.

Gloria in excelsis.—Glory in the highest.
Missal.

Gloria virtutem tanquam umbra sequitur. —Glory follows virtue like its shadow.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 1, 45.*

Gloriæ et famæ jactura facienda est, publicæ utilitatis causâ.—A renunciation of glory and fame should be made for the public advantage.
Cicero. (*Adapted from De Off., 1, 24.*)

Gloriam qui spreverit, veram habet.—He will have true glory who despises glory.
Livy. *Book 22, 39.**

Gloriari non est meum.—It is not mine to glory.
Founded on 1 Cor. 9, 16 ; and Gal. 6, 4.

Gradus ad Parnassum.—A step to Parnassus (applied to a dictionary of prosody).

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.
—Greece, taken captive, captured her savage conqueror, and carried her arts into clownish Latium.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 156.*

Græcorum animi servitute ac miseriâ fracti sunt.—The spirits of the Greeks were broken by bondage and misery (after being conquered by Rome).
Livy.

Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.—The grammarians are at variance, and up to the present the matter is still undecided.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 78.*

Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus,—omnia novit.
Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.
—Grammarian, rhetorician, geometrician, painter, anointer, augur, rope-dancer, physician, sorcerer—he has known all things. The hungry Greekling will, if you bid him, attempt the sky itself.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 76.*

Gram. loquitur ; Dia. vera docet ; Rhe. verba colorat ;
Mu. canit ; Ar. numerat ; Geo. ponderat ; As. docet astra.
Grammar speaks ; dialectics teach truths ; rhetoric colours words ; music sings ; arithmetic deals with numbers : geometry measures ; astronomy teaches the stars.
Mediæval.

Gratia Musa tibi. Nam tu solatia præbes ;
Tu curæ requies, tu medicina mali.
—Thanks, Muse, to thee. For thou givest me consolation ; thou art a respite from care, thou art a medicine for woe.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 4, 10, 117.*

Gratia placendi.—For the sake of giving pleasure.
Cicero, *etc.*

Gratia pro rebus merito debetur inemptis. —Thanks are worthily due for things unbought.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 10, 43.*

Gratiaque officio quod mora tardet abest.—And thanks are not forthcoming for a service which has come late through delay.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 3, 4, 52.*

Gratiæ expectativæ.—Expected favours.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. —Virtue is additionally pleasing when coming to us in one whose form is beautiful.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 344.*

Gratiora tamen quæ suâ sponte nascuntur. —Yet those things are more pleasing which spring of their own accord.
Tacitus. *Dial. de Oratoribus, 6.*

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.
Sibi molesta, et aliis odiosissima.
—Out of breath to no purpose, in doing much doing nothing. A race (of busybodies) hurtful to itself and most hateful to all others.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 2, 5, 3.*

Gratis dictum.—Said to no purpose ; irrelevant.
Pr.

Gratis pœnitet esse probum.—It is annoying to be honest to no purpose.
Ovid. *Ex de Pont., Book 2, 3, 14.*

Gratulor quod eum, quem necesse erat diligere, qualiscumque esset, talem habemus, ut libenter quoque diligimus.—I rejoice that we can of our own free will love him, whom it was our duty to love whatever sort of man he might have been.
Cicero.

Gratum est, quod patriæ civem populoque dedisti,
Si facis, ut patriæ sit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis et bellorum et pacis rebus agendis.
—It is a matter for gratitude that you have given a citizen to the state and the people, if you take care that he shall be of service to the country, useful in the development of its lands, useful both in military service and in the time of peace.
Juvenal. *Sat. 14, 70.*

Gratum hominem semper beneficium delectat ; ingratum semel.—A favour is to a grateful man delightful always ; to an ungrateful man only once (*i.e.* when the favour is bestowed).
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, Book 3, 17.*

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* Recorded by Livy as the saying of Fabius Maximus.

Grave paupertas malum est et intolerabile, quæ magnum domat populum.—Poverty which keeps under a great people, is a heavy and unbearable evil. **Pr.**

Grave pondus illum, magna nobilitas, premit. —His high rank, a heavy burden, presses him down. **Seneca.** *Troades, iii. 491.*

Grave senectus est hominibus pondus.—Old age is a heavy burden to men. **Pr.**

Grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere.
—Elegancies expelled this offensive flavour (or style). **Horace.** *Ep. 2, 1, 158.*

Gravior remediis quam delicta erant.—In his preventives more grievous than the offence had been. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 3, 28.*

Graviora manent.—Worse dangers remain. **Virgil.** *Æneid, Book 6, 84.*

Graviora quædam sunt remedia periculis.—Some remedies are worse than the dangers. **Pr.**

Gravis est inimicus is qui latet in pectore.—Formidable is that enemy that lies hid in a man's own breast. **Publilius Syrus**

Gravis ira regum est semper.—The wrath of kings is always heavy. **Seneca.** *Medea, iii. 494.*

Gravissima est probi hominis iracundia.—Very serious is the wrath of an upright man. **Publilius Syrus.**

Gravissimum est imperium consuetudinis.—Very weighty is the authority of custom. **Publilius Syrus.**

Gravius erit tuum unum verbum ad eam rem, quam centum mea.—One word of yours in that matter will have more weight than a hundred of mine. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, 2, 2.*

Grex totus in agris
Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.
—A whole flock in the fields perishes through the disease of one, and the pigs through the infection of one of their number. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 2, 79.*

Grex venalium.—A flock of hirelings; a venal pack. **Suetonius.** *De Clar. Rhet., 1.*

Gula paradisum clausit; decollavit Baptistam.—Greediness closed Paradise; it beheaded [was the cause of beheading] John Baptist.
Pope Innocent III (1160–1216). *De Contemptu Mundi, Bk. 2, ch. 18. See Chaucer: Pardoner's Tale, v. 177 and 163.*

Gula plures occidit quam gladius, estque fomes omnium malorum.—Gluttony kills more than the sword, and is the kindler of all evils.
Francesco Patrizzi, *Bishop of Gaeta* (1529–1597).

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.*—The drop hollows out the stone not by strength, but by constant falling.
Said to be found in Gariopontus (of the School of Salerno) in "Passionarius," 1, 17 (c. A.D. 1050). *Quoted in the Menagiana, 1713. (See Ovid, Ex Ponto, Book 4, 10, 5.)*

Habeas corpus.—You may have the body (*i.e.* let the person be delivered from detention). **Law.**

Habeas corpus ad prosequendum (*or* ad respondendum) (*or* ad satisfaciendum).—You may bring up the body for the purpose of prosecution (*or* to make answer) (*or* to satisfy). **Law.**

Habemus confitentem reum.—We have the accused confessing the offence. **Cicero.** *Petronius, 130.*

Habemus luxuriam atque avaritiam, publice egestatem, privatim opulentiam.—We have luxury and avarice, poverty as far as the public is concerned, opulence in the case of private individuals. **Cato.** *In Sallustem.*

Habent insidias hominis blanditiæ mali.—The flatteries of a bad man cover treachery. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 1, 19, 1.*

Habent sua fata libelli.—Books have their fates. **Terentianus Maurus.** (*2nd Cent.* A.D.) *Carmen heroicum, 258.*

Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit.—I am very thankful to old age, which has increased my eager desire for conversation. **Cicero.** *De Senectute, 14.*

Habet aliquid ex iniquo omne magnum exemplum, quod contra singulos, utilitate publica rependitur.—Every great example of punishment has something unequal in it, which is compensated, so much as it is to the disadvantage of individuals, by its public usefulness. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 14, 44.*

Habet Deus suas horas et moras.—God has his own times and his own delays. **Pr.**

Habet enim præteriti doloris secura recordatio delectionem.—For the safe relation of past trouble possesses its delight. **Cicero.** *Ep. ad Fam., Book 5, 12.*

Habet et musca splenem.—Even a fly has wrath. **Pr.**

Habet iracundia hoc mali, non vult regi.—Anger possesses this disadvantage that it will not be ruled. **Seneca.**

Habet natura, ut aliarum omnium rerum, sic vivendi modum.—Nature prescribes moderation in living as in all other things. **Cicero.**

Habet suum venenum blanda oratio.—A flattering speech contains its own poison. **Publilius Syrus.**

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* The actual line in Ovid is "Gutta cavat lapidem; consumitur anulus usu." *See also* "Ferreus assiduo."

Habita fides ipsam plerumque obligat fidem.—Confidence placed in another often compels confidence in return. **Livy.** *22, 22.*

Habitârunt Di quoque sylvas.—The gods also dwelt in the woods.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 2, 60.*

Habitus corporis quiescenti quam defuncto similior.—The appearance of his body resembled that of a man resting rather than of one dead.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep. Book 6, 16.*
(*Referring to the death of the elder Pliny.*)

Hac in re scilicet una
Multum dissimiles, at cætera pæne gemelli,
Fraternis animis.
—In this one thing indeed very different in our views, but in other matters almost like twins with our brother-like minds.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 10, 2.*

Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ venerabilis ossa.—In this grave are the bones of the venerable Bede. **Bede's epitaph,** *Durham Cathedral.*

Hac urget lupus, hac canis.—A wolf besets you on this side, a dog on that.
Horace. *Sat , Book 2, 2, 64.*

Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala.
—These trifles will lead to serious evils.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 451.*

Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.
—These shall be your arts, to impose the conditions of peace, to spare those who have been subdued and to conquer the proud.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 852.*

Hæc a te non multum abludit imago.—This representation is not greatly unlike you.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 320.*

Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
—This poem loves obscurity; this one, which fears not critical examination, wishes to appear in the light of day.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 363.*

Hæc brevis est nostrorum summa malorum.
—This is the brief sum total of our evils.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 5, 7 7.*

Hæc data pœna diu viventibus, ut, renovata
Semper clade domus, multis in luctibus inque
Perpetuo mœrore et nigra veste senescant.
—These penalties are given to those who live long, that family losses recurring continuously, they grow old amongst many woes, in constant grief and in mourning garments.*
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 243.*

Hæc dum incipias, gravia sunt,
Dumque ignores ubi cognoris, facilia.
—These things are serious matters when you begin them and are ignorant concerning them; but when you have become acquainted with them they are easy.
Terence. *Heauton., v., 5, 14.*

Hæc ego mecum
Compressis agito labris; ubi quid datur oti
Illudo chartis.
—These things I revolve by myself, with lips compressed; when any leisure is given me I amuse myself with writing.
Horace. *Sat , Book 1, 4, 137.*

Hæc est conditio vivendi, aiebat, eoque
Responsura tuo nunquam est par fama labori.
—This is the condition of our living, he used to say, and accordingly your reputation will never correspond with the amount of your labour. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 8, 65.*

Hæc est
Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.
—This is the life of those free from wretched and burdensome ambition.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 6, 128.*

Hæc facit, ut vivat vinctus quoque compede fossor;
Liberaque a ferro crura futura putet.
—This (hope) is the cause which makes even the fettered miner live, and imagine that at some time his legs will be free from irons.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 1, 6, 31.*

Hæc igitur lex in amicitia sanciatur ut neque rogemus res turpes, nec faciamus rogati.—Let this then be enrolled as a law in friendship, that we neither ask anything dishonourable nor do anything dishonourable when asked. **Cicero.** *De Amicitia, 12.*

Hæc mala sunt, sed tu non meliora facis.—These things are bad, but you do no better yourself. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 2, 8, 8.*

Hæc mihi videtur ambitio, non eleemosyna. This seems to me to be ambition, not charity (of charitable bequests).
Erasmus. *Convivium Religiosum.*

Hæc morte effugiuntur.—These things are escaped by death.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst, 1, 35.*

Hæc perinde sunt, ut illius animus, qui ea possidet.
Qui uti scit, ei bona; illi qui non utitur recte, mala.
—These things are according to the mind of him who possesses them. To him who knows how to use them they are good; to him who does not use them aright they are bad.
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, i. 2, 21.*

Hæc pro amicitia nostra non occultavi.—These things by reason of our friendship, I have not concealed. **Suetonius.**

Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia sed amoris erga te.—These things I have written out of the abundance, not of my leisure, but of my love towards you. **Cicero.** *Ep., Book 7, 1.*

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant

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* "These are the perquisites of living long. The last act of life is always a tragedy at best, but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one."—Dean Swift's Letter to Dr. Sheridan, Sept. 2, 1727.

domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur.—These studies nourish youth, are a recreation to old age, enhance prosperity, afford a refuge and solace in adversity, are a delight at home, are no impediment abroad, pass the nights with us, and accompany us everywhere.
Cicero. *Or. pro Archia, 7.*

Hæc sunt jucundi causa cibusque mali.—These things are at once the cause and the food of this pleasant evil. **Ovid.**

Hæc sunt quæ nostra liceat te voce moneri.
—These are the points on which you may be advised by my voice. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 3, 461.*

Hæc tibi prima dies, hæc tibi summa fuit.—This was your first day; this was your last.
Ovid. *Heroides, 11, 114.*

Hæc vivendi ratio mihi non convenit.—This system of life does not suit me. **Cicero.**

Hæredem Deus facit, non homo.—God makes the heir, not man. **Coke.**

Hæredis fletus sub persona risus est.—The weeping of an heir is laughter under a mask. **Publilius Syrus.**

Hæreditas nunquam ascendit.—Inheritance never ascends. **Law.**

Hæredum appellatione veniunt hæredes hæredum in infinitum.—Under the name of heirs, come the heirs of heirs without end.
Coke.

Hæres jure representationis.—Heir by right of representation. **Law.**

Hæres legitimus est quem nuptiæ demonstrant.—The legitimate heir is he whom the marriage rites indicate as such. **Law.**

Hæreticus in Grammatica.—A heretic in grammar.
Erasmus. *Synodus Grammaticorum.*

Hanc cupit, hanc optat; sola suspirat in illa;
Signaque dat nutu, sollicitatque notis.
—For her he longs, her he desires; for her alone he sighs; and he makes signs to her by nods, and entreats her by gestures.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 1, 417.*

Hanc personam induisti: agenda est.—You have assumed this part: it must be acted. **Seneca.** *De Beneficiis, 2, 17, 2.*

Hanc veniam perimusque damusque vicissim.—This indulgence we both ask and give in return. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 11.*

Hannibal ad portas.—Hannibal is at the gates. **Cicero.** *De Finibus, Book 4, 9, 22.*

Has pœnas garrula lingua dedit.—A talkative tongue caused this punishment.
Ovid. (*Adapted from Am., Book 2, 2, 44.*)*

Has vaticinationes eventus comprobavit.—These prophecies the event verified.
Cicero.

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* The words in Ovid are "Hoc illi garrula lingua dedit" (a talkative tongue brought this to him, *i.e.* to Tantalus).

Haud æquum facit,
Qui quod didicit, id dediscit.
—He does not right who unlearns what he has learnt. **Plautus.** *Amphitruo, ii. 2, 55.*

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.
—They do not easily keep their heads above water, whose straitened circumstances at home stand in the way of their talents.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 164.**

Haud igitur redit ad Nihilum res ulla, sed omnes
Discidio redeunt in corpora materiai.
—Therefore there is not anything which returns to nothing, but all things return dissolved into their elements.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 1, 250.*

Haud minus vitiis, quam armis, vincentur.
—They shall be vanquished not less by vices than by force of arms.
Tacitus. *Germania, 23.*

Haud passibus æquis.—With steps not equal; unable to keep pace.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 724.*

Hectora quis nosset si felix Troja fuisset?
Publica virtuti per mala facta via est.
—Who would have known of Hector, if Troy had been fortunate? A highway is made to valour through disasters.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 4, 3, 75.*

Hei mihi! difficile est imitari gaudia falsa
Difficile est tristi fingere mente jocum.
—Ah me! it is difficult to pretend feigned joy; it is difficult to simulate mirth with a sad mind. **Tibullus.** *Book 3, El. 7, 1.*

Hei mihi! hei mihi! Isthæc illum perdidit assentatio.—Ah me! ah me! this applause has ruined him.
Plautus. *Bacchides, iii. 3, 7.*

Hei mihi! non magnas quod habent mea carmina vires,
Nostraque sunt meritis ora minora tuis!
—Ah me! that my verses have not greater force, that my power of expression is so inferior to your deserts!
Ovid. *Tristia Book 1, 6, 29.*

Hei mihi! non tutum est quod ames laudare sodali.
—Ah me! it is not safe to praise what you love to a comrade.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 741.*

Hei mihi! qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis.
—Ah me! what a man he used to be! How has he changed from that Hector, who returned arrayed in the despoiled armour of Achilles! **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 274.*

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* *See* "Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga," p. 524*b*; also "Pigra extulit arctis," p. 620*b*.

Hei mihi, quam facile est (quamvis hic contigit omnes),
Alterius luctu fortia verba loqui!
—Ah me! how easy it is (how much all have experienced it) to indulge in brave words in another person's trouble.
Ovid. *Ad Liviam, 9.*

Hei mihi, quod nostri toties pulsata sepulchri
Janua, sed nullo tempore aperta fuit.
—Ah me! that the gate of my tomb should have been knocked at so often, yet never have been opened. **Ovid.** *Tristia, 3, 2, 23.*

Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!
Nec prosunt domino, quæ prosunt omnibus, artes!
—Ah me, that love should be curable by no herbs! And that the arts which are beneficial to all should be of no avail to their master!
Ovid. *Met., Book 1, 523.*

Heu, Fortuna! quis est crudelior in nos
Te Deus? Ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
Humanis.
—Alas, Fortune! what god is more cruel to us than you? How you ever delight in sporting with human affairs!
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 8, 61.*

Heu melior quanto sors tua sorte mea.—Alas, how much better is your lot than mine.
Ovid. *Am., Book 1, 6, 46.*

Heu mihi, quod sterilem duxi vitam juvenilem!—Ah me! that I have passed a barren youth!
Quoted (twice) by William Langland in "Piers Plowman" (1362). Source unknown.

Heu nihil invitis fas quemquam fidere divis!—Alas! it is not well for anyone to be confident when the gods are adverse.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 402.*

Heu nimium mitis, nimiumque oblite tuorum.—Alas! too gentle in your nature, and too forgetful of your own people.
Statius. *Thebaidos, Book 7, 547.*

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! invictaque bello
Dextera!
—Alas for piety! Alas for the faith of ancient times and for the right hand unconquered in battle!
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 878.*

Heu! quam difficilis gloriæ custodia est!—Alas, how difficult is the safe-keeping of glory!
Publilius Syrus.

Heu quam miserum est ab eo lædi, de quo non ausis queri.—Alas, how wretched a thing it is to be injured by one of whom you dare not make complaint! **Publilius Syrus.**

Heu quam miserum est discere servire, ubi sis doctus dominari.—Alas! how wretched a thing it is to learn to serve, where you have been taught to be master! **Publilius Syrus.**

Heu quam multa pœnitenda incurrunt vivendo diu.—Alas! how many causes of grief attend too long a life! **Publilius Syrus.**

Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!—Alas, how much less pleasing a thing it is to dwell with those who are left, than to remember thee!
From an **Epitaph** *by Shenstone on his cousin; also found on the tomb of the wife of Sir G. Shuckburgh, 1782.*

Heu quantum fati parva tabella vehit!—Alas, how much of destiny does this small board carry! **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 2,408.*

Heu! universum triduum!*—Alas! three whole days to wait! **Terence,** *ii. 1, 17.*

Heu, vatum ignaræ mentes!—Alas for the ignorant minds of the Seers!
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 65.*

Heus, tu! de Jove quid sentis?—Hi, you there! what is your opinion about Jupiter?
Guicciardini.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa, quiescent.
—These beatings of the soul and these conflicts, which are so great, shall be put to rest, subdued by the casting of a little dust.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 86.*

Hi narrata ferunt alio; mensuraque ficti
Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
—These carry elsewhere what has been told them; the proportion of the falsehood increases, and the latest teller adds something to what he has heard.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 12, 57.*

Hi sunt, quos timent etiam qui timentur.—These are they, whom even those fear who are themselves feared. **Sidonius.**

Hiatus maxime (*or* valde) deflendus.—A blank very much to be deplored. **Pr.**

Hibernicis ipsis Hibernior.—More Irish than the Irish themselves. **Pr.**

Hic coquus scite ac munditer condit cibos.—This cook seasons his dishes cunningly and elegantly. **Plautus.**

Hic dies, vere mihi festus, atras
Eximet curas.
—This day, in truth a holiday to me, shall banish gloomy cares.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 14.*

Hic est aut nusquam quod quærimus.—Here or nowhere is what we seek.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 17, 39.*

Hic est mucro defensionis tuæ.—Here is the point of your defence.
Cicero. *Pro Cæcina, 29, 84.*

Hic et ubique.—Here and everywhere.

Hic finis fandi.—An end here of talking. **Pr.**

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* Generally quoted "Heu totum triduum," the expression "totum triduum" occurring in the previous line.

Hic funis nihil attraxit.—This line (or rope) has dragged in nothing. **Pr.**

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.
—Here, Lycoris, are cool springs, here soft meadows, here a grove, here I could spend, with thee, a whole life-time.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 10, 42.*

Hic hæret aqua.—Here the water sticks (here is the difficulty or obstacle). **Pr.**

Hic locus est partes ubi se via findit in ambas.—Here is the place where the way divides itself into two parts.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 540.*

Hic murus aheneus esto ;
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
—This be our wall of metal ; to be in nowise conscious of guilt, and to turn white at no fault laid to our charge.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 60.*

Hic nigræ sucus lolliginis, hæc est
Ærugo mera.
—This is the discharge of the black cuttle-fish ; this is very envy.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 100.*

Hic patet ingeniis campus, certusque merenti Stat favor ; ornatur propriis industria donis.—Here is a field open to ability, and sure favour comes to the deserving ; and industry is distinguished with due rewards.
Anon. (*Modern*).

Hic rogo, non furor est, ne moriare, mori ?—I ask, is it not madness to die, lest you should die ? **Martial,** *2, 80, 2.*

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum.
—Here is certain rest, and life innocent of guile, rich in a variety of opulence.
Virgil. (*Adapted from Georgics, Book 2, 467.*)

Hic situs est Phaëton, currus auriga paterni ;
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.
—Here is Phaëton buried, charioteer of his father's car ; who, if he did not manage it, nevertheless fell in a greatly daring attempt.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 2, 327.*

Hic, ubi nunc urbs est, tum locus urbis erat.—Here, where now there is a city, was formerly nothing but the site of a city.
Ovid. *Fastorum, Book 2, 280.*

Hic ultra vires habitus nitor : hic aliquid plus
Quam satis est, interdum aliena sumitur arca :
Commune id vitium est.
—Here is magnificence of dress beyond their means ; and this show beyond what is necessary, is now and again at the expense of others. A common vice this.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 180.*

Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.—Here is continual spring, and summer in months foreign to summer.
Virgil. *Georgics, 2, 149.*

Hic victor cæstus artemque repono.—Here, a victor, I lay by my gauntlets and my profession as a fighter.
Virgil. *Æneid, Book 5, 484.*

Hic vigilans somniat.—He dreams awake.
Plautus. *Amphitruo, ii. 2, 65.*

Hic vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes.
—Here we all live in ambitious poverty.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 182.*

Hilarisque tamen cum pondere virtus.—Virtue may be gay, yet with dignity.
Statius. *Sylvarum, Book 2, 3, 65.*

Hinc illæ lachrymæ.—Hence those tears.
Terence. *Andria, i. 1, 99.*
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 19, 41.*

Hinc lucem et pocula sacra.—Hence light and the sacred vessels.
Motto *of Cambridge University.*
(*Origin unknown*).

Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.—Attribute every beginning and ending as from thence (*i.e.* from Heaven).
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 6, 6.*

Hinc subitæ mortes atque intestata senectus.—Hence (from gluttony) come sudden deaths and intestate old age. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 1, 144.*

Hinc totam infelix vulgatur fama per urbem.—Hence the unhappy report is communicated through all the city.
Virgil. *Æneid, 12, 608.*

Hinc usura vorax, avidumque in tempore fœnus,
Et concussa fides, et multis utile bellum.
—Hence usury, voracious and in time greedy, and credit destroyed, and war advantageous to many. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, 1, 181.*

Hinc venti dociles resono se carcere solvunt,
Et cantum accepta pro libertate rependunt.
—Hence from their resounding prison the docile winds are loosed, and repay a melody for their liberty received.
Inscription *on an Organ. From "Opera Poetica"* (1695), *by Jean Baptiste de Santeul (1630–1697), where, however, it begins "hic," instead of "hinc."*

Hirundinem sub eodem tecto ne habeas.—Do not have a swallow (a summer friend) under the same roof with you. **Pr.**

Hirundines æstivo tempore præsto sunt, frigore pulsæ recedent. . . . Ita falsi amici sereno vitæ tempore præsto sunt ; simul atque hiemem fortunæ viderint, devolant omnes.—The swallows are at hand in summer-time, but in cold weather they are driven away. . . . So false friends are at hand in life's clear weather ; but as soon as they see the winter of fortune, they all fly away.
Cicero. *Ad Herennium, 4, 48.*

His amor unus erat, pariterque in bella ruebant.—Between them was mutual love, and together they were wont to rush into the battle. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 182.*

His arcana notis terra pelagoque feruntur.—By these written signs secrets are conveyed over land and sea. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 4, 5.*

His legibus solutis, respublica stare non potest.—These laws being removed, the republic cannot stand. **Cicero.**

His nunc præmium est qui recta prava faciunt.—Nowadays the reward is to those who make right appear wrong.
Terence. *Phormio, v. 2, 6.*

Historia quoquo modo scripta delectat.—History, however it is written, delights men.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 5, 8.*

Historia vero testis temporum, lux veritatis.—History indeed is the witness of the times, the light of truth.
Cicero. *De Oratore, Book 2, 9, 36.*

Hoc age.*—Do this. (Do it and do not talk about it.)

Hoc discunt omnes ante alpha et beta puellæ.—This all girls learn before their alphabet.
Juvenal. *Sat. 14, 209.*

Hoc erat in more majorum.—This was the fashion of our forefathers. **Pr.**

Hoc erat in votis ; modus agri non ita magnus
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret.
—This was in my prayers ; a piece of ground not over large ; with a garden, and near to the house a stream of constant water ; and besides these some little quantity of woodland.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 6, 1.*

Hoc est, quod palles ? cur quis non prandeat, hoc est ?—Is this what turns you pale ? Is this a cause why one should not dine ?
Persius. *Sat. 3, 85.*

Hoc est, quod tristes docemus et pallidi ?—Is this a reason why we should learn with pale faces and sad expressions ?
Seneca. *Ep., 48.*

Hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.
—To be able to enjoy the recollection of one's past life, this is to live twice over.
Martial. *Epig., 10, 23, 7.*

Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.
—The disaster originating in this source, spread throughout the country and the people.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 6, 19.*

Hoc genus omne.—All this sort of people.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 2, 2.*

Hoc Herculi, Jovis satu edito, potuit fortasse contingere, nobis non item.—This might possibly happen to Hercules, sprung from the seed of Jove, but not in like manner to us.
Cicero. *De Officiis, 1, 32.*

Hoc maxime officii est, ut quisque maxime opis indigeat, ita ei potissimum opitulari.—This is our special duty, that if anyone specially needs our help, we should give him such help to the utmost of our power.
Cicero. *De Officiis, 1, 15.*

Hoc novum est aucupium ; ego adeo hanc primus inveni viam.—This is the new method of captivating ; I myself, moreover, was the first to discover this way.
Terence. *Eunuchus, ii. 2, 16.*

Hoc opus, hic labor est.—This is the work, this is the labour.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 453.*

Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.
—This work, this pursuit (of wisdom) let us push forward, small and great, if we wish to live as friends to our country and to ourselves.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 3, 28.*

Hoc patrium est, potius consuefacere filium
Sua sponte recte facere, quam alieno metu.
—This is the duty of a father, to accustom his son to act rightly rather of his own accord than from unnatural fear.
Terence. *Adelphi, i. 1, 49.*

Hoc scio pro certo quod si cum stercore certo,
Vinco seu vincor, semper ego maculor.
—This I know for certain, that when I strive with filth, whether I vanquish or am vanquished, I am always stained thereby.
Mediæval.

Hoc scito, nimio celerius
Venire quod molestum est, quam id quod cupide petas.
—Know this, that what is troublesome will come more speedily than that which you eagerly seek for.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, i. 1, 69.*

Hoc sustinete, majus ne veniat malum.—Endure this evil lest a worse come upon you.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 2, 31.*

Hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem :
Æneæ magni dextra cadis.
—This, unhappy man, shall comfort you in your sad death—you fall by the right hand of the great Æneas. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 829.*

Hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor.
—With retentive mind keep this precept given to you. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 367.*

Hoc volo, sic jubeo ; sit pro ratione voluntas.—I desire this, and so I command this ; let my will stand for a reason.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 223.*

Hodie mihi, cras tibi.—To-day it is my turn, to-morrow yours. **Pr.**

Hodie nihil, cras credo.—Nothing to-day, to-morrow I give trust. **Varro** (*adapted*).*

Hodie vivendum, amissa præteritorum cura.—Live to-day, forgetting the anxieties of the past. **Maxim** *of Epicureans.*

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* "'Hoc age' is the great rule whether you are serious or merry."—*Johnson.*

* "Cras credo, hodie nihil" is the title of a writing by Varro, fragments of which only have been preserved.

Homine imperito nunquam quidquam injustius,
Qui, nisi quod ipse facit, nil rectum putat.
—Never is anything more unjust than an ignorant man, who thinks nothing done properly unless he himself has done it.

Terence. *Adelphi, 1, 2, 18.*

Hominem non odi, sed ejus vitia.—I have not hated the man, but his faults. **Martial.**

Hominem pagina nostra sapit.—Our page (*i.e.* our book) has reference to man.

Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 4, 10.*

Hominem quæro.—I am in search of a man.

Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, 19, 9.*

Hominem servum suos
Domitos habere oportet oculos, et manus,
Orationemque.
—A serving man ought to have his eyes and his hands and his speech in subjection.

Plautus. *Miles Gloriosus.*

Homines ad deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.—In nothing do men more nearly approach the gods than in giving health to men.

Cicero. *Pro Ligario, 12.*

Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum iter est per precepta, breve et efficax per exempla.—Men trust more fully to their eyes than to their ears: the road is long by precept; by example it is short and effective. **Seneca.** *Ep., 7.*

Homines plus in alieno negotio videre, quam in suo.—Men notice more in other people's business than in their own. **Seneca.**

Homines proniores sunt ad voluptatem, quam ad virtutem.—Men are more prone to pleasure than to virtue. **Cicero.**

Homines qui gestant, quique auscultant crimina,
Si meo arbitratu liceat, omnes pendeant,
Gestores linguis, auditores auribus.
—The men who convey, and those who listen to calumnies, should, if I could have my way, all hang, the tale-bearers by their tongues, the listeners by their ears.

Plautus. *Pseudolus, i. 5, 12.*

Homines, quo plura habent, eo cupiunt ampliora.—The more men have the more they want in consequence. **Justinian.**

Homini ne fidas, nisi cum quo modium salis absumpseres.—Trust no man until you have consumed a peck of salt with him. **Pr.**

Homini tum deest consilium, quum multa invenit.—A man specially needs counsel when he finds many counsels. **Publilius Syrus.**

Hominibus plenum, amicis vacuum.—Full of men, empty of friends. **Seneca.**

Hominis est errare, insipientis perseverare.—It is the nature of man to err, of a fool to persevere in error. **Pr.**

Hominum sententia fallax.—The judgment of men is fallible.

Ovid. *Fast., Book 5, 191.*

Homo ad res perspicacior Lynceo vel Argo, et oculeus totus.—A man more keen-sighted, in matters of business, than Lynceus or Argus, and with eyes everywhere about him.

Apuleius.

Homo antiqua virtute et fide.[*]—A man of old-fashioned virtue and good-faith.

Terence. *Adelphi, iii. 3, 86.*

Homo coronatus.—A man who has received the first tonsure preparatory to superior orders. **Law.**

Homo delirus, qui verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera.—A crazy man, who detracts from the weight of his subject by splitting words. **Aulus Gellius.**

Homo doctus in se semper divitias habet.—A learned man has always wealth in himself.

Phædrus. *Fab., 6, 21.*

Homo extra corpus est suum cum irascitur.—A man is outside his own body (*i.e.* "beside himself") when he is angry. **Publilius Syrus.**

Homo fervidus et diligens ad omnia est paratus.—A fervent and diligent man is prepared for all things.

Thomas Kempis. *Book 1, 25, 11.*

Homo homini aut deus aut lupus.—Man is to man either god or wolf.

Quoted as a proverb by Erasmus.[†]

Homo homini deus, si officium sciat.—A man is a god to his brother man, if he but knew his duty. **Cæcilius.**

Homo lupus, homo homini dæmon.—Man is a wolf; man is to man a devil.

Pr. *quoted by Burton, Anat. Melan., 1, 1.*

Homo multa habet instrumenta ad adipiscendam sapientiam.—Man has many means of acquiring wisdom. **Cicero.**

Homo multarum literarum.—A man of many letters (a well-lettered man).

Homo nascitur ad laborem, et avis ad volatum.—Man is born to labour, and a bird to fly.

Vulgate. *Job 5, 7.*

Homo novus.—A new man; an upstart.

Cicero. *De Off., 1, 39, 138; et passim.*

Homo nulli coloris.—A man of no colour (*i.e.* of no party).

Plautus. *Pseudolus, Act iv. 7, 99.*

Homo omnium verbosissimus.—A man of all men most wordy.

Flavus Vopiscus (*3rd Century*), *referring to Marius Maximus, Roman historian (170 ?-230 ?).*

Homo proponit, sed Deus disponit.—Man proposes, but God disposes.

Thomas Kempis. *De Imit. Christi, Book 1, 19, 2.* (*See Prov. 16, 9.*)

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[*] *See Shakespeare : As you Like it.* Act ii, 3 (p. 288b).

[†] *See* "Lupus homo homini."—*Plautus : Trinummus.* Act ii. 4, 46.

Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendit, facit :
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.
—He who civilly shows the way to one who has missed it, is as one who has lighted another's lamp from his own lamp ; it none the less gives light to himself when it burns for the other.
Ennius. *Quoted by Cicero : De Officiis, 1, 16.*

Homo qui in homine calamitoso est misericors, meminit sui.—A man who is merciful to a fellow-man in calamity, remembers what is due to himself. **Pr.**

Homo semper aliud, fortuna aliud cogitat. —Man always thinks one thing, fortune another. **Publilius Syrus.**

Homo sine religione, sicut equus sine fræno. —A man without religion is like a horse without bridle. **Pr.**

Homo solus aut deus aut demon.—A man in solitude is either a god or a devil.
Quoted by Burton (*Anat. Melan., 1621*) *as a saying.*

Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto.—I am a man ; and I think nothing appertaining to mankind foreign to me.
Terence. *Heaut., i. 1, 25.*

Homo totiens moritur, quotiens amittit suos. —As often as a man loses his own relatives, so often he dies. **Publilius Syrus.**

Homo trium literarum.—A man of three letters (*i.e.* " fur," a thief).
Plautus. *Aulularia, ii. 4, 46.*

Homo unius libri.—A man of one book.
Thomas Aquinas. *Definition of a learned man.*

Homo voluptati obsequens.—A man devoted to pleasure. **Terence.** *Hecyra, iii, 5, 9.*

Homunculi quanti sunt, quum recogito.*— What dwarfs men are, when I come to think of it. **Plautus.** *Capteivei, Prologue 51.*

Honesta mors turpi vita potior.—An honourable death is better than disgraceful life.
Tacitus. *Agricola, 33.*

Honesta nomina prætendebant.—They lent honourable names (to dishonourable things).
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 14, 21.*

Honesta quædam scelera successus facit.— A happy issue makes some crimes honourable.
Seneca. *Hippolytus, Act ii. 589.*

Honesta quam splendida. — Honourable things rather than splendid. **Pr.**

Honestum non est semper quod licet.— What is lawful is not always honourable.
Law.

Honestum sit : quodque vere dicimus, etiam si a nullo laudetur, natura esse laudabile.— Let the thing be honourable ; and that which we rightly call so, even though it is praised by none, is praiseworthy from its nature.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 4.*

Honestus rumor alterum est patrimonium. —An honourable report is a second patrimony.
Publilius Syrus.

Honor est præmium virtutis.—Honour is the reward of virtue.
Cicero. *Brutus, 82* (*adapted*).

Honor est in honorante.—Honour is in him who honours.
Trans. by Burton (*Anat. Melan., 1621*) *as " Honours are from God."*

Honores mutant mores.—Honours change manners. **Pr.**

Honorum cæca cupido.—The blind longing for honours.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., 3, 59.*

Honos alit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad studia gloria.—Honour nourishes the arts, and all are incited to study by [desire of] glory.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 1, 2.*

Horæ cedunt, et dies, et menses et anni, nec præteritum tempus unquam revertitur.—Hours pass, and days, and months and years, nor does past time ever return.
Cicero. *De Senectute, 19, 69.*

Horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
—In the hour's short space comes swift death, or joyful victory. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 1, 7.*

Horas non nisi serenas numero.—I do not take account of the hours unless they are bright.
Ancient Inscription *frequently found on sundials.*

Horresco referens.—I shudder as I tell it.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 204.*

Horribile dictu.—Horrible to relate.

Horridum militem esse debere ; non cælatum auro et argento, sed ferris et animis fretum. . . . Virtutem esse militis decus.—The soldier should be fear-inspiring ; not decked with gold and silver, but relying on his courage and his steel. . . . Valour is the soldier's adornment. **Livy.** *Hist., Book 9, 40.*

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.—Horror everywhere alarms the soul, and the very stillness also is terrifying.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 755.*

Hortus siccus.—A dry garden (a collection of dried plants).

Hos ego versiculos feci ; tulit alter honores. —I myself wrote these verses ; another carried off the honours.
Virgil. *Lines on Bathyllus claiming the authorship of certain verses by Virgil.*

Hos successus alit ; possunt quia posse videntur.—Success encourages these ; they can because they believe that they can.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 231.*

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* Also in *Rudens*, i. 2, 66 : " Homunculi quanti estis ejecti ? "

Hospes nullus tam in amici hospitium devorti potest,
Quin ubi triduum continuum fuerit, jam odiosus siet;
Verum, ubi dies decem continuos immorabitur,
Tametsi dominus non invitus patitur, servi murmurant.
—No guest can be so welcome to the hospitality of a friend, but when he has stayed three continuous days he becomes unwelcome; and indeed if when he has stayed ten days the master of the house does not endure him unwillingly, the servants grumble.
Plautus. *Miles Gloriosus, iii. 1, 146.*

Hospitis antiqui solitas intravimus ædes.—We entered the familiar dwelling of an ancient friend. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 4, 687.*

Hostis est uxor invita quæ ad virum nuptum datur.—The unwilling wife given to a man in marriage, is his enemy.
Plautus. *Stichus, i. 2, 84.*

Hostis honori invidia.—Envy is an enemy to honour. **Pr.**

Huc propius me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
—Come hither, nearer to me, and in order, whilst I show you all that you are mad.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 80.*

Huic decet statuam statui ex auro.—To this man a statue of gold ought to be set up.
Plautus. *Bacchides, iv. 4, 1.*

Huic maxime putamus malo fuisse nimiam opinionem ingenii atque virtutes.—We think that his too great opinion of his ability and valour was the chief cause of his disaster.
Cornelius Nepos. *On Themistocles.*

Huic versatile ingenium sic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceres, quodcunque ageret.—His ability was so versatile and so apt for all things, that you would say that he was born for one particular thing, whatever it might be, that he was engaged upon.
Livy. *Book 39, 40. On Cato the Censor.*

Humanitati qui se non accommodat,
Plerumque pœnas oppetit superbiæ.
—He who does not adapt himself to mankind, for the most part meets with the penalty of his pride. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 3, 16, 1.*

Humanum amare est, humanum autem ignoscere est.—To love is human, it is also human to forgive. **Plautus.** *Merc., ii. 2, 46.*

Humanum est errare.—It is human to err. **Pr.**

Humiles laborant ubi potentes dissident.—The humble suffer when the powerful disagree.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 30, 1.*

Humilia te in omnibus.—Humble thyself in all things.
Thomas Kempis. *De Imit. Christi, Book 3, 24.*

Humilis nec alte cadere nec graviter potest.—A lowly man cannot have a high or heavy fall. **Publilius Syrus.**

Hunc comedendum et deridendum vobis præbeo.*—I present you this individual to be devoured and made fun of.
Terence. *Eunuchus, v. 9, 57.*

Hypotheses non fingo.—I do not manufacture hypotheses. **Sir Isaac Newton.**

I, cole nunc reges.—Go now and cultivate princes. **Martial.** *Ep., Book 10, 96, 13.*

I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.
—Go, madman, and traverse the rugged Alps, that you may please boys, and become a subject for a recitation.
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 166.*

Ibi omnis
Effusus labor.
—Whence all the labour was wasted.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 491.*

Ibi potest valere populus ubi leges valent.—A people can be strong where the laws are strong. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ibi semper est victoria ubi concordia est.—Victory is always where there is unanimity.
Publilius Syrus.

Ibis redibis non morieris in bello.—Thou shalt go thou shalt return never in battle shalt thou perish.
Utterance of the Oracle, doubtful in meaning through the absence of punctuation and the uncertainty of the position of the word "non."

Ibit eo quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.—He who has lost his purse, said he, will go wherever you wish.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 40.*

Id arbitror
Adprime in vita esse utile, Ut ne quid nimis.
—Excess in nothing,—this I regard as a principle of the highest value in life.
Terence. *Andria, i. 1, 33.*

Id commune malum; semel insanivimus omnes.—It is a common calamity; at some one time we have all been mad.
Joh. Baptista Mantuanus. *Ecl., 1.*

Id demum est homini turpe, quod meruit pati.—That and that alone is a disgrace to a man, which he has deserved to suffer.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, 11, 7.*

Id facere laus est quod decet, non quod licet.—It is a matter of praise to do what one ought, not what one may.
Seneca. *(Also in similar words in Cicero, Pro Rabinio, 5, 11.)*

Id genus omne.—All that sort.†

Id maxime quemque decet, quod est cujusque maxime suum.—That best becomes a man which is most really his own (*i.e.* which is most natural to him.) **Cicero.** *Offic., 1, 31.*

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* "Propino" in some readings.

† *See* "Hoc genus," p. 544*a*.

Id nobis maxime nocet, quod non ad rationis lumen sed ad similitudinem aliorum vivimus. —This is our chief bane, that we live not according to the light of reason, but after the fashion of others. **Seneca.** *Octavia, ii. 454.*

Id quod neque est, neque fuit, neque futurum.—That which is not, nor ever has been, nor ever shall be.
Plautus. *Amphitruo, ii.*

Idem omnes simul ardor agit nova quærere tecta.—The same passion for seeking new abodes took possession of them all.
Virgil. *Æneid, 7, 394.*

Idem velle et idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est.—To desire the same thing and to dislike the same thing, that alone makes firm friendship.
Sallust. *Catil., 20. (From Catiline's Oration to his Associates.)*

Ignavis semper feriæ sunt.—It is always holiday with the slothful. **Pr.**

Ignavissimus quisque, et, ut res docuit, in periculo non ausurus, nimii verbis, linguæ feroces.—Those who are basest and, as experience has taught, afraid to venture into danger, are very talkative and very fierce with their tongues. **Tacitus.** *Hist., 1, 35.*

Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent.—They keep out from their hives the drones, a slothful pack. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 4, 168.*

Ignem gladio scrutare.*—To stir up the fire with a sword.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 276.*

Ignem ne gladio fodito.*—Do not poke the fire with a sword. **Pr.**

Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros.—The fire proves gold, adversity brave men.
Seneca.

Ignis fatuus.—A foolish fire (a Will-o'-the-wisp).

Ignis sacer.—"St. Anthony's fire"; erysipelas. **Virgil and Pliny, etc.**

Ignis ubique latet, naturam amplectitur omnem,
Cuncta parit, renovat, dividit, unit, alit.
—Fire is everywhere; it enfolds all nature; it brings forth, renews, divides, unites, nourishes all things.
Voltaire. *Lines at head of "Dissertation sur le feu."*

Ignobile vulgus.—The low-born crowd.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 149.*

Ignorant populi, si non in morte probaris,
An scieris adversa pati.
—The peoples of the world would not know, if you had not proved it in your death, whether you knew how to suffer adverse fate.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 8, 626. Of Pompey.*

Ignorantia facti excusat.—Ignorance of fact is an excuse. **Law.**

Ignorantia juris quod quisque tenetur scire neminem excusat.—Ignorance of the law which everyone is bound to know, is no excuse. **Law.**

Ignorantia non excusat.*
Mediæval Prov.

Ignorantia legis excusat neminem.—Ignorance of the law excuses no one. **Law.**

Ignoratio elenchi (pronounced *ell-eng-ki*).—Ignoring the pearl (leaving out the chief point). **Pr.**

Ignoratione rerum bonarum et malarum, maxime hominum vita vexatur.—The life of man is very greatly harassed by not knowing the good things and the bad things (*i.e.* not knowing good from evil). **Cicero.** *Fin., 1.*

Ignoscas aliis multa, nil tibi.—You may pardon much to others, nothing to yourself.
Ausonius.

Ignoti nulla cupido.—There is no desire for what is not known.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 397.*

Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flumina gaudebat, studio minuente laborem.
—He delighted to wander in unknown places, to see unknown rivers, the labour being lessened by his zeal for information.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 4, 294.*

Ignoto Deo.—To the unknown God.
Vulgate. *Acts 17, 23.*

Ignotum argenti pondus et auri.—An unknown weight (*i.e.* untold quantity) of silver and gold. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 359.*

Ignotum per ignotius.—That which is unknown by that which is still more unknown (to attempt to prove a doubtful matter by a still more doubtful argument).
Pr. *Quoted by Chaucer (Canon Yeoman's Tale, 904) in reference to the "secree of secrees" in alchemy.*

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.—Fault is committed both within the walls of Troy and without (*i.e.* there is fault on both sides). **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 2, 16.*

Illa fidem dictis addere sola potest.—That (the intention) can alone add confidence to what we say. **Ovid.** *Heroides, Ep. 21, 136.*

Illa laus est, magno in genere et in divitiis maximis,
Liberos hominem educare, generi monumentum et sibi.
—It is worthy of praise for a man, of great social position and very great wealth, to bring up his children as a worthy memorial of his family and of himself.
Plautus. *Miles Gloriosus, iii. 1, 109.*

Illa placet tellus, in qua res parva beatum
Me facit, et tenues luxuriantur opes.
—That spot of ground pleases me in which

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* *See* the Greek, under "Πῦρ," p. 478*a*.

* "For ignorantia non excusat, as ich have herd in bookes."—*Piers Plowman* (1362), Passus 14, l. 28.

small possession makes me happy, and where slight resources are abundant.
Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 96, 5.*

Illam osculantur, qua sunt oppressi, manum.—They kiss the hand by which they are oppressed. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 5, 1, 5.*

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.
—Whatever she does, wherever she bends her steps, grace silently orders her actions and follows her movements.
Tibullus. *Book 4, 2, 7.*

Ille dies utramque
Ducet ruinam.
—That self-same day shall be the ending of us both. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 17, 8.*

Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet.—He truly laments who laments when there is no one by.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 34, 4.*

Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem ; nec civis erat qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.
—He, then, never used his arms against the stream ; nor was he a citizen who could utter the unfettered thoughts of his mind, and devote his life to the cause of truth.
Juvenal. *Sat. 4, 89.*

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus : et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
—That poet seems to me capable of walking on a stretched rope, who tortures my breast about nothing, excites it to wrath, soothes it again, fills it with false alarms, all with the power of a magician ; and who places me down now at Thebes and now at Athens.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 210.*

Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, Vixi ; cras vel atra
Nube polum pater occupato,
Vel sole puro.
—He will live a joyful man and his own master, who can say at the end of the day "I have lived ; whether the Father of all chooses on the morrow to fill the sky with black cloud, or whether with pure sunlight."
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 29, 41.*

Ille rogari invidiam judicat ; hic non rogari contumeliam. Non omnes ab eadem parte feriuntur.—This man esteems it as a special piece of spite if he is asked ; that man regards it as an insult not to be asked. We are not all annoyed in the same way.
Seneca. *De Ira, Book 3, 10.*

Ille sapit quisquis, Postume, vixit heri.—He is wise, Postumus, whoever he is, who lived yesterday (rather than for to-morrow).
Martial. *Epig., Book 5, 59, 8.*

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum, abit : unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.
—One goes to the left, another to the right ; both have the same delusion, but it plays with them in different ways.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 50.*

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet.
—That corner of the world has smiles for me beyond all other places.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 6, 14.*

Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.
—His is an evil end, who dies known too well to all men, but without knowledge of himself.
Seneca. *Thyestes, ii. Chor.*

Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus.
—Oak and triple brass were round his breast. who first entrusted his frail bark to the savage sea. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 3, 9.*

Illiberale est mentiri ; ingenuum veritas decet.—It is a low thing to lie ; truth becomes the well-born man. **Pr.**

Illic apposito narrabis multa Lycæo.—There, with the wine before you, you will tell of many things. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Bk. 11, 49.*

Illotis pedibus et manibus ingredi.—To enter with unwashed feet and hands (*i.e.* without proper reverence).
Pr. (*Gellius, Book 17, 5, 14, etc.*)*

Illuc est sapere, qui, ubicunque opus fit, animum possis flectere.—This it is to be wise, when you can bend your mind in whatever direction circumstances may require.
Terence. *Hecyra, iv. 3, 2.*

Illud amicitiæ sanctum et venerabile nomen
Re tibi pro vili, sub pedibusque jacet ?
—Is that sacred and venerable name of friendship held by thee as a worthless thing, worthy to be trodden underfoot ?
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 1, 8, 15.*

Imago animi vultus est, indices oculi.—The countenance is the portrait of the mind, the eyes are its informers.
Cicero. *De Oratore, 3.*

Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.
—The beardless youth, his tutor being at length dismissed, delights in horses, and dogs, and the sunny expanse of the turf.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 162.*

Immedicabile vulnus.—An incurable wound.
Ovid. *Met., 1, 190.*

Immensum gloria calcar habet.—Glory has a boundless stimulus.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 4, 2, 36.*

Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus.
Quicquid ames, cupias non placuisse nimis.
—Short is the duration of things which are

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* *See* "Non solum manus."

immoderate, and seldom do they enjoy old age; whatever you love, desire that it may not please you too much.
Martial. *Epig., Book 6, 29, 7.*

Immoritur studiis, et amore senescit habendī.—He is killing himself with his efforts and is growing old with the love of gain. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 7, 85.*

Immortale odium et numquam sanabile vulnus.—An undying hatred and a wound never to be cured. (Of religious feuds.)
Juvenal. *Sat. 15, 34.*

Immortalia ne speres monet annus, et almum
Quæ rapit hora diem.
—The year, and the hour which carries off the propitious day, warn you not to hope for things which are immortal.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 7, 7.*

Immortalis est ingenii memoria.—The memory of genius is immortal.
Seneca. *De Consolat. ad Polyb., 37.*

Imo pectore.—From the bottom of the heart, etc. **Virgil.** *Æneid, Book 11, 377.*

Impavidum ferient ruinæ.—The falling ruins will strike him undismayed.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 3.*

Impera parendo.—Govern by obeying. **Pr.**

Imperare sibi maximum imperium est.—To master one's self is the greatest mastery.
Seneca. *Ep. 113, fin.*

Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique.—Money amassed either commands or obeys each of us. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 10, 47.*

Imperia dura tolle, quid virtus erit?—Remove hard restraint, what virtue will there be left? **Seneca.** *Hercules Furens, ii. 433.*

Imperium et libertas.—Empire and liberty.
Founded on Cicero. *Philippica, 4, 4.*[*]

Imperium facile iis artibus retinetur, quibus initio partum est.—Power is easily restained by those arts by which it was in the first place acquired. **Sallust.** *Catilina, 2.*

Imperium in imperio.—A government within a government. **Pr.**

Implacabiles plerumque læsæ mulieres.—When injured, women are generally implacable. **Pr.**

Impletus venter non vult studere libenter.—An overfilled belly will not study willingly.
Mediæval.

Imponere Pelio Ossam.—To pile Ossa upon Pelion. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 1, 281.*

Impos animi.—Weak in mind.
Plautus. *Bacchides, Menæchmi, etc.*

Impossibilium nulla obligatio est.—Of impossibilities there is no obligation.
Celsus. *Alethes Logos* (c. B.A. 178).

Impotentia excusat legem.—Inability suspends the law. **Law.**

Imprimatur.—Let it be printed.

Imprimis venerare Deos.—First and foremost reverence the Gods.
Virgil. *Georgics, 1, 338.*

Improbæ
Crescunt divitiæ; tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.
—Riches increase to a monstrous extent; yet there is always something, I know not what, wanting to our still imperfect fortune.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 24, 62.*

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?—O bad love, to what do you not compel mortal hearts? **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 412.*

Improbe facit, qui in alieno libro ingeniosus est.—He does ill who is hypercritical as to another man's book.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1. Preface.*

Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.—He wrongly accuses Neptune, who makes shipwreck a second time.
Publilius Syrus. *Also Gellius, 17, 14; Macrobius, Sat. 2, 7.*

Improbi hominis est mendacio fallere.—It is the nature of a scoundrel to deceive by lying. **Cicero.** *Pro Murena, 39, 62.*

Improbis aliena virtus semper formidolosa est.—To the wicked the virtue of others is always fearful.
Sallust (*adapted*). (*See* "*Regibus boni.*")

Improbitas illo fuit admirabilis ævo.—Villainy was an object of wonder in that age.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 53.*

Improbus est homo, qui beneficium scit sumere, et reddere nescit.—The man is a scoundrel who knows how to accept a favour but does not know how to return it.
Plautus. *Persa, v. 1.*

Impunitas semper ad deteriora invitat.—Absence of punishment always encourages people to worse offences. **Coke.**

Imum nolo; summum nequeo; quiesco.—I desire not the lowest; I am not capable of the highest; I keep quiet.
Joseph Hall; D.D. (*Bishop of Exeter and Norwich* (*1574–1656*)). *Motto on his vicarage, Hawsted, Suffolk,* c. 1601.

In actu.—In the very act.

In æquali jure melior est conditio possidentis.—In a case of equal right, the position of the person in possession is the better. **Law.**

In æquilibrio.—In a state of equilibrium.

In aere piscari; in mare venari.—To fish in the air; to hunt in the sea. **Pr.**

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[*] *See* Disraeli (p. 118*b*, *note*); *also* "Populi imperium" *and* "Res olim." "Imperium et libertas" is quoted by Clarendon (*History of the Rebellion*, 1, 163) as "those two unsociable adjuncts which Nerva was deified for uniting,"—in allusion to the passage in Tacitus: "Nerva Cæsar res olim dissociabiles miscuerit, principatum ac libertatem" (*Vit. Agric.*, c. 3).

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia; injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, indutiæ,
Bellum, pax rursum.
—In love are all these evils, affronts, suspicions, enmities, truces, war, and then again peace. **Terence.** *Eunuchus, i. 1, 14.*

In amore hæc sunt mala; bellum,
Pax rursum.
—In love there are these evils; warfare, and then peace again.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 267.*

In amore semper mendax iracundia est.—In love wrath is always a liar.
Publilius Syrus.

In Anglia non est interregnum.—In England there is no interregnum recognised. **Law.**

In anima vili.—On a soul of little worth.

In anulo Dei figuram ne gestato.—Do not wear God's image in a ring. **Pr.**

In aqua scribis.—You are writing in water. **Pr.**

In arena ædificas.—You are building on sand. **Pr.**

In articulo mortis.—At the moment of death.

In audiendi officio perit gratia si reposcatur.—In the function of listening the grace is lost if the listener's attention is demanded not as a favour but as a due.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 1, 13.*

In beato omnia beata.—With a lucky man all things are lucky. **Pr.**

In caducum parietem inclinare.—To lean against a falling wall. **Pr.**

In calamitoso risus etiam injuria est.—Even laughter is an injury to one who has suffered great loss. **Publilius Syrus.**

In camera.—In a private room. **Law.**

In capite orphani discit chirurgus.—The surgeon practises on the head of an orphan.
Pr. (*Mediæval*).

In cauda venenum.—The poison is in the tail.

In causa facili, cuivis licet esse diserto.—In an easy case anyone may be eloquent.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 3, 11, 21.*

In cœlo nunquam spectatam impune cometam.—A comet never seen in heaven without implying disaster. **Claudius.**

In cœlo quies.—In heaven there is rest. **Pr.**

In cœlum jacularis.—You are shooting your javelin into the sky. **Pr.**

In commendam.—In trust or recommendation. **Law.**

In commune quodcumque est lucri.—What gain there is (in this chance discovery) is common property.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 5, 6, 3.*

In cruce salus.—In the cross there is safety.
Thomas Kempis. *Imit. Christi, Book 2, ch. 12.*

In cute curanda plus æquo operata juventus.—Youth occupied more than is right in care for the outward man (*lit.*, care for the skin).
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 29.*

In diem.—To some future day.

In diem vivere.—To live the day (*i.e.* from hand to mouth).

In divitiis inopes, quod genus egestatis gravissimum est.—Wanting money in the midst of wealth, which kind of want is the most grievous of all. **Seneca.** *Epist., 74.*

In Domino confido.—In the Lord I put my trust. **Vulgate.** *Ps., 11, 1.*

In dubiis benigniora sunt semper præferenda.—In doubtful matters the more merciful view is always to be preferred. **Law.**

In eadem re utilitas et turpitudo esse non potest.—Usefulness and baseness cannot exist in the same thing.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 3, 8.*

In eburna vagina plumbeus gladius.—A leaden sword in an ivory scabbard.
Tr. of **Diogenes.** (*Of a fop.*)

In extremis.—In the last moments; at the point of death.*

In ferrum pro libertate ruebant.—They rushed upon the sword in liberty's cause. **Pr.**

In flammam flammas, in mare fundis aquas.—You pour flames upon flame, water into the sea. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 3, 2, 34.*

In foribus scribat, occupatum se esse.—Let him write on the doors that he is busy.
Plautus.

In forma pauperis.—In the form of a poor man. **Law.**

In foro conscientiæ.—Before the tribunal of conscience. **Law.**

In fuga fœda mors est, in victoria gloriosa.—In flight death is disgraceful, in victory it is glorious.† **Cicero** (*adapted*).

In furias ignemque ruunt; amor omnibus idem.—They rush upon fire and furies; love is the same in all. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 3, 244.*

In hoc signo vinces.—In this sign (the cross) thou shalt conquer.
Motto *alleged to have been adopted by Constantine the Great.*

In hoc viro, tanta vis animi ingeniique fuit, ut quocunque loco natus esset, fortunam sibi ipse facturus fuisse videretur.—In this man there was such force of mind and character that in whatever country he had been

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* *See Vulgate*, St. Mark 5, 23.

† *See Philippics*, 8, 10, 29.

born, he would have been bound to have made his fortune for himself.
Livy. *39, 40.* (*Of M. Porcius Cato.*)

In integram restituere.—To restore to a condition of integrity (to acquit).
Law. (*Cicero : Pro Cluentio, 36, 98.*)

In judicando criminosa est celeritas.—Haste in giving judgment is criminal.
Publilius Syrus. *See* "Ad pœnitendum."

In limine.—At the threshold.

In loco parentis.—In the place of a parent.
Law.

In magnis et voluisse sat est.—It is enough in great matters even to have wished (*i.e.* to have had the will and desire for them).
Propertius. *Book 2, 10, 6.*

In mala uxore atque inimico si quid sumas, sumptus est ;
In bono hospite atque amico, quæstus est quod sumitur.
—If you spend money on a bad wife or an enemy your money is gone ; but what you spend on a friend and comrade is gained.
Plautus. *Miles Gloriosus, iii. 1, 79.*

In malis sperare bene nisi innocens nemo solet.—No one is wont to hope for good in evil except an innocent man. **Publilius Syrus.**

In manibus Mars ipse, viri ; nunc conjugis esto
Quisque suæ tectique memor ; nunc magna referto
Facta patrum laudesque.
—The battle is in your hands, men ; now let each be mindful of his wife and of his home ; now recall the great deeds and glory of your ancestors. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 280.*

In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii, fuisse felicem.
Bœthius. *De Consolatione, Book 2, Prose 4.* *See* "For of Fortunes," p. 79*a*.

In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum.—Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.
Vulgate. *St. Luke 23, 46.*

In mari aquam quærit.—He seeks for water in the sea. **Pr.**

In me consumpsit vires Fortuna nocendo.—Fortune has exhausted her powers in working me injury. **Anon.**

In medias res.—In the very midst of the matter. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 148.*

In medio tutissimus ibis.—You will proceed most safely by the middle course.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 2, 137.*

In medio virtus.—Virtue lies in moderation.
Pr.

In melle sunt linguæ sitæ vestræ, atque orationes,
Lacteque : corda in felle sunt sita atque acerbo aceto.
—Your tongues and words are steeped in honey and milk ; your hearts are steeped in gall and biting vinegar.
Plautus. *Truculentus, i. 2.*

In mercatura facienda multæ fallaciæ et quasi præstigiæ exercentur.—In the conduct of commerce many deceptions are practised and almost juggleries. **Pr.**

In morbis minus.—Less [of everything] in diseases.
Tr. of **Hippocrates.** *"A good profound aphorism," according to Bacon.*

In morbo recolligit se animus.—In sickness the mind reflects upon itself.
Pliny. *Book 7.*

In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.—In essentials unity, in doubtful matters liberty, in all things charity.
Founded on **Rupertus Meldenius.** *Parænesis Votiva* (*1622*).*

In nomine Domini incipit omne malum.—Every evil thing begins in the Lord's name.
Mediæval Saying.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.
—My mind leads me to speak of forms changed into new bodies.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 1, 1.*

In nubibus.—In the clouds.

In nuce Ilias.—An Iliad in a nutshell. **Pr.**

In nullum avarus bonus est, in se pessimus.—The avaricious man is good to no one, he is worst of all to himself. **Publilius Syrus.**

In omnia paratus.—Prepared against all things. **Pr.**

In omnibus fere minori ætati succurritur.—In almost everything a person not of age is protected by the law. **Law.**

In omnibus quidem, maxime tamen in jure æquitas est.—In all things indeed there is equity, but most of all in law. **Law.**

In pace leones, in prœlio cervi.—In peace lions, in battle stags. **Pr.**

In pari materia.—In a similar matter.

In partibus.—In (foreign) parts.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 3, 16 ; et al.*

In partibus infidelium.—In parts of the world occupied by unbelievers. **Mediæval.**

In perpetuam rei memoriam.—In continual remembrance of the matter.

In perpetuum, frater, ave, atque vale.—For ever, brother, hail and farewell.
Catullus. *101, 10.*

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* The identity of "Rupertus Meldenius" is doubtful, but he is supposed to have lived from about 1580 to 1650 and may be the same personage as Gregory Francke of Frankfort-on-Oder, who in *Consideratio Theologica* (1628) wrote : "Summa est : servemus in necessariis unitatem, in non necessariis libertatem, in utrisque charitatem."—(The sum-total is : Let us preserve in things essential unity, in things not essential liberty, in both charity.) This is nearly word for word the injunction of "Rupertus Meldenius."

In pertusum ingerimus dicta dolium.—We throw our words into a perforated cask.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, i, 3, 35.*

In pios usus.—For pious uses.

In pontificalibus.—In full priestly robes.

In portu quies.—Rest in the haven. **Pr.**

In posse.—In possibility; a condition which may be regarded as possible. **Law.**

In prece totus eram.—I was wholly immersed in prayer.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 6, 251.*

In pretio pretium nunc est; dat census honores,
Census amicitias; pauper ubique jacet.
—Worth now lies in what a man is worth; property gives honours, property brings friendships; everywhere the poor man is down-trodden. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 1, 217.*

In principatu commutando civium,
Nil præter domini nomen mutant pauperes.
—In a change of rule among the citizens, the poor change nothing beyond the name of their master. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 1, 15, 1.*

In propria persona.—In his own person.

In proverbiam cessit, sapientiam vino obumbrari.—It has passed into a proverb that wisdom is clouded by wine.
Pliny the Elder. *23, 1, 23.*

In puris naturalibus.—In an absolute state of nature (*i.e.* naked).

In quadrum redigere.—To make a matter square. **Cicero.** *Orator, 2, 61, 208.*

In re mala, animo si bono utare, adjuvat.—In ill fortune, if you can bring a good heart to bear on it, it helps you.
Plautus. *Capteivei, ii. 1, 8.*

In rebus dubiis plurimi est audacia.—In doubtful matters audacity is of the greatest value. **Publilius Syrus.**

In rebus prosperis, et ad voluntatem nostram fluentibus, superbiam, fastidium, arrogantiamque magnopere fugiamus.—In prosperity, and events happening in conformity with our desires, let us above all avoid pride, disdain, and haughtiness.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 26.*

In sæcula sæculorum.—For ages of ages (*i.e.* for ever). **Vulgate.** *Gal. 1, 5, etc.*

In saltu uno duos apros capere.*—To take two boars in one cover. **Pr.**

In sanguine fœdus.—A compact sealed in blood. **Pr.**

In scirpo nodum quæris.—You are looking for a knot in a bulrush (*i.e.* you are seeking for a difficulty where there is none).
Plautus. *Menæchmi, ii, 1, 22.* (*Also in Ennius.*)

In se magna ruunt.—Great interests collide (*lit.*, great things rush upon themselves).
Lucanus.

In secundis rebus nihil in quemquam superbe ac violenter consulere decet; nec præsenti credere fortunæ, quum, quid vesper ferat, incertum sit.—In prosperity it is proper to resolve nothing arrogantly or vindictively against anyone, nor is it wise to trust to present good fortune when it is uncertain what the evening may bring.
Livy. *Hist., Book 45, 8.*

In serum rem trahere.—To draw out the matter to a late hour. **Livy.**

In silvam ligna ferre.—To carry wood into a forest. **Pr.**

In situ.—In the original situation.

In solo Deo salus.—Salvation in God alone.
Motto *of Lascelles.*

In solo vivendi causa palato est.—In their palate alone is their reason of existence.
Juvenal. *Sat., 11, 11.*

In statu pupillari.—In the state of a pupil (or ward).

In statu quo.—In the condition in which it was.

In tauros Libyci ruunt leones;
Non sunt papilionibus molesti.
—The African lions rush to attack bulls; they do not attack butterflies.
Martial. *Epig., Book 12, 62, 5.*

In te, Domine, speravi.—In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.
Vulgate. *Ps. 31, 1.* (*Motto of Earls of Strathmore and of other families.*)

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.—All the hopes of thy house rest centred in thee.
Virgil. *Æneid, 12, 59.*

In te speravi.—In Thee have I hoped.
Vulgate. *Ps. 7, 1.*

In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria.—The work is upon a slight matter, but not slight is the glory. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 4, 6.*

In terrorem.—As a subject of fear (*i.e.* a warning).

In toto et pars continetur.—The part also is contained in the whole. **Pr.**

In tuo regno es.—You are in your own kingdom (and therefore privileged to insult). **Pr.**

In turbas et discordias pessimo cuique plurima vis; pax et quies bonis artibus indigent.—In tumults and dissensions the worst man has the most power; peace and quiet bring out the good qualities of men.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 1.*

In unoquoque virorum bonorum habitat Deus.—In each and every good man God has His dwelling. **Seneca.** *Ep. 41.*

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* *See* Proverbs: "To kill two birds with one stone."

In utero.—In the womb.

In utramvis dormire aurem.—To sleep on either ear (to sleep soundly). **Pr.**

In utrumque paratus.—Prepared for either alternative. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 61.*

In vacuo.—In empty space.

In Venere semper certat dolor et gaudium.—In love pain and pleasure are always at strife. **Publilius Syrus.**

In veritate victoria.—Victory is in the truth. **Pr.**

In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit.—In the garment [Christ's Church] let there be variety [of colour], but without seam (or schism).
Quoted by Bacon as from one of the Fathers.

In vino veritas.—In wine there is truth. **Pr.**

In virtute divitiæ.—In virtue are riches. **Cicero.** *Paradoxa, 6, 2.*

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga.—In escaping from one fault we are led into some other form of guilt. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 31.*

In vultu signa dolentis erant.—In [her] countenance there were the signs of grief. **Ovid.** *Fastorum, Book 4, 586 ; Book 6, 66.*

Inani jactatione libertatis.—With empty praise of liberty. **Tacitus.** *Agricola, 42.*

Inanis verborum torrens.—An unmeaning torrent of words. **Quintilian.** *10, 7, 23.*

Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.
—You walk upon flames covered by treacherous ashes. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 1, 7.*

Incendit omnem feminæ zelus domum.—The jealousy of a woman sets the whole house on fire. **Pr.**

Incenditque animum famæ venientis amore.—And fires his soul with the love of approaching fame. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 889.*

Incendium ignibus extinguitur.—Fire is put out by flames. **Quoted by Montaigne.** *Book 3, ch. 5.*

Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis,
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Adsuitur pannus.
—Often to weighty enterprises, and such as profess great objects, one or two purple patches are sewed on to make a fine display in the distance. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 14.*

Incerta hæc si postules
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam si des operam ut cum ratione insanias.
—If you want these uncertainties made certain by the help of reason, you will no more accomplish it than if you set yourself the task of going mad by dint of reason. **Terence.** *Eunuchus, i. 1, 16.*

Incerta pro nullis habentur.—What is uncertain is counted as nothing. **Law.**

Incerti sunt exitus belli.—The results of war are uncertain. **Cicero** *(adapted).*[*]

Incertum est quo te loco mors expectet ; itaque in omni loco illam expecta.—It is uncertain in what place death may be looking out for you, therefore in every place look out for death. **Seneca.**

Incessu patuit Dea.—By her gait the goddess was known. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 405.*

Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.—You fall upon Scylla, desiring to avoid Charybdis.
Gaultier de Lille. *Alexandreis* (1545, *Ingolstadt edition*). *In the Rouen ed., of* 1485, *the line appears ;* "Corruis in syllam cupiens vitare caribdim."

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.—Begin, little boy, to recognise your mother by a smile. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 4, 60.*

Incipe pollicitis addere facta tuis.—Begin to supplement your promises with deeds. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 2, 17, 48.*

Incipere multo est quam impetrare facilius.—It is much easier to begin than to finish. **Plautus.** *Poenulus, v. 2, 14.*

Incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus.
—Marble statues, engraved with public inscriptions, by which the life and soul return after death to noble leaders. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 8.*

Incitamentum amoris musica.—Music is an incitement to love. **Pr.**

Inclusio unius est exclusio alterius.—The inclusion of the one means the exclusion of the other. **Law.**

Inde datæ leges ne fortior omnia posset.—For this reason the laws are given, that the stronger may not have power to do all that they please.
Ovid. *Fast., 3, 279. (Another reading has "firmior" for "fortior.")*

Inde iræ et lacrimæ.—Hence rage and tears. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 1, 168.*

Index est animi sermo.—Speech is the index of the mind.
Given in Zodiacus Vitæ (Bk. 1, 194) by Marcellus Palingenius.

Index expurgatorius.[†]—Expurgatory index (catalogue of forbidden writings).

Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam : sævis inter se convenit ursis.
Ast homini ferrum letale incude nefanda
Produxisse parum est.
—The Indian tiger keeps a perpetual peace with the savage tiger ; there is agreement among themselves with cruel bears. But

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[*] "Incertos exitus pugnarum."—*Cicero : Pro Milone,* 21, 56.

[†] The correct title of the Roman "Index" is "Index Librorum prohibitorum."

man makes small account of beating out the deadly sword on the accursed anvil.
Juvenal. *Sat. 15, 163.*

Indictum sit.—Let it be unsaid.

Indigna digna habenda sunt hæres quæ facit.—Unworthy actions which the heir does are to be regarded as worthy. **Plautus.**

Indigne vivit per quem non vivit alter.—He lives unworthily through whom no other person lives. **Pr.**

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.
—I am indignant when I hear anything abused, not because it is thought rudely or ungracefully put together, but because it is modern. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 1, 76.*

Indocilis privata loqui.—Not in the habit of telling secrets.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 5, 536.*

Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti.—Let the unlearned learn, and let the skilled delight to remember.
Charles Jean François Hénault (1685–1770) (*after Pope*).

Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus:
Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.
—The harsh reciter of his works puts to flight both the learned and the unlearned. He indeed whom he has caught, he holds and slays with his discourse, a leech that will not quit the skin, unless gorged with blood.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 474.*

Industriæ nil impossibile.—Nothing is impossible to industry. **Pr.**

Inerat tamen simplicitas ac liberalitas, quæ, ni adsit modus, in exitium vertuntur.—There were nevertheless in him [L. Vitellius] candour and generosity, which, unless tempered by due moderation, lead to ruin.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 3, 86.*

Iners malorum remedium ignorantia est.—Ignorance is a feeble remedy for our ills.
Seneca. *Œdipus, iii., v. 515.*

Inertiæ dulcedo.—The sweetness of being idle. **Tacitus.** *Agric., 3.*

Inest sua gratia parvis.—Small things have in them their own gracefulness. **Pr.**

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.—You bid me, O queen, to reopen unspeakable grief. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 3.*

Infecta pace.—Peace not being effected; no reconciliation having been accomplished.
Terence. *Eunuchus, i. 1, 8.*

Inflatum plenumque Nerone propinquo.—Puffed up and full of his relationship to Nero.
Juvenal. *Sat. 8, 72.*

Infra dig. = Infra dignitatem.—Beneath one's dignity. **Pr.**

Infra tuam pelliculam te contine.[*]—Keep yourself in your skin. **Pr.**

Ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.
—Her cares are redoubled, and love, once more aroused, rages in her breast, and tosses with great upheaval of passion.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 531.*

Ingenio facies conciliante placet.—When the disposition is friendly to us the face pleases. **Ovid.** *Med. Faciei, 44.*

Ingenio non ætate adipiscitur sapientia.—Wisdom comes by cleverness, not by time. **Pr.**

Ingeniosa gula est.—Gluttony is cunning in devising (luxuries).
Martial, *Epig., Book 13, 62; and* **Petronius.**

Ingenio stat sine morte decus.—Deathless honour waits upon genius.
Propertius. *Book 3, El. 2, 26.*

Ingeniorum cos æmulatio.—Emulation is the whetstone of wits.[†] **Pr.**

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
—To him who has genius, a mind of diviner pattern, and a mouth which can sound forth great things, you may give the honour of this name (of Poet).
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 43.*

Ingenium industria alitur.—Genius is fostered by industry.
Cicero. (*Adapted*). *Pro Cœlio, 19, 45.*

Ingenium magni detrectat livor Homeri:
Quisquis es, ex illo, Zoile, nomen habes.
—Envy disparages the genius even of the great Homer. Be what you may, Zoilus, you get your name from him. (Zoilus, a Greek grammarian, received the name of Homeromastic, or chastiser of Homer, through his criticisms of the poet, and is remembered by no other circumstance.)
Ovid. *Remedia Amoris, 365.*

Ingenium mala sæpe movent.—Ill fortune is often an incentive to genius.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 43.*

Ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.
—Adverse fortune is wont to reveal genius, prosperity to hide it.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 8, 73.*

Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus et Isæo torrentior.
—A dashing nature, an immoderate audacity, an utterance ready and more rapidly fluent than that of Isæus.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 73.*

Ingentes animos angusto in corpore versant.—They have mighty minds labouring within a stunted body.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 83.*

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[*] From the classical proverb "Memento, in pelliculâ, cerdo, tenere tuo" (Remember, cobbler, to keep to your leather).—*Martial*, 3, 16, 6.

[†] *See* Taylor (p. 356*a*): "Wit's whetstone, Want."

Ingentes dominos, et claræ nomina famæ,
Illustrique graves nobilitate domos,
Devita, et longe cautus fuge; contrahe vela,
Et te littoribus cymba propinqua vehat.
—Shun, and carefully keep at a safe distance from, great lords, and men with illustrious names, and houses distinguished by exalted rank; draw in your sails, and let your barque carry you close to the shore. **Anon.**

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.
—To have faithfully studied the honourable arts, softens the manners and keeps them free from harshness. **Ovid.** *Ep., Book 2, 9.*

Ingenuitas non recipit contumeliam.—Noble-mindedness does not receive an insult. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habebis.—Ungrateful country, you shall not even have my bones. *Attrib. to Scipio Africanus.*

Ingrata quæ tuta; ex temeritate spes.—What is safe is distasteful; in rashness there is hope. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 3, 26.*

Ingratis servire nefas.—It is an evil thing to serve the ungrateful. **Pr.**

Ingratum est beneficium quod diu inter manus dantis hæsit.—The favour which sticks too long in the hands of the donor is not thankfully received. **Seneca.** *De Benef., Book 2, 1.*

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris.—If you say he is ungrateful you say all that can be said. **Pr.**

Ingratus est qui remotis testibus agit gratiam.—He is ungrateful who expresses his thanks when all witnesses have departed. **Seneca.**

Ingratus unus omnibus miseris nocet.—One ungrateful man does an injury to all the unfortunate. **Publilius Syrus**

Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.—She (Fame) walks on the earth, and her head is concealed in the clouds. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 177.*

Inimicum quamvis humilem docti est metuere.—It is the practice of an experienced man to fear an enemy, however insignificant. **Publilius Syrus.**

Inimicum ulcisci vitam accipere est alteram.—To be revenged on an enemy is to obtain a second life. **Publilius Syrus.**

Iniqua nunquam regna perpetuo morant.—Unjust rule never endures perpetually. **Seneca.** *Medea, 196.*

Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero.—I prefer the most unfair peace to the most righteous war. *Adapted from Cicero.**

Iniquum est aliquem rei sui esse judicem.—It is unjust for anyone to be a judge in his own cause. **Coke.**

Iniquum petas, ut æquum feras.—Seek what is unjust that you may carry what is just.* **Pr.**

Initia magistratuum nostrorum meliora ferme, et finis inclinat, dum, in modum candidatorum, suffragia conquirimus.—The beginning of our official duties is assuredly better; and the conclusion deteriorates, as, after the manner of candidates, we are seeking after votes. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 15, 21.*

Initium est salutis notitia peccati.—The knowledge of sin is the beginning of salvation. **Seneca.** *Ep. 28.*

Initium sapientiæ timor Domini.—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. **Vulgate.** *Ps. 110, 10.*

Injurato scio plus credet mihi, quam jurato tibi.—I know that he will rather believe me unsworn than you if sworn. **Plautus.** *Amphitruo, Act i.*

Injuria absque damno.—Injury without loss. **Law.**

Injuria injuriam cohibere licet.—We may hinder one injury by means of another. **Law.**

Injuriæ potentiorum sunt.—Injuries come from them that have the upper hand. **Maxim** *quoted by Bacon.*

Injuriæ spretæ exolescunt; si irascaris agnitæ videntur.—Injuries made light of disappear; if you become enraged concerning them they seem to be admitted. **Pr.**

Injuriam aures facilius quam oculi ferunt.—The ears can endure an injury better than the eyes. **Publilius Syrus.**

Injuriam qui facturus est jam facit.—He who intends to do an injury has already done it. **Seneca.**

Injuriarum remedium est oblivio.—Oblivion is the remedy for injuries. *Quoted by Seneca, Epist. 94, as from an old poet; also found in Publilius Syrus.*

Injusta a justis impetrare non decet;
Justa autem ab injustis petere, insipientia est.
—To entreat what is unjust from the just is wrong; but to seek what is just from the unjust is folly. **Plautus.** *Amphitruo, Prol. 31.*

Innumeras curas secum adferunt liberi.—Children bring with them innumerable cares. **Erasmus.** *Procus et Puella.*

Inopem me copia fecit.—Plenty has made me poor. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 3, 466.*

Inopi beneficium bis dat, qui dat celeriter.—He confers a twofold benefit to a needy person who gives it quickly. **Publilius Syrus.**

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* *See* Cicero (*Philippica*, 2, 15, 37): "Mihi enim omnis pax cum civibus bello civili utilior videbatur." (For to me every sort of peace with the citizens seemed to be of more service than civil war.)

* "A good rule where a man hath strength of favour."—*Bacon*: Essay, *Of Suitors.*

Inopi quanto longiorem vitam, tanto plus supplicii fore.—The longer a poor man's life is, the greater is his wretchedness.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 12, 20.*

Inopiæ desunt multa, avaritiæ omnia.—Many things are wanting to poverty, all things to avarice. **Publilius Syrus.**

Inops, potentem dum vult imitari, perit.—A needy man is lost when he wishes to imitate a powerful man.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 24, 1.*

Inquinat egregios adjuncta superbia mores.—The addition of pride contaminates the best manners. **Claudius.**

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.
—Let the wise bear the name of fool, the just of unjust, if he pursues virtue itself beyond what is sufficient.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 6, 15.*

Insanire juvat.—It is pleasant to go mad.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 19, 18.*

Insanire parat certa ratione modoque.—He prepares to act the madman with a certain amount of motive and method.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 271.*

Insanis et tu, stultique prope omnes.—You yourself are mad, and almost all men are fools.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 32.*

Insaniunt omnes præter sapientem.—All are mad except the man who is wise.
Stoic Maxim.

Insanus medio flumine quæris aquam.—You madly search for water in the middle of the stream. **Pr.** (*Pentameter verse.*)

Insanus omnis furere credit cæteros.—Every insane person believes other people to be mad. **Pr.**

Inscitia est,
Adversum stimulum calces.
—It is folly to kick against the spur.
Terence. *Phormio, i. 2, 27.*

Insipientis est dicere, Non putâram.*—It is the part of a fool to say, I should not have thought it. **Scipio Africanus.**
(*See Cicero, De Off., 23, 81; and Valerius Max., Book 7, 2, 2.*)

Insita hominibus libidine alendi de industria rumores.—A desire having been placed in men eagerly to foment rumours. **Pr.**

Insita mortalibus natura, propere sequi quæ piget inchoare.—It is natural to mortals to follow quickly what it is troublesome to begin.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 55.*

Insita mortalibus natura, recentem aliorum felicitatem ægris oculis introspicere.—It is natural to mortals to look with sick eyes on the recent good fortune of others.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 2, 20.*

Insperata accidunt magis sæpe quam quæ speres.—What is not hoped for happens much oftener than what you hope for.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, i. 3, 40.*

Inspicere tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo; atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.
—I bid you look into the lives of all men, as into a mirror, and to take example to yourself from others. **Terence.** *Adelphi, iii. 3, 62.*

Instar omnium.—As good as all; equal to all the others. **Cicero.**

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu.
—The man upright in his life, and free from crime, does not need Moorish javelins or bow.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 22, 1.*

Intemperans adolescentia effetum corpus tradit senectuti. — An intemperate youth brings to old age a worn-out body.
Cicero. *De Senectute, 9, 29.*

Intentio inservire debet legibus, non leges intentioni.—The intention ought to be subservient to the laws, not the laws to the intention. **Coke.**

Inter canem et lupum.*—Between the dog and the wolf (between two fires). **Pr.**

Inter cetera mala, hoc quoque habet stultitia, semper incipit vivere.—Among other evils folly possesses this, that it is always beginning to live. **Seneca.** *Ep., 13.*

Inter delicias semper aliquid sævi nos strangulat.—In the midst of our delights there is always something harsh to choke us. **Pr.**

Inter Græcos græcissimus inter Latinos latinissimus.—Most Greek among the Greeks, most Latin among the Latins.
Erasmus. *Adagia (s.v. Dissimilitudo. (Of Rudolphus Agricola, i.e. Roelof Huysmann, Dutch scholar, 1443–85.)*

Inter pontem et fontem; inter gladium et jugulum.†—Between the bridge and the stream; between the sword and the throat. **Pr.**

Inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus.—Among four-footed creatures the hare has the first rank (as food).
Martial. *Epig., Book 13, 92.*

Inter silvas Acadēmi quærere verum.—To seek for truth among the woods of Academus.
Horace. *Ep. 2, 2, 45.*

Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum:
Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.
—In the midst of hope and anxiety, in the midst of fear and anger, believe every day that has dawned to be your last; happiness

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* The impenetrable stupidity of Prince George (son-in-law of James II.) served his turn. It was his habit, when any news was told him, to exclaim, "Est-il possible?"—"Is it possible?"—*Macaulay: Hist. of England*, Vol. 1, ch. 9.

* *See* "Hac urget," p. 540*a*; also Provs., 744*a*.

† *See* Waifs & Strays, p. 445*a*.

which comes unexpected will be the more welcome. (*More literally;* Suddenly, when we shall not be expecting it, the welcome hour will come.)
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 4, 13.*

Inter utrumque tene.—Keep between either extreme. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 2, 140.*

Inter nos sanctissima Divitiarum
Majestas.
—Among us most sacred is the majesty of wealth. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 1, 113.*

Interdicit, ne cum maleficio
Usum bonus consociet ullius rei.
—This forbids a good man to consort for any purpose with an evildoer.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 4, 10, 20.*

Interdum lacrimæ pondera vocis habent.*—Sometimes tears have the weight of words.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 3, 1, 158.*

Interdum quies inquieta est.—Sometimes quiet is an unquiet thing.
Seneca. *Epist., 56.*

Interdum stultus bene loquitur.—Sometimes a fool speaks well. **Pr.**

Interdum vulgus rectum videt; est ubi peccat.—Sometimes the common people see correctly; there are occasions when they err.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1.*

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati:
Casta pudicitiam servat domus.
—Meantime his sweet children hang about his lips: his pure home preserves that which is decent. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 2, 523.*

Interea gustus elementa per omnia quærunt,
Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus; interius si
Attendas, magis illa juvant, quæ pluris emuntur.
—Meantime they seek delicacies among all the elements, the price never standing in the way of their inclination; if you look more closely at it, those things please the more, the more they cost. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 11, 14.*

Interest reipublicæ ut quisque re sua bene utatur.—It is to the advantage of the commonwealth that everyone shall make good use of his property. **Pr.**

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.—Mingle your cares with pleasure now and then.
Dionysius Cato. *Distich., 3, 7.*

Intolerabilius nihil est quam fæmina dives.
—Nothing is more unbearable than a woman of wealth. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 460.*

Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus æther;
Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.
—The heavens thundered and the air shone with frequent fire; and all things threatened men with instant death.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 90.*

Intonsi montes.—The wooded mountains.
Virgil. *Ecl., 5, 63.*

Intra domum sævus est; foris mitis.—In his own home he is a savage; out of doors he is mild-mannered.
Seneca. *De Ira, Book 3, 10.*

Intrat amor mentes usu: dediscitur usu.
Qui poterit sanum fingere, sanus erit.
—Love enters our minds by gradual familiarisation; it is taught by habit. He who can imagine that he is sound, shall be sound.
Ovid. *Remedia Amoris, 503.*

Introite, nam et hic dii sunt.—Enter, for here too are gods.
Tr. of **Heraclitus** (*quoting Aristotle*).

Intus et in jecore ægro
Nascuntur domini.
—Masters spring up within us and from a diseased liver. **Persius.** *Sat. 5, 129.*

Intus si recte ne labora.—If inwardly right do not vex yourself. **Pr.**

Intuta quæ indecora.—Things which are unbecoming are unsafe.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 33.*

Invendibili merce oportet ultro emptorem adducere;
Proba merx facile emptorem reperit, tametsi in abstruso sita sit.
—It is necessary to entice the buyer to unsaleable wares; good merchandise easily finds a buyer, even though it be hidden away.
Plautus. *Poenulus, i. 2, 129.*

Inveni portum; Spes et Fortuna valete!
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.
—I have found the haven; Hope and Fortune, farewell! You have made sport sufficiently of me, now make sport of others.
*Translation of a Greek epitaph by Janus Pannonius (1434–72). Quoted in this form in Gil Blas, Book 9, ch. 10.**

Invenit ille, nostra perfecit manus.—He was the author, our hand finished it.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 6, 20.*

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.
—Men who have ennobled life by their discoveries in the arts, and who have earned by desert the remembrance of others.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 663.*

Invia virtuti nulla est via.—No way is impassable to virtue (*or* valour).
Ovid. *Metam., Book 14, 113.*

Invidia gloriæ comes.—Envy the companion of glory. **Pr.**

Invidia id loquitur quod videt, non quod subest.—Malice tells that which it sees and not what is underlying it (*i.e.* quotes the text and not the context). **Publilius Syrus.**

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* Also in *Heroides*, Ep. 3, 4: "Sed tamen et lacrimæ pondera vocis habent."

* *See* R. Burton, *Anat. Melan.*: "Mine haven's found," p. 50*a*. In Pannonius the lines are:
"Inveni portum, Spes et Fortuna valete!
Nil mihi vobiscum, ludite nunc alios."

Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum.
—The Sicilian tyrants have not invented a worse torment than envy.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 58.*

Invidiam ferre aut fortis aut felix potest.—A brave man or a fortunate one is able to bear envy. **Publilius Syrus.**

Invidiam placare paras, virtute relicta ?—Are you attempting to appease envy by abandoning virtue ? **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 3, 13.*

Invidiosus ego, non invidus esse laboro.—I endeavour not to be envious but to be envied. *Monkish Maxim.*

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.—The envious man grows thin at another's prosperity. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 2, 57.*

Invidus, iracundus, iners vinosus, amator,
Nemo adeo ferus est ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
—The envious man, the passionate, the idle, the drunken, the lewd, no one is so far unreclaimed that he cannot become civilised, if only he will lend a patient ear to culture.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 38.*

Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur diu.—Governments which are hated never hold out long. **Seneca.** *Phœnissæ, iv. 660.*

Invisa potentia, atque miseranda vita eorum, qui se metui quam amari malunt.—Their power is hated and their life is wretched who prefer that they should be feared rather than loved. **Cornelius Nepos.**

Inviso semel principe, seu bene seu male facta premunt.—A leader being once hated, his deeds, whether good or ill, tell against him. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 1, 7.*

Invita Minerva.—Minerva being unwilling (*i.e.* unwilling to bestow genius or inspiration).[*] **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 385.*

Invitat culpam qui peccatum præterit.—He invites guilt who overlooks crime. **Publilius Syrus.**

Invitum qui servat idem facit occidenti.—He who rescues a man against his will does the same thing as if he killed him. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 467.*

Invitum sequitur honos.—Honour follows the unwilling. **Pr.**

Io triumphe!—Hail, conqueror! (*lit.* Ho! triumph!)
Exclamation of the populace to Roman Emperors.[†]

Ipsa consuetudo assentiendi periculosa esse videtur, et lubrica.—The very habit of agreeing seems to be dangerous and slippery. **Cicero.** *Acad., 2, 21.*

Ipsa dissimulatione famæ famam auxit.—By his very concealment he added fame to fame. **Tacitus.** *Agricola, 18.*

Ipsa mihi dixi : Si valet ille venit.—I said to myself, " If he is well he will come." **Ovid.** *Heroides, 2, 20.*

Ipsa multarum artium scientia, etiam aliud agentes, nos ornat.—The knowledge of many arts is valuable to us even though we follow some other calling. **Tacitus.** *Dialogus de Oratoribus, 32.*

Ipsa quidem pretium virtus sibi.—Each virtue is its own reward. **Claudian.** *De Mallii Theod. Consul., 5, 1.*

Ipsa quidem virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces.—Each virtue is the most perfect reward to itself. **Silius Italicus** (A.D. *16–100*).

Ipsa sibi obstat magnitudo.—His very greatness impedes him. **Pr.**

Ipse dixit.—He himself has said it.
Quoted by Cicero, De Nat. Deorum, 1, 5, 10, as the unreasoning answer given by Pythagoras. (*See p.* 468*a.*)

Ipse docet quid agam ; fas est et ab hoste doceri.—He himself teaches me what to do ; it is well to be taught even by an enemy. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 4, 428.*[*]

Ipse Jupiter neque pluens omnibus placet, neque abstinens.—Jupiter himself cannot please all, whether sending rain or withholding it. **Pr.**

Ipse pavet ; nec qua commissas flectat habenas,
Nec scit qua sit iter ; nec, si sciat imperet illis.
—He himself is scared ; nor does he know how to turn the reins entrusted to him, nor which way to take ; nor if he did know, could he control those horses. **Ovid.** *Metam., 2, 169.*

Ipse rursum concedite silvæ.—Again, ye woods, farewell ! **Virgil.** *Ecl., 10, 63.*

Ipse semet canit.—He himself sings of himself. **Pr.**

Ipsissima verba.—The very words themselves.

Ipso facto.—By the fact itself.

Ipso jure.—By the law itself.

Ira furor brevis est ; animum rege, qui, nisi paret
Imperat : hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catena.
—Anger is short madness ; rule your mind, which if it does not obey will command ; restrain it with a bit, restrain it with a chain.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 62.*

Ira quæ tegitur nocet ;
Professa perdunt odia vindictæ locum.
—Anger which is covered up is dangerous ; hatred openly expressed loses the opportunity of revenge. **Seneca.** *Medea, Act ii., l. 154.*

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[*] *See* " Tu nihil " ; *see also* Cicero, *Epistles*, Book 3 1, 12, 25 ; and *De Off.*, 1, 31, 10.

[†] *See* Horace, *Odes*, Book 4, 2, 49.

[*] *See* p. 468*a* for Greek equivalent, from Aristophanes, " Ἀπ' ἐχθρῶν," κ.τ.λ.

Iracundiam qui vincit hostem superat maximum.—He who conquers his wrath overcomes his greatest enemy. **Publilius Syrus.**

Irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus ?—Do you revolve such waves of wrath in your heart ? **Virgil.** *Æneid, 12, 831.*

Iras et verba locat.—He (a barrister) lets out to hire his anger and words. **Seneca.** *Herc. Fur., 173.*

Iratus cum ad se redit sibi tum irascitur.—When the angry man comes to himself, then he is angry with himself. **Publilius Syrus.**

Iratus etiam facinus consilium putat.—An angry man regards advice even as a crime. **Publilius Syrus.**

Iratus semper plus putat posse facere quam possit.—The angry man always thinks he can do more than he can.
Albertano of Brescia. *Liber Consolationis (Tr. by Chaucer, Melibeus, sec. 18).*

Ire tamen restat Numa quo devenit et Ancus.—It yet remains for you to go where Numa and Ancus have gone. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 6, 27.*

Irremeabilis unda.—The wave from which there is no return (the river Styx). **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 425.*

Irritabis crabrones.—You will stir up the hornets. **Plautus.** *Amphitruo, ii. 2, 75.*

Is cadet ante senem qui sapit ante diem.—He who is wise before his time will die before he is old. **Pr.**

Is enim mihi videtur amplissimus, qui sua virtute in altiorem locum pervenit, non qui ascendit per alterius incommodum, et calamitatem.—For he seems to me to be the greatest man, who rises to a high position by his own merit, and not one who climbs up by the injury and disaster of another.
Cicero. *Pro Roscio Amerino, 30.*

Is maxime divitiis fruitur, qui minime divitiis indiget.—He most enjoys riches, who least needs riches. **Seneca.** *Ep. 14.*

Is mihi demum vivere et frui anima videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.—He alone seems to me to live and to enjoy existence, who intent upon any business, seeks fame by some distinguished action or honourable art. **Sallust.** *Catilina, 2.*

Is minimum eget mortalis, qui minimum cupit.—That mortal wants least who desires least. **Publilius Syrus.**

Is ordo vitio careto, cæteris specimen esto.—Let this rank (the nobility) be free from vice, and an example to others. **Twelve Tables at Rome.**

Isque habitus animorum fuit, ut pessimum facinus auderent pauci, plures vellent, omnes paterentur.—Such was the condition of their minds that some few dared to commit the vilest crime, many were inclined to, and all permitted it. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 1, 28.*

Ista decens facies longis vitiabitur annis ;
Rugaque in antiqua fronte senilis erit.
—That comely face will be spoilt by the long years ; and the wrinkles of old age will be upon your aged brow. **Ovid.** *Tristia, Book 3, 7, 33.*

Istam
Oro (si quis adhuc precibus locus), exue mentem.
—I pray of you, if my entreaties as yet avail anything, put aside that intention. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 318.*

Istic est thesaurus stultis in lingua situs,
Ut quæstui habeant male loqui melioribus.
—There is the treasure of fools, namely in their tongues, so that they can derive benefit by traducing their betters. **Plautus.** *Pœnulus, iii. 3.*

Istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modo est
Videre, sed etiam illa quæ futura sunt
Prospicere.
—This indeed is to be wise, not merely to see what is before one's feet, but also to look ahead at those things which are to be. **Terence.** *Adelphi, iii. 3, 33.*

Ita amicum habeas, posse ut facile fieri hunc inimicum putes.—So possess your friend as though you thought that he might easily be transformed into an enemy. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ita Dis placitum, voluptati ut mæror comes consequatur.—It has so pleased the Gods that grief should attend as the companion of pleasure. **Plautus.** *Amphitruo, ii. 2.*

Ita fabulantur ut qui sciant Dominum audire.—They converse as those who know that God hears. **Tertullian.** *Apol., p. 36, ed. Rigalt.*

Ita fugias ne præter casam.—So flee as not to get too far from your own abode. **Terence.** *Phormio, v. 2, 3.*

Ita lex scripta.—Thus is the law written.

Ita me Dii ament ! ubi sim nescio.—So may the Gods love me ! where I am I do not know. **Terence.** *Heauton., ii. 3, 67.*

Ita oportuit intrare in gloriam suam.—So he ought to enter into his glory. **Adapted from Vulgate.** *St. Luke 24, 26.*

Ita vertere seria ludo.—Thus to turn serious matters to sport. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 226.*

Ita vita est hominum, quasi cum ludas tesseris ;
Si illud, quod maxime opus est jactu, non cadit,
Illud, quod cecidit forte, id arte ut corrigas.
—The life of man is as when you play with dice ; if that which you chiefly want to throw does not fall, you must by skill make good what has fallen by chance. **Terence.** *Adelphi, iv. 7, 21.*

Ita voluerunt, ita factum est.—So they wished it, and so it is done. **Pr.**

Itan' comparatam esse hominum naturam omnium,
Aliena ut melius videant et dijudicent
Quam sua ?
—Is the nature of men so constituted that they can better perceive, and discriminate in, the affairs of others than their own ?
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, 3, 2, 97.*

Iterum ille eam rem judicatam judicat
Majore mulcta mulctat.
—He is trying over again a matter already tried, and fining us with a heavier fine.
Plautus. *Rudens, Prol., 19.*

Jacet ecce Tibullus ;
Vix manet é toto parva quod urna capit.
—Here lies Tibullus ; of all that he was there scarcely remains enough to fill a small urn.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 3, 9, 39.*

Jacta alea esto.—Let the die be cast.
Suetonius. *Cæs., 32.* (*Cæsar, on crossing the Rubicon.*)

Jactantius moerent, quæ minus dolent.—Those women who grieve least make the most lamentation. **Tacitus.** *Annals, 2, 77.*

Jactitatio.—Boasting ; a false pretence or allegation. **Law.**

Jam desuetudine longa
Vix subeunt ipsi verba Latina mihi.
—From long disuse the Latin words scarcely recur to me. **Ovid.** *Tristia, Book 5, 6, 57.*

Jam Fides, et Pax, et Honos, Pudorque
Priscus, et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet ; apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.
—Now Faith and Peace and Honour, and ancient Modesty and neglected Virtue venture to return ; and blessed Plenty appears with full horn. **Horace.** *Carmen Sæculare, 57.*

Jam fuerit, nec post unquam revocare licebit.—Soon it will have been, nor will it be allowable ever to recall it.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., 3, 928.*

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent.
—Presently the kingly pile will leave little land to plough. **Horace.** *Odes, 2, 15, 1.*

Jam proterva
Fronte petit Lalage maritum.
—Already, with unblushing face, Lalage seeks for a husband. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 5, 15.*

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.
—Now returns the Virgin (Justice), and the reign of Saturn (the golden age) returns.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 4, 6.*

Jam satis, ohe !—Enough now of this, stop !
Ausonius, Plautus, etc.

Jam seges est ubi Troja fuit, resecandaque falce
Luxuriat Phrygio sanguine pinguis humus.
—Fields are now where Troy was, and the ground ready for sickle and fat with Phrygian blood, brings forth abundantly.
Ovid. *Heroides, 1, 53.*

Jamque dies, ni fallor, adest ; quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic Di voluistis habebo.
—And now, unless I am mistaken, the day is at hand, which I shall ever regard as ill-fated, or, if the gods have so willed it, always as a day to be honoured. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 5, 49.*

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.
—And now I have completed a work which neither the wrath of Jove, nor flame, nor sword, nor devouring age, can have power to destroy. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 15, 827.*

Janua lethi.—The gate of death.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., 1, 1105* (*et passim*).

Januis clausis.—With closed doors.

Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.—The hungry stomach rarely despises common food. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 2, 38.*

Jejunus venter non audit libenter.—The hungry stomach does not listen willingly.
Mediæval.

Jesus Hominum Salvator (" I.H.S.").—Jesus the Saviour of Men.

Jocandi sævitia.—Cruelty of joking.
Claudian. *In Eutrop., 1, 24.*

Jocos et Dii amant.—Even the gods love jokes. **Plato.** (*Trans.*) *Cratylus.*

Jove enim tonante cum populo agi non esse fas.—When Jove is thundering it is not right to be treating with the people.
Cicero. *Philippics, 5, 3.*

Jovis omnia plena.*—All things are full of Jove. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 3, 60.*

Jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—To tell of what is pleasant and serviceable in life.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 334.*

Jucunda memoria est præteritorum malorum.—The memory of past troubles is pleasant. **Cicero.** *De Finibus, Book 2, 32.*

Jucundi acti labores.—Labours accomplished are pleasant.†
Cicero. *De Finibus, 2, 32.*

Jucundum et carum sterilis facit uxor amicum.—A barren wife makes a pleasant and dear friend (*i.e.* to legacy-hunters).
Juvenal. *Sat. 5, 140.*

Jucundum nihil est nisi quod reficit varietas.
—Nothing is pleasant except what variety makes fresh. **Publilius Syrus.**

Judex damnatur ubi nocens absolvitur.—The judge is condemned when a guilty person is acquitted. **Publilius Syrus.**

Judex non potest esse testis in propria causa.
—A judge cannot be a witness in one of his own cases. **Coke.**

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* Imitated from Aratus. *See also* " Dei plena."

† Quoted by Cicero as a proverb. *See* " Suavis laborum."

Judicandum est legibus non exemplis.—Judgment should be according to the laws, not according to the precedents. **Law.**

Judicata res pro veritate accipitur.—A matter adjudged is received as true. **Law.**

Judice te mercede caret, per seque petenda est
Externis virtus incomitata bonis.
—In your judgment virtue requires no reward, and is to be sought for itself, unaccompanied by external benefits.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 2, 3, 35.*

Judices qui ex lege judicatis, legibus obtemperare debetis.—Ye judges who give judgments by law, ought to be obedient to the laws. **Cicero.**

Judicis est judicare secundum allegata et probata.—It is the duty of a judge to judge according to what things are alleged and what things are proved. **Law.**

Judicis est jus dicere non dare.—It is the duty of a judge to administer the law, not to make it. **Law.**

Judicis officium est, ut res, ita tempora rerum
Quærere.
—It is the duty of a judge to enquire not only into the matter but into the circumstances of the matter. **Ovid.** *Tristia, Book 1, 1, 37.*

Judicium a non suo judice datum nullius est momenti.—Judgment given not by the properly appointed judge, is of no consequence. **Law.**

Judicium parium aut leges terræ.—The judgment of our equals or the laws of the land. **Law.**

Judicium subtile videndis artibus.—A fine judgment in discerning art.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 242.*

Jugulare mortuos.—To stab the slain. **Pr.**

Juncta juvant.—Things united are helpful. **Pr.**

Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes.—And joined with the Nymphs the lovely Graces.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 4, 6.*

Jungere dextras.—To join right hands.*

Jungere equos Titan velocibus imperat horis.—Titan commands the swift hours to yoke the horses (of the rising sun).
Ovid. *Metam., Book 2, 118.*

Juniores ad labores.—The younger men to work. **Pr.**

Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.—Jupiter is in whatever you see, and is wherever you go.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 9, 580.*

Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantum.—Jupiter from on high laughs at the perjuries of lovers. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 1, 633.*

Jupiter in multos temeraria fulmina torquet,
Qui pœnam culpa non meruere pati.
—Jupiter hurls chance thunderbolts at many who have not deserved to suffer the penalty of guilt. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 3, 6, 27.*

Jupiter omnipotens, audacibus annue cœptis.—All powerful Jupiter, be favourable to our daring attempt.
Virgil. *Æneid, 9, 625.*

Jupiter pluvius.—Jupiter the rain-giver.
Tibullus. *1, 7, 26.*

Jupiter tonans.—Thundering Jupiter.

Jura negat sibi nata; nihil non arrogat armis.—He denies that the laws were formed for him; there is nothing that he does not claim by force of arms.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 122.*

Jurare in verba magistri.—To swear by the words of a master; to argue in favour of a thing because "the master said so."
Said of the Pupils of Pythagoras. (*See "Ipse dixit."*)

Jurgia præcipue vino stimulata caveto.—Above all, avoid quarrels caused by wine.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 591.*

Juris utriusque doctor.—Doctor of both laws.

Jus aliquod faciunt affinia vincula nobis.—The links of connection make a certain kind of law between us.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 4, 8, 9.*

Jus civile.—The law of civil or private rights; the civil or common law.
Cicero. *De Officiis, 3, 17.*

Jus devolutum.—A right devolved. **Law.**

Jus et norma loquendi.—The law and rule of speech. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 73.*

Jus gentium.—The law of nations.
Cicero. *De Officiis, 3, 17.*

Jus gladii.—The right of the sword.

Jus hominum.—Natural law; law of mankind. **Cicero.** *Tusc., 1, 26.*

Jus humanæ societatis.—The law of human society. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, 1, 7.*

Jus in re.—A substantial right. **Law.**

Jus omnium in omnia, et consequenter bellum omnium in omnes.—The right of all to all things, and consequently the war of all against all. **Hobbes.**

Jus postliminii.—The right or law of recovery of forfeited rights.
Digesta, 29, 15, 5. (*See also Cicero, Topica 8, 26.*)

Jus summum sæpe summa est malitia.—The highest law is often the greatest roguery.
Terence. *Heaut., 4, 5, 48.*

Justæ causæ facilis est defensio.—The defence of a just cause is easy. **Cicero.**

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* *See* "Dextræ jungere dextram."

Justi ut sidera fulgent.—The just shall shine as stars.*

Justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui.
—Amongst the Trojans the one most upright of all, and most observant of what is just.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 427.*

Justitia erga Deum religio dicitur; erga parentes pietas.—Justice to God is called religion; to our parents, piety.
Cicero. *De Partitione Orat., 22, 78 (adapted).*

Justitia est constans et perpetua voluntas jus suum cuique tribuendi.—Justice is a firm and continuous desire to render to everyone that which is his due.
Justinian. *Inst., 1, 1.*

Justitia est obtemperatio scriptis legibus.—Justice is compliance with the written laws. (This is stated by Cicero, only to be refuted by him.) **Cicero.** *De Legibus, 1, 15.*

Justitia non novit patrem nec matrem; solum veritatem spectat.—Justice knows neither father nor mother, but has regard only to truth. **Law.**

Justitia tanta vis est, ut ne illi quidem qui maleficio et scelere pascuntur, possint sine ulla particula justitiæ vivere.—So great a force is justice that not even those who live by ill-doing and crime can manage to exist without some small share of justice.
Cicero. *De Off., 2, 11, 40.*

Justitia virtutum regina.—Justice is the queen of virtues. **Pr.**

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines; verecundiæ non offendere.—It is the part of justice not to injure men, of propriety not to give them offence.
Cicero. *De Off., 1, 28, 99.*

Justum est bellum, quibus necessarium; et pia arma, quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur opes.—To those to whom war is necessary it is just; and a resort to arms is righteous in those to whom no means of assistance remain except by arms.
Livy. *Hist., Book 9, 1.*

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida.
—Neither the rage of the citizens commanding what is base, nor the angry look of the threatening tyrant, can shake the upright and determined man from his firm purpose.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 31.*

Justum judicium judicate.—Judge just judgment. **Vulgate.** *St. John 7, 24.*

Justus ut palma florebit.—The just shall flourish as a palm-tree.
Vulgate. *Ps. 92, 12.*

Juvante Deo.—God helping.

Juvat ipse labor.—The labour itself is a delight. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 1, 108, 8.*

Juvenes, quæ causa subegit
Ignotas tentare vias?
—Young men, what cause impels you to attempt the unknown paths?
Virgil. *Æneid, 8, 112.*

Juvenile vitium regere non posse impetum.—It is the fault of youth not to be able to restrain its own violent impulse. **Seneca.**

Labitur occulte, fallitque volubilis ætas.—Time glides secretly on, and deceives us as it flows. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 8, 49.*

Labor callum obducit dolori.—Labour makes us insensible to sorrow.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 2, 15.*

Labor ipse voluptas.—Labour itself is a pleasure.
Motto. (*See* "*Labor, voluptasque.*")

Labor omnia vincit
Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.
—Persistent labour overcomes all things, and poverty spurring us on through hard surroundings. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 1, 145.*

Labor, voluptasque, dissimillima natura, societate quadam inter se naturali sunt juncta.—Labour and pleasure, two things most unlike in their nature, are joined together by a certain natural association between them.
Livy. *Hist., Book 5, 4.*

Laborare est orare.—To work is to pray.
Pr. *Mediæval.* (*See* "*Qui orat.*")

Laborum
Dulce lenimen.
—The sweet solace of labour (*i.e.* music).
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 32.*

Lactuca innatat acri
Post vinum stomacho.
—Lettuce after wine floats upon the acrid stomach. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 4, 59.*

Læsæ majestatis.—The crime of high treason (of injury to majesty). French, *lèse-majesté.* **Ammianus** (*5th Century*), *16, 8, 4.*

Læso et invicto militi.—To our greatly-suffering but unconquered soldiery.
Inscription *on Berlin Invalidenhaus.*

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.
—The mind, happy in the present, will hate to care for what is beyond, and will temper bitter things with an indifferent smile. There is nothing blessed in every particular.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 16, 24.*

Lætus sorte tua vives sapienter.—Contented with your lot, you will live wisely.
Horace. *Ep., 1, 10, 44.*

Lætus sum
Laudari me abs te, pater, laudato viro.
—I am pleased to be praised by a man so

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* *See* Daniel 12, 3.

praised as you, father. (Words used by Hector.)
Nævius. (*Quoted by Cicero, Tusc. Quæst., 4, 31, 67; and Epist., Book 15, 6.*)

Lapides loquitur; caveant lectores ne cerebrum iis excutiat.—He speaks stones; let his readers beware that he does not knock out their brains.
Plautus. *Aulul., ii. 29* (*adapted*).

Lapis philosophorum.—The philosophers' stone.

Lapsus calami.—A slip of the pen.

Lapsus linguæ.—A slip of the tongue.

Lapsus memoriæ.—A slip of the memory.

Lares et penates.—The tutelary and household gods.

Largitio fundum non habet.—Liberality has no limits.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 2, 1.* (*Quoted as a proverb.*)

Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba est.—My pages are full of licence, but my life is right.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 5, 8.*

Laterem lavem.—I may be washing a brick (*i.e.* losing my labour).
Terence. *Phormio, i. 4, 9.* (*Proverbial expression.*)

Latet anguis in herba.—A snake lies hidden in the grass.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 3, 93.*

Latius excisæ pestis contagia serpunt.—The contagion of the plague supposed to be extirpated spreads abroad still further (referring to the persecution of the Jews).
Rutilius. *Itinerar., 1, 397.*

Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.
—By subduing a grasping disposition you will reign more extensively than if you were to join Libya (Africa) to the far-off Gades (island on the Spanish coast), and if the Carthaginian on either side were to obey you alone.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 2, 9.*

Latrante uno, latrat statim et alter canis.—When one dog barks another dog begins to bark forthwith.
Pr.

Latrantem curatne alta Diana canem?—Does the lofty Diana care about the dog barking at her?
Pr.

Laudant illa sed ista legunt.—They praise those, but they read these books all the same.
Martial. *Epig., Book 4, 49, 10.*

Laudamus veteres, sed nostris utimur annis.—We praise the years of old, but make the most of our own.
Ovid. *Fast., 1, 225.*

Laudant quod non intelligunt.—They praise what they do not understand.
Pr.

Laudato ingentia rura,
Exiguum colito.
—Praise the farm of great extent, cultivate one which is small.
Virgil. *Georgics, 2, 412.*

Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.—He is praised by these, he is blamed by those.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 2, 11.*

Laudatus abunde
Non fastiditus si tibi, lector, ero.
—Abundantly shall I be praised, reader, if I do not cause you to loathe me.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 1, 7, 31.*

Laudem virtutis necessitati damus.—We give to necessity the praise of virtue.
Quintilian.

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.—By his praises of wine Homer is proved a winebibber.
Horace. *Ep., 1, 19, 6.*

Laudis amore tumes?—Do you swell with the love of praise?
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 36.*

Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.
—I praise the true God, I call the people, I bring together the clergy, I mourn the dead, I put pestilence to flight, I do honour to festivals.
Ancient Inscription *on a church bell.* (*See Bell Inscriptions, p.* 466*a*.)

Laudo, malum cum amici tuum ducis malum.—I praise you when you regard the trouble of your friend as your own.
Plautus. *Capteivei, i. 2, 48.*

Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.
—I praise her (Fortune) while she lasts; if she shakes her quick wings, I resign what she has given, and take refuge in my own virtue, and seek honest undowered Poverty.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 29, 53.*

Laus est facere quod decet, non quod licet.—It is praiseworthy to do what is right, not what is lawful.
Pr. (*Adapted from Cicero.*)*

Laus in proprio ore sordescit.—Praise of one's self (*lit.* praise in one's own mouth) is offensive.

Laus nova nisi oritur etiam vetus amittitur.—Unless new praise arises even the old is lost.
Publilius Syrus.

Legant prius, et postea despiciant.—Let them read first and despise afterwards.
Lope de Vega.

Lege dura vivunt mulieres,
Multoque iniquiore miseræ, quam viri.
—Wretched women live under a hard law, and one much more unjust than men live under.
Plautus. *Mercator, Act iv.*

Lege totum si vis scire totum.—Read the whole if you wish to understand the whole.
Pr.

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* *See* "Quid deceat vos," p. 636*a*.

Legem brevem esse oportet quo facilius ab imperitis teneatur.—It is right that a law should be short in order that it may be the more easily grasped by the unlearned.
Seneca. *Ep. 94.*

Legem solet oblivisci iracundia.—Wrath is wont to forget the law. **Publilius Syrus.**

Leges a victoribus dicuntur, accipiuntur a victis.—The laws are laid down by the conquerors, and are accepted by the conquered.
Curtius.

Leges ad civium salutem civitatumque incolumitatem inventæ sunt.—Laws were devised for the safety of citizens and the preservation of states. **Cicero.**
(*Adapted from De Legibus, 2, 2, 11.*)

Leges bonæ malis ex moribus procreantur. —Good laws are produced by bad manners (or customs). **Macrobius.** *Sat. 2, 13.*

Leges egregias, exempla honesta, apud bonos ex delictis aliorum gigni.—The best laws, the noblest examples, are produced for the benefit of the good from the crimes of other men.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 15, 20.*

Leges mori serviunt.—Laws are subservient to custom. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, iv. 3, 36.*

Leges omnium salutem singulorum saluti anteponunt.—The laws place the safety of all before the safety of individuals.
Cicero. *De Finibus, Book 3, 19.*

Leges posteriores priores contrarias abrogant.—Later laws repeal former ones which are inconsistent. **Law.**

Leges sunt inventæ quæ cum omnibus semper una atque eadem voce loquerentur.—Laws are so framed that they shall speak in all matters always with one and the same voice.
Cicero.

Legimus ne legantur.—We read lest they should be read (*i.e.* to prevent others reading).
Lactantius.

Legis constructio non facit injuriam.—The construction (or interpretation) of the law is not to do an injury to anyone (*i.e.* the law must be interpreted so as not to do obvious injury by strict literal interpretation.) **Law.**

Legum ministri, magistratus; legum interpretes, judices; legum denique idcirco omnes servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus.—The magistrates are the ministers of the laws, the judges the interpreters of the laws; in short, we are all servants of the laws to the end that it may be possible for us to be free.
Cicero. *Pro A. Cluentio, 53, 146.*

Lenior et melior fis, accedente senecta?—Do you grow gentler and better as old age creeps on? **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 2, 211.*

Leniter, ex merito quidquid patiare, ferendum est;
Quæ venit indignæ[*] poena, dolenda venit.
—Whatsoever you suffer deservedly should be borne patiently; the punishment which comes to one undeserving of it, comes as a matter for bewailing. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 5, 7.*

Lentiscum mandere.—To chew a toothpick of mastic (to be fastidious or foppish). **Pr.**

Lento quidem gradu ad vindictam divina procedit ira, sed tarditatem supplicii gravitate compensat.—The divine wrath is slow indeed in vengeance, but it makes up for its tardiness by the severity of the punishment.[*]
Valerius Maximus. *1, 1, 3.*

Lentus in dicendo, et pene frigidus orator.—Slow in speech and an almost chilling orator.
Cicero. *Brutus, 48, 178.*[†]

Leonina societas.—A leonine partnership, a partnership where one has the lion's share.
Pr.

Lepos et festivitas orationis.—The charm and playfulness of his talk.
Cicero. *Adapted from De Oratore, 2, 56.*

Letum non omnia finit.—Death does not end all things. **Propertius,** *4, 7, 1.*

Leve est miserias ferre, perferre est grave. —To bear troubles is a light thing; to endure them to the end is a heavy thing.
Seneca. *Thyestes, 307.*

Leve fit quod bene fertur opus.—The burden which is rightly carried becomes light.
Ovid. *Amorum, 1, 2, 10.*

Leve incommodum tolerandum est.—A light inconvenience is to be borne. **Pr.**

Levia perpessæ sumus,
Si flenda patimur.
—We have endured light things if we suffer them merely as matters for weeping.
Seneca. *Troades, iii. 411.*

Leviora sunt, quæ repentino aliquo motu accidunt, quam ea quæ meditata et præparata inferuntur.—Those things which happen suddenly through some disaster are lighter than those which are produced designedly, and with preparation. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, 1, 8, 17.*

Levis est dolor, qui capere consilium potest. —Grief which can form a resolution is light.
Seneca. *Medea, ii. 155.*

Levis sit tibi terra.—May the earth be light upon thee.
Inscription *frequent on tombstones of ancient Rome. Abbreviated* "*S.T.T.L.*"

Levissimus quisque, et futuri improvidus.—Every man being very light-minded and careless of the future.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 88.*

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[*] Or "indigne" (*i.e.* "undeservedly").

[*] "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." *See also* Juvenal, *Sat.* 13, 100. The wording of Val. Max. seems to be suggested by Cicero's description of a spondee which "makes up for the paucity of its feet by the tardiness of its weight."—Or. 64, 212.

[†] Referring to T. Juventius.

Levius solet timere qui propius timet.—He who fears something close at hand is wont to fear it less acutely.
Seneca. *Troades, iii. 515.*

Lex aliquando sequitur æquitatem.—Law sometimes follows equity.* **Law.**

Lex appetit perfectum.—The law aims at perfection. **Law.**

Lex citius tolerare vult privatum damnum quam publicum malum.—The law will sooner tolerate a private injury than a public evil.† **Coke.**

Lex neminem cogit ad impossibile.—The law forces no one to do what is impossible. **Law.**

Lex nemini operatur iniquum; nemini facit injuriam.—The law effects injustice to no one; and does injury to no one. **Law.**

Lex non exacte definit, sed arbitrio boni viri permittit.—The law is not exact upon the subject, but leaves it open to a good man's judgment. **Grotius.**

Lex non scripta.—The unwritten law; the "common law."

Lex prospicit non respicit.—The law is prospective not retrospective. **Law.**

Lex sumptuaria.—A sumptuary law.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 3, 52, etc.; also*
Cicero. *Ep. ad Att., 13, 47, 1.*

Lex talionis.—The law of retaliation.

Lex universa est quæ jubet nasci et mori.—The universal law is that which ordains that we are to be born and to die.
Publilius Syrus.

Lex vera, atque princeps, apta ad jubendum, et ad vetandum, ratio est recta summi Jovis.—The true law, and the highest, formed to ordain and to restrain, is the very reason of the all-ruling Jove.
Cicero. *De Legibus, Book 2, 5, 10.*

Lex videt iratum, iratus legem non videt.—The law sees the wrathful man; the wrathful man does not see the law. **Publilius Syrus.**

Libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.—Men freely believe that which they desire.
Cæsar. *De Bello Gallico, 3, 18.*

Libera Fortunæ mors est; capit omnia tellus
Quæ genuit.
—Death is free from the restraint of Fortune; the earth takes everything which it has brought forth.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 7, 818.*

Libera me ab homine malo, a meipso.—Deliver me from the evil man, even from myself. **St. Augustine.**

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* This expression is founded on several passages in Cicero, who, in *De Officiis*, Book 1, 19, says that "it is difficult, when you desire to assist everyone, to preserve equity, which appertains most especially to justice."

† *See* "Leges omnium," p. 565*a*.

Libera te metu mortis.—Free thyself from the fear of death. **Seneca.**

Liberæ enim sunt nostræ cogitationes.—For our thoughts are free.
Cicero. *Pro Milone, 29, 79.*

Liberi parentes alant, aut vinciantur.—Let children support their parents or be imprisoned. **Roman Law.**

Libertas est potestas faciendi id quod jure licet.—Liberty is the power of doing what is allowed by law.* **Law.**

Libertas in legibus.—Liberty under the laws. **Pr.**

Libertas, inquit, populi quem regna coercent,
Libertate perit.
—The liberty of the people, he says, whom popular power restrains unduly, perishes through liberty.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 3, 146.*

Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem.
—Liberty which, though late, nevertheless regarded me, sluggard though I was.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 1, 28.*

Libertas ultima mundi,
Quo steterit ferienda loco.
—The ultimate liberty of the world, to be stricken down in the place where it had taken its stand. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Bk. 7, 580.*

Liberum arbitrium.—Free choice.

Libido effrenata effrenatam appetentiam efficit.—Unbridled wantonness caused unbridled desire. **Cicero.** *Tusc. Quæst., 4, 7, 15.*

Libra justa justitiam servat.—A just balance preserves justice. **Pr.**

Liceat concedere veris.—It is right to yield to the truth. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 4, 305.*

Licentia poetica.—Poetic licence.
Seneca. *Nat. Quæst., 44, 1.*

Licet sapere sine pompa, sine invidia.—One may be wise without pomp, and without envy. **Seneca.** *Epist., 103.*

Licet superbus ambules pecunia,
Fortuna non mutat genus.
—Though you march proudly by reason of wealth, fortune does not alter birth.
Horace. *Epodon, Lib. 4, 5.*

Licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum præsente nota producere nomen.
—It has been allowable, and ever will be, to coin a word marked with modern significance.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 58.*

Licuit, semperque licebit,
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.
—It has been allowable, and ever will be, to spare the persons but to proclaim the faults.
Adapted from the foregoing and from Martial. *Epig., 10, 33, 10.*†

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* Montesquieu says: "La liberté est le droit de faire tout ce que les lois permettent."

† *See* "Parcere personis," p. 615*a*.

Lignum vitæ.—The wood (*or* tree) of life; applied also to boxwood.
Vulgate. *Genesis, 2, 9; Prov. 13, 12; Prov. 15, 4, etc.*

Limæ labor et mora.—The labour and delay of polishing (*i.e.* of revising and correcting one's work). **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 291.*

Linquenda tellus, et domus, to placens
Uxor.
—Your land, and home, and pleasant wife must be left behind.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 14, 21.*

Lingua mali loquax malæ mentis est indicium.—A tongue given to speaking evil is the sign of an evil mind. **Publilius Syrus.**

Lingua mali pars pessima servi.—The tongue of a bad servant is his worst part.
Juvenal. *Sat. 9, 120.*

Lingua melior, sed frigida bello
Dextera.
—Excellent with his tongue, but his right hand remiss in the battle.
Virgil. *Æneid, 11, 338.*

Lingua placabilis, lignum vitæ.—A gentle tongue is a tree of life.
Vulgate. *Prov. 15, 4.*

Lingua, sile; non est ultra narrabile quicquam.—Tongue, be silent; there is nothing else beside that can be told.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 2, 2, 61.*

Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum
Ferrea vox.
—It (rumour) has a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, a voice of iron.
Virgil. *Georgics, 2, 44 (adapted).**

Lis est cum forma magna pudicitiæ.—There is great strife between beauty and modesty.† **Ovid.** *Heroides, 16, 288.*

Lis litem generat.—Strife begets strife. **Pr.**

Lis nunquam; toga rara; mens quieta;
Vires ingenuæ; salubre corpus;
Prudens simplicitas; pares amici.
—Strife never; business seldom; a mind undisturbed; refined tastes; a healthy constitution; astute guilelessness; suitable friends. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 10, 47, 5.*

Lite pendente.—Whilst the lawsuit is pending. **Law.**

Litem parit lis, noxa item noxam parit.—Strife produces strife, and injury produces injury. **Law.**

Litera enim occidit, Spiritus autem vivificat.
—The letter kills, but the spirit makes alive.
Vulgate. *2 Cor. 3, 6.*

Litera scripta manet, verbum ut inane perit.—The written letter remains, as the empty word perishes. **Pr.**

Literæ Bellerophontis.—Letters of Bellerophon. (Bellerophon bore a letter to the king of Lycia, which, unknown to the bearer, contained a request that the king should put Bellerophon to death.)
Pr. *Plautus, Bacchides, 4, 7, 12.*

Literæ humaniores.—Literature of a specially civilised nature (*i.e.* "polite literature").* **Pr.**

Litigando jura crescunt.—By litigation laws (*or* legal rights) grow. **Law.**

Litigando jus acquiritur.—By litigation right is acquired. **Law.**

Littora nunquam
Ad visus reditura suos.
—Shores never to return to their sight.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia. Book 3, 5.*

Littore quot conchæ, tot sunt in amore dolores.—There are as many pangs in love as shells upon the shore.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 519.*

Littus ama; altum alii teneant.—Love the shore let others keep to the deep sea.
Virgil (*adapted*). *Æneid, 5, 163–4.*

Lividi limis oculis semper aspiciunt aliorum commoda.—Envious men always look askance upon the good fortune of others. **Cicero.**

Locis remotis qui latet, lex est sibi.—He who lives away from observation in remote parts is a law to himself. **Publilius Syrus.**

Loco citato.—In the place specified; the passage quoted. (Often expressed as *loc. cit.*)

Locum tenens.—Holding the place of.

Locus classicus.—The classical place.

Locus est et pluribus umbris.—There is room for several more uninvited guests.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 5, 28.*

Locus in quo.—The place in which.

Locus pœnitentiæ.—Place for repentance.

Locus sigilli.—The place of the seal (designated in documents, etc., by the letters L.S.).

Locus standi.—Place of standing; position assumed in arguing.

Longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages.
—The injury is long to relate, long are the labyrinths of the story.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 341.*

Longa est vita si plena est.—Life is long if it is full. **Seneca.** *Epist., 93.*

Longa mora est quantum noxæ sit ubique repertum
Enumerare: minor fuit ipsa infamia vero.
—It would mean long delay to enumerate how great a quantity of evil was everywhere

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* *See* "Non mihi si linguæ," p. 599*a*.
† *See* "Rara est," p. 642*b*.

* *See* "Literæ politioris humanitatis.—*Cicero: De Orat.*, 2, 7, 28.

revealed; even the ill report of it was less than the truth. **Ovid.** *Metam., Bk. 1, 214.*

Longe absit.—May it be far from me.

Longius jam progressus erat, quam ut regredi posset.—He was now advanced too far to be able to turn back.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 3, 69.*

Longo post tempore venit.—It (Liberty) came after long years (of servitude).
Virgil. *Eclogues, 1, 30.*

Longo sed proximus intervallo.—Nearest, but with a long interval between.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 320.*

Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.—Long is the way (to learning) by rules, short and effective by examples. **Seneca.** *Ep. 6.*

Loquendum ut vulgus, sentiendum ut docti.—We should speak after the fashion of the multitude, and think as men of learning.
Coke.

Lotis (or lautis) manibus.—With clean hands.*

Lubrici sunt fortunæ gressus.—The footsteps of fortune are slippery. **Pr.**

Lubricum linguæ non facile in pœnam est trahendum.—A slipperiness of the tongue (*i.e.* verbal errors) should not be easily made a matter of punishment. **Law.**

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ;
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit; populo gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

—Restore thy light, O excellent chief, to thy country; for it is like spring where thy countenance has appeared; to the people the day passes more pleasantly, and the sun shines more brightly. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 5, 5.*

Lucernam olet.—It smells of the lamp.
Pr. (*See p.* 452*a*.)

Lucidus ordo.—Clear arrangement.
Horace. *De Arte Pœtica, 41.*

Lucri bonus est odor, ex re
Qualibet.

—Good is the smell of gain, from whatever source of business. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 14, 204.*

Lucrum amare nullum amatorem decet.—It is not becoming for any lover to love gain.
Plautus.

Lucrum est dolorem posse damno extinguere.—It is a gain, by the loss of something, to get rid of pain. **Publilius Syrus.**

Lucrum malum æquale dispendio.—Ill-gotten gain is as bad as a loss. **Pr.**

Lucrum sine damno alterius fieri non potest.—Gain cannot be made without some other person's loss. **Publilius Syrus.**

Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui; mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.

—The merchant dreading the stormy south-west wind, battling with the waves of the Icarian sea, praises the ease of the fields of his native town; by and by he repairs his broken ships, impatient to endure poverty.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 1, 15.*

Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoros
Imperio premit.

—He (Æolus) represses by his authority the struggling winds and the resounding tempests.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 53.*

Lucus a non lucendo.*—Lucus (a grove), so called from non lucendo (not admitting light). (This supposed derivation is referred to by Quintilian, 1, 16, and by numerous ancient authors and commentators.) **Pr.**

Ludere cum sacris.—To play with sacred matters. **Pr.**

Ludis me obscura canendo.—You banter me by discoursing obscurely.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 5, 58.*

Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,
Et certam præsens vix habet hora fidem.

—Divine power plays with human affairs, and the present hour scarcely obtains our sure belief in it.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont, Book 4, 3, 49.*

Ludus animo debet aliquando dari
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat tibi.

—Recreation should sometimes be given to the mind, that it may be restored to you in better condition for thinking.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, 14, 12.*

Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen et iram;
Ira truces inimicitias et funebre bellum.

—For play has produced serious contention and anger, and anger has led to enmities and deadly warfare.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 19, 48.*

Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque!

—Mourn, O ye Venuses and Cupids!
Catullus. *Carmen, 3, 1.*

Lumen siccum optima anima.—The most perfect mind is a dry light.†
The "obscure saying" of Heraclitus, frequently quoted by Bacon.

Lumen soli mutuum das.—You are lending light to the sun. **Pr.**

Lunæ radiis non maturescit botrus.—Grapes do not ripen in the rays of the moon.
Pr.

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* *See* "Illotis pedibus," p. 549*b*.

* "As by the way of innuendo
Lucus is made *a non lucendo*."
—*Churchill: The Ghost,* Book 2, v. 257.

See also: "Canis a non canendo."

† Explained by Bacon as meaning a mind not "steeped and infused in the humours of the affections."

Lupo agnum eripere postulant.—They entreat to be allowed to snatch the lamb from the wolf. (Proverbial expression applied to a difficult undertaking.)
Plautus. *Pœnulus, iii. 5, 31.*

Lupo ovem commisti.—You have entrusted the sheep to the wolf.
Terence. *Eunuchus, v. 1, 16.*

Lupus in fabula.—The wolf in the story (who appeared when spoken of.)
Terence. *Adelphi, iv. 1, 21.*

Lupus in sermone.—The wolf in the tale.
Plautus. *Stichus, ii. 6.*

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti;
Tempus abire tibi est.
—You have played enough, eaten enough, and drunk enough; it is time for you to depart.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 214.*

Lusus naturæ.—A freak of nature. **Pr.**

Lutum nisi tundatur non fit urceus.—Unless the clay is well pounded the vase is not fashioned. **Pr.**

Lux in tenebris.—Light in darkness.
Vulgate. *St. John, 1, 5.*

Lux, etsi per immunda transeat, non inquinatur.—The light, even though it passes through pollution, is not polluted.
St. Augustine. *In Joann., 4.**

Lux mundi.—The light of the world.
Vulgate. *St. John 8, 12.*

Lux orta est.—Light has arisen.
Vulgate. *Ps. 97, 11.*

Luxum populi expiare solent bella.—Wars are wont to atone for a people's luxuriousness. **Pr.**

Luxuriæ desunt multa, avaritiæ omnia.—Luxury wants many things, avarice wants all things. **Publilius Syrus.**

Luxuriant animi rebus plerumque secundis;
Nec facile est æqua commoda mente pati.
—Our dispositions generally run riot in prosperity, nor is it easy to bear pleasant fortune with a well-balanced mind.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 437.*

Lydius lapis.—A Lydian stone; a touchstone. **Pliny.** *33, 8, 43.*

Macies et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors.
—Wasting and a new troop of fevers have settled upon the earth.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 3, 30.*

Macte nova virtute puer; sic itur ad astra.
—All honour to thee, boy, in thy new virtue! Such is the way to the stars.
Virgil. *Æneid, 9, 641.*

Macte virtute.—All honour attend you in your valour.
Livy. *Hist., Book 7, 36;* **Cicero.** *Tusc. Quæst., 1, 17.*

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* *See* Bacon, p. 7*b*; and p. 13*b*.

Macte
Virtute esto, inquit sententia diva Catonis.
—All honour to you in your valour, as says the godlike phrase of Cato.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 2, 31.*

Maculæ quas incuria fudit.—The blemishes which carelessness has brought forth.*
Horace (*adapted*). *De Arte Poetica, 352.*

Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum.
—O Mæcenas, descended from ancient kings, my protection, and sweet source of honour to me. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 1, 1.*

Magalia quondam.—Formerly cottages.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 421.*

Magis acri
Judicio perpende.
—With keen judgment weigh the matter carefully.
Lucretius. *De Rerum Natura, Book 2, 1040.*

Magis erit animorum quam corporum conjugium.—The wedlock of minds will be greater than that of bodies.
Erasmus. *Procus et Puella.*

Magis gaudet quam qui senectam exuit.—He rejoices more than one who has cast off old age (*i.e.* more than one who has become young again). **Pr.**

Magis illa juvant, quæ pluris emuntur.—Those things delight the more which are the more costly. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 11, 16.*

Magis magni clerici non sunt magis sapientes.—The specially great scholars are not specially wise. **Pr.**

Magis mutus quum piscis.—More dumb than a fish. **Pr.**

Magister alius casus.—Chance is another master. **Pliny the Elder.**

Magister artis ingenîque largitor
Venter.†
—The belly (*i.e.* necessity) is the teacher of art and the liberal bestower of wit.
Persius. *Prologue to Satires, 10.*

Magister dixit.—The master has said it. **Pr.**‡

Magistratum legem esse loquentem, legem autem mutum magistratum.—The magistrate is a speaking law, but the law is a silent magistrate. **Cicero.** *De Legibus, 3, 1, 2.*

Magistratus indicat virum.—Official position reveals the man (shows what a man is capable of).§ **Motto** *of Lowther Family.*

Magna civitas magna solitudo.—A great city means a great loneliness.
Pr. *from the Greek.*

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* *See* "Verum ubi, p. 681*b*."

† "The master of art or giver of wit,
Their belly."
—*Ben Jonson: The Poetaster.*

‡ *See* "Ipse dixit."

§ *See* Proverbs: "The office makes the man."

Magna comitante caterva.—A great crowd accompanying. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 40.*

Magna dii curant, parva negligunt.—The gods are careful about great things, and neglect small ones. **Cicero.** *De Nat. Deorum, 2, 66.*

Magna est admiratio copiose sapienterque dicentis.—Great is our admiration of one who speaks fluently and wisely. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, 2, 14.*

Magna est veritas et prævalet.*—Great is truth, and it prevails. **Vulgate.** *1 Esdras 4, 41.*

Magna est vis consuetudinis; hæc ferre laborem, contemnere vulnus et dolorem docet. —Great is the force of habit; it teaches us to bear labour and to scorn injury and pain. **Cicero.** (*Adapted from Tusc. 2, 15 and 17.*)

Magna felicitas multum caliginis mentibus humanis objicit.—Great good fortune very much befogs the human mind. **Seneca.** *Adapted. De Brev. Vitæ, 14.*

Magna feres tacitas solatia mortis ad umbras,
A tanto cecidisse viro.
—You carry with you the great solace to the silent shades of death, that you were vanquished by so great a man. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 5, 191.*

Magna fuit quondam capitis reverentia cani;
Inque suo pretio ruga senilis erat.
—Great was the reverence formerly paid to the hoary head; and the wrinkles of old age had a right value attached to them. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 5, 57.*

Magna gladiorum est licentia.—Great is the licence of the sword. **Cicero.** *Epist., Bk. 4, 9.*

Magna movet stomacho fastidia, seu puer unctis
Tractavit calicem manibus.
—An intense disgust turns the stomach, should the servant touch the cup with his greasy hands. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 4, 78.*

Magna otia cæli.—Great is the idleness which prevails in heaven. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 394.*

Magna servitus est magna fortuna.—A great fortune is a great slavery. **Seneca.** *De Consolat. ad Polyb., 26.*

Magnæ fortunæ comes adest adulatio.—Flattery is the close attendant of great fortune. **Pr.**

Magnæ fortunæ pericula.—The dangers of great fortune. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 4, 13.*

Magnam rem puta unum hominem agere.—Consider it a great task to be always the same man. **Seneca.** *Epist., 120.*

Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis.—Great-souled heroes, born in happier years. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 649.*

Magnas inter opes inops.—Penniless amid great plenty. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 16, 28.*

Magnates atque potentes, si per se nesciunt, consilium bonum vix aut nunquam capere possunt.—Great men and powerful men, if they are without judgment themselves, can seldom or never take good counsel. **Albertano of Brescia.** *Lib. Consolationis.* (*Trans. by Chaucer, "Melibeus," sec. 20: "And therfore men seyn, that the riche man hath selde good conseil but if he have it of himself."*)

Magne pater divum, sævos punire tyrannos
Haud alia ratione velis, quum dira libido
Moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno;
Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta!
—Great Father of the Gods, may you choose no other way of punishing tyrants, when vile passion, mixed with raging venom, works in their minds; then may they see (the beauty of) virtue, and wither away through realizing what they have lost. **Persius.** *Sat. 3, 35.*

Magni animi est magna contemnere, ac mediocria malle quam nimia.—It is the part of a great mind to despise great things, and to prefer moderation to excess. **Seneca.** *Ep. 39.*

Magni animi est proprium, placidum esse tranquillumque, et injurias atque offensiones semper despicere.—It is the nature of a great mind to be calm and undisturbed, and ever to despise injuries and misfortunes. **Seneca.** *De Clementia, 1, 5.*

Magni est ingenii revocare mentem a sensibus, et cogitationem a consuetudine abducere.—It is the part of a great genius to force the mind away from the emotions, and the reasoning faculty out of the rut of custom. **Cicero.**

Magni nominis umbra.—The shadow of a great name. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Bk. 1, 135.* (*See also "Non sit tibi."*)

Magni refert quibuscum vixeris.—It matters much with whom you have lived.

Magnis tamen excidit ausis.—Yet he failed in great and daring attempts. **Ovid.** *Metam., 2, 328.*

Magno cum periculo custoditur, quod multis placet.—That which pleases many is guarded with much danger. **Publilius Syrus.**

Magno de flumine mallem,
Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere.
—I would rather help myself from the great stream, than take just so much from this little fountain. **Horace.** *Sat., Bk. 1, 1, 55.*

Magno jam conatu magnas nugas dixerit.—She will set forth great trifles with great effort. **Terence.** *Heautontimorumenos, 4, 1, 8.*

Magnorum haud unquam indignus avorum. —Never at any time unworthy of his great ancestors. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 12, 649.*

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* Usually quoted, "prævalebit" (it will prevail).

Magnos homines virtute metimur, non fortuna.—We estimate great men by their virtues, not by their fortune.
Cornelius Nepos.

Magnum hoc ego duco,
Quod placui tibi qui turpi secernis honestum,
Non patre præclaro, sed vita et pectore puro.
—I hold this a great matter that I have pleased you, who distinguish between the base and the deserving, not according to descent from a noble father, but according to life and pure intention.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 6, 62.*

Magnum hoc vitium vino est,
Pedes captat primum ; luctator dolosus 'st.
—This is the great evil in wine, it first seizes the feet ; it is a cunning wrestler.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, v. 1, 5.*

Magnum in parvo.—A great deal in a small space. **Pr.**

Magnum narras vix credibile.—You relate a great thing hardly to be believed.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 9, 52.*

Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis et facere et pati.
—Poverty, that great reproach, bids us do or suffer anything.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 24, 42.*

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
—The great course of the ages is born anew.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 4, 5.*

Magnus Alexander corpore parvus erat.—The great Alexander was small in body. **Pr.**

Magnus amator mulierum.—A great lover of women. **Plautus.** *Menæchmi, ii. 1, 43.*

Magnus animus remissius loquitur et securius.—A great mind speaks with more ease and more composure. **Seneca.**

Magnus Apollo.—A great Apollo ; a great oracle. **Pr.**

Magnus sine viribus ignis
Incassum furit.
—A great fire rages in vain without any power.
Virgil. *Georgics, 3, 99.*

Major e longinquo reverentia.—Respect is greater from a distance.*
Founded on **Tacitus.**

Major et apud posteros futurus, si minor esse voluisset.—He would be greater to posterity if he had been willing to be less great.
Aubrotus Miræus. *Elogia Belgica.* (*Of Erasmus.*)

Major hereditas venit unicuique vestrum in iisdem bonis, a jure et a legibus, quam ab iis, quibus illa ipsa bona relicta sunt.—To each of you there comes a greater inheritance in connection with our possessions from the constitution and laws, than from those by whom those same possessions were left to us.
Cicero. *Pro. Cæcinâ, 26.*

Major privato visus, dum privatus fuit, et omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset.—He seemed greater than a private citizen while he was one, and by the consent of all would have been considered capable of government, if he had not governed.
Tacitus. *Hist., 1, 49.*

Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
Majus opus moveo.
—A greater train of events springs up before me ; I undertake a more difficult task.
Virgil. *Æneid, 7, 44.*

Major sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere ;
Multaque ut eripiat, multo mihi plura relinquet.
Excessere metum mea jam bona.
—I am greater than Fortune can injure ; though she snatches away many things, she will leave me many more. My present blessings exceed any apprehension.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 6, 195.*

Majora credi de absentibus.—Greater things are believed of those who are absent.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 2, 83.*

Majore tumultu
Planguntur nummi quam funera.
—Loss of wealth is lamented with greater outcry than the loss of friends.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 130.*

Majorem fidem homines adhibent iis quæ non intelligunt.—Men put greater faith in those things which they do not understand.
Anon.

Majores majora sonent ; mihi parva locuto
Sufficit in vestras sæpe redire manus.
—Let greater men make greater poems ; to me who have uttered small efforts it is enough that my book is often and repeatedly in your hands. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 9, 1, 7.*

Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.—And the greater shadows fall from the lofty mountains. **Virgil.** *Eclogue 1, 84.*

Majori cedo.—I give way to a superior.

Majorque videtur
Et melior, vicina seges.
—And the crop of our neighbour seems greater and better than our own.*
Juvenal. *Sat. 14, 142.*

Majorum gentium dii.—The gods of the greater nations.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Bk. 1, 13, 29.* (*Hence "Di minorum gentium"—The gods of the lesser nations.*)

Majorum gloria posteris lumen est.—Ancestral glory is a lamp to posterity.
Sallust. *Jugurtha, 83.*

Majorum nugæ negotia vocantur.—The playthings of our elders are called business.
St. Augustine. *Conf., Book 1, 9, 15.*

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* *See* "Quæ ex longinquo."

* *See* "Fertilior seges."

Majorum primus quisquis fuit ille tuorum,
Aut pastor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.
—Whoever he was who was the first of your ancestors, he was either a shepherd or something else which I am unwilling to mention.
Juvenal. *Sat. 8, 274.*

Majus et minus non variant speciem.—Greater and less do not alter kind. **Pr.**

Mala causa est quæ requirit misericordiam.—It is a bad cause which asks for mercy.
Publilius Syrus.

Mala causa silenda est.—A bad cause should be silent.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 3, 1, 147.*

Mala est inopia ex copia quæ nascitur.—Bad is want which is born of plenty.
Publilius Syrus.

Mala gallina, malum ovum.—Bad hen, bad egg. **Pr.**

Mala grammatica non vitiat chartam.—Bad grammar does not vitiate a document.
Coke.

Mala mali malo mala contulit omnia mundo,
Causa mali tanti fœmina sola fuit.
—The jawbone of the evil one brought all evil to the world by means of an apple; the cause of so much evil was woman alone.
Mediæval.

Mala mens, malus animus.—A bad mind, a bad disposition. **Terence.** *Andria, i. 1, 137.*

Mala merx hæc, et callida est.—This woman is a bad bargain, and a schemer.
Plautus. *Cistellaria, iv. 2, 21.*

Mala ultro adsunt.—Evil things come spontaneously. **Pr.**

Malam rem cum velis honestare, improbes.—When you wish to dignify a thing which is bad, disapprove it. **Publilius Syrus.**

Male cuncta ministrat
Impetus.
—Impulse manages all things badly.
Statius. *Thebais, Book 10, 704.*

Male facere qui vult, nunquam non causam invenit.—He who wishes to do ill is never at a loss for a cause. **Publilius Syrus.**

Male imperando summum imperium amittitur.—By bad government the most powerful government is lost. **Publilius Syrus.**

Male narrando fabula depravatur.—A story is ruined through being badly told. **Pr.**

Male parta, male dilabuntur.—Things ill-gotten will be ill-spent.
Cicero. *Philipp., 2, 27, 65. (Cited as being from some poet, "I know not who." Attributed to Plautus, who has the words* "Male partum male disperit.")

Male secum agit æger, medicum qui hæredem facit.—A sick man does ill for himself who makes the doctor his heir.
Publilius Syrus.

Male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.
—If you speak what is assigned to you badly, I shall either sleep or I shall laugh.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 104.*

Male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex.
—Every corrupt judge weighs the truth badly.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 2, 8.*

Male vivunt qui se semper victuros putant.—They live ill who think they will live for ever. **Publilius Syrus.**

Maledicus a malefico non distat nisi occasione.—An evil speaker does not differ from an evil doer except as regards opportunity.
Quintilian.

Malignum
Spernere vulgus.
—To scorn the ill-conditioned rabble.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 16, 39.*

Malim equidem indisertam prudentiam, quam stultitiam loquacem.—I prefer indeed prudence which is not eloquent to folly which is talkative. **Cicero.** *De Oratore, 3, 35.*

Malis avibus.—The birds (*i.e.* omens) being evil. **Cicero.**

Malitia supplet ætatem.—Malice makes up for want of age (*i.e.* evil intention justifies punishment in spite of youth). **Law.**

Malitia unius cito fit maledictum omnium.—The malice of one man quickly becomes the ill word of all. **Publilius Syrus.**

Malivolus animus abditos dentes habet.—An ill-disposed mind has its teeth concealed.
Publilius Syrus.

Malivolus semper sua natura vescitur.—An evil-disposed person feeds always upon his own disposition. **Publilius Syrus.**

Malo accepto, stultus sapit.—The fool grows wise after the evil has come upon him.
Pr.

Malo benefacere tantumdem est periculum,
Quantum bono malefacere.
—To do well to a bad man is as great a danger as to do ill to a good one.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, iii. 3.*

Malo in consilio feminæ vincunt viros.—Women beat men in evil counsel.
Publilius Syrus.

Malo me fortunæ pœniteat, quam victoriæ pudeat.—I would rather that fortune should afflict me, than that I should have cause to be ashamed of victory. **Quintus Curtius,** *4, 13.*

Malo mori quam fœdari.—I would rather die than be disgraced. **Pr.**

Malo, quam bene olere, nil olere.—I prefer rather than to smell well not to smell of anything at all.* **Martial.** *Epig., Book 6, 55.*

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* *See* "Mulier recte."

Malo si quid beneficias, id beneficium interit,
Bono si quid malefacias, ætatem expetit.
—If you do a favour to a bad man, the favour is lost, if you do ill to a good man, it lasts for a length of time. **Plautus.** *Poenulus, iii. 3.*

Malorum facinorum ministri quasi exprobrantes aspiciuntur.—Those who have assisted in vile crimes are looked upon as though they are accusers (*i.e.* accomplices are regarded with suspicion).
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 14, 62.*

Malorum immensa vorago et gurges.—An immense gulf and whirlpool of evils.
Adapted from Cicero.[*]

Malum bene conditum ne moveris.—Do not disturb an evil which is well buried. **Pr.**

Malum consilium consultori pessimum.—Evil counsel is worst of all for him who gives it.
Verrius Flaccus; *and found in Aulus Gellius 4, 5.*

Malum est consilium quod mutari non potest.—It is bad counsel which cannot be altered. **Publilius Syrus.**

Malum est mulier, sed necessarium malum.—Woman is an evil, but a necessary evil.
Tr. of **Menander.**

Malum est necessitati vivere; sed in necessitate vivere necessitas nulla est.—It is bad to live for necessity; but there is no necessity to live in necessity.
Seneca. *Ep., 58.*

Malum ne alienum feceris gaudium tuum.—You should not make the evil fortune of another your pleasure. **Publilius Syrus.**

Malum vas non frangitur.—A worthless vessel does not get broken. **Pr.**

Malus, bonum ubi se simulat, tunc est pessimus.—A bad man is worst of all when he pretends to be good. **Publilius Syrus.**

Malus clandestinus est amor; damnum 'st merum.—Clandestine love is bad; it is sheer ruin. **Plautus.** *Curculio, i. 1, 49.*

Malus enim custos diuturnitatis metus; contraque benevolentia fidelis vel ad perpetuitatem.—Fear is a bad preserver of constancy; on the other hand good-will is lasting even for ever.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 2, 7.*

Malus malum vult, ut sit sui similis.—A bad man wishes another to be bad, that he may be like himself. **Pr.**

Malus usus est abolendus.—Custom which is bad should be abolished. **Law.**

Mandare suspendium alicui.—To order anyone to be hanged. **Apuleius.**

Manebant etiam tum vestigia morientis libertatis.—There were still remaining then the footsteps of dying liberty.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 1, 74.*

Manet alta mente repostum
Judicium Paridis, spretæque injuria formæ.
—The judgment of Paris, and the insult to her slighted beauty, stored in the recesses of her mind. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 26.*

Maniæ infinitæ sunt species.—The different sorts of madness are infinite (innumerable).
Avicenna.[*] *According to Rabelais, "Pantagruel," Book 5, Prologue.*

Manibus pedibusque.—With hands and feet; with all one's power. **Pr.**

Manifesta phrenesis
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato.
—It is evident insanity to live in penury in order that you may die rich.
Juvenal. *Sat. 14, 136.*

Manifesta causa secum habet sententiam.—An obvious cause has its own decision with it.
Publilius Syrus.

Mane petas montes; medio nemus; vespere fontes.—In the morning seek mountains; at midday the grove; in the evening fountains.
Prov. *Quoted in Heinrich Bebel's Proverbia Germanica.* (*See Prov., p. 793a.*)

Manliana imperia, *or* Manliana edicta.—Cruel and unjust commands or edicts like those of Manlius Torquatus.[†]

Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces.
—Mantua bore me; the people of Calabria carried me off; Parthenope (Naples) holds me now. I have sung of pastures, of fields, of chieftains.
Virgil's Epitaph, *said to be by himself.*

Manum de tabula!—Take your hand from the picture; desist from touching it up further. **Cicero.** *Ep. 7, 25, 1.*

Manum non verterim, digitum non porrexerim.—I would not turn my hand, I would not stretch out a finger. **Pr.**[‡]

Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.
—This hand, at enmity with tyrants, seeks by the help of the sword peaceful repose under a rule of freedom.
Anon. (*The second line is the motto of Massachusetts; the first line was quoted by Robt. Sidney, Lord Leicester, Aug. 30, 1660*).

Manus manum fricat, et manus manum lavat.—Hand rubs hand and hand washes hand (*i.e.* mutual help is part of our existence).
Petronius Arbiter. (*A Proverb derived from the Greek; also in Seneca, Apocol., 9, fin.*)

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[*] "Qui immensa aliqua vorago est, aut gurges vitiorum turpitudinumque omnium."—*Cicero: In Verrem*, 2, 3, 9, sec. 23.

[*] Avicenna, Arabic physician, author of many treatises on medicine and science; b. 980 d. 1037.

[†] *See* Cicero, *De Finibus*, 2, 32.

[‡] *See* Cicero, *De Finibus*, 3, 17, 57.

Mare apertum.—A sea open (to commerce).

Mare clausum.—A sea closed (to commerce).

Mare quidem commune certo 'st omnibus.—The sea indeed is assuredly common to all.
Plautus. *Rudens, iv. 3.*

Margarita e stercore.—A pearl from the dunghill. **Pr.**

Maria montesque polliceri cœpit.—He began to promise seas and mountains.
Sallust. *Catilina, 23, 3* (*Pr.*).*

Mars gravior sub pace latet.—A more serious war is concealed beneath peace.
Claudian.

Martem accendere cantu.—To kindle war by song. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 165.*

Mater sæva Cupidinum.—Cruel mother of the desires (Venus).
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 19, and Book 4, 1.*

Materia medica.—Medicinal substance.

Materiem superabat opus.—The work excelled the material.† **Ovid.** *Metam., 2, 5.*

Matronæ, puerique, virginesque,
Vobis pagina nostra dedicatur.
—Married ladies, boys, maidens, to you are our pages dedicated.
Martial. *Epig., Book 5, 2, 1.*

Mature fieri senem, si diu velis esse senex.—You must become an old man in good time if you wish to be an old man long.
Cicero. *De Senectute, 10 (mentioned as an "honoured proverb").*

Mavelim mihi inimicos invidere, quam me inimicis meis;
Nam invidere alii bene esse, tibi male esse, miseria est.
—I would rather that my enemies envy me than that I should envy my enemies; for it is misery to be envious because it is well with another and ill with yourself.
Plautus. *Truculentus, iv. 2, 30.*

Maxima debetur puero reverentia.—The greatest regard is due to a child.
Juvenal. *Sat. 14, 47.*

Maxima est enim factæ injuriæ pœna, fecisse.—For the greatest punishment for having done an injury is the fact of having done it.‡ **Seneca.** *De Ira, 3, 26.*

Maxima quæque domus servis est plena superbis.—Every very great house is full of proud servants. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 5, 66.*

Maxima res effecta, viri; timor omnis abesto
Quod superest.
—O men, the greatest part of our work is accomplished; away with all fear as to what remains. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 11, 14.*

Maximam illecebram esse peccandi, impunitatis spem.—The hope of not being punished is the greatest incitement to sin.
Cicero. *Pro Milone, 16.*

Maximas virtutes jacere omnes necesse est, voluptate dominante.—Where pleasure is lord, needs must that all the chief virtues shall sink.
Cicero.

Maxime omnium teipsum reverere.—Most of all reverence thyself.
Quoted by Bacon in his "Table of the Colours."

Maximum remedium est iræ mora.*—Delay is the greatest remedy for anger.
Seneca. *De Ira, 2, 28.*

Maximus in minimis.—Very great in very small matters. **Pr.**

Maximus novator tempus.—Time is the greatest innovator. **Pr.**

Me duce, damnosas, homines, compescite curas.—With me as your leader, restrain, ye men, your hurtful anxieties.
Ovid. *Rem. Am., 69.*

Me judice.—In my judgment.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 244.*

Me literulas stulti docuere parentes.—My foolish parents taught me to read and write.
Martial. *Epig., Book 9, 74, 7.*

Me, me; adsum qui feci; in me convertite ferrum.—Seize me, seize me! I am here who have done it; turn your sword against me.
Virgil. *Æneid, 9, 427.*

Me miseram, quod amor non est medicabilis herbis!—Oh unhappy wretch that I am, that love should not be curable by any herbs.†
Ovid. *Heroides, 5, 149.*

Me nemo ministro
Fur erit.
—No one shall be a thief with me as his helper.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 46.*

Me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit.
—It is not oracles which make me certain of my course, but certain death makes me so.
Lucanus. *Phars., Book 9, 582.*

Me raris juvat auribus placere.—It is my delight to give pleasure to a select few.
Martial. *Epig., Book 2, 86, 12.*

Me tamen urit amor: quis enim modus adsit amori?—Love consumes me nevertheless; for what bounds are there to love?
Virgil. *Eclogues, 2, 68.*

Mea causa, causam hanc justum esse, animum inducite,
Ut aliqua pars laboris minuatur mihi.
—For my sake, do get it into your minds that my cause is a just one, that some part of my labour may thus be diminished.
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, Prologue, 41.*

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* *See* "Montes auri."

† Bacon, Essay on *Seditions*, says that this quotation is exemplified in the Low Countrymen, "who have the best mines above ground in the world."

‡ *See* "Prima et maxima."

* In *De Ira*, Book 3, the maxim is repeated with the word "dilatio" instead of "mora."

† *See* "Hei mihi."

Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.—My sin, my sin, my grievous sin.

Mea fraus omnis: nihil iste, nec ausus,
Nec potuit; cœlum hoc, et conscia sidera testor.
—Mine is all the deceit: he neither dared nor was capable of, any part of it; this I call heaven to witness and the stars which know the truth. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 428.*

Mea nil refert, dum potiar modo.—It matters nothing to me (how the thing is obtained) as long as I only possess it.
Terence. *Eunuchus, ii. 3, 28.*

Mea
Virtute me involvo.
—I wrap myself up in my virtue.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 29, 54.*

Mecum facile redeo in gratiam.—I easily regain favour with myself.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 5, 3, 6.*

Mecum tantum et cum libellis loquor.—I converse with myself alone and with my books.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 1, 9.*

Medice, cura teipsum.—Physician, heal thyself. **Vulgate.** *St. Luke 4, 23.*

Medici causa morbi inventa, curationem esse inventam putant.—Physicians, when the cause of disease is discovered, consider that the cure is discovered.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst.*

Medicina calamitatis est æquanimitas.—The medicine for disaster is even-mindedness.
Publilius Syrus.

Medicina mortuorum sera est.—Medicine for the dead is too late. **Quintilian.**

Medicus curat, natura sanat.—The physician cures, nature makes well. **Pr.**

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.
—From the midst of the fountains of pleasures there rises something of bitterness which torments us amid the very flowers.
Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., Book 4, 11, 26.*

Medio tutissimus ibis.—You will go safest by the middle course.
Ovid. *Metam., 2, 137.*

Mediocres poetas nemo novit; bonos pauci.—Third-rate poets no one knows, and but few know those who are good.
Tacitus. *Dialogus de Oratoribus.*

Mediocria firma.—Things which are moderate (or mediocre) are sure. **Pr.**

Mediocribus esse poetis,
Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ.
—Neither gods, nor men, nor the bookstalls allow poets the favour of being mediocre.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 372.*

Melior est conditio possidentis, ubi neuter jus habet.—Where neither party has right, the better position is that of the possessor. **Law.**

Melior tutiorque est certa pax, quam sperata victoria.—A certain peace is better and safer than a victory which is hoped for.
Livy.

Meliora sunt ea quæ natura, quam quæ arte perfecta sunt.—Better are those things which are finished by nature, than those finished by art. **Cicero.**

Melius est pati semel quam cavere semper.—It is better to suffer once than to be continually on one's guard. **Julius Cæsar.**

Melius esset peccata cavere quam mortem fugere.—It would be better to beware of sin than to flee from death.
Thomas Kempis. *Book 1, ch. 23, 1.*

Melius non tangere, clamo.—I declare that it is better for you not to touch me.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 1, 45.*

Melius pejus, prosit, obsit, nil vident, nisi quod lubet.—Be it better or worse, favourable or unfavourable, they see nothing but what pleases them.
Terence. *Eunuchus, iv. 1, 30.*

Mellitum venenum blanda oratio.—A flattering speech is a honeyed poison. **Pr.**

Membra reformidant mollem quoque saucia tactum;
Vanaque sollicitis incutit umbra metum.
—The wounded limbs recoil at even a gentle touch, and a vain shadow strikes the anxious with fear. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 7, 13.*

Memento mei, cum veneris in regnum tuum.—Remember me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. **Vulgate.** *St. Luke 23, 42.*

Memento mori.—Remember that you must die.

Memento semper finis, et quia perditum non redit tempus.—Remember always your end, and that lost time does not return.
Thomas à Kempis. *Book 1, ch. 25, 11.*

Meminerunt omnia amanates.—Lovers remember all things. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 15, 43.*

Memini etiam quæ nolo; oblivisci non possum quæ volo.—I remember the very things I do not wish to; I cannot forget the things I wish to forget. **Cicero.** *De Finibus, 2, 32.*

Memorem immemorem facit, qui monet quod memor meminit.—He who reminds a mindful man of what he remembers, makes him unmindful of it.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, iv. 1, 30.*

Memoria justi cum laudibus.—The memory of the just is with praises.
Vulgate. *Prov. 10, 7.*

Memoria minuitur nisi eam exerceas.—Memory will diminish unless you give it exercise. **Pr.**

Memoria technica.—An artificial memory; memory by mnemonics.

Mendacem memorem esse oportet.—It is fitting that a liar should be a man of good memory. **Quintilian.** *4, 2, 91.*

Mendaci homini, ne verum quidem dicenti, credere solemus.—We are wont not to believe a liar even when he tells the truth.
Cicero. *De Divinatione, Book 2, 71, 146.*

Mendacium in damnum potens.*—A falsehood powerful in working injury.
Petronius. *Capture of Troy.*

Mendacium neque dicebat, neque pati poterat.—He neither uttered falsehood, nor could endure it. **Cornelius Nepos.** *Atticus.*

Mendici, mimi, balatrones, hoc genus omne.—Beggars, actors, buffoons, and all that class of persons. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 2, 2.*

Mendico ne parentes quidem amici sunt.—Not even his own parents are friends to a beggar. **Pr.**

Mens agitat molem.—A mind moves (or directs) the mass. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 727.*

Mens bona regnum possidet.—A good mind possesses a kingdom.
Seneca. *Thyestes, ii. 380.*

Mens cujusque is est quisque.—Each man's mind is himself.
Pr. (*Motto used by Samuel Pepys.*)

Mens immota manet; lachrymæ volvuntur inanes.—His mind remains unshaken; the tears flow in vain.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 4, 449.*

Mens interrita lethi.—A mind undaunted by death. **Ovid.** *Metam., 10, 616.*

Mens invicta manet.—The mind remains unconquered. **Pr.**†

Mens omnibus una sequendi.—All have the same inclination to follow.
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 182.*

Mens peccat, non corpus; et unde consilium abfuit, culpa abest.—The mind sins, not the body; and where power of judgment has been absent, guilt is absent. **Livy.**

Mens sana. (*See* "Orandum est.")

Mens sibi conscia recti.—A mind conscious to itself of rectitude. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 608.*

Mensa et thoro.—From bed and board.
Law.

Mensque pati durum sustinet ægra nihil.—A sick mind cannot endure any hard treatment. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 1, 5, 18.*

Mensuraque ficti crescit.—The proportions of a lie grow. **Ovid.** *Met., Book 12, 57.*

Mensuraque juris
Vis erat.
—And the measure of right was might.
Lucanus.

Mentiri splendide.—To lie magnificently.
Erasmus. *Fam. Coll.*

Mentis penetralia.—The innermost recesses of the mind. **Claudian.**

Meorum
Finis amorum.
—End (*i.e.* last and final) of my loves.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 11, 31.*

Messe tenus propria vive.—Live within your harvest. **Persius.** *Sat. 6, 25.*

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede, verum est.—It is reasonable that everyone should measure himself by his own standard and measurement.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 7, 98.*

Metu magis quam benevolentia subjecti.—Subjects rather through fear than through good will. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 6, 36.*

Metuenda corolla draconis.—The dragon's crest is to be feared. **Pr.**

Metus improbos compescit, non clementia.—Fear, not clemency, restrains the wicked.
Publilius Syrus.

Meum est propositum in taberna mori;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori,
"Deus sit propitius huic potatori!"
—It is my intention to die in a tavern; let the wine be placed near to my mouth as I expire, so that when the choirs of angels come, they may say, "God be merciful to this drinker!"
Attrib. to **Walter Mapes** (*1137?–1205?*).
Goliæ Confessio.

Meus mihi, suus cuique est carus.—That which is mine is dear to me, and his own is dear to every man. **Plautus.** *Capteivei.*

Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.
—The Julian star (the fame of Marcellus married to Julia) shines out among them all, even as the moon among the lesser lights of heaven.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 12, 46.*

Migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
—All pleasure has departed from the ear to the deceitful eyes and empty pleasures.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 187.*

Mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.
—To me, perhaps, the hour will reach out what it denied to you.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 16, 31.*

Mihi istic nec seritur nec metitur.—In this affair there is neither sowing nor reaping for me. **Plautus.** *Epidicus, ii. 2, 80.*

Mihi parta laus est, quod tu, quod similes tui,
Vestras in chartas verba transfertis mea.
—It brings praise to me that you and those like you, copy my words into your books.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 5, Prol. 17.*

Mihi quidem in vita, servanda videtur illa lex, quæ in Græcorum conviviis obtinetur: "Aut bibat," inquit, "aut abeat." Et recte.

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* Another reading (probably correct) is: "Mens semper in damnum potens" (A mind ever powerful in working evil).

† *See* "Mens immota."

Aut enim fruatur aliquis pariter cum aliis voluptate potandi; aut, ne sobrius in violentiam incidat, ante discedat. Sic injurias fortunæ quas ferre nequeas, defugiendo relinquas.—It seems to me that that rule which holds in the feasts of Greeks, is to be observed, too, in life: "Either let him drink," they say, "or begone." And with justice. For either let a man enjoy with others the pleasure of drinking; or let him first depart, lest he, being sober, should meet with any violence. So you may escape the injuries of fortune, which you cannot endure, by fleeing from them.*
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 5, 41.*

Mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora.—The times pass slowly and disagreeably for me.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 23.*

Miles gloriosus.—A vainglorious soldier.
Plautus. *Title of Comedy.*

Militare est credere nihil hominis superesse post mortem, nisi cadaver.—It is a sign of a soldier to believe that there is nothing left of man after death, except a corpse.
Erasmus. *Hippeus Anippos.*

Militat omnis amans.—Every lover is engaged in war.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 9, 1.*

Militia est vita hominis supra terram.—The life of man on earth is a warfare.
Vulgate. *Job 7, 1.*

Militiæ species amor est.—Love is a kind of warfare. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 2, 233.*

Mille ad hanc aditus patent.—A thousand approaches lie open to this (*i.e.* to death).
Seneca. *Phœnissæ, i., l. 154.*

Mille animos excipe mille modis.—Treat a thousand dispositions in a thousand ways.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 756.*

Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus;
Velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno.
—There are a thousand kinds of men, and various is the nature of things; each man has his own inclination, and no one lives by the same ideal. **Persius.** *Sat. 5, 52.*

Mille mali species, mille salutis erunt.—There are a thousand kinds of misfortune; there shall be a thousand means of safety.
Ovid. *Rem. Amoris, 526.*

Mille modi Veneris.—There are a thousand ways of making love.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 787.*

Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum,
Non tuus hoc capiet venter plus quam meus.
—Though your threshing-floor grind a hundred thousand bushels of corn, not for that reason will your stomach hold more than mine.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 1, 45.*

Minatur innocentibus qui parcit nocentibus.—He threatens the innocent who spares the guilty. **Coke.**

Minimæ vires frangere quassa valent.—The least strength suffices to break what is bruised.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 3, 11, 22.*

Minimum eripit fortuna cui minimum dedit.—Fortune takes away least from him to whom she has given least. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ministri sceleribus.—Ministers to his crimes.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 6, 36.*

Minor est quam servus dominus qui servos timet.—The master who fears his servant is less than a servant. **Publilius Syrus.**

Minoris Asiæ populis nulla fides est adhibenda.—There is no trust to be placed in the populations of Asia Minor.
Founded on passages in Cicero's "Oratio pro Flacco," in which want of good faith is ascribed to the Greek race.

Minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.
—Gloomy cares will be made less by song.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 11.*

Minuit præsentia famam.—Things present diminish a man's fame (*i.e.* fame grows after death). **Claudian.**

Minus afficit sensus fatigatio quam cogitatio.—Bodily fatigue affects the senses less than thought. **Quintilian.**

Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum.
—Less ready against the sharp sneers of these men. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 3, 29.*

Minus decipitur cui negatur celeriter.—He is less deceived (or disappointed) who is promptly denied. **Publilius Syrus.**

Minus gaudent qui timuere nihil.—Those who have feared nothing are less hearty in their joy. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 11, 37, 4.*

Minus in parvis fortuna furit,
Leviusque ferit leviora Deus.
—Fortune is less severe against those of lesser degree, and God strikes what is weak with less power. **Seneca.** *Hippolytus, iv. 1124.*

Minus sæpe pecces si scias quid nescias.—Often you sin less if you know what you are ignorant of. **Publilius Syrus.**

Minuti
Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio.
—Revenge is always the delight of a petty, feeble, meagre mind.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 189.*

Mira quædam in cognoscendo suavitas et delectatio.—There is a certain wonderful sweetness and delight in knowledge. **Pr.**

Mirabile dictu.—Wonderful to say.
Cicero, Virgil, *etc.*

Miramur ex intervallo fallentia.—We admire things which deceive us from a distance. **Pr.**

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* *See* Greek Quotations, "῞Η πιθι," p. 472*b*.

Mirantur taciti, et dubio pro fulmine pendent.—They wonder in silence, and stand in anxious fear as to the uncertain fall of the thunderbolt. **Statius.** *Thebaidos, Book 10, 920.*

Miris modis Di ludos faciunt hominibus.—In wondrous ways do the gods make sport with men. **Plautus.** *Mercator, ii. ; and Rudens, iii. 1, 1.*

Mirum est lolio victitare te, tam vili tritico.—It is strange that you should live on tares when wheat is so cheap. **Plautus.** *Miles Gloriosus, i.*

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem ;
Dulce est desipere in loco.
—Mingle a short spell of folly with your studies ; it is sweet on occasion to play the fool. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 12, 27.*

Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba.—And they mingled herbs (or grass) and words not harmless. (Suggested as a motto for golfers.) **Virgil.** *Georgics, Book 2, 129.*

Misera contribuens plebs.—The wretched tax-paying people. *Corpus Juris Hungarici* (1751). (*37th Article of Law of Hungarian Diet*, 1751.)

Misera est magni custodia census.—The care of a great fortune is wretchedness. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 14, 304.*

Misera est servitus ubi jus est aut vagum aut incognitum.—Service is a wretched thing where the law is either unsettled or unknown. **Law.**

Misera est voluptas ubi pericli memoria est.—Pleasure is wretched where there is the remembrance of danger (accompanying it). **Publilius Syrus.**

Miseram pacem vel bello bene mutari.—A wretched peace may be well exchanged even for war. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 3, 44.*

Miserere jam crudelis, et sile tandem ;
Aut, si tacere lingua non potest, ista
Aliquando narra, quod velimus audire.
—Unmerciful man, do at last take pity on us, and at length hold your peace ; or if that tongue of yours cannot keep quiet, tell us for once something that we want to hear. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 4, 61, 14.*

Miserere mei.—Have mercy on me. **Vulgate.** *Ps. 51, 1.*

Misericordia Domini inter pontem et fontem.—The Lord's mercy (may be found) between bridge and stream. **St. Augustine.***

Miseros prudentia prima relinquit.—Prudence is the first thing to desert the wretched. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 4, 12, 47.*

Miserrima est fortuna quæ inimico caret.—It is a very wretched fortune which has no enemy. **Publilius Syrus.**

Miserrimum est arbitrio alterius vivere.—It is the most wretched fate to live on the sufferance of another. **Publilius Syrus.**

Miserrimum est timere, cum speres nihil.—It is most wretched to fear when you have no hope. **Seneca.** *Troades, iii. 425.*

Miserum credo, cui placet nemo.—I consider him an unhappy man whom no one pleases. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 5, 29, 9.*

Miserum est aliorum incumbere famæ,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
—It is a wretched thing to lean on the reputation of others, lest the pillars being withdrawn the roof should fall in ruins. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 8, 76.*

Miserum est tacere cogi quod cupias loqui.—It is wretched to be compelled to be silent on what you long to speak about. **Publilius Syrus.**

Miserum istuc verbum et pessimum 'st,
Habuisse, et nihil habere.
—Wretched and very grievous is the confession, I had, but now I have nothing. **Plautus.** *Rudens, v. 2, 34.*

Mitte ambos nudos ad ignotos, et videbis.—Send them both naked among strangers, and you will see (which is a fool and which is not). **Apothegm** *quoted by Francis Bacon.*

Mitte hanc de pectore curam.—Dismiss this anxiety from your breast. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 85.*

Mitte leves spes et certamina divitiarum.—Put aside trifling hopes and strife for riches. **Horace.** *Epig., Book 1, 5, 8.*

Mitte superba pati fastidia, spemque caducam
Despice ; vive tibi, nam moriere tibi.
—Refuse to endure the haughty insolence (of patrons), and scorn transitory hope ; live your own life, for you shall die your own death. **Anon.** (*Founded on Virgil, Ecl., 2, 15 ; Ovid, Met., 9, 579 ; and Seneca.*)

Mobilis et varia est ferme natura malorum.—The character of bad men (or of bad things) is almost always unstable and changeable. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 236.*

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.—It (Fame) thrives by movement, and gains strength as it goes. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 175.*

Mobilium turba Quiritium.—The crowd of changeable citizens. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 1, 7.*

Moderari vero et animo et orationi, cum sis iratus, aut etiam tacere, . . . est non mediocris ingenii.—Truly, to moderate your mind and speech, when you are angry, or else to hold your peace, is a sign of no ordinary nature. **Cicero.** *Ep. ad Quintum, Book 1, 1, 13.*

Moderata durant.—Things that are moderate last a long while. **Seneca.** *Troades, ii. 259.*

Modeste tamen et circumspecte judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne, quod plerisque accidit, damnent quæ non intelligunt.—Judgment on men of such eminence should, however, be pronounced with diffidence and consideration, lest, as happens to many, the critics should condemn what they do not understand. **Quintilian.** *10, 1, 26.*

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* *See* Epitaphs (p. 445*a*).

Modestiæ fama, quæ neque summis mortalium spernenda est, et a Diis æstimatur.—The reputation of modesty which is not to be scorned by the highest of mortals, and is held in honour by the gods.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 15, 2.*

Modicæ fidei, quare dubitasti ?—O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt ?
Vulgate. *St. Matthew 14, 31.*

Modice et modeste melius est vitam vivere :
Nam si ad paupertatem admigrant infamiæ,
Gravior paupertas fit, fides sublestior.
—It is better to live temperately and within bounds ; for if dishonour is added to poverty, poverty becomes more intolerable, confidence more feeble. **Plautus.** *Persa, iii. 1, 18.*

Modo, et modo, non habebant modum.—By and by never comes (*lit.*, Soon and soon have no finality).
St. Augustine. *Conf., Book 8, 5, 12.*

Modo vir, modo femina.—Now as a man, now as a woman.
Ovid (*adapted*). *Am., Book 2, 3, 1.*

Modus omnibus in rebus optimum est habitu.—Moderation in all things is the best of rules. **Plautus.** *Pœnulus, i. 2, 30.*

Modus operandi.—Method of doing anything.

Modus vivendi.—A means of existing ; said of a compromise effected.*

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis.—My tender heart is subject to injury from the light arrows (of Cupid).
Ovid. *Heroides, Ep., 15, 79.*

Mollis illa educatio quam indulgentiam vocamus, nervos omnes et mentis et corporis frangit.—That tender education which we call kindness, destroys all the vigour of both mind and body. **Quintilian.** *1, 2, 6.*

Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit ; hæc nostri pars optima sensus.
—Nature, who gave us tears, thereby confesses to have given the softest hearts to the human race ; this is the best part, indeed, of our nature. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 15, 131.*

Mollissima tempora fandi.—The most impressionable time for speaking.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 293.*

Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem.—By his eagerness gently beguiling the unpleasing labour.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 2, 12.*

Molliter manus imposuit.—He laid hands upon a person without undue violence. **Law.**

Molliter ossa cubent.—May his bones rest gently. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 7, 162.*

Mone sale.—Advise with wit. **Pr.**

Monere non punire stultitiam decet.—It is well to advise folly, and not to punish it.
Publilius Syrus.

Moniti, meliora sequamur.—Admonished, let us follow better things.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 188.*

Mons cum monte non miscebitur.—Mountain will not mix with mountain. **Pr.**

Monstro, quod ipse tibi possis dare : semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia ; nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam, cœloque locamus.
—I show you what you yourself can bestow upon yourself. The only path to a tranquil life is assuredly through virtue. Thou (Fortune) wouldst have no divine power, if there were sagacity. It is we, O Fortune, we who make thee a goddess, and place thee in the heavens. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 363.*

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.—A monster frightful, formless, immense, with sight removed.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 658.*

Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum
A vitiis.
—A monster redeemed by no single virtue from his vices. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 4, 2.*

Montes auri pollicens.—Promising mountains of gold. **Terence.** *Phormio, 1, 2, 18.*

Mora omnis odio est, sed facit sapientiam.—All delay is hateful, but it causes wisdom.
Publilius Syrus.

Morbi perniciosiores pluresques sunt animi, quam corporis.—The diseases of the mind are more dangerous, and more numerous than those of the body.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 3, 3.*

More majorum.—After the fashion of our ancestors. **Pr.**

Mores amici noveris non oderis.—You should know the customs of a friend but not take a dislike to them. **Pr.**

Mores cuique sui fingunt fortunam.—Everyone's manners make his fortune.
Cornelius Nepos. *Vita Attici, ch. 14.*

Mores deteriores increbescunt.—Degenerate manners grow apace.
Plautus. *Mercator, v. 1, 9.*

Mores dispares disparia studia sequuntur.—Different manners are given to different pursuits. **Cicero.** *De Amicitia, 20, 74.*

Mores hominum moros et morosos efficit.—It (love) makes men's manners foolish and captious. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, iii. 2, 43*

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* Cicero, *De Senectute*, 23, uses the expression "Vivendi modus" as nature's limit of life.

Mores mali,
Quasi herba irrigua succreverunt uberrime.
—Evil manners will, like watered grass, grow up very plenteously.
Plautus. *Trinummus, i, 1, 8.*

Mori est felicis antequam mortem invocet.—It is a sign of a fortunate man to die before he calls upon death. **Publilius Syrus.**

Moribus antiquis res stat Romana virisque.—The Roman state stands by its customs and men of ancient times. **Ennius.**

Moribus et forma conciliandus amor.—Love is conciliated by pleasing manners and form.
Ovid. *Heroides, Ep., 6, 94.*

Morituri morituros salutant.—Those about to die salute those who are about to die. **Pr.**

Mors et fugacem persequitur virum.—Death pursues the man who flees.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 2.*

Mors et vita in manibus linguæ.—Death and life are in the hands of the tongue. **Pr.**

Mors etiam saxis nominibusque venit.—Death comes even to the monumental stones, and the names inscribed thereon.
Ausonius. *Ep., 35, 9.*

Mors infanti felix, juveni acerba, minus sera est seni.—Death is fortunate to the infant, bitter to the young man, too late to the old.
Publilius Syrus.

Mors ipsa refugit
Sæpe virum.
—Death itself has often run away from a man.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 2, 74.*

Mors janua vitæ.—Death the gate of life.
St. Bernard. *In transitu S. Malachi, sermo 1, sec. 4, ad fin.* (*Mors . . . tanquam vitæ janua, et perfectæ securitatis ingressus.*)

Mors laborum ac miseriarum quies est.—Death is rest from labours and miseries.
Cicero (*adapted*). *Catil., 4, 4, 7.*

Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.—Death alone reveals how insignificant are the paltry bodies of men. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 172.*

Mors ultima linea rerum est.—Death is the final goal of things.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 16, 79.*

Mortale est quod quæris opus. Mihi fama perennis
Quæritur: in toto semper ut orbe canar.
—The work which you follow is mortal. Everlasting fame is my object, and that I may be celebrated for ever throughout the whole world. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 15, 7.*

Mortales inimicitias, sempiternas amicitias.—Our enmities mortal, our friendships eternal.
Cicero. *Pro Rab. Postumo, 12, 32.*

Mortalia acta numquam Deos fallunt.—Mortal deeds never deceive the gods. **Pr.**

Mortalia facta peribunt;
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
—The actions of mortals shall perish: still less can ~~the~~ beauty and grace of what is spoken be long-lived. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 68.*

Mortalis nemo est, quem non attingit dolor,
Morbusque.
—There is no one mortal whom sorrow and disease do not touch.
Tr. of Euripides as cited by Cicero. Tusc. Quæst., 3, 25, 59.

Mortalium rerum misera beatitudo.—Wretched is the bliss of mortal affairs. **Boethius.**

Morte carent animæ: semperque, priore relicta
Sede, novis habitant domibus vivuntque receptæ.
—Souls have no death, and their former abode being left they ever live and dwell received into new habitations.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 15, 158.*

Morte magis metuenda senectus.—Old age more to be feared than death.
Juvenal. *Sat. 11, 45.*

Mortem effugere nemo potest.—No one can escape death. **Pr.**

Mortem, in tot malis hostium, ut finem miseriarum expecto.—In so many woes inflicted by my enemies, I await death as the end of miseries. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 4, 58.*

Mortem ubi contemnas viceris omnes metus.—When you can despise death you have conquered all fears. **Publilius Syrus.**

Mortuum flagellas.—You are beating the dead. **Pr.**

Mortuus per somnum vacabis curis.—If you are dead in your sleep (*i.e.* if you dream that you are dead) you will be free from care.
A Greek Superstition.

Mos pro lege.—Custom in place of law.*
Law.

Motos præstat componere fluctus.—It is better to allay the troubled waters.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 135.*

Motus in fine velocior.—Motion (in a falling body) is swifter at the end of its descent. **Pr.**

Moveor immotus.—Motionless I am moved.
Motto, *said to be intended for the Mariner's Compass.*

Movet cornicula risum,
Furtivis nudata coloribus.
—The little crow moves our ridicule, stripped of its stolen colours.
Horace. *Epig., Book 1, 3, 19.*

Mugitum Labyrinthi.—(Why should I write of) the bellowing (of the Minotaur) of the labyrinth (a hackneyed theme)?
Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 53.*

Mulgere hercum.—To milk a he-goat. **Pr.**

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* "Leges mori serviunt" (The laws obey custom).—*Plautus: Trinummus, 4, 3, 36.*

Mulier, cum sola cogitat, male cogitat.—A woman who meditates alone meditates evil.
Publilius Syrus.

Mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.
—What a woman tells her lover should be written in the wind or in the running water.
Catullus. *Carmen, 70.*

Mulier est hominis confusio.—Woman is man's confusion (*i.e.* confounding).
Vincent of Beauvais. *Spec. 346. Chaucer* (*Nonne Prestes Tale, 347*) *humorously mistranslates this : " Womman is mannes joye and al his blisse."*

Mulier profecto nata est ex ipsa mora.—Woman indeed was born of delay itself.
Plautus. *Miles Gloriosus, iv. 7, 9.*

Mulier recte olet ubi nihil olet.—A woman smells well when she smells of nothing.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, i. 3, 116.*

Mulieres duas pejores esse quam unum.—Two women are worse than one.*
Plautus. *Curculio, v. 1, 2.*

Multa dies, variusque labor mutabilis ævi,
Retulit in melius.
—Many things have the day and the varied toil of changing ages restored to a better condition.
Virgil. *Æneid, 11, 425.*

Multa diuque tuli ; vitiis patientia victa est.
—Much and long have I endured, my patience is worn out by your faults.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 3, 11, 1.*

Multa docet fames.—Hunger teaches many things.
Pr.

Multa fero, ut placeam genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto.
—I bear many things to please the waspish race of poets when I write, and as a humble suppliant strive after the suffrages of the people.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 102.*

Multa ferunt anni venientis commoda secum ;
Multa recedentes adimunt.
—The years as they come bring with them many things to our advantage ; as they leave they take many away.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 175.*

Multa fidem promissa levant.—Many promises impair confidence.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 10.*

Multa ignoscens fit potens potentior.—A powerful man forgiving much becomes the more powerful.
Publilius Syrus.

Multa me docuit usus, magister egregius.—Experience, that excellent master, has taught me many things.
Pliny the Younger. (*Adapted. Ep., Book 1, 20.*)

Multa miser timeo, quia feci multa proterve :
Exemplique metu torqueor ipse mei.
—Wretched, I fear many things because I have done many things myself shamelessly : and I am myself tormented by the fear of my own example.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 4, 45.*

Multa novit vulpis, sed felis unum magnum.—The fox knows many devices, but the cat one great one only (*i.e.* climbing a tree).
Pr.

Multa petentibus
Desunt multa. Bene est, cui Deus obtulit
Parca, quod satis est, manu.
—Those who seek for much are left in want of much. Happy is he to whom God has given, with sparing hand, as much as is enough.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 16, 42.*

Multa quidem scripsi : sed quæ vitiosa putavi,
Emendaturis ignibus ipse dedi.
—Much I have written, but what I have considered faulty I have myself given to the flames, which will remove errors.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 4, 10, 61.*

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.
—Many words, which are now in disuse, will revive, and those which are now in vogue will fall into disuse, if custom so wills, in whose power are the decision and the law and the rules of speech.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 70.*

Multa rogant utenda dari ; data reddere nolunt.—They ask many things to be given them for use ; but when given they are not willing to return them.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 433.*

Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda.—Many disadvantages attend an old man.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 169.*

Multa sunt mulierum vitia, sed hoc e multis maximum est,
Cum sibi nimis placent, minusque operam dant ut placeant viris.
—Many are the faults of women, but out of many this is the chief, when they study their own pleasure over much, and take too little trouble about pleasing their husbands.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, v. 4.*

Multa tulit, fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit.
—Many things has the boy borne and done, and he has both sweated and endured cold.
Horace. *De Arte Pœtica, 413.*

Multa viros nescire decet. Pars maxima rerum
Offendat, si non interiora tegas.
—It is well for men to be in ignorance of many things. The greatest part of affairs will be repulsive unless their secrets be hidden.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 229.*

Multæ terricolis linguæ, cœlestibus una.—Many are the languages of the habiters of the earth, but one the language of the habiters of heaven.
Rev. H. Carey.

Multas amicitias silentium diremit.—Silence has been the loss of many friendships.
Pr.

Multi adorantur in ara qui cremantur in igne.—Many are worshipped at the altar who are burning in fire.
St. Augustine (?)

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* Quoted as a saying from an ancient poet.

Multi mortales dediti ventri atque somno, indocti, incultique vitam sicuti peregrinantes transiere; quibus profecto contra naturam corpus voluptati, anima oneri.—Many mortals given up to the belly and to sleep, uninstructed and uncultured, have passed through life like sojourners in strange lands; whose bodies indeed have been given up to pleasure, and their souls to a heavy burden.
Sallust. *Catilina, 2, 8.*

Multi multa, nemo omnia novit.—Many have known many things, no one all things.
Coke.

Multi multa sapiunt, et seipsos nesciunt.
—Many men are wise about many things, and are ignorant about themselves.
St. Bernard. *Cogit. de cogn. hum. cond.*

Multi præterea quos fama obscura recondit.
—Many besides whom an obscure fame hides.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 302.*

Multi te oderint si teipsum ames.—Many will hate you if you love yourself. **Pr.**

Multi tristantur post delicias, convivia, dies festos.—Many feel dejected after pleasures, banquets, and public holidays. **Pr.**

Multimodis meditatus egomet mecum sum, et
ita esse arbitror,
Homini amico, qui est amicus, ita uti nomen
possidet,
Nisi deos, ei nihil præstare.
—I myself have thought the matter out in my mind in various ways, and I am of opinion that there is nothing, except the gods, better than a friendly man who is really a friend, so as to deserve the name.
Plautus. *Bacchides, iii. 2, 1.*

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.
—He (Quintilian) died, causing the tears of many good men, and by none more lamented than by thee, Virgil.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 24, 9.*

Multis minatur, qui uni facit injuriam.—He who does an injury to one, threatens many.
Publilius Syrus.

Multis parasse divitias non finis miseriarum fuit, sed mutatio; non est in rebus vitium, sed in ipso animo.—To have obtained wealth has been to many not the end of distresses, but a change in them; the defect is not in the things themselves, but in a man's own disposition.
Seneca. *Ep. 17.*

Multis placere quæ cupit, culpam cupit.—She who desires to please many desires guilt.
Publilius Syrus.

Multis terribilis, caveto multos.—Being a cause of fear to many, beware of many.
Ausonius.*

Multitudinem decem faciunt.—Ten constitute a crowd. **Coke.**

Multo melius est, multoque justius, unum pro multis, quam pro uno multos interire.—It is much better and much more just that one should die for many, than that many should die for one. **Suetonius.** *Otho, cap. 10.*

Multo plures satietas quam fames perdidit viros.—Over-feeding has destroyed many more than hunger. **Pr.**

Multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit.
—He (Ulysses) was a careful observer of the cities and the customs of many men. (*See* "Qui mores.") **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 2, 19.*

Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubæ
Permistus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata.
—Camps please many men, and the confused sound of the trumpet and clarion, and wars hateful to mothers.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 1, 23.*

Multos in summa pericula misit
Venturi timor ipse mali.
—The very fear of evil coming has urged many into the greatest of dangers.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 7, 104.*

Multos ingratos invenimus, plures facimus.
—We find many ungrateful men; we make more. **Pr.**

Multos, qui conflictari adversis videantur, beatos; ac plerosque, quanquam magnas per opes, miserrimos.—Many who appear to be struggling against adverse fortune are happy; and many, because of great riches, are most wretched. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 6, 22.*

Multos timere debet, quem multi timent.—He whom many fear ought to fear many.
Publilius Syrus.

Multum est demissus homo.—He is a very unassuming man.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 3, 57.*

Multum habet jucunditatis soli cœlique mutatio.—Change of soil and climate has in it much that is pleasurable. **Pliny the Younger.**

Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto.—Much was he cast about both by land and by sea.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 3.*

Multum in parvo.—Much in little. **Pr.**

Multum interest utrum peccare aliquis nolit an nesciat.—It makes a great difference whether a person is unwilling to sin, or does not know how. **Seneca.** *Epist., 90.*

Multum legendum esse non multa.—Read much, not many (things, *or* books).
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 7, 9.*
(Given as a saying.)

Multum sapit qui non diu desipit.—He is very wise who is not foolish for long. **Pr.**

Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.
—A simple dinner in the small dwelling of the poor, without canopy or purple, has smoothed the wrinkles from the anxious brow.
Horace. *Odes. Book 3, 29, 14.*

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* *See* "Multos timere."

Mundana sapientia est cor machinationibus tegere, sensum verbis velare, quæ falsa sunt vera ostendere, quæ vera sunt falsa demonstrare.—It is worldly wisdom to conceal the mind with cunning devices, to hide one's meaning with words, to represent falsehood as truth, and to prove truth to be falsehood.
Gregory I.

Munditiis capimur.—We are taken by neatness. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 3, 133.*

Mundus est Dei viva statua.—The world is a living statue of God. **T. Campanella.**

Mundus scena, vita transitus; venisti, vidisti, abiisti.—The world is a stage, life is a walk across it; you have come, you have seen, you have departed. **Anon.**

Mundus universus exercet histrionem.[*]—The whole world cultivates (the art of) the actor. **Petronius Arbiter.**

Mundus vult decipi; ergo decipiatur.—The world wishes to be deceived; therefore let it be deceived. **Ascribed to Petronius.**[†]

Munera, crede mihi, capiunt hominesque deosque;
Placatur donis Jupiter ipse datis.
—Believe me that gifts captivate both men and gods; Jupiter himself is appeased by the giving of offerings.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 653.*

Munera magna quidem misit, sed misit in hamo;
Et piscatorem piscis amare potest?
—He sends out great gifts indeed, but he sends them as bait on a hook. And is it possible that the fish can love the fisherman?
Martial. *Epig., Book 6, 63, 5.*

Munerum animus optimus est.—The best of all gifts is the good intention of the giver. **Pr.**

Munit hæc et altera vincit.—This defends and that conquers. **Pr.**

Munus Apolline dignum.—A present worthy of Apollo (said of a book or poem).
Horace. *Ep., Book 216.*

Munus nostrum ornato verbis quod poteris.—Enhance our gift with words as much as you can. **Terence.** *Eunuchus, ii. 1, 8.*

Murum ligneum.—A wooden wall; the Delphic Oracle's expression, meaning a ship.
Cornelius Nepos.

Murus aheneus conscientia sana.—A healthy conscience is like a wall of brass. **Pr.**

Mus in pice.—A mouse in tar. **Pr.**

Musica mentis medicina mœstæ;
Musica multum minuit malorum.
—Music is the medicine of a troubled mind; music has lessened much of our evils.
Walter Haddon (*1516–1572*). *Lucubrationes Poemata. De Musica* (1567).

Mutatis mutandis.—Those things being exchanged which the sense requires should be changed. **Law.**

Mutavit mentem populus levis, et calet uno
Scribendi studio.
—The fickle populace has changed its mind. and burns with single passion for writing.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 108.*

Mutiana cautio.—Cunning like that of Mutius Scævola, an eminent Roman lawyer.
Digesta, *35, 1, 99.*

Mutum est pictura poema.—A picture is a dumb poem. **Pr.**

Nabis sine cortice.—You will swim without cork (*i.e.* you will get on without help).
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 120.*

Næ amicum castigare ob meritam noxiam
Immune est facinus.
—Truly to reprove a friend for a fault which deserves it, is an action without reward.
Plautus. *Trinummus, i. 1, 1.*

Nam de mille fabæ modiis dum surripis unum,
Damnum est, non facinus, mihi pacto lenius isto.
—If from a thousand pecks of beans you steal one, my loss indeed in that way is less serious, but not so your crime.
Horace. *Ep., 1, 16, 55.*

Nam dives qui fieri vult,
Et cito vult fieri.
—For he who desires to become rich desires also to become rich quickly.
Juvenal. *Sat. 14, 176.*

Nam ego illum perisse duco, cui quidem periit pudor.—For I look upon him as lost, who has lost even his sense of shame
Plautus. *Bacchides, iii. 3, 81.*

Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.—For knowledge, too, is itself a power.
Bacon. *Treatise, De Hæresiis.*

Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.
—For birth and ancestry and those things which we have not brought about ourselves, I scarcely call those things our own.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 13, 140.*

Nam mora dat vires, teneras mora percoquit uvas,
Et validas segetes, quod fuit herba, facit.
—For delay gives strength; time ripens thoroughly the soft grapes, and turns the green blades into standing corn.
Ovid. *Rem. Am., 83.*

Nam multum loquaces merito omnes habemur.—For we (women) are all rightly considered very talkative.
Plautus. *Aulularia, i 2.*

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[*] Fragment preserved by John Sarisburie: *Polycratic*, 3, 8. Montaigne quotes the last words as "histrioniam."—Book 3, ch. 10.

[†] *See* "Populus vult decipi." The words "Mundus vult decipi" are quoted by Sebastian Franks in *Paradoxa* (1533), No. 236 (267), as being said by 'the monk," who thereby explained why his sacks were well filled.

Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit.
—For enjoyments do not appertain to the wealthy alone, nor has he lived badly who has been unnoticed either in his birth or death. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 17, 9.*

Nam nos decebat coetus celebrantes domum,
Lugere, ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala ;
At qui labores morte finisset graves,
Hunc omnes amicos laude, et lætitia exsequi.
—For we ought to assemble and lament at the house where one has been brought into the world, having regard to the varied woes of human life ; but when one has by death finished his weary labours, him should all his friends follow to the grave with honour and rejoicing.
Cicero (*trans. of Euripides*). *Tusc. Quæst., Book 1, 48.*

Nam nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse locutum.—For it is harmful to no one to have been silent, but it is harmful to have spoken.
Cato. *Disticha 1, 12, 2.*

Nam nunc mores nihil faciunt quod licet, nisi quod lubet.—For modern customs have no regard to what is right unless it is also enjoyable. **Plautus.**

Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Di.
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi.
—For the gods will give whatsoever things are most fitting rather than pleasant things. Man is dearer to them than to himself.*
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 349.*

Nam qui ipse haud amavit, ægre amantis ingenium inspicit.—For he who has not himself loved, hardly understands a lover's feelings.
Plautus. *Miles Gloriosus, iii. 1, 44.*

Nam quis me scribere plures
Aut citius possit versus ?
—For who can write more verses or turn them out more quickly than I ?
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 9, 23.*

Nam quum magna malæ superest audacia causæ,
Creditur a multis fiducia.
—For when there is abundant impudence in a bad cause, it is regarded by the many as integrity. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 109.*

Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet.
—For he who meditates in silence a crime within himself, possesses the guilt of it as though it were done. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 209.*

Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet ;
Et neglecta solent incendia sumere vires.
—For it is your concern surely when the wall of your neighbour's house is burning ; and fire neglected is apt to gain in power.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 84.*

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* *See* 1 St. Peter 5, 7.

Nam vita morti propior est quotidie.—For life is nearer every day to death.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 4, 25, 10.*

Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur ; optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urguetur.
—For no one is born without faults ; he is best who is beset by least.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 3, 68.*

Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus.—For he shall always be to me as a God.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 1, 7.*

Namque est meminisse voluptas.—For it is a pleasure, too, to remember.
Ovid. *Heroides, 18, 55.*

Namque sub Auroram, jam dormitante lucerna,
Somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent.
—For those dreams are true which we chance to have in the morning, as the lamp is flickering out. **Ovid.** *Epist. 19.**

Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet.—Even whilst being born we are dying, and our ending depends from our beginning. **Manilius.** *Astronomica, 4, 16.*

Nasci miserum, vivere poena, angustia mori.—It is a misery to be born, a pain to live, a trouble to die. **St. Bernard.** *Ch. 3.*

Nascimur poetæ, fimus oratores.—We are born poets, we are made orators.
Attributed to Cicero.

Natales grate numeras ? ignoscis amicis ?
Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta ?
—Do you number your birthdays with thankfulness ? Do you overlook the faults of your friends ? Do you become gentler and better as old age comes upon you ?
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 210.*

Natio comœda est.—The nation is like a comedy. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 3, 100.*

Natura abhorret vacuum.—Nature abhors a vacuum.† **Pr.**

Natura beatis,
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.—
Nature has given to every man the power of being happy, if he but knew how to use it.
Claudian.

Natura dedit usuram vitæ, tanquam pecuniæ, nulla præstituta die.—Nature has given us life, at interest, like money, no day being fixed for its return.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 1, 39, 93.*

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est ; ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit‡ video ingenium.
—The question is whether a noble song is

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* *See* "Morning dreams," p. 263*b* *note.*

† *See* *Gargantua* (1534), Book 1, ch. 5. Cicero (*De Fin.*, 5, 11, 31) gives a maxim : "Ab interitu naturam abhorrere" (Nature abhors annihilation).

‡ Sometimes given as "possit."

produced by nature or by art. I neither believe in mere labour being of avail without a rich vein of talent, nor in natural cleverness which is not educated.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 408.*

Natura hominum novitatis avida.—Man's nature is greedy for novelty.
Pliny, *apud Lillium.*

Natura naturans.—Nature causing nature.
Pr.

Natura naturata.—Nature caused. **Pr.**

Natura nihil agit frustra.—Nature does nothing in vain.
Pr. *Sir T. Browne* ("*Religio Medici,*" *1642*) *calls this* "*the only undisputed axiom in philosophy.*"

Natura non dat virtutem; nascimur quidem ad hoc, sed sine hoc.—Nature does not bestow virtue; we are born indeed for it, but without it. **Cicero.**

Natura non facit saltus.—Nature does not make leaps.
Pr. *Found in this form in Linnæus, Philosophia botanica* (1751), *No. 77. Used in similar form by Fournier,* "*De Sermonis Latini Studio*" (1638); *also in* "*Varia historica,*" *etc., 9, 247* (1613).

Natura, quam te colimus inviti quoque!—O Nature, how we worship thee even against our wills! **Seneca.** *Hippolytus, Act iv. 1116.*

Natura tenacissimi sumus eorum quæ pueri percipimus, ut sapor, quo nova vasa imbuuntur, durat.—We are by nature most tenacious of those things which we notice in childhood, just as the flavour with which new vessels are imbued remains in them.
Seneca.

Naturæ imperio gemimus.—We lament by the ordinance of Nature.
Juvenal. *Sat. 15, 138.*

Naturalem quandam voluptatem haberet lusus jocusque, quorum frequens usus omne animis pondus, omnemque vim eripiet.—Play and joking should have a certain natural delight, but their frequent use deprives the mind of weight, and of all force.
Seneca. *De Tranquil. Animi, Book 1, 15.*

Naturalia non sunt turpia.—Things which are of nature are not a cause of disgrace. **Pr.**

Naturam expellas* furca, tamen usque recurret.—You may drive out nature with a fork, but she will ever return again.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 10, 24.*

Naturam quidem mutare difficile est.—It is difficult indeed to change nature.
Seneca. *De Ira, Bk. 2, 20.*

Naturam voca, fatum, fortunamque; sunt omnia unius et ejusdem Dei nomina.—Call it Nature, fate, fortune; all these things are names of the one and the selfsame God.
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, Book 4, 8.*

Natus sum; esuriebam; quærebam; nunc repletus requiesco.—I was born, I was hungry, I sought for food; now that I am satisfied I rest. **Epitaph.**

Naufragium in portu facere.—To make shipwreck in port.
Quintilian. *Declam., 12, 23.* (*Pr.*)

Naufragium sibi quisque facit.—Each man makes his own shipwreck.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 1, 499.*

Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator;
Enumerat miles vulnera, pastor oves
—The sailor speaks of winds, and the ploughman of oxen; the soldier tells his wounds, the shepherd his sheep.
Propertius. *2, 1, 43.*

Ne credas laudatoribus tuis.—Do not believe those who praise you. **Pr.**

Ne cuivis dextram injeceris.—Do not effusively offer your right hand to everyone.
Pr.

Ne depugnes in alieno negotio.—Do not quarrel vehemently about other people's business. **Pr.**

Ne exeat regno.—Let him not quit the country. **Law.**

Ne Hercules quidem contra duos.—Not even Hercules could contend with two persons.
Aulus Gellius. (*A Greek proverb.*)

Ne plus ultra.—No more beyond (*i.e.* There is nothing which surpasses this).

Ne præsentem aquam effundas, priusquam aliam sis adeptus.—Do not throw away the water you have before you have obtained more. **Pr.**

Ne prius antidotum quam venenum.—Do not take the antidote before the poison. **Pr.**

Ne puero gladium.—Do not give a child a sword. **Pr.**

Ne qua meis esto dictis mora.—Let there be no delay in carrying out my bidding.
Virgil. *Æneid 12, 565.*

Ne quid abjecte, ne quid timide, ne quid ignave faciamus.—Let us do nothing in a spiritless fashion, nor anything timidly, nor anything sluggishly.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 2, 23, 55.*

Ne quid expectes amicos, quod tu possis agere.—Do not expect friends to do for you what you can do for yourself.
Ennius (*apud Aulus Gellius. Bk. 2, 29, 20.*)

Ne quid nimis. (*See* " Id arbitror.")

Ne quid respublica detrimenti accipiat.—Let not the commonwealth suffer anything in the way of injury.
Cæsar. *Bellum Civile, 1, 53, 3; and*
Cicero. *Pro Milone, 26, 70; etc.*

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* "Expelles" is the reading favoured by many commentators.

Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.—Do not pursue with a frightful scourge that which is only deserving of a whipping.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 3, 119.*

Ne sit ancillæ amor pudori. Neither let the love of a servant-maid be regarded as a disgrace.
Quoted by Thackeray ("Fitz Boodle's Confessions") as from "a notorious poet."

Ne sus Minervam.—Do not offer a sow to Minerva.* **Pr.**

Ne sutor supra crepidam.†—Let not the cobbler go above his last.
Pliny. *N. H., 35, 36.*

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.—Let not the cobbler go beyond his last.
Erasmus. (*Quoted as a proverb.*)

Ne te longis ambagibus, ultra
Quam satis est, morer.
—Lest I delay you with long digressions beyond what is sufficient.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 7, 82.*

Ne tempora perde precando.—Do not lose the time in praying. **Ovid.** *Metam. 11, 286.*

Ne utile quidem est scire quid futurum sit; miserum est enim nihil proficientem angi.—It is of no avail truly to know what shall be; for it is a misery to torment oneself in vain.
Cicero. *De Nat. Deorum, 3, 6.*

Ne verba pro farina.—Do not give me words instead of meal. **Pr.**

Ne vile fano.—Bring nothing vile to the temple. **Pr.**

Ne vile velis.—Do not wish vilely.
Motto *of Neville family.*

Nec amet quemquam, nec ametur ab ullo.—Let him love no one, and be beloved by none.
Juvenal. *Sat. 12, 130.*

Nec belua tetrior ulla est,
Quam servi rabies in libera terga furentis.
—Nor is there any monster more hateful than the rage of a slave wreaking his madness on the backs of freemen. **Claudian.**

Nec caput nec pedes.—Neither head nor feet (*i.e.* a thing in confusion).
Cicero. *Ep. 7, 31, 2.*

Nec cito credideris; quantum cito credere lædat,
Exemplum vobis, non leve, Procris erit
—Do not believe hastily; Procris will be no slight warning of how dangerous hasty belief is. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 3, 685.*

—Nec conjugis unquam
Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.
—I have never laid claim to lawful wedlock, nor entered into such a compact.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 338.*

Nec cui de te plusquam tibi credas.—Do not believe anyone about yourself more than yourself. **Pr.**

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.—Nor let a God intervene, unless the difficulty be worthy of his adjustment.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 191.*

Nec divis homines componier æquum est.—Nor is it fair to compare men with gods.
Catullus. *Carm., 68, 141.*

Nec domo dominus, sed domino domus honestanda est.—The master should not be respectable by reason of his house, but his house by reason of its master.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 39.*

Nec facile invenias multis in millibus unum,
Virtutem pretium qui putet esse sui.
—Nor can you easily find one man in many thousands who considers that virtue is its own reward. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 2, 3, 7.*

Nec fuge colloquium, nec sit tibi janua clausa.—Do not flee conversation, nor let your door be always shut.
Ovid. *Rem. Amoris, 587.*

Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.
—Nor do the fierce eagles bring forth the peaceful dove. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 4, 31.*

Nec in negotiis erit negotii causa.—Nor will he be in business for the mere sake of being busy. **Seneca.** *Epist., 22.*

Nec levis, ingenuas pectus coluisse per artes,
Cura sit; et linguas edidicisse duas.
—Let it be no light care to cultivate the mind with the honourable arts; and to learn well the two languages (Greek and Latin).
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 121.*

Nec loquor hæc, quia sit major prudentia nobis;
Sed sim, quam medico, notior ipse mihi.
—Nor do I say this because I possess greater sagacity; but I am better known to myself than to a physician.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 1, 3, 92.*

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.—It is not shameful to have amused one's self, but it is shameful not to have left off doing so.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 14, 36.*

Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur,
Quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.—Nor was she more moved in her expression by his words, than if she had stood there a piece of hard stone, or the rugged rock Marpesia.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 470.*

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* From the Greek, "Ὗς Ἀθηνᾶν."

† More often quoted "ultra." The quotation in Pliny is: "(Sutor) ne supra crepidam judicaret," which, he adds, "has become a proverb."—"Non sentis, inquit, te ultra malleum loqui?"—Do you not perceive that you are speaking beyond your hammer? (to a blacksmith criticising music).—*Athenæus.*—Hazlitt says that the title of Ultracrepidarian critics has been given to those persons who find fault with small and insignificant details.—*Vide Table-Talk,* Essay 22.

Nec male notus eques.—A knight of no bad repute. **Pr.**

Nec me meminisse pigebit Elisæ :
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.
—Nor shall it ever vex me to remember Elisa; whilst I shall remember myself, or whilst the life rules these limbs of mine.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 335.*

Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,
Nec dulces natos.
—Nor have I now any hope of seeing my ancient country or my sweet children.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 137.*

Nec mihi dicere promptum ;
Nec facere est isti.
—Nor have I readiness in speaking, nor has he in doing. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 13, 10.*

Nec minor est virtus quam quærere, parta tueri :
Casus inest illic ; hic erit artis opus.
—Nor is it less a virtue to take care of property than to acquire it. In the latter there is chance ; the former will be a work of skill.
Ovid. *Ars. Amat., Book 2, 13.*

Nec mirum, quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.—Nor is it wonderful, seeing that divine nature has bestowed the fields, and human art has built the cities.* **Varro.**

Nec misere quisquam, qui bene vixit, obit.—No one has died miserably who has lived well.
Quoted by Erasmus : Apotheosis Capnionis.

Nec mora nec requies.—Neither delay nor inactivity. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 3, 110.*

Nec nimium vobis formosa ancilla ministret.—Nor let too pretty a maid-servant wait upon you. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 3, 665.*

Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum
Sufficimus ; superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur,
Quoque vocat vertamus iter.
—Nor have we power to strive against so great (a storm) nor even to attempt it ; since Fortune is too much for us, let us follow her, and turn our course whither she bids.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 21.*

Nec obolum habet unde restim emat.—Nor has he a penny left to buy a rope with. **Pr.**

Nec omnia, nec semper, nec ab omnibus.—Neither all things, nor always, nor by all persons. **Pr.**

Nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.—Nor does care grant quiet rest to the limbs.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 5.*

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.—Nor let Medea (upon the stage) slaughter her children in the sight of the audience.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 185.*

Nec, quæ præteriit, iterum revocabitur unda :
Nec, quæ preteriit, hora redire potest.
—Neither will the wave which has passed be called back ; nor can the hour which has gone by return.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 63.*

Nec quærere nec spernere honorem.—Neither to seek nor to despise honour. **Pr.**

Nec quicquam ad nostras pervenit acerbius aures.—Nor has anything more distressing reached our ears.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 1, 9, 5.*

Nec regi, nec populo, sed utrique.—Neither for king, nor for people, but for both. **Pr.**

Nec scire fas est omnia.—It is not allowed us to know everything.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 4, 22.*

Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.—Nor will the arrow always strike that at which it was aimed.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 350.*

Nec servum meliorem ullum, nec deteriorem dominum fuisse.—There was never any better servant, nor any worse master. **Suetonius.**

Nec si me subito videas, agnoscere possis.—Nor, if you were suddenly to see me, could you recognise me.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 1, 4, 5.*

Nec si non obstatur, propterea etiam permittitur.—Nor does it follow because a thing is not opposed that it is also permitted.
Cicero. *Philippics, 13, 6, 14.*

Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.—To believe himself born, not for himself, but for the whole world.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 2, 383. (Of the younger Cato. See "Non sum uni angulo natus.")*

Nec sit terris ultima Thule.—Nor shall Thule be the extremity of the world.*
Seneca. *Medea, iii. 375.*

Nec spes ulla fugæ.—Nor is there any hope of escape. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 131 ; 10, 121.*

Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.
—Nor does he assume or resign the supreme power at the bidding of popular favour.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 2, 19.*

Nec te quæsiveris ultra.—Nor seek [to judge] beyond yourself. **Persius.** *Sat. 1, 7.*

Nec temere nec timide.—Neither rashly nor timidly. **Motto.**

Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit
Occurrat.
—Nor let it occur to you what it is lawful to do, but what it will be right to do.
Claudian. *Consul. Honorii, 4, 267.*

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* *See* Cowper, p. 99*a*.

* *See* "Ultima Thule," 674*b* *note*.

Nec Veneris pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote sagittæ.
—Nor is he thin from the quivers of Venus, nor does he glow with her torch; thence the torches burn, the arrows come from his wife's dowry. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 138.*

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.
—Nor, as a faithful interpreter, need you take pains to translate word for word. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 133.*

Nec vidisse semel satis est; juvat usque morari,
Et conferre gradum, et veniendi discere causas.
—Nor is it enough to have seen him once; it is a pleasure ever to linger by him, and to come to close quarters with him, and to learn the causes of this coming. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 487.*

Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli.—Not easy to be seen, nor to be spoken in words to anyone. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 3, 621.*

Nec vultu destrue dicta tuo.—Nor with thy expression of face destroy the effect of thy words. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., 2, 3, 12.*

Necesse est cum insanientibus furere, nisi solus relinqueris.—With the mad it is necessary to be mad, unless you would be left all alone. **Petronius Arbiter.**

Necesse est facere sumptum, qui quærit lucrum.—It is necessary that he who seeks gain should first have to incur expense. **Plautus.***

Necesse est minima maximorum esse initia. —The beginnings of the greatest things are of necessity very small. **Publilius Syrus.**

Necessitas dat legem, non ipsa accipit.—Necessity gives the law, and does not herself accept it. **Publilius Syrus.**

Necessitas est lex temporis et loci.—Necessity is the law of time and place. **Law.**

Necessitas non habet legem.—Necessity has no law. **Law.**

Necessitas publica major est quam privata. —Public necessity is more important than private. **Law.**

Necessitati quodlibet telum utile est.—Any sort of weapon is useful to necessity. **Publilius Syrus.**

Necessitudinis et libertatis infinita est æstimatio.—An immense regard is due to necessity and to liberty. **Law.**

Nefas nocere vel malo fratri puta.—Regard it as impiety to hurt even a bad brother. **Seneca.** *Thyestes, ii. 219.*

Negandi causa avarum nunquam deficit.—A reason for refusing is never wanting to an avaricious man. **Publilius Syrus.**

Negligere quid de se quisque sentiat, non solum arrogantis est, sed etiam omnino dissoluti.—To be careless of what anyone thinks is a sign not only of a presumptuous person, but also of one altogether abandoned. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, Book 1, 28.*

Nemine contradicente (or nemine dissentiente).—No one speaking to the contrary; or, no one differing in opinion.*

Neminem, dum adhuc viveret, beatum dici debere arbitrabatur.—He (Solon) considered that no one ought to be called happy as long as he was alive. **Valerius Maximus.** *Book 7, 2, ext. 2.*

Neminem id agere, ut ex alterius prædetur inscitia.—No man should so act as to make a gain out of the ignorance of another. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, 3, 17, 72.*

Nemini credo qui large blandus est.—I believe no one who is profuse with flattery. **Plautus.** *Aulularia, ii. 2, 19.*

Nemini dixeris quæ nolis efferri.—Tell no one what you do not wish to be repeated. **Pr.**

Nemini fidas, nisi cum quo prius multos modios salis absumpseris.—Trust no one unless you have eaten much salt with him. **Pr.** *Referred to by Cicero, De Amic., 19, 67.*

Nemo allegans suam turpitudinem audiendus.—No one testifying to his own baseness should be listened to. **Law.**

Nemo autem regere potest, nisi qui et regi.—For no one can rule except one who can be ruled. **Seneca.** *De Ira, Book 3, 15.*

Nemo contra Deum nisi Deus ipse.—No one against God, except God himself. **Pr.** *Quoted by Goethe in his Autobiography, Book 19, as "that strange but most striking proverb."*

Nemo dat quod non habet.—No one gives what he has not. **Law.**

Nemo debet bis puniri pro uno delicto.—No man ought to be twice punished for one crime. **Coke.**

Nemo debet bis vexari pro una et eadem causa.—No one ought to be twice troubled with one and the selfsame action. **Law.**

Nemo debet esse judex in propria causa.—No one ought to be judge in his own case. **Law.**

Nemo doctus unquam mutationem consilii inconstantiam dixit esse.—No well-informed person has declared a change of opinion to be inconstancy. **Cicero.** *Ep. ad Atticum, Book 16, 8.*

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* *See* "Non enim potest quæstus," 597a.

* "*Nem. con.*"; "*nem. dis.*" "Of these expressions the former—an abbreviation of *nemine contradicente*—signifies the unanimous consent of the House of Commons to a vote or resolution; the latter, which is an abbreviation of *nemine dissentiente*, signifies a similar assent of the House of Lords."—*Encyclop. of the Laws of England*, vol. 9, p. 59.—D. E. Madonnel (*Dict. of Quotations*, 1798, and *6th ed.* (1811) says that the form nemine dissentiente is "exclusively used in the House of Peers."

Nemo enim est tam senex qui se annum non putet vivere.—No one is so old a man that does not think he can live a year.
Cicero. *De Senectute, 7, 24.*

Nemo enim unquam imperium, flagitio quæsitum, bonis artibus exercuit.—For no one ever turned to honourable account power which was obtained by guilt.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 36.*

Nemo errat uni sibi, sed dementiam spargit in proximos.—No one commits error alone for himself, but scatters his folly among those near him. **Seneca.**

Nemo ex proprio dolo consequitur actionem.—No one can bring an action upon his own fraud. **Law.**

Nemo impetrare potest a papa bullam nunquam moriendi.—No one can obtain from the pope a dispensation for never dying.*
Thomas Kempis.

Nemo ire quenquam publica prohibet via.—No one forbids anyone to go by the public path (*i.e.* the ordinary and beaten path).
Plautus. *Curculio, i. 1, 1, 35.*

Nemo læditur nisi a seipso.—No one is injured except by himself. **Pr.**

Nemo malus felix, minime corruptor.—No evil man is happy, least of all a seducer.
Juvenal. *Sat. 4, 8.*

Nemo me impune lacessit. — No one provokes *or* injures me with impunity.
Motto *of the Scottish Order of the Thistle.*

Nemo militans Deo implicetur secularibus negotiis.—No one in God's service should be involved in secular business. **Coke.**

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.—No one of mortals is wise at all times.
Pliny the Elder.

Nemo nascitur artifex.—No one is born an artificer. **Quoted by Erasmus.**

Nemo patriam in qua natus est exuere, nec ligeantiæ debitum ejurare possit.—No one can discard the country in which he was born, nor discharge himself of his duty of allegiance. **Law.**

Nemo paupertatem commendaret nisi pauper.—No man should commend poverty but he who is poor. **St. Bernard.** *Serm.*

Nemo potest esse felix sine virtute.—No one can be happy without virtue. **Cicero.**

Nemo potest mutare consilium suum in alterius injuriam.—No one can change his course of action (in law) to the injury of another person. **Law.**

Nemo potest nudo vestimenta detrahere.—No one can strip a naked person. **Law.**

Nemo presumitur alienam posteritatem suæ prætulisse.—No one is presumed to have preferred someone else's offspring to his own. **Law.**

Nemo propius ad deum accedit, quam qui hominibus salutem dat et beneficium.—No man comes so near to the gods as one who shows protection and kindness to men.
Seneca.

Nemo punitur pro alieno delicto.—No one is punished for another person's crime. **Law.**

Nemo quam bene vivat, sed quamdiu, curat; quum omnibus possit contingere ut bene vivant, ut diu nulli.—No one is anxious about how well he may live, but about how long; whilst it is nevertheless possible for all to ensure good life, and for none to ensure long life.
Founded on **Seneca.** *Ep. 101 (ad fin.).*

Nemo repente venit turpissimus.—No one ever became thoroughly bad all at once.
Juvenal. *Sat. 2, 33.*

Nemo sibi nascitur.—No one is born for himself. **Pr.**

Nemo sine crimine vivit.—No one lives (who is) without a crime. **Cato.** *Distich 1, 5.*

Nemo solus sapit.—No one is wise by himself. **Plautus.** *Miles Gloriosus, iii. 3, 12.*

Nemo tam divos habuit faventes
Crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri.
—No one has had gods so favourable to him that he can promise himself a morrow.
Seneca. *Thyestes, iii. 619.*

Nemo tam pauper vivit quam natus est.—No one lives so poor as he is born.
Seneca. *Quare bonis viris, etc., fin.*

Nemo tenetur ad impossibile.—No one is bound by what is impossible. **Law.**

Nemo tenetur se ipsum accusare.—No one is obliged to accuse himself. **Law.**

Nemo timendo ad summum pervenit locum.—No one attains the highest position by being faint-hearted. **Publilius Syrus.**

Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.—No one has become a great man without some degree of divine inspiration.
Cicero. *De Nat. Deorum, 2, 66.*

Nequam illud verbum 'st, Bene vult, nisi qui bene facit.—That expression, "He means well," is useless unless he does well.
Plautus. *Trinummus, ii. 4, 37.*

Nequaquam satis in re una consumere curam.—It is by no means enough to spend all our pains upon one object.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 4, 48.*

Neque a Diis nisi justas supplicum preces audiri.—Nor are any prayers, unless righteous, heard by the gods.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 3, 36.*

Neque cuiquam tam clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere, nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam commendatorque contingat.—

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* "On n'a point pour la mort de dispense de Rome." Molière, *L'Etourdi*, ii. 4.

No one has so splendid a genius that he can rise in the world unless he has "grit," the opportunity, a patron also, and one to recommend him.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 6, 23, fin.*

Neque culpa neque lauda teipsum.—Neither blame yourself nor praise yourself.
Pr.

Neque decipitur ratio, neque decipit unquam.—Reason is not deceived, nor does it ever deceive.
Pr.

Neque enim eædem militares et imperatoriæ artes sunt.—Nor are the talents of the soldier and of the ruler the same.
Livy. *25, 19.*

Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.
—Nor is there any juster law than that the contrivers of death should perish by their own contrivance.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 655.*

Neque enim notare singulos mens est mihi,
Verum ipsam vitam et mores hominum ostendere.
—Nor is it my wish to find fault with individuals, but truly to show forth the very life and the manners of mankind.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, Prol., 49.*

Neque femina, amissa pudicitia, alia abnuerit.—Nor will a woman, her modesty being gone, refuse anything else.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 4, 3.*

Neque hoc sine nomine letum
Per gentes erit.
—Nor shall this (thy) death be without honour among the peoples of the earth.
Virgil. *Æneid, 11, 846.*

Neque lac lacti magis est simile.—Nor is milk more like to milk.
Plautus. *Amphitruo, ii. 1, 54.*

Neque mala, vel bona, quæ vulgus putet.—The views of the multitude are neither bad nor good.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 6, 22.*

Neque opinione sed natura constitutum esse jus.—The law is founded not on theory but upon nature.
Cicero. *De Legibus, 1, 10.*

Neque pauciores tribus, neque plures novem.—Not fewer than three nor more than nine.
The number for a dinner, according to a proverb as cited by Erasmus, Fam. Coll.

Neque quies gentium sine armis; neque arma sine stipendiis; neque stipendia sine tributis haberi queunt.—The peace of nations cannot be secured without arms, nor arms without pay, nor pay without taxes.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 29.*

Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.
—Nor does Apollo keep his bow continually drawn.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 10.*

Neque ulla est
Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga.
—Nor is there, to great or to small, any means of escape from death.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 6, 94.*

Neque volo, neque postulo, neque censeo: verum tamen
Is est honor homini pudico, meminisse officium suum.
—I neither desire it, nor demand it, nor give my opinion on it: but truly it is an honour to a man of integrity to be mindful of his duty.
Plautus. *Trinummus, iii. 2, 70.*

Nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.—I cannot describe it, I only feel it.
Juvenal. *Sat. 7, 56.*

Nequicquam sapere sapientem, qui ipse sibi prodesse non quiret.—The wise man is wise in vain who cannot be wise to his own advantage.
Ennius. *Quoted by Cicero, De Off., 3, 15.*
(From the Greek, v., page 474*b*.)

Nequicquam sapit qui sibi non sapit.—He is wise to no purpose who is not wise for himself.
Pr. *(Founded on the foregoing.)*

Nequitiam vinosa tuam convivia narrant.—Your drunken banquets tell your vileness.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 3, 1, 17.*

Nervi belli pecunia infinita.—Endless money forms the sinews of war.
Cicero. *Philippics, 5, 2, 5.*

Nervis alienis mobile lignum.—A bit of wood moved by strings in someone else's hands (a puppet).
Horace. *Sat. 2, 7, 82.*

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis.
—The mind of men is ignorant of fate, and of that which is to be their lot, and of how to preserve moderation when raised aloft by prosperity.
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 501.*

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.
—I cannot tell by what charm our native soil captivates us, and does not allow us to be forgetful of it.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 1, 3, 35.*

Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine læti.—Made joyful by I know not what extraordinary charm.
Virgil. *Georgics, 1, 412.*

Nescire autem quid antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum. Quid enim est ætas hominis, nisi memoria rerum veterum cum superiorum ætate contexitur?—To be ignorant of what happened before you were born is to be ever a child. For what is man's lifetime unless the memory of past events is woven with those of earlier times?
Cicero. *Orator, 34, 120.*

Nescis quid vesper serus ferat.—You know not what the night may bring.
Pr. *Stated by Aulus Gellius (Noct. Att., 1, 22) to be the title of a Satire by Varro.*

Nescis tu quam meticulosa res sit, ire ad judicem.—You do not know how hazardous a thing it is to go to law.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, v. 1, 52.*

Nescit plebs jejuna timere.—A starving populace knows nothing of fear. **Pr.**

Nescit servire virtus.—Virtue (*or* valour) knows not how to be in subjection.
Pedantius (*ed. G. C. Moore Smith*), *l. 116. See " Virtus enim servire."*

Neve putes alium sapiente bonoque beatum.
—Nor can you suppose that anyone is happy but the man who is wise and good.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 16, 20.*

Nihil admirari, cum acciderit; nihil, antequam evenerit, non evenire posse arbitrari.
—To wonder at nothing after it has happened; to consider nothing before it has come to pass, as impossible to come to pass.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 3, 14, 30. (Cicero refers to these rules as part of " the highest and godlike wisdom." See " Nil admirari.")*

Nihil ab illo [*i.e.* a Deo] vacat; opus suum ipse implet.—Nothing is void of God; He Himself fills His work.
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, 4, 8.*

Nihil agit qui diffidentem verbis solatur suis;
Is est amicus qui in re dubia re juvat, ubi re est opus.
—He does nothing who consoles a despairing man with his words; he is a friend who in a difficulty helps by deeds, where there is need of deeds. **Plautus.** *Epidicus, i. 2, 9.*

Nihil altum, nihil magnificum ac divinum suscipere possunt, qui suas omnes cogitationes abjecerunt in rem tam humilem, tamque contemptam.—They who devote all their thoughts to a matter so low and abject, cannot attempt anything exalted, noble, or divine.
Cicero. *De Amicitia, 10, 32.*

Nihil cum fidibus graculo.—A jackdaw has nothing to do with music.
A. Gellius. *Noct. Attic, Preface, 19. (Quoted as an ancient adage.)*

Nihil difficile est Naturæ, ubi ad finem sui properat. . . . Momento fit cinis, diu silva.
—Nothing is difficult to Nature when she is making her way to an end. . . . Ashes are produced in an instant, a wood is long in making. **Seneca**

Nihil enim facilius quam amor recrudescit.—For nothing grows again more easily than love.
Seneca. *Epist., 69.*

Nihil enim honestum esse potest, quod justitia vacat.—Nothing can be honourable where there is no justice.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 19.*

Nihil enim lacryma citius arescit.—For nothing dries quicker than a tear.
Cicero. *Ad Herennium, Book 2, 31, 50.*

Nihil enim legit, quod non excerperet. Dicere etiam solebat, nullum esse librum tam malum, ut non aliqua parte prodesset.—For he read no book which he did not make extracts from. He was wont also to say that there was no book so bad but that profit might be derived from some part of it.
Pliny the Elder (*as quoted by his nephew, Pliny the Younger, Ep., Book 3, 5.*)

Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.
—There is nothing blessed in every respect.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 16.*

Nihil est aliud magnum quam multa minuta.—Greatness is nothing but many small littles. **Pr.**

Nihil est annis velocius.—Nothing is swifter than the years. **Ovid.** *Metam., 20, 520.*

Nihil est, Antipho,
Quin male narrando possit depravarier.—
There is nothing, Antipho, which cannot be perverted by being told badly.
Terence. *Phormio, iv. 4, 15.*

Nihil est aptius ad delectationem lectoris, quam temporum varietates, fortunæque vicissitudines.—Nothing is better suited to cause delight to a reader than the differences of different ages, and the vicissitudes of fortune. **Cicero.** *Ep., Book 5, 12.*

Nihil est audacius illis
Deprensis: iram atque animos a crimine sumunt.
—Nothing is bolder than they when they are caught: they gain fierceness and courage from their very crime.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 284.*

Nihil est in intellectu quin prius fuerit in sensu.—There is nothing in the comprehension which has not previously existed in the senses.
Tr. of Aristotle, De Anima. Quoted in this form by Navizanus, " Sylva Nuptialis," Book 5, sec. 77.

Nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius.—Nothing is more wretched than the mind of a man conscious of guilt.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, iii. 1, 13.*

Nihil est quod credere de se
Non possit, quum laudatur dis æqua potestas.*
—There is nothing which power cannot believe of itself, when it is praised as equal to the gods. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 4, 70.*

Nihil est quod Deus efficere non possit.—
There is nothing which God cannot effect.
Cicero. *De Nat. Deorum, Book 3, 39, 92.*

Nihil est quod non expugnet pertinax opera, et intenta ac diligens cura.—There is nothing which persevering effort and unceasing and diligent care cannot overcome.
Seneca. *Epist., 50.*

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* " O what is it proud slime will not believe
Of his own worth, to hear it equal praised
Thus with the gods ? "
Jonson : Sejanus, Act. I

Nihil est sanitati multo vino nocentius.—Nothing is more hurtful to health than much wine. **Pr.**

Nihil est superius quam benigna conjuge.—Nothing is better than a well-dispositioned wife.
Albertano of Brescia. *Liber Consolationis, ch. 5.*

Nihil est tam populare quam bonitas.—Nothing is so popular as kindness.
Cicero. *Pro. Ligar., 12.*

Nihil est tam volucre quam maledictum; nihil facilius emittitur, nihil citius excipitur, nihil latius dissipatur.—Nothing is so fleet as calumny; nothing is more easily let loose, nothing is more quickly accepted, nothing more widely disseminated.
Cicero. *Pro Planco, 23, 57.*

Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.—Nothing but songs is wanting here.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 8, 67.*

Nihil homini amico est opportuno amicius.—Nothing is dearer to a man than a serviceable friend. **Plautus.** *Epidicus, Act iii. 3, 44.*

Nihil in bellum oportere contemni.—Nothing ought to be despised in war.
Cornelius Nepos. *Thrasybulus (quoted as a precept).*

Nihil in discordiis civilibus festinatione tutius.—In civil strife nothing is safer than speed. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 1, 62.*

Nihil in speciem fallacius, quam prava religio, ubi deorum numen prætenditur sceleribus.—Nothing is more deceitful in appearance than superstition, when the authority of the god is used to cover crimes.
Livy. *39, 16.*

Nihil jam præstare fortuna majus potest, quam hostium discordiam.—Fortune can give no greater advantage than disaffection amongst the enemy. **Tacitus.** *Germania, 33.*

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est.—He obtained glory without giving bribes.
Sallust. *Catilina, 54.* (*Of Cato.*)

Nihil me, sicut antea, juvat
Scribere versiculos.
—Writing verses does not at all please me as it formerly did. **Horace.** *Epodon, 11, 1.*

Nihil morosius hominum judiciis.—Nothing is more captious than men's judgments.
Erasmus.

Nihil motum ex antiquo probabile est.—Nothing removed from its ancient form is reliable. **Livy.** *34, 54.*

Nihil non acerbum prius quam maturum fuit.—There is nothing which has not been bitter before being ripe. **Publilius Syrus.**

Nihil peccat, nisi quod nihil peccat.—He has no fault except that he has no fault.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 9, 26.*

Nihil potest rex nisi quod de jure potest.—The king can do nothing except what he can do by law. **Law.**

Nihil prodesse virtus, fors cuncta turbare, et ignavorum sæpe telis fortissimi cadere.—Valour is of no service, chance rules all, and the bravest often fall before the weapons of cowards. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 4, 29.*

Nihil prodest improbam mercem emere.—There is no profit in buying bad merchandise.
Pr.

Nihil quicquam factum nisi fabre.—Nothing at all done except in a workman-like fashion. **Plautus.** *Cæcus. Fragm.*

Nihil quod est inconveniens est licitum.—Nothing which is inconvenient is allowable; the law will sooner suffer a private mischief than a public inconvenience. **Coke.**

Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit. (*See* "Nullum quod tetigit.")

Nihil sanantibus litteris.—Books which are worthless for any good purpose; unhealthy literature. **Seneca.** *Epist., 59.*

Nihil scire est vita jucundissima.—The happiest life is to know nothing. **Pr.**

Nihil scriptum miraculi causa.—Nothing written for the sake of exciting wonder.
Tacitus.

Nihil simile est idem.—Nothing similar is the same. **Pr.**

Nihil simul inventum est et perfectum.—Nothing is invented and perfected at the same time. **Pr.**

Nihil sine ratione faciendum est.—Nothing is to be done without reason.
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, Book 4, 10.*

Nihil tam absurdum dici potest ut non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum.—There is nothing which can be spoken so absurd that it might not be spoken by some one of the philosophers.
Cicero. *De Divinat., 2, 58.*

Nihil tam certum est quam otii vitia negotio discuti.—Nothing is so certain as that the vices of leisure are dispersed by occupation.
Seneca. *Epist., 56.*

Nihil tam firmum est, cui periculum non sit etiam ab invalido.—Nothing is so sure that it may not be in danger, even from a feeble person. **Quintus Curtius.**

Nihil tam munitum, quod non expugnari pecunia possit.—Nothing is so strongly fortified that it cannot be taken by means of money. **Cicero.** *Actio in Verrem, 1, 2, 4.*

Nihil turpius est, quam grandis natu senex, qui nullum aliud habet argumentum, quo se probet diu vixisse, præter ætatem.—Nothing is more dishonourable than an old man, heavy with years, who has no other evidence of his having lived long except his age.
Seneca. *De Tranquillitate, 3, 7.*

Nihil turpius quam domi esse peregrinum; nihil magis pudendum quam ignarum esse suæ Patriæ.—Nothing is more dishonourable than to be a pilgrim in one's own home; nothing more to be ashamed of than to be ignorant of one's own native land.
Note by Gabriel Harvey (1545?—1630) written in Lluyd's "Breviary of Britayne."

Nihil unquam peccavit, nisi quod mortua est.—She never did wrong in any way, unless in the fact that she died.
Inscription *on a wife's tomb at Rome.*

Nihil videtur mundius.—Nothing seems more refined. **Terence.** *Eunuchus, v. 412.*

Nihil vulgare te dignum videri potest.—Nothing common can seem worthy of you.
Cicero (*to Cæsar*).

Nihili est qui nihil amat.—He is of no account who loves nothing.
Plautus. *Persa, ii. 1.*

Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum.—Believing nothing done whilst there remained anything else to be done.
Lucanus. *Phars., Book 2, 657.*

Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
—To wonder at nothing, Numicius, is almost the one and only thing which can make and keep a man happy.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 6, 1.* (*See "Nihil admirari."*)

Nil agit exemplum litem quod lite resolvit.—An example is of no use which illustrates one difficult point by raising another.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 104.*

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vita.—He declares that there is nothing to be preferred to, nothing better than, a bachelor life.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 88.*

Nil aliud, quam bene ausus vana contemnere.—Nothing else than that he dared well to despise vain things.
Livy. *Book 9, 17* (*of Alexander*).

Nil consuetudine majus.—There is nothing greater than custom.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 345.*

Nil credam et omnia cavebo.—I will believe nothing and be on my guard against all things.
Pr.

Nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto.
—Naked I seek the camp of those who desire nothing. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 16, 22.*

Nil desperandum.—There is nothing to despair about.
Motto. (*Sometimes "Non desperandum."* —*"It is not a matter for despair." Bacon: "Impetus Philosophii."*)

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.—There is nothing to despair about with Teucer as our leader and Teucer as our protector. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 7.*

Nil dictu fœdum visuque hæc limina tangat,
Intra quæ puer est.
—Let nothing which is disgraceful to be spoken of, or to be seen, approach this place, where a child is. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 14, 44.*

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—Whilst in my senses I shall prefer nothing to a pleasant friend.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 5, 44.*

Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
Posteritas; eadem cupient facientque minores.
Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit.
—There will be nothing further which posterity can add to our manners; the generation to come will desire and do the same things; every vice has reached its acme.
Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 147.*

Nil facimus non sponte Dei.—We do nothing without the leave of God.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 9, 574.*

Nil feret ad manes divitis umbra, suos.—The shade of the rich man will carry nothing to his abode in the other world.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 5, 14, 12.*

Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi.
—Nothing was ever so unequal to itself.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 3, 18.*

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.
—Unhappy poverty has in it nothing harder than the fact that it makes men a laughing-stock. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 3, 152.*

Nil igitur fieri de nilo posse fatendum 'st.—It is to be admitted therefore that nothing can be made out of nothing.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., 1, 206.*

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ.—The poets have left us nothing unattempted.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 285.*

Nil me officit unquam
Ditior hic, aut est quia doctior; est locus uni
Cuique suus.
—It never hurts me at all because this man is richer or more learned; to each man there is his own place.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 9, 50.*

Nil metuunt jurare, nihil promittere parcunt.—They fear not to swear anything, they spare not to promise anything.
Catullus. *Carm., 64, 145.*

Nil mihi das vivus; dicis, post fata daturum:
Si non es stultus, scis, Maro, quid cupiam.
—You give me nothing whilst you are alive; you say that you will give me something after death; if you are not a fool, Maro, you know what I desire.
Martial. *Epig., 11, 68.*

Nil mihi vis, et vis cuncta licere tibi.—You wish nothing to be lawful to me, and all things to you.
Martial. *Epig., Book 11, 49, 8.*

Nil mortalibus arduum est ;
Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia.
—Nothing is difficult to mortals ; we strive to reach heaven itself in our folly.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 3, 37.*

Nil nisi cruce.—Nothing unless in the cross.
Motto. (*Founded on Galatians 6, 14.*—" Absit mihi gloriari, nisi in cruce."—*Vulgate.*)

Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.—Confessing that nothing equal to you will arise or has at any time arisen.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 17.*

Nil prodest, quod non lædere possit idem.—Nothing is advantageous, which may not also be injurious. **Ovid.** *Tristia, Book 2, 266.*

Nil proprium ducas quod mutari potest.—You can never consider that as your own which can be changed. **Publilius Syrus.**

Nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi ducunt.—They hold nothing to be right except what pleases themselves.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 83.*

Nil sciri si quis putat, id quoque nescit,
An sciri possit, qui se nil scire fatetur.
—If anyone is of opinion that nothing can be known, seeing that he professes that he knows nothing, he cannot himself know whether anything can be known. **Anon.**

Nil similius insano quam ebrius.—There is nothing more like a madman than a drunken person. **Pr.**

Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.
—Life gives nothing to mortals except with great labour. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 9, 58.*

Nil sine te mei
Prosunt honores.
—Honours are of no advantage to me without thee (the Muse).
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 26, 9.*

Nil sole et sale utilius.—Nothing more useful than the sun and salt. **Pr.**

Nil spernat auris, nec tamen credat statim.
—Let the ear despise nothing, nor yet believe anything forthwith.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, 10, 51.*

Nil tam difficile est quin quærendo investigari possiet.—Nothing is so difficult that it may not be found out by research.
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, iv. 2, 8.*

Nil tam difficile est quod non sollertia vincat.—There is nothing so difficult that cleverness cannot overcome it. **Pr.**

Nil tam incertum nec tam inæstimabile est quam animi multitudinis.—Nothing is so uncertain or so worthless as the judgments of the mob. **Livy.** *31, 34.*

Nil temere novandum.—Let nothing be rashly altered. **Law.**

Nil temere uxori de servis crede querenti.—Do not rashly give credence to a wife complaining of servants. **Cato.** *Dist., 4, 45.*

Nil unquam longum est quod sine fine placet.—Nothing is ever long which gives endless pleasure. **Pr.**

Nil volitum quin præcognitum.—Nothing can be wished for unless we have had a preconception of it. **Pr.**

Nimia cura deterit magis quam emendet.—Too much care weakens rather than improves a work. **Pliny.** *Ep. 9, 35.*

Nimia est miseria pulchrum esse hominem nimis.—It is an extremely wretched thing to be an over-handsome man.
Plautus. *Miles Gloriosus, i. 1, 68.*

Nimia illæc licentia
Profecto evadet in aliquod magnum malum.
—That outrageous licence will assuredly develop into some great disaster.
Terence. *Adelphi, iii. 4, 63.*

Nimia subtilitas in jure reprobatur, et talis certitudo certitudinem confundit.—Too much subtlety in law is condemned, and so much exactitude destroys exactness. **Law.**

Nimio id quod pudet facilius fertur, quam illud quod piget.—That which gives us great cause for shame is more easily borne than that which vexes us. **Plautus.** *Pseudolus, i. 3, 46.*

Nimirum hic ego sum.—Here indeed I am ; this is my position.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 15, 42.*

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur eo, quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.
—Undoubtedly he would appear insane to few, since the greater part of mankind is troubled with the same disease.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 120.*

Nimium altercando veritas amittitur.—In too much disputation the truth is lost.
Publilius Syrus.

Nimium boni est, cui nil est mali.—He has too much of good who has nothing of evil.
Ennius. (*Ap. Cicero, De Finibus, 2, 13, 41.*)

Nimium risus pretium est, si probitatis impendio constat.—The price of a laugh is too great if it involves the sacrifice of propriety. **Quintilian.** *6, 3, 35.*

Nimius in veritate, et similitudinis quam pulchritudinis amantior.—Over anxious for truth, and more fond of likeness than of beauty. **Quintilian.**

Nisi caste, saltem caute.—If not chastely, at all events cautiously. **Pr.**

Nisi Dominus frustra.—Unless the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh in vain (*lit.*, unless the Lord in vain).
Motto *of City of Edinburgh* (*adapted from Ps. 127, 1, Vulgate*).

Nisi per legale judicium parum suorum.—Unless by the lawful judgment of their peers. (Privilege of Barons of Parliament.)
Magna Charta.

Nisi per te sapias frustra sapientem audias.—Unless you grow wise of yourself you will listen in vain to the wise. **Publilius Syrus.**

Nisi prius.—Unless previously.[*] **Law.**

Nisi utile est quod facimus, stulta est gloria.—Unless what we do is useful, fame is folly. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 3, 17, 12.*

Nitimur in vetitum semper, cupimusque negata.—We strive ever after what is forbidden, and desire the things which are denied us. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 3, 4, 17.*

Nitor in adversum ; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus ; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.
—I strive against opposition ; nor does the shock which overcomes others, overcome me ; and full of opposing strength, I am carried on the rapid wheel (of fortune). **Ovid.** *Metam, 2, 72.*

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.—Virtue is the one and only nobility. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 8, 20.*

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui musas colimus severiores.
—To us who cultivate the stricter muses, it is not allowed to be so eloquent. **Martial.** *Epig., 9, 12, 16.*

Nobis placeant ante omnia sylvæ.—The woods please us above all things. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 2, 62.*

Nocentem qui defendit sibi crimen parit.—He who protects a guilty person is preparing a crime against himself. **Publilius Syrus.**

Nocere posse et nolle laus amplissima est.—To be able to injure, but to have no desire to, is the highest praise. **Publilius Syrus.**

Noctemque diemque fatigant.—They wear out day and night. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 8, 94.*

Noctis erat medium ; quid non amor improbus audet ?—It was midnight ; what does not shameless love dare ? **Ovid.** *Fast., 2, 331.*

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.—Read (*lit.* turn over) with nightly and daily labour (the Greek authors). **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 269.*

Nocumentum documentum.—Injury serves as a lesson. **Pr.**

Nodum in scirpo quæris.—You seek a knot in a bulrush (*i.e.* you find a difficulty where there is none). **Terence.** *Andria, v. 5, 38 (a proverb).*

Nolens volens.—Willing or unwilling. **Pr.**

Noli affectare quod tibi non est datum.—Do not grasp after what has not been given thee. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 3, 18, 14.*

Noli
Barbam vellere mortuo leoni.—Do not pluck the beard of a dead lion. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 10, 90.*

Noli altum sapere.—Mind not high things. **Vulgate.** *Rom. 11, 20. (Motto used by Robt. Stephens, printer, friend of Calvin.)*

Noli irritare leones.—Do not attempt to provoke lions. **Pr.**

Noli me tangere.—Do not wish to touch me ; touch me not. **Vulgate.** *St. John 20, 17.*

Noli metuere.—Do not fear. **Terence.** *Phormio, iii. 3, 23.*

Noli pugnare duobus.—Do not fight against two adversaries. **Catullus.** *62, 64.*

Nolite judicare.—Judge not. **Vulgate.** *St. Matt. 7, 1 ; St. Luke 6, 37.*

Nolite timere.—Fear not. **Vulgate.** *Genesis 43, 23. (Also Seneca, Ep. 12.)*

Nolito fronti credere.—Do not trust to appearance. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 1, 25, 4.*

Nolle prosequi.—To be unwilling to prosecute. **Law.**

Nolo ego metui : amari mavolo.—I do not wish to be feared ; I prefer to be loved. **Plautus.** *Asinaria, v. 1, 8.*

Nolo episcopari.—I am unwilling to be made a bishop.[*] **Pr.**

Nolo virum, facili redimit qui sanguine famam ;
Hunc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest.
—I do not care for the man who procures fame by freely-spilt blood ; give me him who can earn praise without death. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 1, 9, 5.*

Nolo, volo ; volo, nolo rursum : cape, cedo :
Quod dictum, indictum est : quod modo erat
ratum, irritum est.
—I wish it not, I wish it ; I wish it and again I do not wish it ; take it, I give it up ; what has been said is unsaid ; what was lately proved is now disproved. **Terence.** *Phormio, v. 7, 57.*

Nomen amicitia est ; nomen inane fides.—Friendship is a name ; faithfulness but a empty name. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 1, 740.*

Nomen atque omen.—A name and also an omen. **Plautus.** *Persa, iv. 4, 73.*

Nomen est quasi rei notamen.—A name is as it were the distinguishing mark of a thing. **Law.**

Nomen toto sparget in orbe suum.—He spreads his name throughout the whole world. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 6, 60, 2.*

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[*] From the opening words of the sheriff's writ to the jurors : "Nisi prius justiciarii nostri ad assisas capiendas venerint," etc. *See* Bacon : *Uses of the Law.*

[*] "You would be entreated, and say 'Nolo, nolo, nolo,' three times, like any bishop, when your mouth waters at the diocese."—*Dryden : Limberham, iii.* 1 (1678).

Nomina sunt odiosa.—Names are objectionable.
Pr. *Founded on Cicero, Pro Roscio Amerino, 16, 47.*

Nomine pœnæ.—Under name of a penalty (for non-payment of rent, etc.). **Law.**

Non a regnando rex est, sed jure regendo.—The king is not king by reigning, but by ruling according to law.
Political Poems (ed. Wright), 1, 57.

Non adeo cecidi, quamvis abjectus, ut infra
Te quoque sim ; inferius quo nihil esse potest.
—However cast down, I have not fallen so low as to be beneath you ; lower than whom nothing can be. **Ovid.** *Tristia, 5, 8, 1.*

Non ætate, verum ingenio, adipiscitur sapientia.—Not by age, but truly by capacity is wisdom attained.
Plautus. *Trinummus, ii. 2.*

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare ;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.
—I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I tell why ; this only I can tell, I do not love thee.*
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 33.*

Non ampliter, sed munditer convivium ; plus salis quam sumptus.—A feast not profuse but elegant ; more of salt (refinement) than of expense.
Quoted in this form by Montaigne (1580), Book 3, ch. 9.†

Non Angli, sed Angeli.—Not Angles, but Angels.
Remark attributed to Gregory the Great on seeing British captives for sale at Rome.

Non annorum canities est laudanda,‡ sed morum.—Not the whiteness of years, but of morals, is praiseworthy.
Ambrosius. *Epistles, 1, 18, 7.*

Non auriga piger.—No fat charioteer ; no lazy person as manager. **Pr.**

Non bene conducti vendunt perjuria testes.—Witnesses not hired in any honest fashion, sell their perjuries.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 10, 37.*

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,
Majestas et amor.
—Majesty and love do not agree, nor abide in one place. **Anon.**

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.—The offspring of things ill-mated is disagreement. **Ovid.** *Metam., 1, 9.*

Non bene olet, qui bene semper olet.—He does not smell well who always has a nice scent upon him.
Martial. *Epig., Book 2, 12, 4.*

Non bonus somnus est de prandio.—Sleep after luncheon is not good.
Plautus. *Mostell., iii. 2, 8.*

Non caret effectu, quod voluere duo.—That which two persons desire does not lack performance. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 2, 3, 16.*

Non caret is qui non desiderat.—He who desires nothing is not in want. **Pr.**

Non censet lugendam esse mortem, quam immortalitas consequatur.—He (Ennius) does not consider that death is to be lamented which immortality follows.
Cicero. *De Senectute, 20, 74.*

Non compos mentis.—Not in full possession of the mind.
See **Cicero.** *In. L. Pisonem, 20, 48.*

Non constat.—It is not sure. **Law.**

Non convivere, nec videre saltem,
Non audire licet ; nec urbe tota
Quisquam est tam prope, tam procul nobis.
—I may not be in his company, nor even see him nor hear him ; yet in all the city there is no one so near me and at the same time so far. **Martial.** *Epig. Book 1, 87, 8.*

Non credam nisi legero.—I will not believe it until I have read it.
Martial. *Epig., Book 12, 74.*

Non cŭicunque datum est habere nasum.—It is not given to everyone to have a nose (*i.e.* skill in investigating matters).
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 42, 18.*

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.—It is not given to every man to reach Corinth. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 17, 36.*

Non de ponte cadit, qui cum sapientia vadit.—He does not fall from the bridge who walks with discrimination. **Mediæval.**

Non decet superbum esse hominem servum.—It is not becoming for a servant to be haughty. **Plautus.** *Asinaria, ii. 4, 64.*

Non decipitur qui scit se decipi.—He is not cheated who knows that he is being cheated. **Coke.**

Non deerat voluntas, sed facultas.—The will was not wanting, but the ability. **Pr.**

Non deos vulgi negare profanum, sed vulgi opiniones diis applicare profanum.—It is not profane to deny the gods of the common people, but it is profane to apply the ideas of the common people to the gods.
Tr. of **Epicurus.**

Non eadem est ætas, non mens.—My age is not the same, nor my inclination.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 4.*

Non eadem ratio est, sentire et demere morbos ;
Sensus inest cunctis ; tollitur arte malum.
—It is not the same affair to feel diseases and to remove them ; the power of feeling exists in all ; the evil is removed by skill.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 3, 9, 15.*

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[*] Some authorities give the name as "Savidi" (*i.e.*, Savidius).

[†] The first portion is from an ancient poet, cited by Nonnius Marcellus, 11, 19. The latter part is from Cornelius Nepos, *Life of Atticus*, ch. 13.

[‡] In some editions "laudata."

Non ebur neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar.
—Neither ivory nor golden ceiling glitters in my house. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 18, 1.*

Non ego hoc ferrem, calidus juventa,
Consule Planco.
—Nor would I have borne this, hot with youth, when Plancus was consul.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 14, 27.*

Non ego illam mihi dotem duco esse, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam, et pudorem, et sedatum cupidinem.
—I do not consider that a dowry to me which is called a dowry, but purity and modesty and quiet desire. **Plautus.** *Amph., 2, 210.*

Non degener addam.—I will add without loss.

Duke Francesco Maria had as one of his badges a lighted candle, with this motto, signifying that others might take light from it without injuring the candle. See Chaucer: Book of the Duchesse (c. 1369), *l. 963.*

Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores.—I may not dare to defend habits blemished by immorality. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Bk. 2, 4, 1.*

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam;
Nec meus ullius crimina versus habet.
—I have not put anyone on the rack by a biting poem, nor does my verse accuse any man's crimes. **Ovid.** *Tristium, 2, 563.*

Non ego omnino lucrum omne esse utile homini existimo.—Nor do I at all esteem all gain useful to man.
Plautus. *Capteivi, ii. 2, 75.*

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor.—I do not hunt for the suffrages of the inconstant multitude. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 19, 37.*

Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.
—For neither wealth nor the consular lictor expels the wretched tumults of the mind, and the cares hovering round the roofs with the panelled ceilings. **Horace.** *Odes, Bk. 2, 16, 9.*

Non enim ignavia magna imperia contineri.—For great empires are not maintained by cowardice. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 15, 1.*

Non enim paranda nobis solum, sed fruenda sapientia est.—For it is not enough that wisdom be merely set before us; it must be made use of. **Cicero.** *De Fin., 1, 1.*

Non enim potest quæstus consistere, si eum sumptus superat.—There cannot any profit remain, if the cost exceeds it.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, i. 2, 74.*

Non enim tam auctores in disputando, quam rationis momenta quærenda sunt.—For in debate it is not so much the authorities as the weight of reason which should be looked for.
Cicero. *De Nat. Deorum, Book 1, 5.*

Non equidem hoc studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.—Truly I do not take pains for this that my page, fit only to give weight to smoke, may swell with inflated nothings.
Persius. *Sat. 5, 19.*

Non equidem invideo; miror magis.—Truly I do not envy, but I rather wonder.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 1, 11.*

Non equidem vellem; sed me mea fata trahebant;
Inque meas pœnas ingeniosus eram.
—Would indeed I had not; but my fate drew me on, and I was clever in bringing about my own punishment. **Ovid.** *Tristium, 2, 341.*

Non erit in Stygia notior umbra domo.—There will not be a more notable shade in the Stygian abode.
Martial. *Epig., Book 12, 52, 12.*

Non es tam simplex, quam vis, Callistrate, credi;
Nam quisquis narrat talia, plura tacet.
—You are not so straightforward, Callistratus, as you wish to be thought; for he who tells such things, is silent about more things than he tells. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 12, 35, 3.*

Non esse cupidum, pecunia est; non esse emacem, vectigal est; contentum vero suis rebus esse, maximæ sunt, certissimæque divitiæ.—Not to be greedy is money; not to be fond of buying is a revenue; but to be content with our own is the greatest and most certain wealth of all.
Cicero. *Paradoxa, 6, 3.*

Non est ad astra mollis e terris via.—There is no easy way to the stars from the earth.
Seneca. *Hercules Furens, ii. 437.*

Non est bonum ludere cum Diis.—It is not good to sport with the gods. **Pr.**

Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere, Vivam.
Sera nimis vita est crastina; vive hodie.
—It is not, believe me, the sign of a wise man to say, "I will live." Life put off till the morrow is too late; live to-day.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 16, 16.*

Non est de pastu omnium quæstio, sed de lana.—It is not a question of the feeding of all the sheep, but of their wool (*i.e.* of their fleeces). **Pius II.**

Non est de sacco tanta farina tuo.—All that meal is not from your own sack. **Mediæval.**

Non est ejusdem et multa et opportuna dicere.—It is not the nature of one and the same person to talk much and what is suitable to the occasion. **Pr.**

Non est factum.—It is not my deed. **Law.**

Non est in medico semper relevetur ut æger.—It is not always in the physician's power to cure the sick person.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., Book 1, 3, 17.*

Non est inventus.—He has not been found. (Non est inventus locus ejus.—His place has not been found. *Vulgate. Ps. 37, 36.*) **Law.**

Non est jocus esse malignum.—It is not humour to be spiteful. **Pr.**

Non est ornamentum virile, concinnitas.—Elegance is not a manly ornament.
Seneca. *Epist. 115.*

Non est
Piscis; homo est; hominem, Calliodore, voras.
—It is not fish, it is man; you are devouring man, Calliodorus. (The allusion is to the extravagant price paid for fish by Roman epicures, the price of a slave being less than that given sometimes for a fish.)
Martial. *Book 10, 31, 6.*

Non est princeps super leges, sed leges supra principem.—The prince is not above the laws, but the laws above the prince.
Pliny the Younger. *Paneg. Traj., 65.*

Non est remedium adversus sycophantæ morsum.—There is no remedy against the bite of a flatterer. **Pr.**

Non est tuum, fortuna quod fecit tuum.—What fortune has made yours is not yours.
Seneca. (*Quoted, in Ep. 8, as a verse from Publilius Syrus.*)

Non est ulla studiorum satietas.—There is no satiety in study.
Erasmus. *Colloquia.*

Non est vivere, sed valere, vita.—Life is not to be alive, but to be well.
Martial. *Epig., Book 6, 70, 15.*

Non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.—Mercury is not carved out of every kind of wood.
Apuleius. *Said to be taken from Pythagoras.*

Non exercitus, neque thesauri, præsidia regni sunt, verum amici.—Truly not armies nor treasures are the safeguards of a kingdom, but friends. **Sallust.** *Jugurtha, 10.*

Non expedit omnia videre, omnia audire; multæ nos injuriæ transeant.—It is not well to see everything, to hear everything; let many causes of offence pass by us unnoticed.
Seneca. *De Ira, Book 3, 11.*

Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulixes.—Ulysses was not beautiful, but he was eloquent. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 2, 123.*

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat.
—He seeks not to produce smoke from light, but light from smoke.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 143.*

Non habet commercium cum virtute voluptas.—Pleasure has no commerce with virtue.
Cicero (*adapted*). *De Senectute, 12, 42.*

Non habet in nobis jam nova plaga locum.—There is no place now left in me for any fresh wound.
Ovid (*adapted*). *Ep. ex Pont., 2, 7, 42.*

Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistra
Proveniunt; neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat:
Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.
—This has not happened by human power, nor by the art of the master; nor, O Æneas, is it my hand which has cured you. God, more powerful, has done it, and restores you to achieve greater labours.
Virgil. *Æneid, 12, 427.*

Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ.—These things do not accord with humorous poetry.
Horace. *Odes, 3, 3, 69.*

Non hoc de nihilo est.—This does not spring out of nothing. **Pr.**

Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit.—The present time does not require for itself sights of that kind. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 37.*

Non hominis culpa sed ista loci.—The fault is not of the man but of the place.
Ovid. *Tristium, 5, 7, 60.*

Non id quod magnum est, pulchrum est, sed id quod pulchrum, magnum.—Not that which is great is beautiful, but that which is beautiful is great. **Pr.**

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.—Not inexperienced in wretchedness, I have learnt to succour the wretched.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 630.*

Non ille pro caris amicis,
Aut patria timidus perire.
—He was not afraid to die for friends whom he loved, or for his native land.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 9, 51.*

Non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in te ipso est. In pulmentaria quære
Sudando.
—Not in costly flavour is the greatest enjoyment, but in yourself. Seek an appetite by hard toil. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 2, 19.*

Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus.
—Marbles inscribed with public inscriptions do not constitute that by which the soul and the life of noble leaders are continued after their deaths. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 8, 13.*

Non injussa cano.—I do not sing unbidden.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 6, 9.*

Non intelligunt homines quam magnum vectigal sit parsimonia.—Men do not realise how great a revenue thrift is.
Cicero. *Paradoxa, 6, 3.*

Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.—You will bear no unwelcome presents to the little children. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 7, 17.*

Non justa causa est quo curratur celeriter.—A cause which is "rushed" is not a just one.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, iii. 1, 30.*

Non licet hominem esse sæpe ita ut vult, si res non sinit.—A man cannot often be what he wishes, unless circumstances permit.
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, iv. 1, 53.*

Non licet in bello bis errare.—It is not allowed a man to err twice in war. **Pr.**

Non liquet.—It is not clear; it is not proven.
Cicero. *Pro Cluentio, 28, 76* (*also Quintilian: Institut., 3, 6, 12*).

Non magni pendis, quia contigit.—You do not value it at a high price, because it has happened. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 4, 93.*

Non magnum est Hierosolymis fuisse, sed bene vixisse magnum est.—It is not a great thing to have been to Jerusalem, but to have lived well is a great thing.
Erasmus. *De Colloquiorum Utilitate.* (*Quoted as a saying of St. Jerome.*)

Non mala nulla meretrix est.—There is no immoral woman who is not bad.
Plautus. *Miles Gloriosus, iii. 3, 21.*

Non me pudet fateri nescire quod nesciam.—I am not ashamed to confess that I am ignorant of what I do not know.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 1, 25, 60.*

Non me, quicunque es, inulto
Victor, nec longum lætabere: te quoque fata
Prospectant paria.
—O vanquisher, whosoever thou art, not long shalt thou exult, nor shall I be unavenged: thee also a like fate awaits.
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 739.*

Non mihi mille placent; non sum desultor amoris.—A thousand girls do not charm me; I am no inconstant person in love.
Ovid. *Amorum, 1, 3, 15.*

Non mihi sapit qui sermone, sed qui factis sapit.—He is not wise to me who is wise in words only, but he who is wise in deeds.
Gregory. *Agrigent.*

Non mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, omnes scelerum comprendere formas,
Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina possim.
—Not if I had a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, and a voice of iron, could I express all the forms of crime or run through all the names of its punishments.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 625.* (*See also Virgil, Georgics, 2, 43.*)

Non minus sæpe fortuna in nos incurrit, quam nos in illam.—Fortune comes to meet us, not less often than we go to meet her.
Seneca. *Ep. 37.*

Non multa, sed multum.—Not many things, but much. **Pr.**

Non nobis, Domine, non nobis.—Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us.
Vulgate. *Ps. 115, 1.*

Non nobis solum nati sumus.—We are not born for ourselves alone. **Cicero** (*adapted*).[*]

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.—It is not for us to settle such great disputes between you. **Virgil.** *Ecl., 3, 108.*

Non nunc agitur de vectigalibus, non de sociorum injuriis; libertas et anima nostra in dubio est.—It is not now a question of taxes, nor of injuries to our allies; our liberties and our lives are in danger.
Sallust. *Catilina, 52.*

Non oculi tacuere tui.—Your eyes were not silent. **Ovid.** *Amorum, 2, 5, 17.*

Non olet?—Does it not betray itself by its smell. **Cicero.** *Orator, 45, 154.*

Non omnes arbusta juvant.—Trees do not delight all persons. **Virgil.** *Ecl., 4, 2.*

Non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.—All do not admire and love the same things.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 58.*

Non omnia eadem æque omnibus suavia esse scito.—Know that the same things are not all sweet to all men alike. **Plautus.**

Non omnia possumus omnes.—We cannot all do all things.
Virgil. *Ecl., 8, 63.* (*Said to be taken from Macrobius, Sat. 6, 1, 35.*)

Non omnibus dormio.—I do not sleep to all.
Cicero. *Ep., Book 7, 24, 1.*

Non omnis error stultitia est dicendus.—Every error is not to be called folly. **Pr.**

Non omnis fert omnia tellus.—Every land does not produce everything. **Pr.**

Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam.
—I shall not altogether die; a great part of me will escape Libitina (death).
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 30, 6.*

Non opibus mentes hominum curæque levantur.—The minds of men and their cares are not lightened by riches.
Tiberius. *3, 3, 11.*

Non opus est magnis placido lectore poetis;
Quamlibet invitum difficilemque tenent.
—To great poets there is no need of a gentle reader; they hold him captive, however unwilling and unmanageable.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 3, 4, 9.*

Non placet quem scurræ laudant, manipulares mussitant.—He does not please me whom the dandies praise and at whom the common soldiers mutter.
Plautus. *Truc., ii. 6, 10.*

Non plus aurum tibi quam monedulæ committebant.—They no more entrusted gold to you than to a jackdaw.
Cicero. *Pro L. Flacco, 31.*

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[*] *See* "Non sibi sed patriæ," p. 600*b*.

Non posse bene geri rempublicam multorum imperiis.—Under the commands of many it is not possible for the commonwealth to be well administered. **Cornelius Nepos.**

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum ; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque leto flagitium timet.
—You will not rightly call him a happy man who possesses much ; he more rightly earns the name of happy who is skilled in wisely using the gifts of the gods, and in suffering hard poverty, and who fears disgrace as worse than death. **Horace.** *Odes 9, Book 4, 9, 45.*

Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.
—I cannot bear, O Roman citizens, to see the city (of Rome) made Grecian.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 60.*

Non potest severus esse in judicando, qui alios in se severos esse non vult.—He cannot be strict in judging, who does not wish others to be strict in judging him.
Cicero (*adapted*). *Imp. Pomp., 13, 38.*

Non potui fato nobiliore mori.—I could not die by a nobler fate.
Martial. *Epig., Book 11, 70, 12.*

Non progredi est regredi.—Not to advance is to go back. **Pr.**

Non pronuba Juno
Non Hymenæus adest, non illo Gratia lecto ;
Eumenides stravere torum.
—Juno presiding over marriage was not present, nor Hymen (god of marriage), nor any of the Graces at that bed ; the Eumenides (the Furies) strewed that wedding couch.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 6, lines 428–9 and 431.*

Non pudeat dicere, quod non pudet sentire.—Do not be ashamed to say what you are not ashamed to think. **Anon.**
Quoted by Montaigne, Book 3, ch. 5.

Non purgat peccata qui negat.—He does not cleanse himself of his sins who denies them. **Pr.**

Non quam diu, sed quam bene vixeris refert.—It matters not how long you have lived, but how well.* **Seneca** (*adapted*).
Ep., 101, fin., and Ep., 77, fin.

Non quare et unde ; quid habeas, tantum rogant.—They do not ask wherefore or whence, but only what you have.†
Seneca. *Ep., 115, 50 (quoted from an older source).*

Non qui soletur, non qui labentia tarde
Tempora narrando fallat, amicus adest.
—There is no friend at hand to console me, none who with conversation will beguile the slowly passing time. **Ovid.** *Trist., 3, 3, 11.*

Non quia tu dignus sed quia mitis ego.—Not because you were worthy, but because I was indulgent. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 6, 148.*

Non refert quam multos sed quam bonos libros habeas.—It does not matter how many books you have, but how good the books are which you have. **Seneca.** *Ep., 45.*

Non rete accipitri tenditur, neque milvio,
Qui male faciunt nobis : illis qui nil faciunt tenditur.
—The net is not spread for the hawk or the kite, which do us injury ; it is spread for those (birds) which do us none.
Terence. *Phormio, ii. 1, 16.*

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata ; dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunto.
—It is not enough that poems be pretty ; they must be sweet, and move at will the mind of the hearer. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 99.*

Non satis feliciter solere procedere quæ oculis agas alienis.—That business is apt not to proceed well which you do with the eyes of others. **Livy.**

Non scholæ, sed vitæ discimus.—We learn not in the school, but in life.
Seneca. *Ep. 106.*

Non scribit, cujus carmina nemo legit.—He is not a writer whose poems no one reads.
Martial.

Non semper ea sunt, quæ videntur ; decipit
Frons prima multos : rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo.
—Things are not always what they seem ; the first appearance deceives many ; the intelligence of few perceives what has been carefully hidden in the recesses of the mind.
Phædrus. *Book 4, Prol. 5.*

Non semper erit æstas.—It will not always be summer. *Tr. of* **Hesiod.**

Non semper erunt Saturnalia.—The Saturnalia will not last for ever. **Pr.**

Non sequitur.—It does not follow.

Non sibi sed patriæ.—Not for himself but for his country. **Cicero.** *De Fin., 2, 14, 45.*

Non sit tibi curæ de magni nominis umbra.—Do not concern yourself with anxiety for the shadow of a great name.
Thomas Kempis. *De Imit. Christi, 24, 2.*

Non sine pulvere.—Not without dust (*i.e.* not without trouble). *Bengel uses this expression in referring to the parable of the lost piece of silver.**

Non solent quæ abundant vitiare scripturas.—Redundancy does not invalidate deeds.
Law.

Non solum manus, sed etiam mentes puras habere.—To have not only clean hands, but also clean minds.
Valerius Maximus. *Book 7, 2, Ext. 8.*†

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* *See* "Quomodo fabula," p. 642*a*.

† *See* "Unde habeas," p. 675*a*, *and* "Rem facias," 644*b*.

* *See* Horace, *Epist.*, Book 1, 1, 51.

† Given as a saying of Thales. *See* "Illotis pedibus," p. 549*b*.

Non solum natura sed etiam legibus populorum constitutum est, ut non liceat sui commodi causa nocere alteri.—It is not only ordained by the law of nature but also by the law of nations that a man may not injure another to benefit himself.
Cicero (*abbreviated*). *De Officiis, Book 3, 5, 23.*

Non sum qualis eram, bonæ
Sub regno Cinaræ.
—I am not what I formerly was, when the good Cinara was my queen.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 1, 3.*

Non sum uni angulo natus; patria mea totus hic est mundus.—I am not born for one corner; the whole world is my native land.
Seneca. *Ep., 28.*

Non sunt amici qui degunt procul.—They are not friends who dwell far away. **Pr.**

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.
—Not such help as that, nor such defenders as those, does the time stand in need of.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 521.*

Non tam commutandarum, quam evertendarum rerum cupidi.—Longing not so much to change things as to overturn them.
Cicero. *De Officiis, 2, 1.*

Non tam ovum ovo simile.—One egg is not so much like to another. **Pr.**

Non tam portas intrare patentes
Quam fregisse juvat.—It does not delight him so much to enter open doors as to have forced them open.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 2, 444.*

Non tibi spiro.—I do not exist for you (*i.e.* I do not exist to please you).
Motto. *Used in Joachim Camerarius's "Symbola et Emblemata," Cent. 1, 93; also on title-page of Sir P. Sidney's "Arcadia"* (1590 *ed.*). *See "Vir bonus es"; also "Nec sibi."—Coleridge, "Aids to Reflexion," Vol. 1, p. 13* (*ed.* 1843), *has*: "Sis sus, sis Divus, sum caltha, et non tibi spiro." (Be you a pig or a God, I am marjoram, and do not breathe for you). *It is not known whether the line was originated or quoted by Coleridge.*

Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Di tibi formam,
Di tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.
—You were not made merely a body without soul. The gods entrusted beauty to you and wealth, and the capacity of enjoying it.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 4, 6.*

Non usitata, nec tenui ferar
Penna.
—Not on an accustomed, nor yet on a feeble wing shall I be borne.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 20, 1.*

Non ut diu vivamus curandum est, sed ut satis.—We ought not to care for living a long life, but for living a sufficient life. **Seneca.**

Non uti libet, sed uti licet, sic vivamus.—Not as it pleases us, but as it is right for us, so let us live. **Pr.**

Non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ.—Not to seek out words modulated to suit Latin lutes, but to learn thoroughly the measure and poetry of a true life.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 143.*

Non versiones sed eversiones.—Not versions but perversions.
St. Jerome (*of the versions of Scripture current in his day*).

Non vincitur sed vincit qui cedit suis.—He is not overcome but overcomes who yields to his own friends. **Publilius Syrus.**

Non vis esse iracundus? Ne sis curiosus. Qui inquirit quid in se dictum est, qui malignos sermones, etiam si secreto habiti sint, eruit, se ipse inquietat.—Do you wish not to be angry? Do not be inquisitive. He who asks what has been said about him, who digs out malicious talk, even if it has been private, disturbs his own peace. **Seneca.** *De Ira, Book 3, 11.*

Non zelus, sed charitas.—Not your good words but your charity. **Mediæval Pr.**

Nondum omnium dierum sol occidit.—The sun of all the days has not yet set. **Pr.**

Nonnullis solet nobilitas generis parere ignobilitatem mentis.—In some greatness of birth is apt to produce meanness of mind.
Gregory. *Dial.*

Nonumque prematur in annum.—Let it (what you have written) be kept back until the ninth year.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 388.*

Noris quam elegans formarum spectator fiem?—Have you not heard what a choice connoisseur in beauty I am become?
Terence. *Eunuchus, iii. 15, 18.*

Nos, animorum
Impulsu et cæca magnaque cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus.
—We, led by the impulse of our minds and by blind passion, desire marriage.
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 350.*

Nos duo turba sumus.—We two (Deucalion and Pyrrha, after the deluge) form a multitude. **Ovid.** *Metam., 1, 355.*

Nos fragili vastum ligno sulcavimus æquor.
—We have ploughed the vast ocean in a fragile bark. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 1, 14, 35.*

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.—We have known these things to be nothing.
Martial.

Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.—We form a mere cipher, and were born to consume the fruits of the earth.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 27.*

Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva.—We leave the boundaries of our native land and our beloved fields.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 1, 3.*

Nos populo damus.—We give ourselves to the people; we go with the crowd.
Seneca. *Ep. 99.**

Nosce tempus.—Know your time. **Pr.**

Noscitur a sociis.—He is known by his companions. **Pr.**

Nosse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis.—It is safety to young men to know all these things. **Terence.** *Eunuchus, v. 4, 18.*

Nosse velint omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.—All wish to know, but no one to pay the fee.
Juvenal. *Sat. 7, 157.*

Nostra nos sine comparatione delectant; nunquam erit felix quem torquebit felicior.—Our own things delight us if we do not make comparisons; he will never be a happy man whom it torments to see a happier. **Seneca.**

Nostra sine auxilio fugiunt bona. Carpite florem;
Qui, nisi carptus érit, turpiter ipse cadet.
—Our good fortune flees from us of its own accord. Pluck the flower, which if not plucked will itself droop in wretchedness.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 79.*

Nostri nosmet pœnitet.—We despise what belongs to us.† **Terence.** *Phormio, i. 3, 20.*

Noti magis quam nobiles sunt.—Known men are greater than mere noblemen.
Seneca. *De Ben., 3, 28.*

Novi ego hoc sæculum, moribus quibus siet.—I have known this age, and what its customs are. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, ii. 2, 6.*

Novi ego hominum mores.—I have known the manners of men.
Plautus. *Truculentus, i. 2.*

Novi ingenium mulierum; nolunt ubi velis; ubi nolis, cupiunt ultro.—I have known the disposition of women: when you wish a thing they are unwilling; when you are not desirous of anything they want it all the more.
Terence. *Eunuchus, iv. 7, 42.*

Novos amicos dum pares, veteres cole.—When you are forming new friendships cultivate the old. **Pr.**

Novum et ad hanc diem non auditum.—A new and, until this day, unheard-of thing.
Cicero.

Novus homo.—A new man (one who has risen). **Pr.**
(*Cicero: Ep., 5, 18; Sallust: Catilina, 23, etc.*)

Nox atra cavâ circumvolat umbrâ.—Black night flies round them with her hollow shade.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 360.*

Noxiæ pœna par esto.—Let the punishment be equal with the offence.
Cicero. *De Legibus, Book 3, 20.*

Nudaque veritas.—And naked truth.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 24.*

Nudo detrahere vestimenta me jubes.—You command me to strip a naked person.
Plautus. *Asinaria, i. 1, 78.*

Nudum pactum.—A naked agreement (*i.e.* a bare promise; a contract without *quid pro quo*). **Law.**

Nugis addere pondus.—To lend weight to trifles. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 19, 42.*

Nulla ætas ad perdiscendum est.—No age is given to learning thoroughly.
St. Ambrose.

Nulla autem reconciliare facilius benevolentiam multitudinis possunt ii, qui reipublicæ præsunt, quam abstinentia et continentia.—By nothing can those who are in authority over the commonwealth better conciliate the goodwill of the mob, than by abstinence and moderation. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, Book 2, 22.*

Nulla bona.—No effects; no goods. **Law.**

Nulla capitalior pestis quam voluptas corporis hominibus a natura data.—No more deadly pest has been given to men by nature, than sensual pleasure.
Cicero. *De Sen., 12, 39.*

Nulla dies abeat quin linea ducta supersit.—Let no day pass without some line being left behind it.
Proverbial verse *referring to the industry of the painter, Apelles.**

Nulla dies sine linea.—No day without a line. **Pr.** *Derived from the same.*

Nulla discordia major quam quæ a religione fit.—There is no disagreement greater than one which proceeds from religion.
Montanus. *In Micah.*

Nulla est sincera voluptas;
Sollicitique aliquid lætis intervenit.
—There is no unalloyed pleasure; some tinge of anxiety mingles with our joys.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 7, 453.*

Nulla est tam facilis res, quin difficilis siet
Quam invitus facias.
—There is nothing so easy but what seems to be difficult if you do it against your will.
Terence. *Heauton., iv. 6, 1.*

Nulla falsa doctrina est, quæ non permisceat aliquid veritatis.—There is no false teaching which has not some admixture of truth. **Pr.**

Nulla fere causa est in qua non femina litem
Moverit.—There is scarcely any action in which a woman has not been the cause of the quarrel. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 242.*

Nulla fides pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur.†—No faith and no honour is found in men who follow camps.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 10, 406.*

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* *See* "Nunquam volui" (p. 605*b*).

† Montaigne (Book 3, ch. 5) translates this, "We count our existence as an offence." (Nous estimons à vice nostre estre.)

* *See* Pliny, 35, 10, 36, sec., 83.

† In a preface to Erasmus's *Colloquia* (ed. 1631) John Clarke substitutes "Qui præla sequuntur"—*i.e.* "men who follow (or correct) the [printing] press."

Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erit.
—No trust is to be placed in colleagues in government, and every sort of authority will be impatient of a partner.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 1, 92.*

Nulla meis sine te quæretur gloria rebus,
Seu pacem, seu bella geram: tibi maxima rerum
Verborumque fides.
—Whether in peace or war, there shall be no glory to my deeds without thee; in thee both in deeds and words is placed my fullest confidence. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 278.*

Nulla placere diu, vel vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.
—No verses can please long, or live, which are written by water drinkers.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 19, 2.*

Nulla potentia supra leges esse debet.—No power ought to be above the laws.
Cicero. (*See "Pro Domo sua," 17, 43.*)

Nulla remedia tam faciunt dolorem quam quæ sunt salutaria.—No remedies cause so much pain as those which are efficacious.
Quoted by Francis Bacon in letter to Lord Henry Howard.

Nulla res tantum ad dicendum* profuit quantum scriptio.—Nothing is so helpful to speaking as writing down [what one desires to remember]. **Cicero.** *Brutus, 24, 92.*

Nulla reparabilis arte
Læsa pudicitia est.—By no art can chastity be repaired when once injured.
Ovid. *Heroides, 5, 103.*

Nulla salus bello; pacem te poscimus omnes.—There is no safety in war; we all entreat thee for peace.
Virgil. *Æneid, 11, 362.*

Nulla scabies scabiosior superstitione.—No itch is more infectious than superstition.
Jovian. *Pont. Ant. Dial.*

Nulla 'st voluptas navitis, Messenio,
Major, meo animo, quam quando ex alto procul
Terram conspiciunt.
—No pleasure that sailors have, Messenio, is greater, to my mind, than when from the sea they see the land afar.
Plautus. *Menæchmi, ii. 1, 1.*

Nulla servitus turpior est quam voluntaria. —No slavery is more disgraceful than voluntary slavery. **Seneca.** *Ep., 47.*

Nulla tam bona est fortuna, de qua nihil possis queri.—There is no fortune so good that you can find nothing to complain of in it.
Publilius Syrus.

Nulla venenato littera mixta joco est.—And not a letter of my writings is corrupted by a malignant jest. **Ovid.** *Trist., 2, 566.*

Nulla vitæ pars vacare officio potest.—No part of life can be free from duty.
Cicero. *De Off., Book 1, 2, 4.*

Nullæ sunt occultiores insidiæ quam eæ quæ latent in simulatione officii, aut in aliquo necessitudinis nomine.—There are no acts of treachery more deeply concealed than those which lie under the pretence of duty, or under some profession of necessity.
Cicero. *In Verr., Book 1, 15, 39.*

Nullam ætatem non decet religio.—There is no age which religion does not become.
Erasmus. *Colloquia, Pietas Puerilis.*

Nullam habent personarum rationem.—They have no regard for persons. **Cicero.**

Nullam rem citiorem apud homines esse, quam famam, reor.—I believe there is nothing amongst mankind swifter than rumour.
Plautus. *Fragm. From a play lost.*

Nullaque mortales præter sua littora norant. —And (when) mortals knew no shores beyond their own. **Ovid.** *Metam., 1, 96.*

Nulli certa domus.—To none of us is there any sure abode. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 673.*

Nulli desperandum, quam diu spirat.—No one is to be despaired of as long as he breathes. (While there is life there is hope.)
Erasmus. *Colloquia, Epicureus, fin.*

Nulli est homini perpetuum bonum.—No man has blessings which last for ever.
Plautus. *Curculio, Act i. 3, 33.*

Nulli nocendum.—No one should be injured.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 26, 1.*

Nulli jactantius mœrent quam qui maxime lætantur.—None mourn more ostentatiously than those who are rejoicing most.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 2, 77.*

Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam. —To no one will we deny justice, to no one will we delay it. **Magna Charta.**

Nulli non sua forma placet.—To no woman is her own personal appearance displeasing.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 64.*

Nulli secundus.—Second to none.
Livy, etc.

Nulli suis peccatis impediuntur quominus alterius peccata demonstrare possint.—None are prevented by their own faults from pointing out those of another. **Pr.**

Nulli tam feri affectus ut non disciplina perdomentur.—No inclinations are so fierce that they may not be subdued by discipline.
Pr.

Nulli te facias nimis sodalem;
Gaudebis minus et minus dolebis.
—Make yourself a boon companion to no one; you will have less pleasure, and less pain.
Martial. *Epig., Book 12, 34, 10.*

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* Sometimes misquoted "discendum," *i.e.* "learning" instead of "speaking."

Nulli ut displiceas, nullum invitare memento.[*]—That you may displease no one, take care to invite no one.
Pr. (*Erasmus, Colloquia, Poludaitia.*)

Nullis fraus tuta latebris.—Fraud is safe in no hiding place. **Camerarius.**

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
—Pledged to swear by the words of no particular master, I am brought, an unknown guest, whithersoever the tempest drives me.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 14.*

Nullius boni sine socio jucunda possessio.—A pleasant possession is of no good without a comrade. **Seneca.** *Ep. 6.*

Nullum a labore me reclinat otium :
Urget diem nox, et dies noctem.
—No period of rest releases me from my labour ; night presses upon day and day upon night. **Horace.** *Epodon, 17, 25.*

Nullum anarchia majus est malum.—There is no evil greater than anarchy. **Pr.**

Nullum est jam dictum, quid non dictum sit prius.—There is no saying now which has not been said before.
Terence. *Eunuchus, Prologue, 41.*

Nullum est malum majus quam non posse ferre malum.—There is no greater evil than not to be able to bear what is evil. **Pr.**

Nullum est sine nomine saxum.—There is no stone without its name.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 9, 973.*

Nullum imperium tutum nisi benevolentia munitum.—No government is safe unless buttressed by goodwill.
Cornelius Nepos. *Dion.*

Nullum intra se manet vitium.—No vice remains complete within itself (*i.e.* one vice leads to another). **Seneca.** *Epist., 95.*

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit.—There was never any great genius without an admixture of madness (quoted by Seneca as a saying of Aristotle).
Seneca. *De Tranquil. Animi, Book 1, 15.*

Nullum magnum malum quod extremum est.—No evil is great which is the last.
Cornelius Nepos.

Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia.—No divinity is absent if Prudence is present.
Proverb (*founded on* **Juvenal**, *Sat. 10, 365 ; see* " *Monstro* ").

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.—He touched nothing which he did not adorn.
Epitaph *by Dr. Johnson on Goldsmith.*

Nullum scelus rationem habet.—No crime is founded upon reason. **Livy.** *Book 28, 28.*

Nullum simile quatuor pedibus currit.—No simile (or resemblance) runs on all fours.
Proverb *quoted in Coke upon Littleton.*

Nullum sine auctoramento malum est.—There is no evil without its compensation.
Seneca. *Epist., 69.*

Nullum tam imprudens mendacium est ut teste careat.—There is no lie so reckless as to be unprovided with some voucher.
Pliny the Elder. *8, 22.*

Nullum tempus occurrit regi.—No period of time runs against the king (*i.e.* against the rights of the crown). **Law.**

Nullus commodum capere potest de injuria sua propria.—No person can take advantage of wrong committed by himself. **Law.**

Nullus dolor est quem non longinquitas temporis minuat ac molliat.—There is no grief which length of time does not diminish and soften. **Cicero.**[*]

Nullus tantus quæstus quam quod habes parcere.—There is no such gain as to be sparing with what you have. **Pr.**

Nullus unquam amator adeo 'st callide
Facundus, quæ in rem sint suam ut possit loqui.
—There was never a lover so cleverly eloquent as to be able to say what was for his own interest. **Plautus.** *Mercator, Prol., 35.*

Num vobis tinniebant aures ?—Did not your ears tingle ? **Plautus.**

Nunc animis opus, Ænea, nunc pectore firmo.—Now, Æneas, there is need of valour, and of a stout heart. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 261.*

Nunc aut nunquam.—Now or never. **Pr.**

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine.—Now, O Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart.
Vulgate. *St. Luke 2, 29.*

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus.
—Now is the time for drinking, and now with sportive foot to beat the earth.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 37, 1.*

Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissmus annus.—Now (in Spring) the woods are in leaf, now the year is in its greatest beauty.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 3, 57.*[†]

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala ; sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.
—Now we suffer the ills of a long peace ; luxury more cruel than warfare has overshadowed us, and avenges a conquered world.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 292.*

Nunc prece, nunc dictis virtutem accendit amaris.—Now with entreaty, and now with bitter words, he inflames their valour.
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 368.*

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[*] A hexameter line, but apparently original and not a quotation.

[*] *See De Fin.*, Book 1, 12, 40.

[†] *See* " Formosissimus annus " (p. 534a).

Nunc scio quid sit amor.—Now I know what love is. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 8, 43.*

Nunquam ad liquidum fama perducitur.—Report can never be brought to state things with precision. **Pr.**

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.—Nature never says one thing, and wisdom another. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 14, 321.**

Nunquam erit alienis gravis, qui suis se concinnat levem.—He will never be dull to strangers who joins in sport with his own family. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, iii. 2, 58.*

Nunquam est fidelis cum potente societas.—Companionship with a powerful person is never to be trusted.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 5, 1.*

Nunquam igitur satis laudari digne poterit philosophia, cui qui pareat, omne tempus ætatis sine molestia possit degere.—Never therefore can philosophy be worthily praised, for he who obeys her can pass every portion of his life free from trouble.
Cicero. *De Senectute, 1.*

Nunquam in vita fuit mihi melius.—Never in my life were things better with me.
Plautus.

Nunquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, ætas, usus, semper aliquid apportet novi,
Aliquid moneat.
—Never had anyone so correct an estimate of life but that circumstances, time and experience ever bring him something new, and ever instruct him. **Terence.** *Adelphi, v. 4, 1.*

Nunquam naturam mos vinceret; est enim ea semper invicta.—Never can custom conquer nature; for she is ever unconquered.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 5, 27.*

Nunquam nimis curare possunt suum parentem filiæ.—Daughters can never take too much care of their father. **Plautus.**

Nunquam nimis dicitur, quod nunquam satis discitur.—That is never said too often which is never learnt sufficiently. **Seneca.**

Nunquam periclum sine periclo vincitur.—A danger is never overcome without danger.
Publilius Syrus.

Nunquam potest non esse virtuti locus.—There can never be want of room for virtue.
Seneca.

Nunquam præponens se aliis; ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem, et amicos pares.
—Never preferring himself to others; thus very readily you may find praise without envy, and friends to your taste.
Terence. *Andria, i. 1, 38.*

Nunquam se minus otiosum esse quam cum otiosus; nec minus solum quam cum solus esset.—That he was never less at leisure than when at leisure; nor that he was ever less alone than when alone.*
Cicero. *De Off., Book 3, 1. (Quoted by Cicero as a saying of Scipio Africanus.)*

Nunquam sunt grati qui nocuere sales.—Witticisms which hurt are never welcome.
Pr.

Nunquam tu odio tuo me vinces.—You shall never vanquish me by your hatred.
Terence. *Phormio, v. 6, 9.*

Nunquam tuta fides.—Confidence is never safe. (Sometimes given: "Nusquam tuta fides."—Nowhere is confidence safe.)
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 373.*

Nunquam vidi vultum minus nuptialem.—Never have I seen a less marriage-like face.
Erasmus. *Gamos.*

Nunquam volui populo placere.—I have never desired to please the people.
Seneca. *Ep., 29.*

Nunquid vitæ mimum commode peregisset?—Whether he had not well played his part in the comedy of life?
Augustus Cæsar's question on his deathbed.

Nuper idoneus.—Formerly fit.
Horace. *Odes, 3, 26, 1.*

Nusquam enim est, qui ubiqué est.—For he is nowhere who is everywhere.
Seneca. *Ep., 2.*

Nusquam nec opera sine emolumento, nec emolumentum ferme sine impensa opera est.—Never is there either work without reward, nor reward without work being expended.
Livy. *Hist., 5, 4.*

Nutrimentum spiritus.—Food for the soul.
Inscription *on Berlin State Library.*

Nutrit pax Cererem, pacis amica Ceres.—Peace maintains Ceres, Ceres is the friend of peace. **Ovid.** *Fast., 1, 704.*

Nutritur vento, vento restinguitur ignis;
Lenis alit flammam, grandior aura necat.
—Fire is fed by the wind and put out by the wind; a gentle breeze gives life to the flames, a stronger destroys them.
Ovid. *Remed. Am., 807.*

O beata sanitas! te præsente amœnum
Ver floret gratiis; absque te nemo beatus.

—O blessed health! with thee the pleasant spring blooms in its beauty; without thee no one is happy. **Anon.**

O beata solitudo! O sola beatitudo.—O blessed solitude! O sole blessedness.
Cornelius Muys (1503–1572), *Solitudo (Antwerp,* 1566). *(See "Beata æternitas.")*

O cæca nocentum
Consilia! O semper timidum scelus!
—O blind counsels of the guilty! O vice, ever cowardly!
Statius. *Thebaidos, Book 2, 489.*

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* "The faultless proprieties of Nature."—*Milton; Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce. Pref.*

* *See* Byron, *Childe Harold*, c. 3, st. 90 (p. 55*a*).

O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum;
Virtus post nummos.
—O citizens, citizens, money is the foremost thing to seek; cash first and virtue afterwards.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 53.*

O Corydon, Corydon, secretum divitis ullum
Esse putas? Servi ut taceant, jumenta loquuntur,
Et canis, et postes, et marmora.
—O Corydon, Corydon, do you suppose that anything appertaining to a wealthy man can be kept secret? If his servants should keep silence, his beasts of burden, his dog, his gates, and his marbles speak. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 9, 102.*

O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!—O human cares! Oh what emptiness there is in the affairs of men!
Persius. *Sat. 1, 1.*

O curvae in terris animæ et cælestium inanes!—O souls, bent down to earth, and void of heavenly things.
Persius. *Sat. 2, 61.*

O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo.—O happy day, and one to be marked for me with the whitest of chalk.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 6, 11.*

O dominus dives, non omni tempore vives;
Fac bona dum vivis, post mortem vivere si vis.
—O rich lord, thou livest not for all time; do good whilst thou livest if thou wishest to live after death.
Mediæval Inscription. *Tamworth Church.**

O faciles dare summa Deos, eademque tueri
Difficiles.
—Oh, how willing the Gods are in giving the highest blessings, and how unwilling in preserving them to us!
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 1, 506.*

O fallacem hominum spem!—Oh, how deceitful is the hope of men! **Cicero.**

O fama ingens, ingentior armis.—Great by report, greater in deeds.
Virgil. *Æneid, 11, 124.*

O famuli turpes, servum pecus!—O base servants, O servile herd!
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 6, 150.*

O felix hominum genus
Si vestros animos amor, quo cœlum regitur, regat!
—O happy race of men, if love, by which heaven is ruled, rule your minds.
Boethius. *De Consolatione, Book 2, metre 8.*

O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori.—O beautiful boy, do not trust too much to outward complexion.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 2, 17.*

O fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas;
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.
—O brave men, and sufferers often with me of worse things, dispel now your cares in wine; to-morrow we will journey upon the vast sea.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 7, 31.*

O fortuna, viris invida fortibus,
Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis!
—O fortune, ill-natured to men of capacity, how unequally for those who are good do you divide your rewards!
Seneca. *Herc. Furens, ii. 524.*

O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam.
—O fortunate Rome, born when I was Consul (a line ridiculed for its presumption and its cacophony).
Cicero (*quoted by Juvenal, Sat. 10, 122*).

O fortunate adolescens, qui tuæ virtutis Homerum præconem inveneris.—O fortunate youth, who hast found a publisher of thy valour in Homer.
Alexander the Great *at Achilles' tomb.* (*Traditional.*)

O fortunati mercatores! gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore;
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
Militia est potior.
—O happy merchants! says the soldier heavy with years, and his limbs bent with much toil; on the other hand the merchant, with his ship dashed about by the stormy winds, declares that military service is preferable to his lot. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 1, 4.*

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas!
—O how happy beyond measure would be the husbandmen if they knew their own good fortune. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 2, 458.*

O gens
Infelix! cui te exitio fortuna reservat?
—O unhappy race! For what destruction has fortune reserved you?
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 624.*

O hebetudo et duritia cordis humani, quod solum præsentia meditatur, et futura non magis prævidet!—Oh the dulness and hardness of the human heart which only considers present things, and does not look forward to futurity. **Thomas Kempis.** *De Imit. Christi, Book 1, 23, 1.*

O homines, ad servitutem paratos!—O men, made for slavery! (A saying of Tiberius.)
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 3, 65.*

O hominis impudentem audaciam!—O the shameless audacity of man!
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, ii. 3, 72.*

O imitatores, servum pecus!—O imitators, servile herd! **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 19, 19.*

O longum memoranda dies!—O day, long to be remembered!
Statius. *Sylvarum, Book 1, 13.*

O magna vis veritatis, quæ contra hominum ingenium, calliditatem, sollertiam, contraque fictas omnium insidias, facile se per se ipsam defendat!—O, mighty power of truth, which can easily defend itself by itself against the

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* The second line (with "bene" for "bona") is prefixed to *The Relief* (Lambeth MS., No. 853), *c.* 1450.

skill, the craft, the ingenuity of men, and against all treacherous inventions !

Cicero. *Pro M. Coelio, 26.*

O major tandem, parcas, insane, minori !—O greater madman, pray have mercy upon a lesser one !

Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 326.*

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior.—O more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother.

Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 16, 1.*

O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos !—O that Jupiter would give back to me the years that are past !

Virgil. *Æneid, 8, 560.*

O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores !
—O how peacefully then shall my bones rest, if your reed shall make music of my loves !

Virgil. *Eclogues, 10, 33.*

O miseras hominum mentes !
O pectora cæca !
—Oh, how wretched are the minds of men, how blind their hearts !

Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., Book 2, 14.*

O miseri, quorum gaudia crimen habent !—O wretched men, whose joys are mixed with crime !

Pseudo-Gallus.

O munera nondum
Intellecta Deum.
—O gifts of the gods, not yet understood.

Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 5, 525.*

O nimium faciles ! O toto pectore captæ !—O too credulous people ! O people utterly possessed !

Ovid. *Fast., Book 6, 509.*

O nimium, nimiumque oblite tuorum !—O too, too forgetful of your own kin.

Ovid. *Heroides, 1, 41.*

O noctes, cœnæque Deum !—O nights and banquets of the gods !

Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 6, 65.*

O nomen dulce libertatis !—O sweet name of liberty !

Cicero. *In Verrem, Book 5, 63, 162.*

O passi graviora !—O ye who have suffered greater woes.

Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 199.*

O præclarum diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum consilium cœtumque proficiscar, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione discedam !—O greatest of days, when I shall hasten to that divine assembly and gathering of souls, and when I shall depart from this crowd and rabble of life !

Cicero. *De Senectute, 23, 85.*

O pudor ! O pietas !—Oh modesty ! O piety !

Martial.

O qualis facies et quali digna tabella !—O what a face, and of what a picture would it be a worthy subject !

Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 157.* (*Spoken contemptuously.*)

O quam cito transit gloria mundi !—O how quickly passes away the glory of the world !

Thomas Kempis. *De Imit. Christi, Book 1, 3, 6.*

O quam contempta res est homo nisi supra humana se erexerit.—O how contemptible a thing is man unless he can raise himself above what is human.

Seneca. *Nat. Quæst., Book 1, Pref.**

O quanta species cerebrum non habet !—O that such an imposing appearance should have no brain !

Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 7, 2.* (*Remark of the Fox on finding a tragic mask.*)

O, quid solutis est beatius curis !—Oh, what more blissful than cares set at rest !

Catullus. *31, 7.*

O rabies miseranda ducis !—O wretched madness of the leader !

Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 2, 546.*

O rus, quando te aspiciam ? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ !
—O country, when shall I see thee ? When will be allowed me to enjoy the sweet forgetfulness of life's anxieties, either with the books of the old writers, or with sleep and idle hours !

Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 6, 60.*

O sacer, et magnus vatum labor ! Omnia fato
Eripis, et populis donas mortalibus ævum.
—O sacred and great achievement of the poets ! You wrest all things from fate, and give lasting existence to mortal people.

Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 9, 980.*

O sancta simplicitas !—O holy simplicity.

John Huss. *At the stake, 1415.*

O, si sic omnia !—Oh, if all things were thus ! *or* Oh, if all things had thus been done !

O, si tacuisses ! philosophus mansisses.—O, if you had been silent ! you would have remained then a philosopher.

Founded on Boëthius. 2, 7.

O suavis anima, quale in te dicam bonum
Ante hac fuisse ; tales cum sint reliquiæ !
—O sweet essence ! How good, I should say, were your former contents, when the remains of them smell so delicious ! (The Ass to the empty Wine-jar.)

Phædrus. *Fab., 3, 1, 5.*

O tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis !
Sed terra graviora manent.
—O thou who hast at length escaped from the great dangers of the sea ! Yet greater dangers remain for you by land.

Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 84.*

O tempora ! O mores !—O times ! O manners !

Cicero. *In Catilinam, Book 1, 1.*

O vitæ philosophia dux ! O virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum ! Quid non modo nos, sed omnino vita hominum sine te esse potuisset ? Tu urbes peperisti ; tu dis-

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* *See* p. 105*b*, *note.*

sipatos homines in societatem vitæ convocasti.—O philosophy, life's guide! O searcher-out of virtue and expeller of vices! What could we and every age of men have been without thee? Thou hast produced cities; thou hast called men scattered about into the social enjoyment of life.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 5, 2, 5.*

O vitam misero longam, felici brevem!—O how long life is to the wretched, how short to the fortunate. **Publilius Syrus.**

Obiter cantare.—To sing by the way.

Obiter dicta.—Remarks by the way.

Objurgari in calamitate gravius est quam calamitas.—To be rebuked in disaster is worse than the disaster. **Publilius Syrus.**

Oblatam occasionem tene.—Seize an opportunity when it is offered. **Cicero.**

Obrepsit non intellecta senectus,
Nec revocares potes, qui periere, dies.
—Old age has crept upon us unperceived, nor can you call back the days that have passed.
Ausonius. *Epig., 13, 3.*

Obruat illud male partum, male retentum, male gestum imperium. — May that ill-begotten, ill-retained, and ill-administered government fall to pieces. **Cicero.** (?)

Obscuris vera involvens.—Entangling truth with obscurity. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 100.*

Obscurum per obscurius. — Something obscure (explained) by something more obscure.* **Pr.**

Obsecro, tuum est? vetus crediderам.—Really, is it yours? I had supposed it was something old.
Pr. *Addressed to a plagiarist.*

Obsequio vinces.—By deference you shall prevail.
Quoted by Burton, Anat. Melan., 1621.

Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.—Deference to others obtains friends, truth brings hatred. **Terence.** *Andria, 1, 1, 41.*

Observantior æqui
Fit populus, nec ferre vetat, cum viderit ipsum
Auctorem parere sibi.
—The people become more subservient to justice, nor do they refuse to obey, when they see the author of a law obeying it himself.
Claudian. *Cons. Honorii, 4, 297.*

Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.—I was astounded, my hair stood on end, and my voice stuck in my throat.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 774, and 3, 48.*

Obtrectatio et livor pronis auribus accipiuntur.—Detraction and spite are received with eager ears.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 1.*

Occasionem cognosce.—Recognise your opportunity.* **Pr.**

Occicissimus sum omnium qui vivunt.—Of all men living I am the most completely beaten down. **Plautus.** *Casina, iii. 5, 53.*

Occidis sæpe rogando.—You slay me with frequent asking. **Horace.** *Epodon, 14, 5.*

Occidit, occidit
Spes omnis, et fortuna nostri
Nominis, Asdrubale interempto.
—It falls, all hope falls, and the fortune of our name, Asdrubal being killed.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 4.*

Occultare morbum funestum.—To hide disease is fatal. **Pr.**

Occupet extremum scabies!—Plague seize the hindmost!
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 417.*

Oceani fluctus me numerare jubes.—You bid me to number the waves of the ocean.
Martial. *Epig., Book 6, 34, 2.*

Oculi, tanquam speculatores, altissimum locum obtinent.—The eyes, like sentinels, hold the highest place in the body.
Cicero. *De Nat. Decorum, Book 2, 56.*

Oculus dexter mihi salit.—My right eye is twitching (a sign of the approach of some person desired or expected). **Pr.**

Oderint dum metuant.†—Let them hate as long as they fear.
Cicero. *Pro Sextio, 48, and Philippic 1, 14;* **Seneca.** *De Ira, Book 1, 16, and De Clementia, Book 1, 12, and Book 2, 2.*

Odero, si potero: si non, invitus amabo.—If I can I will hate; if not I will unwillingly love. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 3, 11, 35.*

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gravumque remissi.
—The sad hate the merry man; the merry hate the sad man; the swift hate the slow; and the inactive hate the brisk and energetic.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 89.*

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.—The good hate to sin through love of virtue.
Horace. *Ep., 1, 16, 52.*

Odi ego aurum; multa multis sæpe suasit perperam.—I hate gold; it has persuaded many men in many matters to do evil.
Plautus. *Capteivei, ii. 2, 78.*

Odi et amo. Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.
—I hate and I love. Why do I do so, you perhaps ask. I cannot say; but I feel it to be so, and I am tormented accordingly.
Catullus. *Carmen, 85.*

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* *See* Burke, *Impeachment of Warren Hastings*, May 5, 1789, p. 43*a*.

* *See* "Nosce," p. 602*a*; *also* "Oblatam occasionem," p. 608*a*.

† Quoted by Cicero as an ancient saying; and denounced by Seneca as a vile, detestable, and deadly sentiment. It is from *Atreus*, a tragedy by Accius (B.C. 170–104).

Odi memorem compotorem.—I hate a boon companion who has a memory.
*Translated from the Greek.**

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
Favete linguis.†
—I hate the uncultivated crowd and keep them at a distance. Favour me by your tongues (keeping silence).
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 1.*

Odia in longum jaciens, quæ reconderet, auctaque promeret.—In planting hatreds of long duration in his mind, that he might store them up, and produce them grown by keeping.
Tacitus. *Annals, 1, 69.*

Odia qui nimium timet,
Regnare nescit.
—He who fears odium over much, does not know how to rule.
Seneca. *Œdipus, iii. 703.*

Odimus accipitrem quia semper vivit in armis.—We hate the hawk because he always lives in arms.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 2, 147.*

Odiosas res sæpe, quas argumentis dilui non facile est, joco, risuque dissolvit.—He often disposes of disagreeable matters, which it is not easy to deal with by arguments, by means of joking and mirth.
Cicero. *De Oratore, 2, 58.*

Odium effugere est triumphare.—To escape hatred is to triumph. **Pr.**

Odium theologicum.—Theological rancour. **Pr.**

Odora canum vis.—The keen-scented power of dogs. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 132.*

Ohe!
Jam satis est.
—Ho there! there is now enough.
Horace, *Sat., Book 1, 5, 12;* **Martial,** *Epig., Book 4, 91, 1;* **Plautus,** *etc.*

Olet lucernam.—It smells of the lamp. **Pr.**‡

Oleum adde camino.—To add fuel to the fire. (Proverbial expression.)
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 321.*

Oleum et operam perdidi.—I have lost both my oil and my work (*i.e.* both time and trouble).
Plautus (*Pœnulus, i. 2, 120; and Casina, ii. 3, 33*); **Cicero,** *etc.* (*Proverbial expression.*)

Olla male fervet.—The pot boils badly (*i.e.* things do not go favourably).
Pr. *Petronius, 38, 13.*

Ollæ amicitia.—Pot friendship; cupboard love. **Pr.**

Omina sunt aliquid.—Omens are (*i.e.* mean) something. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 12, 3.*

Omissis jocis.—Joking set aside.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep. 1, 21.*

Omne actum ab agentis intentione judicandum.—Every deed is to be judged by the doer's intention. **Law.**

Omne ævum curæ; cunctis sua displicet ætas.—Cares possess every age; their own age is distasteful to all. **Ausonius.**

Omne animal seipsum diligere.—Every animal loves itself.
Cicero. *De Finibus, Book 5, 10.*

Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur.
—Every vice of the mind possesses so much more glaring guilt according to the rank of the person who offends.*
Juvenal. *Sat. 8, 140.*

Omne corpus mutabile est; . . . ita efficitur ut omne corpus mortale sit.—All bodies are subject to change; so it comes to pass that each body is mortal.
Cicero. *De Nat. Deorum, Book 3, 12.*

Omne crimen ebrietas et incendit, et detegit.—Drunkenness both aggravates every crime and makes it more clearly a crime.
Coke *on Littleton. Inst., Book 3, Sec. 405.*

Omne ignotum pro magnifico est.—Everything which is unknown is taken for magnificent. **Tacitus.** *Agricola, 29.*

Omne malum nascens facile opprimitur: inveteratum fit plerumque robustius.—Every evil thing is easily stifled at its birth; allowed to become old it generally becomes too powerful. **Cicero.** *Philippics, Bk. 5, 11.*

Omne nimium vertitur in vitium.—All excess turns into vice. **Pr.**

Omne pulchrum amabile.—Everything beautiful is lovable. **Pr.**

Omne rarum carum, vilescit quotidianum.—All that is rare is dear, that which is everyday is cheap. **Pr.**

Omne solum forti patria est.—To a brave man every land is a native land.
Ovid. *Fast., 1, 493.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
—He obtains universal approval who has mingled what is useful with what is pleasant, by delighting and at the same time admonishing the reader. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 343.*

Omne vitium in proclivi est.—Every vice is downward in tendency. **Pr.**†

Omne vovemus
Hoc tibi; ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta.
—I dedicate all this to you, that my book may not be without so great a name (as yours).
Tibullus. *Book 4, 1, 26.*

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* *See* page 474*b*.

† "Favete linguis" is an expression also found in Cicero, Ovid, etc.

‡ *See* pp. 452*a* and 474*b*.

* *See* "Quanto splendoris," p. 630*b*.

† "Non pronum iter est ad vitia, sed præceps." (The road to vices is not only smooth, but steep.)—*Seneca*, Ep. 97.

Omnes amicos habere operosum est; satis est inimicos non habere.—It is a difficult task to have all men for your friends; it is sufficient not to have enemies. **Seneca.**

Omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.—All the arts appertaining to man have a certain common bond, and are as it were connected by a sort of relationship.
Cicero. *Pro Archia, 1.*

Omnes autem et habentur et dicuntur tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetua, in ea civitate quæ libertate usa est.—For all men are esteemed and declared tyrants who secure permanent power in a State which has enjoyed liberty. **Cornelius Nepos.**

Omnes composui.—I have settled them all (in their funeral urns).
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 9, 28.*

Omnes, cum secundæ res sunt maximæ, tum maxime
Meditari secum oportet, quo pacto adversam ærumnam ferant.
—All men, when prosperity is at its height, ought then chiefly to consider within themselves in what way they shall endure disaster.*
Terence. *Phormio, i. 5, 11.*

Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exsilium impositura cymbæ.
—We are all compelled by the same force; the lot is cast into the urn, sooner or later to be drawn forth, to send us to the boat of Charon for our eternal exile.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 3, 25.*

Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.—All these fear verses and hate poets.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 33.*

Omnes homines, qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, amicitia, ira, atque misericordia vacuos esse decet.—It becomes all men who are engaged in settling difficult questions to be devoid of hatred, of friendship, of anger, and of soft-heartedness.
Sallust. *Catilina, 51, 1.* (*From Cæsar's Oration.*)

Omnes in malorum mari navigamus.—We are all embarked on a sea of troubles. **Pr.**

Omnes pari sorte nascimur, sola virtute distinguimur.—We are all born equal, and are distinguished alone by virtue. **Pr.**

Omnes, quibu' res sunt minu' secundæ, magi' sunt, nescio quo modo
Suspiciosi: ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis:
Propter suam impotentiam se semper credunt negligi.
—All men in less prosperous circumstances are by some means, I know not how, suspicious: they take all things more readily as of the nature of an insult; and believe that they are always being neglected on account of their helplessness.
Terence. *Adelphi, iv. 3, 14.*

Omnes sapientes decet conferre et fabulari.—It becomes all wise men to confer and hold converse.
Plautus. *Rudens, ii. 3, 8.*

Omnes sibi malle melius esse, quam alteri.—We all wish things to go better with ourselves than with someone else.
Terence. *Andria, ii. 5, 16.*

Omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via leti.
—One night is awaiting us all, and the way of death must be trodden once.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 28, 15.*

Omni ætati mors est communis.—Death is common to every age. **Cicero.**

Omni autem in re consensio omnium gentium lex naturæ putanda est.—But in every matter the consensus of opinion among all nations is to be regarded as the law of nature. **Cicero.** *Tusc. Quæst., 1, 13, 30.**

Omni malo punico inest granum putre.—In every pomegranate there is a rotten pip. **Pr.**

Omnia appetunt bonum.—All things seek after [their own] good.
Pr. *Quoted, Anat. Melan., 1621.*

Omnia autem probate: quod bonum est tenete.—But prove all things: hold that which is good. **Vulgate.** *1 Thess. 5, 21.*

Omnia bene, sine pœna, tempus est ludendi,
Absque mora venit hora libros deponendi.
—All things have been done well, there is no punishment to be suffered, the time for play is come, and the hour for putting away our books has come undelayed.
Old School Rhyme.

Omnia bonos viros decent.—All things are becoming to good men. **Pr.**

Omnia Castor emis, sic fiet ut omnia vendas.—You buy all things, Castor, so it will come to pass that you will have to sell all things.
Martial. *Epig., Book 7, 97.*

Omnia conando docilis sollertia vicit.—Ready cleverness has overcome all things by determination. **Manilius.** *1, 95.*

Omnia desuper.—All things are from above. **Pr.**

Omnia ejusdem farinæ.—All things are of the same meal (or material). **Pr.**

Omnia enim vitia in operto leviora sunt: morbi quoque.—For all vices are less serious when they are open; and so too with diseases.
Seneca. *Epist., 56.*

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* In die bonorum non sis immemor malorum.—In the day of good things be not unmindful of things evil.—*Vulgate: Ecclesiasticus* 11, 27.

* *See* "Quod naturalis" p. 640*b*.

Omnia fert ætas, animum quoque.—Age carries all things away, even the mind.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 9, 51.*

Omnia fert ætas secum, aufert omnia secum ;
Omnia tempus habent, omnia tempus habet.
—Age brings all things with it, and takes all things away with it ; all things have time, and time has all things.
Anon. (*See preceding quotation.*)

Omnia fui et nihil expedit.—I have been all things and it has availed nothing.
Saying of the Emperor Severus as recorded in Hist. August., 10, 18.

Quum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine.
(The second line is believed to be a spurious interpolation).—All things have to be in Greek, when it should be rather disgraceful to us (Romans) to be ignorant of Latin.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 187.*

Omnia idem pulvis.—All things are dust alike. **Pr.**

Omnia inconsulti impetus cœpta, initiis valida, spatio languescunt.—All undertakings of ill-considered impulse, though strong in their beginnings, languish with time.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 3, 58.*

Omnia jam fient, fieri quæ posse negabam ;
Et nihil est de quo non sit habenda fides.
—All things will now be accomplished which I used to deny were possible ; and there is nothing concerning which we may not feel confidence. **Ovid.** *Trist., 1, 8, 7.*

Omnia mala exempla ex bonis initiis orta sunt.—All bad examples of anything came originally from good beginnings.
Sallust. *Catilina, 51.**

Omnia mea porto mecum.—I carry all my possessions with me.
Cicero. *Paradoxa, 1, 2.* (*Quoted as a saying of Bias.*)†

Omnia munda mundis.—To the pure all things are pure. **Vulgate.** *Titus 1, 15.*

Omnia mutantur, nihil interit.—All things change, nothing perishes.
Ovid. *Metam., 15, 165.*

Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.—All things change, and we change in them.‡
Attributed to **Nicholas Borbonius,** *French Latinist* (c. *1540*).

Omnia non pariter rerum sunt omnibus apta.—All things are not equally suitable to all men. **Propertius.** *Book 3, 9, 7.*

Omnia orta occident.—All things risen will fall. **Sallust.** *Jugurtha, 2.*

Omnia patefacienda, ut ne quid omnino, quod venditor norit, emptor ignoret.—All things should be laid bare, so that the buyer may not be in any way ignorant of any thing which the seller knows.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 3, 12, 51.*

Omnia perdidimus, tantummodo vita relicta est.—We have lost all, yet life is still left.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 4, 16, 49.*

Omnia perversas possunt corrumpere mentes.—All things can corrupt perverted minds. **Ovid.** *Trist., 2, 301.*

Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi.—I have anticipated all things, and have transacted them all beforehand in my mind. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 105.*

Omnia præclara rara.—All things which excel are rare. **Cicero.**

Omnia præsumuntur legitime facta, donec probetur in contrarium.—All things are presumed to be done in legal form, until it is proved to the contrary. **Coke.**

Omnia præsumuntur rite et solenniter esse acta.—All things are presumed to have been done with due observance and custom. **Law.**

Omnia prius experiri verbis, quam armis, sapientem decet.—It becomes a wise man to try everything that he can do by words, before having resort to arms.
Terence. *Eunuchus, iv. 7, 19.*

Omnia profecto, cum se a cælestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet.—When a man, from the contemplation of heavenly things, brings himself to consider things human, he will certainly speak and feel everything in a higher and nobler manner.
Cicero. *Orator, 34, 119.*

Omnia quæ nunc vetustissima creduntur, nova fuere . . . et quod hodie exemplis tuemur, inter exempla erit.—All things which are now regarded as of great antiquity were once new, and that which we maintain to-day by precedents will be among the precedents.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 11, 24.*

Omnia, quæ secundum naturam fiunt, sunt habenda in bonis.—All things which are done according to nature are to be accounted for good. **Cicero.** *De Senect., ch. 19.*

Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
—Friendly repose brings back to the slumbering breast all the wishes which are circling in our mind throughout the day.
Claudian. *In Sext., Cons. Hon. Aug., Pref., 1.*

Omnia risus, omnia pulvis, et omnia nil sunt.—All things are a mockery, all things are dust, and all things are nothing. **Pr.**

Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio.
—All things at Rome have their price.
Juvenal. *Sat, 3, 183.*

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* From Sallust's version of the oration of Caius Cæsar.

† Valerius Maximus (Book 7, 2, Ext., 3) gives the saying : "Bona mea mecum porto" (I carry my goods with me). Seneca (Ep. 9) states that "Omnia bona mea mecum sunt" was the answer of Stilpo, the Greek philosopher, to Demetrius Poliocertes.

‡ *See* "Tempora mutantur," p. 669*b* *note*.

Omnia serviliter pro dominatione.—Everything servilely for the sake of power.
Tacitus. *Hist. Book 1, 36.*

Omnia si perdas, famam servare memento,
Qua semel amissa, postea nullus eris.
—Though you lose all things, remember to preserve your good name, which, once lost, you will be as if you did not exist. **Anon.**

Omnia sunt misera in bellis civilibus.—All things are wretched in civil wars.
Cicero. *Epist., Book 4, 9.*

Omnia subjecisti sub pedibus ejus, oves et boves.—Thou hast put all things under his feet, sheep and oxen.* **Vulgate.** *Ps. 8, 7.*

Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo;
Et subito casu, quæ valuere, ruunt.
—All the affairs of men are hanging by a slender thread; and those which have become of worth, fall with a sudden crash.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 4, 3, 35.*

Omnia sunt ingrata: nihil fecisse benigne est.—All things are ungrateful; it is nothing to have conferred a favour.
Catullus. *Carmen, 7, 3.*

Omnia tuta timens.—Fearing all things which are safe. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 298.*

Omnia venalia Romæ.—All things are saleable at Rome. **Sallust.** *Jugurtha, 8.*

Omnia vincit amor, nos et cedamus amori.—Love conquers all, and let us too yield to love.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 10, 69.*

Omnibus bonis expedit rempublicam esse salvam.—It is to the interest of all good men that the commonwealth should be safe.
Cicero. *Philippics, 13, 8, 16.*

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
Injussi nunquam desistant.
—There is this vice in all singers, that when asked among friends they can never bring their minds to sing, but when unbidden they will never leave off.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 3, 1.*

Omnibus hostes
Reddite nos populis, civile avertite bellum.
—Let us be enemies to every people, but keep from us civil war.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 2, 52.*

Omnibus idem.—To all men the same.
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 112.*

Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangen, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula.
—In all lands which extend from Gades (Cadiz) to the far east and the Ganges, few are able to distinguish, by setting aside the clouds of error, true good from what is widely different from it. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 1.*

Omnibus modis, qui pauperes sunt homines, miseri vivunt,
Præsertim quibus nec quæstus est, nec didicere artem ullam.
—Those who are poor live wretchedly in every way, and especially those who have no means of getting a living, and who have learnt no kind of handicraft.
Plautus. *Rudens, ii. 1, 1.*

Omnibus nobis ut res dant sese, ita magni atque humiles sumus.—As matters turn out for us, so are we all either elated or cast down.
Terence. *Hecyra, ii. 3, 20.*

Omnibus una quies operum, labor omnibus idem.—There is the same rest to all from their work, and to all there is the same amount of labour. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 4, 184.*

Omnino (ut mihi quidem videtur) studiorum omnium satietas, vitæ facit satietatem.—For indeed, as it seems to me, the loathing of all pursuits is simply and solely the cause of the loathing of life. **Cicero.** *De Senectute, 20.*

Omnis ars imitatio est naturæ.—Every art is an imitation of nature. **Seneca.** *Ep., 65.*

Omnis commoditas sua fert incommoda secum.—Every advantage brings its disadvantages with it. **Pr.** (*Hexameter*).

Omnis definitio periculosa est.—Every definition is dangerous.
Pr. *Quoted by Emerson.*

Omnis dolor aut est vehemens, aut levis; si levis, facile fertur; si vehemens, certe brevis futurus est.—All pain is either great or slight. If slight it is easily borne; if great it will certainly be of short duration.
Cicero (*adapted*). (*See De Fin., Book 1, 12, 40.*)

Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque, pulchris
Divitiis parent; quas qui construxerit ille
Clarus erit, fortis, justus.
—Everything indeed, virtue, fame, and honour, human or divine, all are subject to beauteous wealth; and he who has amassed this will be distinguished, brave, upright.
Horace. *Sat. 2, 3, 94.*

Omnis fama a domesticis emanat auctoribus.—All report of us emanates from our servants (*lit.* from our familiars).
Cicero (*adapted*). *De Petitione Consulatus, 6.*

Omnis feret omnia tellus.—Every land shall produce all things that it requires (an imaginary and impossible condition of plenty).
Virgil. *Eclogues, 4, 39.*

Omnis homo mendax.—Every man is a liar.
Vulgate. *Ps. 116, 11.*

Omnis pœna corporalis, quamvis minima, major est omni pœna pecuniaria, quamvis maxima.—Every bodily punishment, even the slightest, is greater than a monetary punishment, even the heaviest. **Law.**

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* These words, with the omission of "ejus," are the motto of the Company of Butchers, London.

Omnis sors ferendo superanda est.—Every lot is to be overcome by endurance. **Pr.**

Omnis stultitia laborat fastidio sui.—All folly is oppressed by a loathing of itself.
Seneca. *Ep. 9, fin.*

Omnium artium domina [eloquentia].—[Eloquence] the mistress of all the arts.
Tacitus. *Dialogus de Oratoribus, 32.*

Omnium autem rerum, ex quibus aliquid acquiritur, nihil est agricultura melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine, nihil libero dignius.—Of all things from which any gain is obtained there is nothing better than agriculture, nothing more productive, nothing sweeter, nothing more worthy of a man, or of one who is free.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 42.*

Omnium enim rerum principia parva sunt.—For the beginnings of all things are small.
Cicero. *De Finibus, 5, 21, 58.*

Omnium enim rerum voluptas, apud imperitos, ipso quo fugare debet periculo, crescit.—The pleasure of all things, amongst the uninstructed, increases with the very danger which should repel.
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, Book 7, 9.*

Omnium horarum homo.—A man of all hours (*i.e.* ready for anything).
Pr. (*Quintilian. Book 6, 3.*)

Omnium pestium pestilentissima est superstitio.—Of all pests the most pestilent is superstition. **Pr.***

Omnium rerum, heus, vicissitudo est!—Mark this, that there is change in all things.
Terence. *Eunuchus, 2, 2, 45.*

Omnium rerum quarum usus est, potest esse abusus, virtute sola excepta.—All things which have a use are capable of abuse, virtue alone excepted. **Law.**

Omniumque quæ diceret, atque ageret, arte quadam ostentator.—One who paraded with a certain amount of art all that he said or did. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 2, 80.*

Onus probandi.—The burden of proving.
Law.

Onus segni impone asello.—Place the burden on the slow-paced ass. **Pr.**

Opera nequidquam perit.—The work perishes fruitlessly.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 2, 5, 24.*

Operæ pretium est (*or* videtur).—It is worth while (*or* seems worth while). *Lit.*, There is a reward for what is done. **Cicero,** *etc.*

Operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.
—A small man, I fashion laborious songs.
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 2, 31.*

Operose nihil agunt.—They laboriously do nothing. **Seneca.** *De Brev. Vitæ, Book 1, 13.*

Opes regum, corda subditorum.—The riches of kings are the hearts of their subjects. **Pr.**

Opiferque per orbem
Dicor.
—I am known over the world as renderer of help.
Ovid. *Metam., 1, 521.* (*Said of Apollo.*)

Opinio veritate major.—Supposition is greater than truth.
Quoted by Bacon: Letter to Lord Essex, 1596.

Opinionum enim commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.—Time wipes out the fancies of imagination, and strengthens the judgments of nature.
Cicero. *De Nat. Deor., Book 2, 2, 5.*

Oportet testudinis carnes aut edere aut non edere.—You must either eat the flesh of the turtle or not eat it.
This proverb, signifying that a thing must be done thoroughly or not at all, is derived from the idea that the flesh of turtle, indigestible in small quantities, was wholesome if freely partaken of.

Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.—Whole towns worship the dog, but no one worships Diana (*i.e.* Chastity).
Juvenal. *Sat. 15, 8.*

Opprobrium medicorum.—The reproach of physicians (diseases said to be incurable).
Pr.

Optandum est ut ii, qui præsunt reipublicæ, legum similes sint, quæ ad puniendum non iracundia, sed æquitate ducuntur.—It were to be wished that those who are at the head of the commonwealth were like the laws, which are moved to punish, not by anger, but by justice. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, 1, 25, 89.*

Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.—The fat ox desires the trappings of the horse; the horse desires to plough.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 14, 43.*

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus;
Et labor et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.
—The best day of life flies quickest to unhappy mortals; diseases and sad old age creep on us; and labour and the rigour of cruel death seize our bodies. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 3, 66.*

Optimi consiliarii mortui.—The dead are the best advisers.* *Referring to books.*

Optimum elige; suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo.—Choose what is best; custom will make it agreeable and easy.
Pythagoras, (*Latinised by Fr. Bacon*).

Optimum est aliena frui insania.—It is a very good thing to profit by the wrongheadedness of others. **Cato.**

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* *See* "Nulla scabies," p. 603*a*.

* Bacon paraphrases the saying, "Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch."

Optimus atque
Interpres legum sanctissimus.
—The best and most blameless interpreter of the laws. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 4, 78.*

Opum furiata cupido.—The mad lust for wealth. **Ovid.** *Fast., Book 1, 211.*

Opus opificem probat.—The work proves the workman. **Pr.**

Ora et labora.—Pray and work. **Pr.**

Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.—A sound mind in a sound body is a thing to be prayed for. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 356.*

Orate pro nobis.—Pray for us.
Vulgate. *2 Thess. 3, 1.*

Orationis summa virtus est perspicuitas.—Perspicuity is the chief virtue of a speech.
Quintilian (*adapted*). (*See* " *Perspicuitas.*")

Orator improbus leges subvertit.—An unprincipled orator subverts the laws. **Pr.**

Orci habet galeam.—He has the helmet of Orcus (*i.e.* of Pluto, whose helmet rendered the wearer invisible). **Pr.**

Ordine gentis
Mores, et studia, et populos, et prœlia dicam.—In due order I will tell the manners, the pursuits, the peoples, and the battles of the race. **Virgil.** *Georgics, Book 4, 4.*

Ore rotundo.—With a good delivery (*lit.*, with round mouth).
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 323.*

Ore tenus.—From the mouth only; oral evidence. **Law.**

Os dignum æterno nitidum quod fulgeat auro,
Si mallet laudare Deum; cui sordida monstra
Prætulit, et liquidam temeravit crimine vocem.
—A splendid countenance worthy to shine in lasting gold, if he had preferred to praise our God; to whom he preferred base monsters, and defiled his fluent voice with sin.
Prudentius (*referring to the anti-Christian utterances of Quintus Aurelius Symmachus*—A.D. *345 ?–410*).

Os hebes est, positæque movent fastidia mensæ:
Et queror, invisi cum venit hora cibi.
—My appetite is dulled; the tables when set out move my disgust; and I complain when the hour comes for hated food.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 1, 10, 7.*

Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri.—He (the Deity) gave to man a countenance exalted, and made him to contemplate the heavens. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 1, 85.*

Os, orare, vale, communio, mensa negatur.—Speech, prayer, greeting, intercourse, food are denied.
Metrical version of sentence of excommunication.

Oscitante uno deinde oscitat et alter.—When one yawns another yawns after him.
Mediæval.

Osculum pacis.—The kiss of peace (formerly part of the celebration of the mass).

Ossa quieta, precor, tuta requiescite in urna;
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.
—May your bones rest gently, I pray, in their secure urn; and may the ground not be heavy upon your ashes.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 3, 9, 67.*

Otia corpus alunt, animus quoque pascitur illis;
Immodicus contra carpit utrumque labor.
—Leisure nourishes the body, and the mind also is fed thereby; on the other hand, immoderate labour exhausts both.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 1, 4, 21.*

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus.—Remove idleness, and Cupid's artillery perishes. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amoris, 139.*

Otio qui nescit uti, plus negotî habet,
Quam cum est negotium in negotio.
—He who does not know how to employ leisure, makes more of a business of it than there is business in business itself.
Ennius (*adapted*). *Quoted by Aulus Gellius, Book 19, 10.*

Otiosa sedulitas. — Idle industry. (*See Horace, Ep., 1, 7, 8.*)

Otiosis nullus adstitit Deus.—No deity stands by the idle.

Otiosus animus nescit quid volet.—The idle mind knows not what it wants.
Ennius (*adapted*). *Iphigenia, chorus.* (*From Aulus Gellius, Book 19, 10.*)

Otium cum dignitate.—Ease (or leisure) with dignity.
Cicero. (*In the form* " *Cum dignitate otium*".) *Pro P. Sexto, 45, 98.**

Otium naufragium castitatis.—Idleness is the shipwreck of chastity. **Pr.**

Otium sine literis mors est, et hominis vivi sepultura.—Leisure without books is death, and burial of a man alive.
Seneca. *Ep., 82.*

Otium umbratile.—Retired leisure (*lit.*, leisure in the shade). **Pr.**

Ovem lupo commisti.—You have entrusted the sheep to the wolf.
Pr. (**Terence.** *Eunuchus, 5, 1, 16.*)

Pabulum Acherontis.—Food of Acheron (*i.e.* of the grave; spoken of one fit to die).
Plautus. *Casina, Act ii. 1, 11.*

Pabulum animi.—The food of the mind (knowledge). **Pr.**

Pace tanti viri.—With the leave of so great a man. **Pr.**

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* " Otium cum dignitate." Described by Cicero as the most excellent and supremely desirable object to all sane and good and fortunate men. In his Epistle to Lentulus (*ad fin.*) Cicero again refers to " cum dignitate otium " as a possession which he has often spoken of as the due of all engaged in the administration of the Republic.

Pacem hominibus habe, bellum cum vitiis.—Have peace with men, war with their vices. **Pr.**

Pacta conventa.—Conditions agreed upon. **Pr.**

Pactum non pactum est; non pactum pactum est; quod vobis lubet.—A bargain is not a bargain; and that which was no bargain becomes one; whichever suits you best.
Plautus. *Aulularia, Act ii. 1, 82.*

Palam mutire plebeio piaculum* est.—To mutter about anything openly is as bad as a crime in a plebeian.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 4, 25, 34.* (*Quoted from an older poet.*)

Palinodiam canere.—To recant.
Macrobius. *Sat. 7, 5.*

Pallentes procul hinc abite curæ.—Begone far hence, ye cares which make us pale.
Martial. *Epig., Book 11, 7, 6.*

Pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus,
Et Metus et malesuada Fames, et turpis Egestas.
—Pale Disease dwells there, and sad Old Age, and Fear, and Famine persuading to evil, and hateful Want. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 275.*

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.
—Pale death knocks with impartial foot at the cottages of the poor and at the towers of kings. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 4, 13.*

Palma non sine pulvere.—The prize not without dust (*i.e.* effort). **Pr.**

Palmam qui meruit ferat.—Let him bear the palm who has deserved it. **Pr.**

Par bene comparatum.—A pair well matched. **Pr.**

Par negotiis neque supra erat.—He was equal to his business but not beyond it.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 6, 39.*

Par nobile fratrum.—A noble pair of brothers. **Horace.** *Sat. 2, 3, 243.*

Parasiticam coenam quærit.—He seeks the banquet of a parasite; he cadges for a dinner. **Pr.**

Parce, precor, precor.—Spare me, I pray, I pray. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 1, 2.*

Parce puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.—Spare the spurs, boy, and hold the reins more firmly. **Ovid.** *Metam., 2, 127.*

Parcendum est animo miserabile vulnus habenti.—We must make allowances for the mind which has received a grievous wound.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 1, 5, 23.*

Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.—To spare the persons, but to publish the crimes.
Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 33, 10.*

Parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera.
—The wild beast of the same species spares those of kindred spots.
Juvenal. *Sat. 15, 159.*

Parcite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes.—Forbear to distribute amongst all women the guilt of a few.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 9.*

Parcus Deorum cultor, et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos.
—A sparing and infrequent worshipper, whilst I stray learned in raving philosophy; I am now compelled to sail back again, and to journey once more on the course which I had abandoned. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 34, 1.*

Parens patriæ.—Parent of his country. (*See* "Pater patriæ.") **Pliny.** *Book 7.*

Parens rerum.—The parent of things.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 2, 7.*

Pares autem cum paribus, veteri proverbio, facillime congregantur.—For like associates most easily with like, according to the ancient proverb. **Cicero.** *De Senectute, 3.*

Pari passu.—With equal step (*i.e.* proceeding side by side at the same pace).

Pari sorte scelus et sceleris voluntas.—Crime and intention of crime are equal in their nature. **Law.**

Paribus sententiis reus absolvitur.—The accused is acquitted where the opinions are equally divided. **Coke.**

Paritur pax bello.—Peace is produced by war. **Cornelius Nepos.**

Parliamentum indoctorum.—The Parliament of the unlearned (*i.e.* of 6 Henry IV., from which all lawyers were excluded).

Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, et urguet
Propositum: pars multa natat, modo recta capessens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia.
—A portion of mankind glory uniformly in their vices and keep to their purpose; a large portion drift, sometimes clutching at what is right, and occasionally compliant to what is evil. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 7, 6.*

Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.—The girl herself is the least part of herself.
Ovid. *Rem. Amoris, 344.*

Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit.—It was a sign of health that he was willing to be cured.
Seneca. *Hippolytus, i. 249.*

Parsimonia est scientia vitandi sumptus supervacuos, aut ars re familiari moderate utendi.—Frugality is the science of avoiding unnecessary expenditure, or the art of managing our property with moderation.
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, Book 2, 34.*

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* Another reading has "periculum" (*i.e.* a danger).

Parthis mendacior.—More lying than the Parthians (an Oriental race regarded as specially untrustworthy).
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 112.*

Partibus locare.—To let on sharing terms.
Law.

Particeps criminis.—An accessory in the crime.
Law.

Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus.—The mountains are in labour; an absurd mouse will be born.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 139.*

Parum lauda, vitupera parcius.—Be sparing in praising and more so in blaming.
Quoted in "Piers Plowman," 1362.

Parva leves capiunt animos.—Small things captivate light minds.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 159.*

Parva sunt hæc; sed parva ista non contemnendo majores nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.—These are small things, but it was by not despising those small things that our ancestors accomplished this very great thing.
Livy. *Hist., Book 6, 41.*

Parvi enim sunt foris arma, nisi consilium domi.—For arms are of little avail abroad, unless there is good counsel at home.
Cicero. *De Officiis, 1, 22.*

Parvis componere magna.—To compare great things with small. **Virgil.** *Ecl., 1, 24.*

Parvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica laboris
Ore trahit, quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo
Quem struit; haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.
—For example, the tiny ant, a creature of great industry, drags with its mouth whatever it can, and adds it to the heap which she is piling up, not unaware nor careless of the future.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 1, 33.*

Parvula scintilla sæpe magnum suscitavit incendium.—A tiny spark often brings about a great conflagration.
Pr.

Parvum non parvæ amicitiæ pignus.—A small token of no small friendship.
Pr.

Parvum parva decent.—Small things become a small man.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 7, 44.*

Parvus pumilio, licet in monte constiterit; colossus magnitudinem suam servabit, etiam si steterit in puteo.—A dwarf is small even if he stands on a mountain; a colossus keeps his height, even if he stands in a well.
Seneca. *Ep. 76.*

Pascitur in vivis livor; post fata quiescit,
Cum suus, ex merito, quemque tuetur honos.
Ergo etiam, cum me supremus adederit ignis,
Vivam: parsque mei multa superstes erit.
—Malice feeds on the living; after life is over it rests, whilst honour preserves everyone according to his desert. Therefore, indeed, when the funeral flame has consumed me, I shall live; and a great part of me shall survive me. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 15, 39.*

Passibus ambiguis Fortuna volubilis errat,
Et manet in nullo certa tenaxque loco.
—Volatile Fortune wanders with uncertain steps, and remains in no place with any assured or lasting stay.
Ovid. *Trist., 5, 8, 15.*

Pater familias.—Father of a family.
(*See Pliny the Younger, Ep., Book 5, 19.*)

Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit.
—The Father of all did not will that the way of cultivating (the soil) should be easy.
Virgil. *Georgics, 1, 121.*

Pater noster, qui es in cœlis.—Our Father, which art in heaven.
Vulgate. *St. Matt. 6, 9.*

Pater patriæ.[*]—Father of his country.
Juvenal. *Sat. 8, 244*; **Cicero,** *etc.*

Pati natæ.—[Women are] born to suffer.
Seneca. *Epist. 95.*

Pati
Nos oportet quod ille faciat cujus potestas plus potest.
—It behoves us to endure what he does whose power is greater than ours. **Plautus.**

Patientes vincunt.[†]—The patient conquer.
Pr.

Patientia læsa fit furor.—Patience abused becomes madness.

Patientia, quæ pars magna justitiæ est.—Patience, which is a great part of justice.
Pliny the Younger.

Patientissimus veri.—Most patient of the truth; willing to endure plain-speaking.
Tacitus. *Dialogus de Oratoribus, 8.*

Patitur pœnas peccandi sola voluntas.—The very inclination to sin entails penalties.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 208.*

Patitur qui vincit.—He suffers who conquers.
Pr.

Patria cara, carior libertas.—Country is dear, but liberty dearer still.
Pr.

Patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?—What exile from his country escapes from himself?
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 16, 19.*

Patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior.—The smoke from our own native land is brighter than fire in a foreign country.
Pr.

Patriæ infelici fidelis.—Faithful to an unfortunate country.
Pr.

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[*] Title given to Cicero by decree of the Senate; the title had also been given to Augustus and several of his successors.

[†] "Quath Peers the Ploughman 'pacientes vincunt.'"—*Piers the Plowman* (1362), Passus 16, l. 138.—*See also* Chaucer, *Frankleyn's Tale*, 45.

Patriæ pietatis imago.—The picture of filial duty. **Virgil.**
(*Adapted from Æneid 9, 294, and 10, 824.*)

Patriæ solum omnibus carum est.—The soil of our native land is dear to us all.
Cicero (*adapted*). (*See Or. in Catil., 4, 8, 16.*)

Patricius consul maculat quos vendit honores ;
Plus maculat, quos ipse gerit.
—Patricius, the consul, stains the honours which he sells ; still more he stains those which he himself bears.
Claudian. *In Eutropium, Book 2, 561.*

Patrimonium non comesum sed devoratum. —A patrimony not merely wasted but utterly demolished. **Quintilian.**

Patris est filius.—He is his father's son.

Pauca abunde mediocribus sufficiunt.—A few things are abundantly sufficient for the moderate. **Pr.**

Pauca Catonis
Verba, sed a pleno venientia pectore veri.—
The words of Cato were few but proceeding from a heart full of truth.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 9, 188.*

Pauci ex multis sunt amici homini qui certi sient.—Of many friends there are few on whom a man can rely. **Plautus.**

Pauci vident morbum suum, omnes amant. —Few see their own disease, all love it.

Paucis carior est fides quam pecunia.—To few is good faith dearer than money.
Sallust. *Jugurtha, 16.*

Paucis temeritas est bono, multis malo.—Rashness proves a good thing to a few, but a bad thing to many.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 5, 4.*

Paucos servitus, plures servitutem tenent. —Slavery enchains a few ; more enchain themselves to slavery. **Seneca.** *Epist., 22.*

Paulo majora canemus.—Let us sing of somewhat greater matters.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 4, 1.*

Paulo post futurum.—A little after the future, *i.e.* indefinitely remote.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata virtus.
—Worth concealed differs little from buried indolence. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 9, 29.*

Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus.
Si ventri bene, si lateri, pedibusque tuis, nil
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.
—He is not poor who has enough for his needs. If it is well with your stomach, your lungs, and your feet, royal wealth can add nothing more. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 12, 4.*

Pauper sum ; fateor, patior ; quod Di dant fero.—I am poor ; I confess it and endure it ; what the gods give I put up with. **Plautus**

Pauper ubique jacet.—Everywhere the poor man is despised.
Ovid. *Fastorum, Book 1, 218.*

Pauperies immunda domu procul absit.—May foul poverty be far from your home.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 199.*

Pauperis est numerare pecus.—It is natural for a poor man to count his flock.
Ovid. *Metam., 13, 824.*

Paupertas est non quæ pauca possidet, sed quæ multa non possidet.—Poverty consists not in the possession of few things, but in the non-possession of many things.
Seneca. *Ep. 87.*

Paupertas est odibile bonum.—Poverty is a hateful blessing. **Vincent of Beauvais.**
"Speculum Historiale," Book 10, ch. 71.

Paupertas fecit ut ridiculus forem.—Poverty causes me to be laughable.
Plautus. *Stichus, i. 3, 20.*

Paupertas fugitur, totoque arcessitur orbe. —Poverty is avoided and treated as a crime all over the world. **Lucanus.**

Paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem.
—Daring poverty urges me on to write poetry.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 51.*

Paupertas . . . omnes artes perdocet.—Poverty is a thorough instructress in all the arts. **Plautus.** *Stichus, ii. 1.*

Paupertas omnium artium repertrix.—Poverty is the discoverer of all the arts.
Apollonius. *De Magia, p. 285, 35.*

Paupertatis onus patienter ferre memento. —Remember to bear patiently the burden of poverty. **Cato.** *Distich., 1, 21.*

Paupertatis pudor et fuga.—The shame and ostracism of poverty.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 24.*

Pax huic domui.—Peace be to this house.
Vulgate. *St. Matt 10, 12 ; St. Luke 10, 5.*

Pax in bello.—Peace in war ; leniency in war.

Pax potior bello.—Peace is more powerful than war. **Pr.**

Pax vobiscum.—Peace be with you.
Vulgate. *Genesis 43, 23, etc.*

Peccare docentes
Fallax historias monet.
—Full of deceit, he relates stories which teach to sin. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 7, 19.*

Peccare nemini licet.—It is lawful for no one to sin. **Cicero.** *Tusc. Quæst., Book 5, 19.*

Peccare, quidem, humanum est ; at in peccatis perseverare, id non humanum est, sed omnino satanicum.—For to sin, indeed, is human ; but to persevere in sin is not human but altogether satanic.
St. Chrysostom. *Adhortatio at Theodorum lapsum, 1, 14* (*quoted as a proverb in Chaucer's "Melibeus," sec. 29*).

Peccavi.—I have sinned.

Pectus est quod disertos facit.—It is the heart which makes men eloquent.
Quintilian, *10, 7.*

Pecunia regimen est rerum omnium.—Money is the ruling spirit of all things.
Publilius Syrus.

Pecuniæ alienæ non appetens, suæ parcus, publicæ avarus.—Not covetous of the money of others, sparing of his own, miserly with that of the public.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 49.*

Pecuniæ fugienda cupiditas; nihil enim est tam angusti animi, tamque parvi, quam amare divitias.—The desire for money is to be shunned; for nothing is so characteristic of a narrow and little mind as to love riches.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 20.*

Pecuniæ obediunt omnia.—All things are obedient to money.
Vulgate. *Ecclesiastes 10, 19.*

Pecuniam accipere docuimus.—We have taught them to accept money.
Tacitus. *Germania, 15.*

Pecuniam in loco negligere, maximum interdum est lucrum.—To despise money on occasion is now and then a very great gain.
Terence. *Adelphi, ii. 2, 8.*

Pecuniam perdidisti: fortasse illa te perderet manens.—You have lost your money: perhaps it would have lost you had it remained.
Pr.

Pedibus timor addidit alas.—Fear gave wings to his feet. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 8, 224.*

Pejor est bello timor ipse belli.—Worse than war is the fear of war.
Seneca. *Thyestes, 572.*

Pejor odio amoris simulatio.—Pretence of love is worse than hatred.
Pliny the Younger. *Paneg. Traj., 85.*

Pelion imposuisse Olympo.—To pile Pelion upon Olympus. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 4, 52.*

Pendent opera interrupta.—The work is suspended through interruption.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 88.*

Pendente lite. (*See* " Lite.")

Penelopæ telam retexens.—Unravelling the web of Penelope.
Cicero. *Acad. Quæst., Book 4, 29, 95.*

Penes Reges est inferre bellum, penes autem Deum terminare.—It is the province of kings to bring war about, but it is the province of God to end it.
Cardinal Pole to Henry VIII. (*According to a 17th Century commomplace book, cited in " Notes and Queries," Jan. 27, 1917.*)

Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.—The Britons, separated from almost the whole world. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 1, 67.*

Per fas et nefas.—By right means and wrong. **Pr.**

Per incuriam.—Through carelessness.

Per mare, per terras.—By sea and by land.
Ovid. *Heroides, 7, 88: 14, 101.*

Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.—He gives laws to the peoples, and makes himself a way to the heavens.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 562.*

Per quod servitium amisit.—By which a person has lost services to be rendered. **Law.**

Per risum multum possis cognoscere stultum.—You may know a fool by his much laughing. **Mediæval.**

Per saltum.—By a leap.

Per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.—The safe way to crime is always through crime. **Seneca.** *Agamemnon, ii. 115.*

Per stirpes.—According to the original stock.
Law.

Per undas et ignes fluctuat nec mergitur.—Through waves and flames she is tossed about but not submerged. **Matthew of Paris.**

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.—Through various chances and so many dangers. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 204.*

Peragit tranquilla potestas
Quod violenta nequit, mandataque fortius urget
Imperiosa quies.
—Quiet power accomplishes what violent power cannot, and calmness more effectually carries out masterful edicts. **Claudian.**

Peras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas.
Propriis repletam vitiis post tergum dedit;
Alienis ante pectus suspendit gravem.
—Jupiter has placed upon us two wallets. Hanging behind each person's back he has given one full of his own faults; in front he has hung a heavy one full of other people's.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 4, 9, 1.**

Percunctare a peritis.—Seek information from the experienced.
Cicero. *In Somn. Scip., 1.*

Percunctatorem fugito; nam garrulus idem est.
—Avoid a person who asks questions, for such a man is a talker.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 69.*

Perdere iste sciet, donare nesciet.—He may know how to waste (*lit.* to lose), he will not know how to give.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 30.*

Perdet te pudor hic.—This modesty will be the ruin of you.
Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 98, 11.*

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* *See* " Ut nemo in sese " (p. 677*a*). Compare also Shakespeare's version, *Troilus and Cressida, iii.* 3, " Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back," etc.

Perdidisse honeste mallem quam accepisse turpiter.—I would rather have lost honourably than gained basely. **Publilius Syrus.**

Perdifficile est, cum præstare ceteris concupieris, servare æquitatem.—It is a very difficult thing to preserve justice, when you are trying to excel others. **Cicero.**

Perdis, et in damno gratia nulla tuo.—You lose, and have no thanks in your loss.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 1, 434.*

Pereant amici, dum una inimici intercidant. —Let our friends perish, provided that our enemies fall with them.
Cicero. (*Proverb condemned by him.*)

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.—May those perish who have said our good things before us.
Donatus. (*Also attributed to St. Augustine.*)

Perenne conjugium animus non corpus facit. —Mental, not bodily qualities, make lasting wedlock. **Publilius Syrus.**

Pereunt et imputantur.—They (the hours) pass by, and are put to our account.
Martial. *Epig., Book 5, 21, 13.*

Perfer et obdura; dolor hic tibi proderit olim.—Endure and persist; this pain will turn to your good by and by.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 3, 11, 7.*

Perfer et obdura; multo graviora tulisti.—Endure and persist; you have borne heavier fortunes by far.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 5, 11, 7.*

Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.—The very ardent disposition of the Scotch. **Pr.**

Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen. —She is false, but however false, she is still dear. **Tibullus.** *Book 3, 7, 24.*

Perfidiosus est amor.—Love is perfidious.
Plautus. *Cistellaria, i. 1, 75.*

Pergis pugnantia secum
Frontibus adversis componere?
—Do you persist in trying to reconcile things at variance with themselves, with natures opposed to each other?
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 1, 102.*

Pericula qui audet, ante vincit quam accipit. —He who dares dangers overcomes them before he incurs them. **Publilius Syrus.**

Pericula timidus etiam quæ non sunt videt. —The timid sees dangers which do not even exist. **Publilius Syrus.**

Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.
—You are dealing with a work full of dangerous hazard, and you are venturing upon fires overlaid with treacherous ashes.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 1, 6.*

Periculosior casus ab alto.—A fall from a height is the more dangerous. **Pr.**

Periculosum est credere et non credere;
. . . . .
Ergo exploranda est veritas multum, prius
Quam stulta prave judicet sententia.
—It is dangerous to believe and to disbelieve; therefore it is far better that the truth should be thoroughly searched, than that a foolish opinion should pervert your judgment.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, 10, 1, and 5, 6.*

Periculum ex aliis facito, tibi quod ex usu siet.—Take from other people's danger such example as shall be of use to you.
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, ii. 1, 8* (*and see l. 36*).

Periere mores, jus, decus, pietas, fides,
Et, qui redire cum perit nescit, pudor.
—Manners, justice, honour, reverence and good faith, have gone, and shame, which knows no return when it once departs.
Seneca. *Agamemnon, ii. 112.*

Perierunt tempora longi
Servitii.
—The time of my long bondage has passed.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 124.*

Periissem nisi periissem.—I should have been lost if I had not gone through it. **Pr.**

Perimus licitis.—We are lost by what is lawful; we are demoralised by indulgence in things which are not contrary to law.
Used by Sir Matthew Hale. Founded, perhaps, on passages in St. Gregory (*Moral., Book 5, and Homily 35, "in Evang."*), *in which he urges care and moderation in things lawful.*

Perit omnis in illo
Nobilitas, cujus laus est in origine sola.
—All nobility is lost in him whose only merit is in his birth. **Anon.** *Panegyric of Piso.*

Perit quod facis ingrato.—What you do for an ungrateful man is lost. **Pr.**

Perituræ parcere chartæ.—To spare the paper doomed to perish (*i.e.* to abstain from literary composition). **Juvenal.** *Sat. 1, 18.*

Perjuria ridet amantum
Jupiter.
—At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs.*
Tibullus. *Book 4, 7, 17.*

Perjurii pœna divina exitium, humana dedecus.—The divine punishment of perjury is destruction; the human punishment is disgrace.
One of the laws of the Twelve Tables.

Permitte Divis cætera.—The rest leave to the gods. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 9, 9.*

Perpetuus nulli datur usus, et hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.
—Perpetual use of anything is given to no one, and heir follows heir as wave succeeds on wave. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 2, 175.*

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* *See* "Jupiter ex alto," p. 562*a*.

Persevera, Per severa, Per se vera.—Persevere, through difficulties, true in herself.
Motto *on the carriages of the Oxford, Worcester and Wolverhampton Railway.*

Perspicuitas in verbis præcipuam habet proprietatem.—Clearness is the most important matter in the use of words.
Quintilian. *8, 2, 1.*

Pessimum inimicorum genus, laudantes.—That worst class of enemies, those who praise you. **Tacitus.** *Agricola, 41.*

Petere honorem pro flagitio more fit.—It is the fashion to seek honour for disgraceful conduct. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, iv. 3, 28.*

Petitio principii.—Begging the chief point (*i.e.* begging the question).

Pharmaca das ægroto; aurum tibi porrigit æger.
Tu morbum curas illius, ille tuum.
—You give medicine to a sick man; the sick man hands you gold in return. You cure his disease, he cures yours. **Anon.** *To a Doctor.*

Philosophia simulari potest, eloquentia non potest.—Philosophy may be pretended, eloquence cannot be. **Quintilian.**

Phœbo digna locuti.—Men who have said things worthy of Phœbus.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 662.*

Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, usi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.
—The Phœnicians, if report may be believed, were the first who employed rough characters to indicate the spoken word, to be made thereby enduring.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 3, 221.*

Phosphore, redde diem! quid gaudia nostra moraris?
Cæsare venturo, Phosphore, redde diem!
—O Phosphor (morning star), bring back the day! Why do you delay our delight? Cæsar is coming to us; O Phosphor, bring us back the day! **Martial.** *Ep., Book 8, 21, 1.*

Phrygem plagis fieri solere meliorem.—A Phrygian is wont to be improved by blows.
Cicero. *Pro Flacco, 27, 65.* (*Quoted as a Prov.*)

Pia desideria.—Pious wishes.
Title of work pub. in Antwerp, 1627, by Hermann Hugo, a Jesuit (1588–1639).

Pia fraus.*—A pious fraud.
Ovid. *Met., 9, 711.*

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.
—To poets and painters alike there has always been a capacity for daring anything.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 9.*

Pietas fundamentum est omnium virtutum.
—Piety is the foundation of all virtues.
Cicero. *Pro Plancio, 12.*

Pietas mea,
Serva me, quando ego te servavi sedulo.
—Preserve me, O my integrity, since I have diligently preserved thee.
Plautus. *Curculio, v. 2, 40.*

Pietate ac religione, atque hac una sapientia, quod Deorum immortalium numine omnia regi gubernarique perspeximus, omnes gentes nationesque superavimus.—By reverence and religion, and this, the only wisdom, that all things are ruled and governed by the disposition of the immortal gods, we have subdued all nations and races. **Cicero.**

Pigra extulit arctis
Haud umquam sese virtus.
—Indolent ability hardly ever raises itself out of narrow fortunes. **Silius.** *Punic., 13, 733.*

Pingere cum gladio.—To paint with a sword.

Pinguis venter non gignit sensum tenuem.
—A fat belly does not produce a fine sense.
St. Jerome.

Pirata est hostis humani generis.—A pirate is an enemy of the human race. **Coke.**

Piscator ictus sapiet.—The fisherman when stung will grow wise. **Pr.**

Piscem natare doces.—You are teaching a fish to swim. **Pr.**

Placeat homini quidquid Deo placuit.—Let that which has pleased God please man.
Seneca.

Placet ille meus mihi mendicus, suus rex reginæ placet.—That beggar of mine pleases me, as her king pleases a queen.
Plautus. *Stichus, i. 2.*

Plato enim mihi unus est instar omnium. (*See* "instar omnium.")

Platonem non accepit nobilem philosophia sed fecit.—Philosophy did not find Plato noble, it made him so. **Seneca.** *Epist., 44.*

Plausibus ex ipsis populi, lætoque favore,
Ingenium quodvis incaluisse potest.
—Any nature whatsoever might warm with the very applause of the people, and their wild enthusiasm. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Ponto, 3, 4, 29.*

Plausus tunc arte carebat.—In those days applause was without art.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 113.*

Plena fuit vobis omni concordia vita,
Et stetit ad finem longa tenaxque fides.
—All your life there was perfect agreement between you, and to the end your long and faithful friendship endured.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 2, 6, 13.*

Plenus inconsideratissimæ ac dementissimæ temeritatis.—Full of the most reckless and insane rashness.
Cicero. *De Harusp. Resp., 26, 55.*

Plenus rimarum sum, hac et illuc perfluo.—I am full of leaks, and I let secrets out hither and thither. **Terence.** *Eunuchus, i. 2, 25.*

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* "Madam, 'twas a pious fraud, if it were one."—*Aphra Behn: Lucky Chance* (1687), v. 7.

Plerique enim lacrymas fundunt, ut ostendant; et toties siccos oculos habent, quoties spectator defuit.—Many indeed shed tears for show, and as soon as an onlooker is gone they have dry eyes.
Seneca. *De Tranquil. animi, 15.*

Plerumque gratæ divitibusque vices.—Change is generally pleasing to the rich.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 29, 13.*

Plerumque modestus
Occupat obscuri speciem, taciturnus acerbi.
—Commonly a modest man obtains the character of being reserved, and a silent man of being disagreeable.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 94.*

Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.—Lost money is mourned with genuine tears.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 134.*

Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis.
—They lamented that the expected approbation did not correspond with their merits.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 9.*

Pluma haud interest.—It matters not a feather (*i.e.* there is not the difference of a feather). **Plautus.** *Mostellaria, ii. 1, 60.*

Plura faciunt homines e consuetudine quam e ratione.—Men do more things through habit than through reason. **Pr.**

Plura mala contingunt quam accidunt.—More evils reach us than happen by chance (*i.e.* we bring more evils on ourselves than happen in the ordinary course of life). **Pr.**

Plura sunt, Lucili, quæ nos terrent, quam quæ premunt; et sæpius opinione quam re laboramus.
—There are more things, Lucilius, to alarm than to injure us; and we are more often afflicted by fancy than by fact.
Seneca. *Ep., 13.*

Plures adorant solem orientem quam occidentem.—More people admire the rising than the setting sun. **Sylla** (*according to Bacon*).

Plures amicos mensa quam mens concipit.—The table attracts more friends than the mind. **Publilius Syrus.**

Plures crapula quam gladius.—Drunkenness kills more than the sword. **Pr.**

Pluribus intentus, minor est ad singula sensus.—Our perception, when intent on too many things, is less able to grasp matters singly. **Pr.**

Plurima sunt quæ
Non audent homines pertusa dicere læna.
—There are many things which men dare not say when their clothes are in holes.
Juvenal. *Sat. 5, 130.*

Pluris est oculatus testis unus, quam auriti decem;
Qui audiunt, audita dicunt: qui vident plane sciunt.
—One eye-witness is better than ten hearsay witnesses. Those who hear speak mere talk; those who see know beyond doubt.
Plautus. *Truculentus, ii. 6, 8.*

Plus aliis de te quam tu tibi credere noli.—Do not believe others concerning yourself more than you believe yourself. **Cato.** *1, 14.*

Plus dolet quam necesse est qui ante dolet quam necesse est.—He grieves more than he needs, who grieves before he needs.
Seneca. *Epist., 95.*

Plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
Quam si nos Veneris commendet epistola Marti.
—An hour of good fortune is worth more indeed to us (as soldiers) than if a letter from Venus recommended us to Mars.
Juvenal. *Sat. 16, 4.*

Plus exemplo quam peccato nocent.—They (our rulers) do more harm by their evil example than by their actual sin.
Cicero. *De Legibus, Book 3, 14.*

Plus impetus, majorem constantiam, penes miseros.—More energy and greater perseverance are found among the wretched.
Tacitus. *Agricola, 15.*

Plus in amicitia valere similitudinem morum quam affinitatem.—Similarity of manners is of more importance in friendship than relationship. **Cornelius Nepos.** *Atticus.*

Plus ratio quam vis cæca valere solet.—Reason is apt to be of more avail than blind force. **Gallus.**

Plus salis quam sumptus habebat.—He had more of salt than of profusion. (More taste than wealth). **Cornelius Nepos.** *Atticus.*

Plus sapit vulgus, quia tantum, quantum opus est, sapit.—The common crowd is wiser because it is just as wise as it need be.
Lactantius. *Div. Instit., 3, 5.*

Plus scire satius est, quam loqui,
Servum hominem; ea sapientia est.
—It is better for a man who is a servant to know more than he speaks; that is wisdom on his part. **Plautus.** *Epidicus, i. 1.*

Plus sonat quam valet.—It has more sound than value. **Seneca.** *Epist., 40.*

Plus vetustis nam favet
Invidia mordax, quam bonis præsentibus.
—Biting malice is kinder to good things which are old than to those which are modern.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 5, Prol. No. 2, 9.*

Pœnas garrulus iste dabit.—That talkative fellow will inflict punishment.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 2, 2, 60.*

Poesis est vinum dæmonum.—Poetry is devil's wine. **St. Augustine.**

Poeta nascitur, non fit.—A poet is born, not made. **Pr.** *See* "Nascimur," p. 584*b*.

Poetam natura ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu inflari.—A poet possesses force by his very nature, and is prompted by the force of his mind, and as it were filled by a sort of divine inspiration. **Cicero.** *Pro Archia., 8.*

Poetarum licentiæ liberiora.—The freer utterances of the poet's licence.
Cicero. *De Oratore, 3, 38, 153.*

Poetica surgit
Tempestas.
—A poetical tempest arises.
Juvenal. *Sat. 12, 24.*

Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.
—By Pollux, friends, you have undone me, he says, you have not preserved me; whose pleasure is thus wrested from him, and the most delightful error of the mind taken by force.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 138.*

Pol meo animo omnis sapientis suum officium
Æquum 'st colere, et facere.
—By Pollux, in my opinion it is right that all wise men should attend to their duty, and do it. **Plautus.** *Stichus, i. 1, 34.*

Polypi mentem obtine.—Get the faculty of the polypus (supposed to be able to change its colour to suit its surroundings). **Pr.**

Poma dat autumnus: formosa est messibus æstas:
Ver præbet flores: igne levatur hiems.
—Autumn gives us fruit; summer is comely with crops; spring supplies us with flowers; winter is alleviated by fire.
Ovid. *Rem. Amor., 187.*

Pomifer auctumnus. — Fruit-bearing autumn. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 7, 11.*

Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa. —The pomp of death alarms us more than death itself.
(*Attributed by Francis Bacon to Seneca.*)*

Ponamus nimios gemitus; flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.
—Let us put away excessive lamentation; a man's grief ought not to be more vehement than is natural, nor greater than the wound received. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 11.*

Ponderanda sunt testimonia, non numeranda.—Testimonies are to be weighed, not counted. **Pr.**

Pone iræ frena modumque,
Pone et avaritiæ.
—Place a curb and a drag on your passion; put a restraint also on your avarice.
Juvenal. *Sat. 8, 88.*

Pone metum; valeo.—Dismiss your fear; I am well. **Ovid.** *Tristia, Book 5, 2, 3.*

Pone seram; cohibe; sed quis custodiet ipsos
Custodes? Cauta est, et ab illis incipit uxor.
—Fasten the bolt; restrain her; but who shall keep the keepers themselves? The wife is cunning, and begins with them.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 347.*

Pons Asinorum.—The asses' bridge.* **Pr.**

Ponto nox incubat atra;
Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus æther.
—Black night broods over the deep; the sky thunders, and the air sparkles with innumerable fires. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 89.*

Populares
Vincentem strepitus.
—Vanquishing the clamour of the mob.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 81.*

Populi contemnere voces.—To despise the popular talk. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 165.*

Populi imperium juxta libertatem.—The supremacy of the people tends to liberty.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 6, 42.*

Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.
—The people hiss at me; but I myself applaud myself at home, when I gaze at the money in my coffers. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 1, 66.*

Populus vult decipi; decipiatur.—The people wish to be deceived; let them be deceived.
Cardinal Carafa (d. 1591), Legate of Paul IV., is said to have used this expression in reference to the devout Parisians.†

Porro unum est necessarium.—Still there is one thing needful.
Vulgate. *St. Luke 10, 42.* **Motto** *of Duke of Wellington.*

Portatur leviter quod portat quisque libenter.—What anyone bears willingly he bears easily. **Pr.**

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.—With differing tastes asking for widely differing things. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 2, 62.*

Posse comitatus.—The power or force of the county, which may be raised by the sheriff under certain circumstances. **Law.**

Possum nil ego sobrius.—I, for my part, can do nothing when sober.
Martial. *Ep., Book 11, 7, 12.*

Possunt quia posse videntur.—They can, because they think they can. (*Lit.* They are able because they seem [to themselves] to be able.) **Virgil.** *Æneid, 5, 231.*

Post acclamationem bellicam jacula volant. —After the shout of war the darts begin to fly. **Pr.**

Post bellum auxilium.—Help after the battle. **Pr.**

Post calamitatem memoria alia est calamitas.—After disaster the memory of it is another disaster. **Publilius Syrus.**

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* "Pompa mortis" occurs in Seneca's *Œdipus*, l. 126; but the passage Bacon seems to have had in mind is "Stultitia est timore mortis mori" (It is folly to die of the fear of death).—Ep., 69.

* Applied to Proposition 5 of the first book of Euclid, where the diagram resembles a bridge.

† *See Notes and Queries*, June 25, 1853.

Post Diluvium.—Subsequent to the flood (denoted by the initials P.D.). **Pr.**

Post equitem sedet atra cura.—Behind the horseman sits black care.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 1, 40.*

Post factum nullum consilium.—After the deed no counsel is of any avail. **Pr.**

Post festum venire miserum est.—It is a wretched thing to arrive after the feast. **Pr.**

Post hoc; ergo propter hoc.—After this; therefore on account of this. **Pr.**

Post malam segetem serendum est.—After a bad crop you should sow. **Seneca.**

Post mediam noctem visus, quum somnia vera.—Seen past midnight when visions are true. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 10, 33.*

Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.—After death there is nothing, and death itself is nothing. **Seneca.** *Troades, ii. 2, 397.*

Post mortem nulla voluptas.—No pleasure after death. **Epicurean Maxim.**
Part of epitaph of Sardanapalus, as given by Sir D. Lyndesay, " The Monarche " (1556).

Post maxima nubila Phœbus.—After the greatest clouds the sun.
Alanus de Insulis. *Liber Parabolarum.*

Post nubila solem [sperare].—To hope for the sun after the clouds.
Alanus de Insulis. *Liber Parabolarum.*

Post prandium stabis, post cœnam ambulabis.—Rest after lunch; after supper (or dinner) walk.
Maxim *of Salerno School of Health.*

Post prœlia præmia.—After battles rewards. **Pr.**

Post tot naufragia portum.—After so many shipwrecks, the harbour. **Pr.**

Potentes ne tentes æmulari.—Do not attempt to rival the powerful. **Plautus.**

Potentiam cautis, quam acribus consiliis, tutius haberi.—Power is to be possessed more safely by cautious counsel than by severity.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 11, 29.*

Potentissimus est qui se habet in potestate.—He is most powerful who has himself in his own power. **Seneca.** *Epist., 90.*

Potest exercitatio et temperantia etiam in senectute conservare aliquid pristini roboris.—Exercise and temperance can preserve something of our early strength even in old age. **Cicero.**

Potuit fortasse minoris
Piscator, quam piscis, emi.
—The fisherman could perhaps be bought for less than the fish. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 4, 26.*

Potus non frangit jejunium.—Drink does not break a fast. **Theological Maxim.**

Præcedentibus insta.—Follow closely upon those who go before. **Pr.**

Præceps in omnia Cæsar.—Cæsar rapid in everything.
Lucanus. *Book 2, 656 (transposed).*

Præcepta ducunt et exempla trahunt.—Precepts lead and examples draw. **Pr.**

Præcepto monitus sæpe te considera.—Warned by counsel, examine yourself often.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, 8, 1.*

Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento.—Remember to instil this precept into his ears. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 8, 16.*

Præcipuum munus annalium reor, ne virtutes sileantur, utque pravis dictis factisque, ex posteritate et infamia metus sit.—I consider it to be the chief office of history that the virtuous qualities of men be not unrecorded, and that evil words and deeds may incur the fear of posterity and future ill report.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 3, 65.*

Præda caballorum.—Eaten up by horses (*i.e.* by the expense of them).
Juvenal. *Sat. 11, 193.*

Præferre patriam liberis regi decet.—It becomes a king to prefer his country to his children. **Seneca.** *Troades, ii, 332.*

Præmia virtutis honores.—Honours are the rewards of virtue (or of valour).
Pr. (*See Cicero. Brutus, 81, 281.*)

Præmonitus, præmunitus. — Forewarned, forearmed. **Pr.**

Præmonstro tibi
Ut ita te aliorum miserescat, ne tui alios misereat.
—I warn you beforehand so to have pity on others that others may not have to take pity on you. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, ii. 2, 61.*

Præpropera consilia raro sunt prospera.—Over-hasty counsels are rarely prosperous. **Coke.**

Præsens numen, inempta salus.—Unbought health, a deity presiding over the affairs of men. **Claudian.** *Idyll., 6, 76.*

Præsentemque refert quælibet herba Deum.—And every herb reveals a present God. **Anon.**

Præsertim ut nunc sit mores; adeo res redit,
Si quis quid reddit, magna habenda est gratia.
—It is very characteristic of our present manners that things have come to such a pass that if anyone repays a debt, it must be regarded as an immense favour.
Terence. *Phormio, i. 2, 5.*

Præsis ut prosis.—Be first that you may be of service. **Pr.**

Præstant æterna caducis.—Things eternal are better than things which are transitory. **Pr.**

Præstat amicitia propinquitati.—Friendship excels relationship. **Pr.**

Præstat cautela quam medela.—Precaution is better than cure. **Coke.**

Præstat habere acerbos inimicos, quam eos amicos qui dulces videantur.—It is better to have harsh foes than those friends who seem to be sweet. **Cato.**

Præstat otiosum esse quam male agere.—It is better to be idle than to do wrong. **Pr.**

Præter speciem stultus es.—You are a bigger fool than you look.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, iv. 2, 48.*

Prætulit arma togæ, sed pacem armatus amavit.—He preferred arms to civil office, but when armed he loved peace.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 9, 199.*

Prævisus ante, mollior ictus venit.—Foreseen, the blow comes more lightly. **Pr.**

Prava
Ambitione procul.
—Far removed from base ambition.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 6, 51.*

Pravo favore labi mortales solent.—Mortals are wont to come to grief through misdirected partiality. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 5, 5, 1.*

Preces armatæ.—Prayers backed by arms. **Pr.**

Preces erant, sed quibus contradici non posset.—They were petitions, but such as could not be refused.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 46.*

Pretio parata pretio vendita justitia.—Justice put up at a price is sold at a price.
Quoted by Bacon, Essay " Of a King."

Pretium ob stultitiam fero.—I gain the reward of my folly. **Terence.** *Andria, iii. 5, 4.*

Prima caritas incipit a seipso.—Charity first begins with one's self (*i.e.* at home). **Pr.**

Prima docet rectum sapientia.—Wisdom first teaches that which is right.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 189.*

Prima et maxima peccantium est pœna peccasse.—The chief and greatest punishment of sinners is the fact of having sinned.
Seneca. *Ep. 97.*

Prima peregrinos obscœna Pecunia mores
Intulit, et turpi fregerunt sæcula luxu
Divitiæ molles.
—Immoral money first brought in foreign manners, and enervating riches corrupted the age with vile luxury. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 298.*

Prima quæ vitam dedit hora, carpit.—The first hour which has given us life plucks it.*
Seneca. *Herc. Fur., iii., Chor. v. 874.*

Prima virtus est vitio carere.—The first virtue is to be without vice. **Quintilian.**
(*See " Virtus est vitium fugere."*)

Primo avulso, non deficit alter
Aureus.
—The first being torn away, another of gold is not lacking. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 143.*

Primo intuitu.—At first glance.

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* *See* " Nascentes morimur," p. 584*b*.

Primum militiæ vinculum est religio, et signorum amor.—The chief bond of military service is religious belief, and the love of banners.
Seneca. *Ep. 95.*

Primum mobile.—The first motive power.

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor.—Fear first made gods in the world.
Statius. *Theb., 3, 661.* (*Also attrib. to Petronius by Fulgentius—Mythol., Bk. 1, ch. 1.*)

Primus inter pares.—First among equals.

Primus non sum nec imus.—I am not the first nor the last.

Primus sapientiæ gradus est falsa intelligere.—The first step to wisdom is to recognise things which are false. **Pr.**

Princeps Reipublicæ gratia constituitur, non Respublica Principis causa.—The Prince exists for the sake of the State, not the State for the sake of the Prince. **Erasmus.** *Fam. Coll.*

Principes mortales, rempublicam æternam.—Chiefs are mortal, the commonwealth is eternal. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 3, 6.*

Principia probant non probantur.—First principles prove and are not proved. **Law.**

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.—It is not the least praise to have pleased distinguished men.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 17, 35.*

Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.
—Withstand the beginnings: the remedy is prepared too late when, through long delays, diseases have become rooted.
Ovid. *Rem. Amor., 91.*

Principis est virtus maxima nosse suos.—It is a very great virtue in a chief to have known his own followers (or subjects).
Martial. *Epig., Book 8, 15, 8.*

Prisca juvent alios: ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor. Hæc ætas moribus apta meis.
—Let ancient matters delight others: I rejoice that I am born in these latter days. This age fits in well with my habits.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 121.*

Prisciani caput frangere.—To break the head of Priscian (grammarian of the middle ages). **Mediæval.**

Pristinæ virtutis memores.—Mindful of the valour of former days. **Sallust.** *Catilina, 60.*

Priusquam incipias, consulto; et ubi consulueris, mature facto opus est.—Before you begin anything take counsel, and when you have taken counsel, then is the full time for action. **Sallust.** *Catilina, 1.*

Privatorum conventio juri publico non derogat.—An agreement between private individuals does not repeal a public law. **Law.**

Privatum commodum publico cedit.—Private advantage yields to that of the public. **Law.**

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum.
—Their private fortune was small, the common fortune great. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 15, 13.*

Privilegium est quasi privata lex.—Privilege is as it were a private law. **Law.**

Privilegium non valet contra rempublicam.—Privilege does not avail against the commonwealth. **Law.**

Pro alieno facto non est puniendus.—A man is not to be punished for another man's actions. **Law.**

Pro aris et focis.—For altars and hearths.* **Cicero.** *De Natura Deorum, 3, 40, 94.*

Pro hac vice.—For this occasion.

Pro interesse suo.—As to his interest.

Pro patria, pro liberis, pro aris atque focis suis.—For their country, for their children, for their altars and their hearths. (Catiline's exhortation to his followers.) **Sallust.** *Catilina, 59.*

Pro peccato magno paulum supplicii satis est patri.—For a great sin a slight submission is sufficient in a father's eyes. **Terence.** *Andria, v. 3, 32.*

Pro quibus ut meritis referatur gratia, jurat
Se fore mancipium. tempus in omne, tuum.
—For which, that worthy thanks may be returned, he swears that he will be your servant for all time. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 4, 5, 40.*

Pro re nata.—For some special circumstance which has arisen.

Pro rege, grege, et lege.—For king, people, and law. **Motto.**

Pro tanto.—For so much.

Pro virtute felix temeritas.—In place of valour he (Alexander) possessed a lucky rashness.

Proba merx facile emptorem repperit.—Good merchandise easily finds a buyer. **Plautus.** *Pœnulus, i. 2, 128.*

Probitas laudatur et alget.—Integrity is praised and starves. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 1, 74.*

Probo bona fama maxima est hereditas.—To an upright man a good reputation is the greatest inheritance. **Publilius Syrus.**

Probum patrem esse oportet, qui gnatum suum
Esse probiorem, quam ipse fuerit, postulet.
—It behoves the father to be virtuous who desires his son to be more virtuous than he has been. **Plautus.** *Pseudolus, Act i.*

Procellæ quanto plus habent virium, tanto minus temporis.—The more force storms have, the shorter time they endure. **Seneca.**

Proclivius est evocare cacodæmon quam abigere.—It is easier to call up an evil spirit than to allay it. **Erasmus.** *Coll., Conv. Poet.* (*Quoted as an old saying.*)

Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine.—Far from Jove, far from his thunder. **Pr.**

Procul hinc, procul este, severæ!—Hence, far hence, ye prudes! **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 2, 1, 3.*

Procul, O procul este, profani!—Keep far off, far off, ye profane ones! **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 258.*

Procul omnis esto
Clamor et ira!
—Far off be tumult and wrath! **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 8, 15.*

Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit;
Hæc seges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.
—The prodigal and fool give what they despise and hate; this seed has produced, and ever will produce in all time, a crop of ungrateful persons. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 7, 20.*

Proditionem amo, sed proditorem non laudo.—I love the treason, but I do not praise the traitor. *Tr. from* **Plutarch.**

Proditor pro hoste habendus.—A traitor is to be regarded as an enemy. **Cicero.** (*Adapted. See "Pro Sulla," 31, 88; and "De Finibus," 3, 19, 64.*)

Proditores, etiam iis quos anteponunt, invisi sunt.—Betrayers are hated even by those whom they benefit. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 1, 58.*

Produnt auctorem vires.—His powers betray the author. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 4, 13, 11.*

Profecto deliramus interdum senes.—In truth, we old men are sometimes out of our senses. **Plautus.**

Profundæ impensæ abeunt in rem maritimum.—Great expense is involved in naval matters. **Cicero (?).**

Proh superi! quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ
Noctis habent!
—Oh ye gods! what darkness of night there is in mortal minds! **Ovid.** *Metam., 6, 472.*

Prohibenda autem maxime est ira in puniendo.—Anger is to be very specially avoided in inflicting punishment. **Cicero.** *De Officiis, Book 1, 25.*

Prohibetur ne quis faciat in suo, quod nocere potest in alieno.—It is not allowable that anyone should do to his own property what can injure another's. **Law.**

Projice tela manu, sanguis meus.—Put away the weapon from your hand, you who are my own flesh and blood. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 835.*

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* *See* "Pro patria, pro liberis," p. 625*a*.

Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.
—He lays aside bombast and words a foot-and-a-half long, if his object is to move the heart of the bystander with his complaint.
Horace. *De Arte Poet., 97.*

Promiscuam habere et vulgarem clementiam non decet; et tam ignoscere omnibus crudelitas est quam nulli.—It is not right to show promiscuous and general clemency; and to forgive everyone is as much cruelty as to forgive no one. **Seneca.**

Promissio boni viri fit obligatio.—The promise of a good man becomes a legal obligation. **Pr.**

Promittas facito; quid enim promittere lædit?
Pollicitis dives quilibet esse potest.
—Make a point of promising; for what harm can it do to promise? Anyone can be rich in promises. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 1, 443.*

Pronuntiatio est, ex rerum et verborum dignitate, vocis et corporis moderatio.—Delivery is the management of the voice and the body according to the value of the circumstances or the words.
Cicero. *De Inventione, Book 1, 7.*

Pronuntiatio est vocis, vultus, gestus moderatio cum venustate.—Delivery is the management, with grace, of voice, countenance, and gesture.
Cicero. *Ad Herennium, Book 1, 2.*

Properat cursu
Vita citato.
—Life hastens on with increased speed.
Seneca. *Herc. Furens, i. 178.*

Propone Deum ante oculos.—Set God before your eyes. **Cicero.**

Propositum perfice, dixit, opus.—Finish thoroughly, he said, the work you have set yourself. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 40.*

Propria domus omnium optima.—Your own house is the best of all houses. **Pr.**

Propriæ telluris herum natura, neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam statuit.—Nature has appointed neither him, nor me, nor anyone else, lord of this particular land.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 2, 129.*

Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas.—You may call those things masculine which appertain to males.
First lines of **Grammar.**

Proprium humani ingenii est, odisse quem læseris.—It is natural to the human character to hate him whom you have injured.
Tacitus. *Agricola, 42.*

Proque sua causa quisque disertus erat.—Everyone was eloquent in behalf of his own cause. **Ovid.** *Fast., 4, 112.*

Prosit tibi.—May it be well with thee!

Prospera lux oritur; linguisque animisque favete;
Nunc dicenda bono sunt bona verba die.
—The prosperous day dawns, be propitious with your tongues and thoughts; now on this happy day happy words are to be said.
Ovid. *Fast., 1, 71.*

Prosperum ac felix scelus
Virtus vocatur.
—Crime which is prosperous and lucky is called virtue.
Seneca. *Herc. Furens, ii. 251.*

Prospicere in pace oportet quod bellum juvet.—In peace it is wise to look out for what will be helpful in war. **Publilius Syrus.**

Protectio trahit subjectionem, et subjectio protectionem.—Protection involves dependence, and dependence protection. **Law.**

Protenus ad censum, de moribus ultima fiet
Quæstio.
—First as to his fortune, for the last question that will be asked will be as to his morals.
Juvenal. *Sat. 4, 140.*

Protenus apparet quæ arbores frugiferæ futuræ.—It will soon be seen which trees will be fruitful. **Pr.**

Prout res nobis fluit, ita et animus se habet.—As our affairs go with us, so also is our mind affected. **Pr.**

Proximorum incuriosi, longinqua sectamur.—Careless of things which are near, we pursue eagerly things which are far away.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 8, 20.*

Proximus a tectis ignis defenditur ægre.—When a neighbour's house is on fire the flames are with difficulty kept from your own.
Ovid. *Rem. Amor., 625.*

Proximus ardet
Ucalegon.
—The house of Ucalegon, your next-door neighbour, is burning. (A warning of danger.)
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 311.*

Proximus sum egomet mihi.—I am myself my own nearest of kin; I am dearest to myself. **Terence.** *Andria, iv. 1, 12.*

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat.
—The wise god covers with the darkness of night the issues of the future, and laughs if a mortal is anxious beyond what is right.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 29, 30.*

Prudens in flammam ne manum injicito.—If you are prudent, do not thrust your hand into the fire. **Proverb** *quoted by St. Jerome.*

Prudentis est mutare consilium; stultus sicut luna mutatur.—It is natural for a wise man to change his opinion; a fool keeps on changing like the moon. **Pr.***

Prudentis est nonnunquam silere.—It is the part of a wise man sometimes to be silent. **Pr.**

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* *See* Proverbs: "A wise man changes," p. 723b.

Psallere et saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ.—She (Sempronia) was wont to play and to dance more skilfully than is necessary in an honest woman.
Sallust. *Catilina, 25.*

Publicum bonum privato est præferendum.—The public good is to be preferred to private welfare. **Law.**

Pudet non esse impudentem.—We are ashamed of not being shameless.
St. Augustine. *Conf., Book 2, 9, 17.*

Pudor dimissus nunquam redit in gratiam.—Modesty, once banished, never returns to favour. **Publilius Syrus.**

Pudor doceri non potest, nasci potest.—Modesty cannot be taught, it may be born.
Publilius Syrus.

Pudor, et Justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas.
—Modesty, and Faith unstained, sister to Justice, and naked Truth.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 24, 6.*

Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere, satius est credo, quam metu.
—I believe it is better to restrain children by feeling of shame, and by kindness, than by fear. **Terence.** *Adelphi, i. 1, 32.*

Puellis nuper idoneus.—Fitted for girls; a ladies' man. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 26, 1.*

Pugna suum finem, quum jacet hostis, habet.—The battle has its ending when the enemy is down. **Ovid.** *Trist., 3, 5, 34.*

Pugnam sperate parati.—Being ready, hope for the battle. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 158.*

Pulchra
Edepol pecunia dos est.
—By Heaven, money is a beautiful gift.
Plautus. *Epidicus, ii. 1, 10.*

Pulchre! bene! recte!—Beautiful! good! perfect! **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 428.*

Pulchritudo mundi, ordo rerum cœlestium, conversio solis, lunæ, siderumque omnium, indicant satis aspectu ipso ea omnia non esse fortuita.—The beauty of the world, the order of the celestial system, the revolution of the sun, of the moon, of all the stars, indicate sufficiently, at a very glance, that all these things are not merely accidental.
Attr. to **Cicero.** (*Apparently adapted from several passages in De Natura Deorum.*)

Pulchrorum autumnus pulcher. — The autumn of the beautiful is beautiful.
Quoted by Bacon: Essay, "Of Beauty."

Pulvis et umbra sumus.—We are but dust and shadow. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 7, 16.*

Punctum comparationis.—The point (or standard) of comparison.

Punica fides.—Punic faith (*i.e.* treachery).
Pr. *See "Fides Punica."*

Punitis ingeniis, gliscit auctoritas.—When men of ability are punished their authority spreads. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 4, 35.*

Puras Deus non plenas aspicit manus.—God regards pure hands, not full. **Pr.**

Pythagoras non sapientem se, sed studiosum sapientiæ vocari voluit.—Pythagoras wished himself to be called not wise but a student of wisdom. **Quintilian.**

Qua vincit victos protegit ille manu.—With the same hand with which he conquers he protects the conquered.
Ovid. *Amorum, 1, 2, 52.*

Quacumque potes dote placere, place.—By whatever gift (or talent) you are able to please, please. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., 1, 596.*

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.—The hoof with its four-footed reverberation shakes the crumbling field.
Virgil. *Æneid, 8, 596.**

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?—What shore is without our blood? (*i.e.* unstained by the blood of our soldiers).
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 1, 36.*

Quæ comœdia, mimus
Quis melior plorante gula?
—What comedy, what actor is better than disappointed hunger? **Juvenal.** *Sat. 5, 157.*

Quæ culpare soles, ea tu ne feceris ipse;
Turpe est doctoris cum culpa redarguit ipsum.
—Do not yourself do the things which you are in the habit of blaming; it is an evil thing when the fault of a teacher refutes him.
Cato.

Quæ dant, quæque negant, gaudent tamen esse rogatæ.—Whether they give or refuse, it delights women just the same to have been asked. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 1, 345.*

Quæ dubitationis tollendæ causa contractibus inferuntur, jus commune non lædunt.—Things introduced into contracts for the sake of removing doubt, do not affect injuriously any common law right. **Law.**

Quæ e longinquo magis placent.—Things from afar please us the more.
Pr. (*Founded on passage following.*)

Quæ ex longinquo in majus audiebantur.—Which coming from afar were reported of in exaggerated style.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 4, 23.*

Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt.—What used to be vices are become fashions. **Seneca.**

Quæ fugiunt, celeri carpite poma manu.—With quick hand pluck at the fruit which passes away from you.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 3, 576.*

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* Often cited as an example of onomatopœia *See also* the almost identical line *Æneid*, 11, 875.

Quæ fuit durum pati
Meminisse dulce est.*
—What was grievous to endure is sweet to remember. **Seneca.** *Herc. Furens, Act iii. 656.**

Quæ in aliis libertas est, in aliis licentia vocatur.—What in some is called liberty, in others is called licence. **Quintilian.** *3, 8, 48.*

Quæ infra nos nihil ad nos.—Things which are below us are nothing to us.
Pr. (*See* "*Quæ super.*")

Quæ in testamento ita sunt scripta ut intelligi non possint, perinde sunt ac si scripta non essent.—All things which are so written in a will as to be unintelligible are to be on that account regarded as though they were not written. **Law.**

Quæ lædunt oculum festinas demere; si quid
Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum.
—Things which hurt the eye you make haste to remove; but if anything hurts the soul you put off its cure for a year.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 38.*

Quæ legi communi derogant stricte interpretantur.—Things which restrict the common law are to be interpreted rigidly. **Law.**

Quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido?—Why is there this cruel craving for light (*i.e.* life) in the wretched? **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 721.*

Quæ nescieris, ut bene nota refer.—What you are ignorant of, relate as if you knew it well. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 1, 222.*

Quæ nimis adparent retia, vitat avis.—The bird avoids the snares which show too conspicuously. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 516.*

Quæ non prosunt singula, multa juvant.—Things which are not of value singly, are useful collectively. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 420.*

Quæ non valeant singula juncta juvant.—Things which are worthless singly are useful when united. **Law.**
(*A version of the foregoing passage.*)

Quæ peccamus juvenes ea luimus senes.—The sins we commit as young men we pay the penalty for as old men. **Maxim.**

Quæ prosunt omnibus artes.—The arts, which profit all men.
Motto *of Surgeons' Company. See "Hei mihi, quod nullis."*

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?—What region in the world is not full of our labour? **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 460.*

Quæ sint, quæ fuerint, quæ mox ventura trahantur.—The things which are, which have been, which may happen in time to come.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 393.*

Quæ sunt igitur epularum aut ludorum, aut scortorum voluptates, cum his voluptatibus comparandæ?—What then are the pleasures of feasts, or games, or women, compared with these (intellectual) pleasures?
Cicero.

Quæ super nos nihil ad nos.—Things which are above us concern us nothing.
Quoted in Philip Stubbes' "Anatomie of Abuses" (1583), *2, 1, as "an olde saying and verie true."* (*See "Quæ infra."*)

Quæ te dementia cepit?—What madness has taken possession of you?
Virgil. *Eclogues, 6, 47.*

Quæ tibi, quæ tali, reddam pro carmine dona?—What gifts shall I give to you, what gifts, in reward for such a song?
Virgil. *Eclogues, 5, 81.*

Quæ uncis sunt unguibus ne nutrias.—Do not foster animals with hooked claws. **Pr.**

Quæ venit ex tuto minus est accepta voluptas.—Pleasure which is derived from what is safe is the less valued.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 603.*

Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo.—What virtue, and of what great value, good friends, there is in living upon little.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 2, 1.*

Quæ volumus et credimus libenter, et quæ sentimus ipse, reliquos sentire putamus.—The things which we desire and readily believe, and ourselves feel, we imagine that the rest of the world also feels. **Cæsar.**

Quælibet concessio fortissime contra donatorem interpretanda est.—Any grant is to be construed most stirctly against the giver.
Law.

Quælibet in quemvis opprobria fingere sævus.—Fierce to invent some sort of scandal against someone.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 15, 30.*

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.
—Most unhappy events which I myself saw, and in which I was myself a chief participator.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 5.*

Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamat.—Seek a stranger (to tell it to), shout the bellowing neighbours.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 17, 62.*

Quærens quem devoret.—Seeking whom he may devour. **Vulgate.** *1 Pet. 5, 8.*

Quærere ut absumant, absumpta requirere certant;
Atque ipsæ vitiis sunt alimenta vices.
—They struggle to obtain in order that they may spend, and then to re-obtain what they have spent; and their very vicissitudes are nourishment to their vices.
Ovid. *Fast., 1, 213.*

Quæris quo jaceas, post obitum, loco?
Quo non nata jacent.
—Will you know the place where you will be when dead? There, where the unborn are.
Seneca. *Troades, iii., Chorus, v. 30.*

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* Perhaps a proverbial expression or derived from fragmentary lines of Euripides, quoted by Plutarch, in *Moralia*, 630 E.: "How sweet to remember the trouble that is past."

Quærit aquas in aquis.—He (Tantalus) seeks water in the midst of water.
Ovid. *Amorum, 2, 2, 43.*

Quæritur, Sitne æquum amicos cognatis anteferre?—It is asked, Is it not right to prefer friends to relatives? **Cicero.**

Quæstio fit de legibus, non de personis.—The question is what is the law, not who are the parties. **Law.**

Quæstio vexata.—A vexed question.

Quævis terra alit artificem.—Any country supports the skilled workman. **Pr.**

Quale sit id, quod amas, celeri circumspice mente;
Et tua læsuro subtrahe colla jugo.
—Examine carefully with keen intelligence what sort of an object it is that you love, and withdraw your neck from a yoke which will gall you. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 89.*

Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aspice, nec mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
—Whomsoever you commend, study again and again, lest by and by the sins of another cover you with shame.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 76.*

Quales sunt summi civitatis viri, talis est civitas.—Such as are the leading men of the State, such is the State itself.*
Cicero (*adapted*).

Qualis avis, talis cantus; qualis vir, talis oratio.—Such bird, such song; such man, such style of speech. **Pr.**

Qualis sit animus, ipse animus nescit.—The mind itself does not know what the mind is. **Cicero.**

Quam ad probos propinquitate proxime te adjunxeris,
Tam optimum est.
—The nearer you can associate yourself with the good, the better.
Plautus. *Aulularia, ii. 2, 59.*

Quam bene vivas, non quamdiu, refert.—How well you live matters, and not how long.
Seneca. *Ep., 101.*

Quam inique comparatum est; ii qui minus habent,
Ut semper aliquid addant divitioribus!
—How unequally things are arranged, that those who have less should always be adding something to the possessions of the more wealthy. **Terence.** *Phormio, i. 1, 7.*

Quam iniqui sunt patres in omnes adolescentes judices!—What harsh judges fathers are in regard to all young men!
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, ii. 1, 1.*

Quam miser est qui excusare se non potest.—How pitiable is he who cannot excuse himself. **Publilius Syrus.**

Quam miserum est id quod pauci habent amittere!—How wretched a thing it is to lose that which few people possess!
Publilius Syrus.

Quam multa injusta ac prava fiunt moribus.—How many things become wrong and corrupt through the evil manners of the age.
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, iv. 7, 11.*

Quam non est facilis virtus! Quam vero difficilis ejus diuturna simulatio.—How far from easy is virtue! How difficult is even a continual pretence of virtue!
Cicero. *Ep. ad Atticum, Book 7, 1.*

Quam parva sapientia regatur!—With how little wisdom the world is governed!
*Quoted by Dr. Arbuthnot (in letter to Swift, 1732–3), "Quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur."**

Quam prope ad crimen sine crimine!—How near to guilt without actual guilt! **Pr.**

Quam quisque norit artem, in hac se exerceat.—Whatsoever art a man has learned, let him exercise himself in that art.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 1, 18.*†

Quam sæpe forte temere
Eveniunt, quæ non audeas optare.
—How often things happen by chance which you would not dare to hope for.
Terence. *Phormio, v. 1, 31.*

Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!—How rashly we sanction a law unfair to ourselves.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 3, 67.*

Quam veterrimus homini optimus est amicus!—How much the best of a man's friends is his oldest friend!
Plautus. *Truc., i. 2, 71.*

Quamquam medio in spatio integræ ætatis ereptus, quantum ad gloriam, longissimum ævum peregit.—Although taken away in the very prime of life, yet, if his career were measured by his glory, he had lived a very prolonged period. **Tacitus.** *Agricola, 44.*

Quamvis acerbus qui monet, nulli nocet.—However bitter an adviser is, he hurts no one. **Publilius Syrus.**

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen.
—However much troubled I am by the departure (*or* defection) of my old friend, I praise him nevertheless. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 3, 1.*

Quamvis sublimes debent humiles metuere,
Vindicta docili quia patet sollertiæ.
—However exalted men are, they should fear those of low estate, because vengeance lies open to patient craft.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 28, 1.*

Quando aliquid prohibetur, prohibetur et omne per quod devenitur ad illud.—When anything is forbidden, everything which leads to the same result is also forbidden. **Law.**

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* Founded on a passage in Cicero's *19th Epistle to Lentulus* (Bk. 1), where it is stated to be a saying of Plato.

* *See* pp. 275*b*, 458*b*, 490*a*, 741*b*.

† Quoted as a proverb of the Greeks.

Quando jus domini regis et subditi concurrunt, jus regis præferri debet.—Where the king's right and the right of a subject are at variance, the king's right should be preferred.
Law.

Quando terra iter facere possis, ne mari facias.—Whenever you can make your journey by land, do not make it by sea.*
Apostolius. (1653 *ed.*) *Cent. 2, pr. 54.*

Quando ullum inveniet parum?—When shall another equal to him be found?
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 24, 8.*

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.—Sometimes the good Homer grows drowsy.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 359.*

Quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima Divitiarum
Majestas.
—Since the majesty of wealth is most sacred with us.
Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 113.*

Quanquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.
—What forbids a laugher to speak the truth? As good-natured teachers often give little cakes to their boys when they desire to teach them the rudiments of learning.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 1, 24.*

Quanta est gula quæ sibi totos
Ponit apros, animal propter convivia natum!
—O what gluttony is his who has whole boars served up for himself, an animal born for banquets!
Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 140.*

Quanta sit admirabilitas cœlestium rerum atque terrestrium!—How great is the wonderfulness of heavenly and earthly things!
Cicero. *De Nat. Deorum, 2, 36.*

Quantæ sunt tenebræ! væ mihi, væ mihi, væ!—How great is the darkness! woe to me, woe to me, woe!
Mediæval.

Quanti est sapere! Nunquam accedo ad te, quin abs te abeam doctior.—How great a thing it is to have wisdom! I never come to you but what I go away wiser.
Terence. *Eunuchus, v. 1, 21.*

Quanto plura recentium, seu veterum revolvo, tanto magis ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis observantur.—The more I turn over in my mind the affairs of modern times or of ancient times, the more do I see the mockery of human affairs in all transactions.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 3, 18.*

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Dis plura feret.
—The more a man denies himself, the more will he obtain from the gods.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 16, 21.*

Quanto sibi in prœlio minus pepercissent, tanto tutiores fore.—The less careful they were of themselves in battle, the safer they were.
Sallust. *Jugurtha, 104.*

Quanto spei est minu'; tanto magis amo.—The less hope there is, the more do I love.
Terence. *Eunuchus, v. 9, 23.*

Quanto splendoris honore celsior quisque est, tanto si delinquit peccato major est.—According as a man is higher by a position of distinction, by so much, if he falls into sin, is his sin the greater.
Isidorus.

Quanto superiores sumus, tanto nos geramus submissius.—The more we are exalted, the more humbly let us bear ourselves.
Cicero. *De Officiis, 1, 26, 90.*

Quantum a rerum turpitudine abes, tantum te a verborum libertate sejungas.—The more you are averse to base actions, the more you should keep yourself from licence in language.
Cicero. *Pro Cœlio, 3, 8.*

Quantum mutatus ab illo!—How changed from him whom we knew!
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 274.*

Quantum nobis nostrisque hæc fabula de Christo profuerit, notum est.—It is well known how much this story about Christ has profited us and ours.
Attrib. to **Leo X.** *(1475–1521).*

Quantum quisque ferat, respiciendus erit.—Each man will be worthy of regard according to what he brings with him.
Ovid. *Amorum, 1, 8, 38.*

Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
Tantum habet et fidei.
—According to the amount of money a man has in his coffers, so much respect does he also obtain.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 143.*

Quantum vertice ad auras
Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.
—It extends its root as far down into the infernal regions as it stretches its head aloft into the air of heaven.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 445.*

Quantumvis cursum longum fessumque moratur
Sol, sacro tandem carmine Vesper adest.
—Howsoever the Sun may linger on his long and weary journey, at length Evening comes with its sacred song.
Old Latin couplet. (*See Stephen Hawes, p.* 158*b*.)

Quare fremuerunt Gentes?—Why do the nations rage?
Vulgate. *Ps. 2, 1.*

Quare vitia sua nemo confitetur? Quia etiam nunc in illis est. Somnium narrare vigilantis est.—Why does no one confess his sins? Because he is yet in them. It is for a man who has awoke from sleep to tell his dreams.
Seneca. *Ep. 53,*

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* Cato Major (according to Plutarch) repented of three things in his life: (1) That he had entrusted a secret to a woman. (2) That he had gone by sea when he might have gone on foot. (3) That he had lost a day through idleness. *See* p. 454*b*, "The three things to be repented of."

Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes.—The wealth you give away is the only wealth you will always possess.
Martial. *Book 5, 43.*

Quasi mures semper edimus alienum cibum. Like mice, we always eat the food of other people. **Plautus.** *Persa, i. 2, 6.*

Quem dii diligunt,
Adolescens moritur, dum valet, sentit, sapit.—He whom the gods love dies young, whilst he is full of health, perception and judgment.
Plautus. *Bacchides, iv. 7, 18.**

Quem diligas ni recte moneas, oderis.—Whom you love, unless you properly admonish him, you hate. **Publilius Syrus.**

Quem ferret, si parentem non ferret suum?—Whom should he bear with if he should not bear with his own father?
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, i. 2, 28.*

Quem Jupiter [*or* Deus] vult perdere, prius dementat.—Whom Jupiter [*or* God] wishes to ruin, he first drives mad.
Translated from the Greek by Joshua Barnes (1654–1712).† (*See* "*Stultum facit.*")

Quem lapide illa diem candidiore notat.—Which day she (the goddess) marks with a whiter stone. **Catullus.** *Carmen, 69, 144.*

Quem metuit quisque, perisse cupit.—Whom a man fears he wishes to perish.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 2, 2, 10.*

Quem pœnitet peccasse pene est innocens.—He who repents having sinned is almost innocent. **Seneca.** *Agamemnon, ii. 243.*

Quem recitas, meus est, O Fidentine, libellus,
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.
—The work which you recite, Fidentinus, is mine, but when you recite it badly, it begins to be your own. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 1, 39.*

Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,
Mutatæ quatient.
—When good fortune elates a man unduly, changed fortunes will cause him extreme alarm.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 10, 30.*

Quem sæpe casus transit, aliquando inveniet.—Whom chance often passes by, it will one day discover.
Seneca. *Herc. Furens, ii. 328.*

Quemcunque populum tristis eventus premit,
Periclitatur magnitudo principum,
Minuta plebes facili præsidio latet.
—Whatsoever people direful fate oppresses, the greatness of the chief men places them in danger, but the small folk escape notice in easy safety. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 3, 5, 11.*

Qui a nuce nucleum esse vult, frangit nucem.—He cracks the nut, who wishes to have the kernel out of the nut.
Plautus. *Curculio, i. 1, 55.*

Qui alterum incusat probri, eum ipsum se intueri oportet.—He who accuses another man of shameful conduct should take care to keep himself blameless.
Plautus. *Truc., i. 2, 58.*

Qui amat, tamen hercle si esurit, nullum esurit.—He who is in love, even if he is hungry in sooth, is not hungry at all.
Plautus.

Qui ante diem periit: sed miles, sed pro patria.—Who died before his day: but as a soldier, but for his native land. **Anon.**

Qui Bavium non odit, amat tua carmina, Mævi.—He who does not hate Bavius (a third-rate poet), loves your poems, Mævius.
Virgil. *Ecl., 3, 90.*

Qui bene imperat, paruerit aliquando necesse est.—It is necessary that he who commands well, should have at some time obeyed. **Cicero.** *De Legibus, Book 3, 2.*

Qui bellus homo, Cotta, pusillus homo est.—He, Cotta, who is a pretty man (an effeminate fop), is a paltry man.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 10.*

Qui cadit a syllaba cadit a tota causa.—He who fails in one small particular, fails in the whole action. **Law Maxim** (*condemned*).

Qui cum triste aliquid statuit, fit tristis et ipse;
Cuique fere pœnam sumere pœna sua est.
—One who, when he resolves upon a sad decision, becomes sad also himself; and to whom it is almost a punishment to inflict punishment. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 2, 2, 119.*

Qui Curios simulant, et Bacchanalia vivunt.—Who pretend to be men of the austere pattern of Curius, and who live the life of Bacchanals. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 2, 3.*

Qui dedit beneficium, taceat; narret qui accepit.—Let him who has bestowed a kindness be silent about it; let him who has received it tell it abroad.
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, Book 2, 11.**

Qui dedit hoc hodie, cras, si volet, auferet.—He who has given this to-day, may, if he pleases, take it away to-morrow.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 16, 33.*

Qui deliberant, desciverunt.—Those men who take counsel together are men who have become disaffected.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 2, 77.*

Qui desiderat pacem, præparet bellum.—Who desires peace, let him make ready for war. (*See* "Si vis pacem.")
Vegetius. *De Re Militari, 3. Prolog.*

Qui enim poterit aut corporis firmitati, aut fortunæ stabilitati confidere?—Who can put trust in the strength of the body or in the stability of fortune?
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 5, 14, 40.*

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* For the Greek version, from Menander, *see* p. 476*a*.

† The proverb, as quoted by Euripides, will be found on p. 476*a*.

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* Saying of Chilo.

Qui ex damnato coitu nascuntur, inter liberos non computantur.—Those who are born from illicit intercourse are not reckoned amongst a person's children. **Law.**

Qui invenit verba quibus deberent loqui.—Who has invented words which deserve to be quoted. *Cited by Voltaire.* (*Pref. to Irène.*)

Qui facit per alium facit per se.—He who does a thing by another's agency does it himself. **Coke.**

Qui fert malis auxilium, post tempus dolet.—He who renders succour to the wicked, grieves for it after a time.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 4, 18, 1.*

Qui finem quæris amoris,
Cedit amor rebus; res age, tutus eris.
—You who wish to put an end to your love, know that love gives place to business; attend to business and you will be safe.
Ovid. *Rem. Amor., 144.*

Qui fingit sacros auro vel marmore vultus,
Non facit ille deos: qui rogat, ille facit.
—He who fashions sacred images of gold or marble does not make them gods; he makes them such who prays to them.
Martial. *Epig., Book 8, 24, 5.*

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?
—Whence is it, Mæcenas, that no one lives content with that lot which reason has assigned him or chance has thrown in his way; but praises those who follow other fortunes?
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 1, 1.*

Qui fugit molam, farinam non invenit.—He who avoids the mill gets no flour. **Pr.**

Qui genus jactat suum,
Aliena laudat.
—Who boasts of his descent praises things which do not appertain to himself.
Seneca. *Herc. Furens, ii. 340.*

Qui gravis es nimium, potes hinc jam lector abire.—Reader, who art too seriously disposed, you may take yourself far away hence.
Martial. *Epig., Book 11, 17.*

Qui histrionibus dat, dæmonibus sacrificat.—Who gives to actors sacrifices to devils.
Peter Cantor. *Ch. 47.*

Qui homo mature quæsivit pecuniam,
Nisi eam mature parsit, mature esurit.
—He who has acquired wealth betimes, unless he has saved it betimes, will have consumed it betimes. **Plautus.** *Curculio, iii. 10.*

Qui in amorem,
Præcipitavit, pejus perit quam si saxo saliat.
—He who plunges into love is more lost than if he leapt from a rock.
Plautus. *Trinummus, ii 1, 30.*

Qui in jus dominiumve alterius succedit, jure ejus uti debet.—He who succeeds to the rights or property of another person, ought to enjoy his rights also. **Law.**

Qui invidet minor est.—He who envies is inferior. **Motto** *of* **Earls Cadogan.**

Qui jacet in terra non habet unde cadat.—He who lies upon the ground has no chance of falling. **Alanus de Insulis.**

Qui jure suo utitur neminem lædit.—He who exercises his own right injures no one. **Law.**

Qui jussu judicis aliquod fecerit, non videtur dolo malo fecisse, quia parere necesse est.—He who has done anything by order of a judge, is not regarded as having done it for any evil purpose, since it is incumbent on him to obey. **Law.**

Qui laborat, orat.—He who labours, prays.
Attr. to **St. Augustine.**[*]

Qui legitis flores et humi nascentia fraga,
Frigidus, O pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba.
—O boys, who pluck the flowers and strawberries springing from the ground, flee hence; a cold snake lies hidden in the grass.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 3, 92.*

Qui mare teneat, eum necesse est rerum potiri.—He who has possession of the sea must of necessity be master of the situation.
Ascribed to **Cicero.**

Qui medice vivit misere vivit.—Who lives medically lives miserably.
Quoted by Burton (*Anat. Melan.*, 1621), *as "a saying."*

Qui mentiri aut fallere insuerit patrem, aut
Audebit, tanto magis audebit ceteros.
—He who has been in the habit of lying to or deceiving his father, or who will dare to do so, will be all the more daring in attempting the same with others.
Terence. *Adelphi, i. 1, 30.*

Qui mentitur fallit quantum in se est.—He who lies deceives as much as is in his power.
Aulus Gellius. *Book 11, 11.* (*Quoted as a saying of P. Nigidius.*)

Qui monet amat. Ave et cave.—He loves who advises. Farewell and beware.
Quoted by Burton (*Anat. Melan.*, 1621) *as "a saying."*

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.—He who advises, as it were helps.
Plautus. *Curculio, Act iii. 1, 89.*

Qui mores hominum multorum videt et urbes.—Who saw the manners of many men and their cities.[†]
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 142.*

Qui mori didicit, servire dedidicit; supra omnem potentiam est, certe extra omnem.—He who has learnt to die, has unlearnt slavery; he is above all power, certainly beyond all.
Seneca.

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[*] *See* "Qui orat," p. 633*b*; also "Laborare est orare," 563*b*. Carlyle (*Past and Present*, Ch. 12) refers to the saying as that of "the old monks," and adds (Ch. 15), "What worship, for example, is there not in mere washing!"

[†] *See* "Multorum providus," 582*b*.

Qui neminem habet inimicum, eum nec amicum habet quenquam.—He who has no enemy, has not any friend. **Pr.**

Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare.—Who does not know how to dissemble, does not know how to reign.
Attrib. by Lipsius ("Politica sive civilis Doctrina," Bk. 4, ch. 14) to the Emperor Frederick. See "Qui ne sait dissimuler" (French).

Qui nescit dissimulare nescit vivere.—Who does not know how to dissemble does not know how to live.
Quoted by R. Burton (Anat. Melan., Pt. 1, 2, 3, subs. 15) as a saying of "that Emperor," which according to A. R. Shilleto (1848–1894) meant the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa (c. *1123–1190) with whom it was "a favourite maxim." The saying is quoted in the above form, as a proverb, by Palingenius (Zodiacus Vitæ), Book 4, 684).*[*]

Qui nil molitur inepte.—One who never undertakes anything ineffectually.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 140.*

Qui nil potest sperare, desperet nihil.—Let him who cannot hope for anything, not despair about anything.
Seneca. *Medea, ii. 163.*

Qui nimium multis,
Non amo, dicit; amat.
—He who protests overmuch to many, "I do not love," he is in love.
Ovid. *Rem. Amor., 648.*

Qui nolet fieri desidiosus, amet.—Let a man who does not wish to become slothful, fall in love. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 9, 46.*

Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit. —He who is not prepared to-day, will be less so to-morrow. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 94.*

Qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens.
—He who does not moderate his anger, will wish that undone which his vexation and temper prompted him to do.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 59.*

Qui non prohibet quod prohibere potest, assentire videtur.—He who does not prevent what he has the power to prevent, is regarded as assenting to it. **Law.**

Qui non vetat peccare cum possit, jubet.—He who does not forbid sin when he can, encourages it. **Seneca.** *Troades, ii. 291.*

Qui novit mollissima fandi tempora.—Who knew the most effective time for speaking.
Virgil (*adapted*). *Æneid, 4, 293.*

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.
—Who now travels, by that shadowy way, thither whence, they say, no one returns.
Catullus. *3, 11.*

Qui omnes despicit, omnibus displicet.—He who despises all displeases all.
Albertano of Brescia. *Liber Consolationis. (Chaucer, in "Melibeus," sec. 15, translates thus: "He that all despyseth all displeysyth.")*

Qui omnes insidias timet, in nullas incidit.—He who fears all snares falls into none.
Publilius Syrus.

Qui omnia se simulant scire, nec quicquam sciunt.
Quod quisquam animo habet, aut habituru'st, sciunt;
Idque quod in aurem rex reginæ dixerit,
Sciunt; quod Juno fabulata est cum Jove;
Quæ neque futura, neque facta sunt, tamen ii sciunt.
—Who pretend to know all things, nor know anything. They know what every man has or is about to have in his mind; and that which the king has whispered into the queen's ear they know; what Juno has chattered to Jove they know; and things which neither will happen nor have happened they know none the less. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, i. 2.*

Qui orat et laborat, cor levat ad Deum cum manibus.—He who prays and labours lifts his heart to God with his hands.[*]
St. Bernard. *Ad sororem.*

Qui parcit virgæ, odit filium suum.—He that spareth the rod hateth his own son.
Vulgate. *Prov. 13, 24.*

Qui patitur vincit.—He who suffers conquers.[†] **Pr.**

Qui, pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus, atque
Serviet æternum, quia parvo nesciet uti.
—He who, afraid of poverty, gives up liberty, more valuable than precious metals, shall, wretch that he is, carry his master and serve him for ever, because he knew not how to be content with a little.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 10, 39.*

Qui peccat ebrius luat sobrius.—He who offends when drunk pays for it when sober.
Law.

Qui pendet alienis promissis, sæpe decipitur. —He who trusts to the promises of others is often deceived. **Pr.**

Qui per virtutem peritat,[‡] non interit.—He who dies on account of his virtue, does not perish. **Plautus.** *Capteivei, iii. 5, 32.*

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[*] In Roche and Chasles' *Histoire de France* (Paris, 1847), the saying is claimed as a "maxim of Louis XI" (1423–1483), who is said to have allowed his son and successor, Charles, to know no other Latin than this one sentence. *See also* Philippe de Commines (c. 1445–c. 1511), who quotes Vincentius Lupanus, *De Magistrat. Franc.*, as his authority.

[*] A similar expression is found in the works of Gregory the Great, *Moral in Libr. Job*, Book 18, 4; *also* in *Pseudo-Hieron.*, in *Jerem.*, Thren. 3, 41.

[†] "Men seyn 'the suffraunt overcometh'"—*Chaucer: Troilus*, Bk. 4, l. 1584.

[‡] Said to be a false reading for "periit," another reading is "peribat."

Qui pessime canit, primus incipiet.—He who sings worst will begin first. **Pr.**

Qui potest mulieres vitare, vitet.—He who can avoid women, let him avoid them. **Plautus.** *Stichus, i. 2.*

Qui prior est tempore, potior est jure.—He who is first in time has the advantage in right. **Coke.**

Qui pro innocenti dicit satis est eloquens.—He who speaks on behalf of an innocent man is eloquent enough. **Publilius Syrus.**

Qui pro quo.—Who for whom; one thing for another very different thing.

Qui proficit in litteris et deficit in moribus, plus deficit quam proficit.—He who is proficient in learning but deficient in morals, is more deficient than he is proficient. **Pr.**

Qui replicat, multiplicat.—He that replies, multiplies.
Quoted by Bacon as "the saying of an obscure fellow."

Qui scit, scit; nescit qui sit.—He who knows, knows, ; but who he may be he does not know. **Publilius Syrus.**

Qui se committit homini tutandum improbo,
Auxilia dum requirit, exitium invenit.
—He who gives himself up to the charge of an unprincipled man, when he wants help finds ruin. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 1, 31, 1.*

Qui se ultro morti offerant, facilius reperiuntur quam qui dolorem patienter ferant.—Those who will of their own accord give themselves to death are more easily found than those who can bear pain with patience. **Cæsar.**

Qui seipsum laudat, cito derisorem inveniet.—He who praises himself will soon find someone to deride him. **Publilius Syrus.**

Qui semel aspexit quantum dimissa petitis
Præstant, mature redeat, repetatque relicta.
—Let him who has once recognised how much the things he has rejected excel what he has sought, return betimes and seek again what has been neglected. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 7, 96.*

Qui semel est læsus fallaci piscis ab hamo,
Omnibus unca cibis æra subesse putat.
—The fish which has once been injured by the deceitful hook, believes that the barbed metal lies hidden in all food. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 2, 7, 9.*

Qui semel scurra nunquam paterfamilias.—He who has once been a man given to gaiety and buffoonery will never make a father of a family. **Cicero.**
(*Adapted from Or. pro P. Quintio, 17, 55.*)

Qui sentit commodum, sentire debet et onus.—He who feels the advantage, ought also to feel the burden (or expense). **Law.**

Qui sibi amicus est, scito hunc amicum omnibus esse.—When a man is his own friend you may know him to be a friend to all men. **Seneca.** *Ep. 6, fin.*

Qui silet est firmus.—He who holds his tongue is strong. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 697.*

Qui simulat verbis, nec corde est fidus amicus,
Tu quoque fac simile, et sic ars deluditur arte.
—If one pretends with his words, and at heart is not a true friend, do you do the same to him, and so art will be foiled by art. **Cato.**

Qui spe aluntur pendent non vivunt.—Those who are fed on hope do not live but hang on. **Pr.**

Qui statuit, aliqua parte inaudita altera,
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuit.
—He who comes to a conclusion when the other side is unheard, may have been just in his conclusion, but yet has not been just in his conduct. **Seneca.** *Medea, ii. 199.*

Qui stultis videri eruditi volunt, stulti eruditis videntur.—Those who wish to appear wise to fools, appear fools to the wise. **Quintilian.**

Qui suis rebus contentus est, huic maximæ ac certissimæ divitiæ.—He who is contented with his own lot has the greatest and surest of riches. **Maxim.**

Qui terret plus ipse timet.—He who terrifies others is more afraid himself. **Claudian.** *4, Consul. Honorii, 290.*

Qui timide rogat
Docet negare.
—He who asks faint-heartedly teaches how to refuse. **Seneca.** *Hippolytus, ii. 593.*

Qui uti scit, ei bona.—He has wealth who knows how to use it. **Pr.**

Qui utuntur vino vetere, sapienteis puto,
Et qui libenter veteres spectant fabulas.
—I regard those as wise who employ old wine and freely study old stories. **Plautus.** *Casina, i., Prol., 5.*

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.—Let him who wishes to be deceived, be deceived. **Pr.***

Quia perire solus nolo, te cupio perire mecum.—Because I do not wish to perish alone, I desire you to perish with me. **Plautus.** *Epidicus, Act i.*

Quibus honorem et gloriam
Fortuna tribuit, sensum communem abstulit.
—Fortune has deprived those of common sense to whom she has given honour and glory. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 1, 7, 3.*

Quibus in solo vivendi causa palato est.—Whose reason of living is in their palate alone. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 11, 11.*

Quibus res timida aut turbida 'st,
Pergunt turbare usque, ut nequid possit conquiescere.
—They whose affairs are in a dangerous or

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* *See* "Populus vult decipi," p. 622b.

confused state, proceed to make them more confused, so that nothing can be settled.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, v. 1, 11.*

Quicquid ages igitur, magna spectabere scena.—Whatsoever therefore you do, you will be the object of observation upon a great stage.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 3, 1, 59.*

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.
—Whatever men do, wishes, fears, anger, pleasure, joys and different pursuits, of these is the hotch-potch of our book.
Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 25.*

Quicquid dicam aut erit, aut non:
Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo.
—Whatever I state either will come to pass or will not; truly the great Apollo has given me the art of divination.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 5, 59.*

Quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.—Whatsoever is worthy of a good and wise man.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 4, 5.*

Quicquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget, cœleste et divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est.—Whatever that may be which feels, which has knowledge, which wills, which has the power of growth, it is celestial and divine, and on that account it must of necessity be eternal.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 1, 27, 66.*

Quicquid excessit modum
Pendet instabili loco.
—Whatsoever has exceeded due bounds hangs from an unsafe resting-place.
Seneca. *Œdipus, iv. 909.*

Quicquid in altum
Fortuna tulit, ruitura levat.
—Whatever fortune has placed on high, she lifts to throw it down again.
Seneca. *Agamemnon, ii. 100.*

Quicquid multis peccatur inultum est.—Whatsoever sin is committed by many remains unpunished.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 5, 257.*

Quicquid plantatur solo, solo ceditur.—Whatever is placed into the soil belongs to the soil.
Law.

Quicquid sibi imperavit animus, obtinuit.—Whatsoever the mind has ordained for itself, it has achieved.
Seneca.

Quicumque amisit dignitatem pristinam,
Ignavis etiam jocus est in casu gravi.
—Whoever has lost his former high position, becomes in distress a jest even to the lowest.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 21, 1.*

Quicumque turpi fraude semel innotuit,
Etiamsi verum dicit, amittit fidem.
—Whosoever has once become known as guilty of some shameful deceit, forfeits belief even if he speaks the truth.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 10, 1.*

Quicunque, ubique sunt, qui fuere, quique futuri sunt posthac,
Stulti, stolidi, fatui, fungi, bardi, blenni, buccones,
Solus ego omnes longo anteeo stultitia et moribus indoctis.
—Whoever and wherever they are, have been, or ever shall be in time to come, fools, blockheads, duffers, idiots, dunderheads, dullards, blunderers, I alone far exceed them all in folly and want of sense. **Plautus.** *Bacchides, v. i.*

Quicunque vult servari.—Whosoever desires to be safe.
Athanasian Creed.

Quid ad farinas?—How will this bring you meal? (*i.e.* What profit will it bring you?).
Pr.

Quid admirer, quid rideam, ubi gaudeam, ubi exultem, spectans tot ac tantos reges, qui in cælum recepti nuntiabuntur, cum ipso Jove, et ipsis suis testibus, in imis tenebris congemiscentes!—How shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, on beholding so many and so great kings, who shall be reported of as received in heaven, groaning with Jove himself and his followers in the lowest depths of darkness! **Tertullian.** *De Spectaculis, 30.**

Quid afferre consilii potest, qui seipse eget consilio?—What advice can he bring to others who needs advice himself? **Cicero.**

Quid arenæ semina mandas?
Non profecturis litora bubus aras.
—Why do you plant seed in the sand? You vainly plough the shores of the sea with your oxen. **Ovid.** *Her., 5, 115.*

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus?
—Why do we in our short term of life strive with might and main for so many things? Why do we change for lands warmed by another sun? **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 16, 17.*

Quid cæco cum speculo?—What has a blind man to do with a mirror? **Pr.**

Quid crastina volveret ætas
Scire nefas homini.
—It is not lawful for man to know what the morrow may bring round.
Statius. *Thebais, 3, 562.*

Quid datur a Divis felici optatius hora?—What is there given by the gods more to be desired than a happy hour?
Catullus. *Carm., 62, 29.*

Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe videto.—Ever have an eye as to what and to whom you speak concerning any man.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 68.*

Quid deceat, quid non, obliti.—Persons forgetful of what is right and of what is not.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 6, 62.*

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* A parallel to this famous passage is supplied in Sir D. Lyndesay's *The Monarche* (1556), Bk. 4, l. 6165:
So thare Joyis salbe without missour (measure):
They sall (shall) Rejoyis to se the gret dolour
Off dampnit folk in hell, and thare torment;
Because of God it is the Juste Jugement.

Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.—What is right, what is not; whither virtue leads us, and whither error.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 308.*

Quid deceat vos, non quantum liceat vobis, spectare debetis.—You ought to have regard to what is proper for you, not to how much is allowable.*
Cicero. *Pro R. Posthumo, 5, 11.*

Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter;
Quod petis id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.
—What shall I give? What shall I not give? You refuse that which another commands. What you desire is certainly odious and unpalatable to two other persons.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 63.*

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?—What will this boaster produce worthy of such inflated language?
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 138.*

Quid domini facient, audent quum talia fures?—What will not the masters do, when their rascals dare to do such things?
Virgil. *Eclogues, 3, 16.*

Quid dulcius hominum generi a natura datum est, quam sui cuique liberi?—What is there sweeter given by nature to the race of mankind, than each man's own children?
Cicero. *Ad Quir. post Reditum, 1.*

Quid ego ex hac inopia nunc capiam?—What am I now to take out of all this scarcity?
Terence. *Phormio, i. 3, 14.*

Quid enim ratione timemus
Aut cupimus?
—What is there forsooth that we fear or desire with reason? **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 4.*

Quid enim refert, quantum habeas? Multo illud plus est, quod non habes.—What does it matter how much you have? What you have not amounts to much more.
Seneca (*as quoted by Aulus Gellius, Book 12, 2*).

Quid enim salvis infamia nummis?—What indeed is infamy as long as our money is safe?
Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 48.*

Quid est autem turpius quam senex vivere incipiens?—What is more disgraceful than an old man just beginning to live?
Seneca. *Epist., 13.*

Quid est dignitas indigno, nisi circulus aureus in naribus suis?—What is honour to the unworthy but a gold ring in a swine's snout? **Silvianus.**
(*Founded on Vulgate, Prov. 11, 22.*)

Quid est enim fides, nisi credere quod non vides?—For what is faith unless it is to believe what you do not see?
St. Augustine. *In Joannis Evang. Tract. 40, sec. 8.*

Quid est enim novi hominem mori, cujus tota vita nihil aliud quam ad mortem iter est?—What new thing then is it for a man to die, whose whole life is nothing else but a journey to death?
Seneca. *De Consol. ad Polyb., 30.*

Quid est fides? Quod non vides.
Quid est spes? Magna res.
Quid est caritas? Magna raritas.*
—What is faith? What you do not see. What is hope? A great thing. What is charity? A great rarity.
Facetiæ Cantabrigienses.

Quid facies odio, sic ubi amore noces?—What will you do in your hatred, when you are so cruel in your love?
Ovid. *Heroides, 21, 56.*

Quid facis, infelix? Perdis bona vota!—What are you doing, unhappy one? You are losing our good wishes.
Ovid. *Amorum, 3, 2, 71.*

Quid faciunt pauci contra tot millia fortes?—What can a few brave men do against so many thousands? **Ovid.** *Fast., 2, 219.*

Quid habet pulchri constructus acervus?—What is there of beauty in a piled-up heap (of money)? **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 44.*

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt?—Of what use are empty laws without morals?
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 35.*

Quid magis est durum saxo, quid mollius unda?
Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aqua.
—What is more hard than rock, what is softer than the wave? Yet hard rocks are hollowed by the soft water.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 475.*

Quid me alta silentia cogis
Rumpere?
—Why do you compel me to break the deep silence? **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 63.*

Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
Erexisse caput, pecudum si more pererrant?
—What avails it to have a soul derived from above, and to lift the head on high, if, after the manner of beasts, men go astray?
Claudian. *De Raptu Proserpinæ, Book 3, 41.*

Quid nisi victis dolor?—What is there but wretchedness for the vanquished? **Pr.**

Quid non cogit amor?—What does not love compel us to do?
Martial. *Epig., Book 5, 49, 1.*

Quid non ebrietas designat? Operta recludit;
Spes jubet esse ratas; in prœlia trudit inertem;
Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.

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* *See* "Laus est facere," p. 564*b*.

* Replies attributed to Isaac Barrow (1614–1680), who is alleged to have given them extemporaneously to the interrogatories of the Bishop's Chaplain, when Barrow was student of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a candidate for holy orders. In Bishop Sandford's *Memoirs* (c. 1830?) similar lines are attributed to Bentley, the second and third replies being given respectively as "Quod non habes" (What you have not), and "Maxima raritas" (The greatest rarity).

—What does not drunkenness contrive? It looses secrets; bids our hopes to be confirmed; urges the inactive into battles; removes the burden from anxious minds; teaches accomplishments. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 5, 16.*

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?
—To what dost thou not compel the minds of mortals, thou accursed hunger for gold?
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 56.*

Quid non speremus amantes?—What may we not hope for when we are in love?
Virgil. *Eclogues, 8, 26.*

Quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? Quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus?
—What have we, a hardened age, avoided? What have we left untouched, impious that we are? **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 35, 34.*

Quid nunc?—What now? (A newsmonger or inquisitive person.)

Quid obseratis auribus fundis preces?—Why do you pour your prayers into ears stopped up? **Horace.** *Epod., 17, 53.*

Quid oportet
Nos facere, a vulgo longe longeque remotos?
—What ought we to do, far, far removed in our views from the vulgar?
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 6, 18.*

Quid opus est verbis?—What need is there for words? **Terence.** *Andria, i. 1, 138.*

Quid pro quo.—Something for something. (An equivalent in return.)

Quid quæris, quamdiu vixit? Vixit ad posteros.—Why do you ask, how long has he lived? He has lived to posterity.
Seneca. *Epist., 93.*

Quid quisque amat laudando commendat sibi.—A man commends himself in praising that which he loves. **Publilius Syrus.**

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est, in horas.
—What a man should shun from hour to hour, he is never sufficiently on his guard against.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 13, 13.*

Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio.—What can I do at Rome? I do not know how to lie.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 41.*

Quid si nunc coelum ruat?—What if the heavens should now fall?
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, iv. 3, 41.*

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere; et
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone.
—Avoid inquiring what is to be to-morrow, and whatsoever day fortune shall give you, count it as a gain.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 9, 13.*

Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non.—(Homer tells) that which is excellent, that which is base, that which is useful, that which is not.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 3.*

Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?—What does it avail you to have one thorn out of many plucked out?
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 212.*

Quid te igitur retulit
Beneficium esse oratione, si ad rem auxilium
emortuum est?
—What then does it signify that you are generous in talk, if, when it comes to the point, your help has died out?
Plautus. *Epidicus, i. 2, 14.*

Quid tibi cum gladio? Dubiam rege, navita, pinum:
Non sunt hæc digitis arma tenenda tuis.
—What have you to do with the sword? Guide the uncertain vessel, mariner; these arms are not to be grasped by your fingers.
Ovid. *Fast., 2, 100.*

Quid tibi cum pelago? Terra contenta fuisses.—What have you to do with the sea? You should have been content with land.
Ovid. *Amorum, 3, 8, 49.*

Quid timeam ignoro: timeo tamen omnia demens.—Why I fear I know not; but yet as one deprived of sense I fear all things.
Ovid. *Heroides, 1, 71.*

Quid tristes querimoniæ,
Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?
—What do sad laments avail, if the offence is not extirpated by the penalty?
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 24, 33.*

Quid turpius quam illudi?—What is viler than to be laughed at? **Cicero.** *De Amicitia.*

Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors.—What the discordant concord of things wills and can bring about.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 12, 19.*

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.—I care and pray for what is true and right, and for this I am all in all.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 11.*

Quid vesper ferat incertum est.—What the evening may bring forth is uncertain.
Livy. *Book 45, 8.*

Quid victor, gaudes? Hæc te victoria perdet.—Why, victor, dost thou exult? This victory will be your ruin.
Ovid. *Fast., 2, 111.*

Quid violentius aure tyranni?—What is more furious than the ear of a tyrant?
Juvenal. *Sat. 4, 86.*

Quidam ex vultu conjecturam faciunt, quantum quisque animi habere videatur.—Some can form an opinion from the countenance as to how much ability a man possesses.
Cicero. (*Adapted from Pro Murena, 21, 44.*)

Quidnam beneficio provocati facere debemus? An imitari agros fertiles, qui multo plus afferunt, quam acceperunt?—What, then, ought we to do, when incited by some benefit conferred? Should we not imitate the

fruitful fields, which return far more than they have received ?
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 15.*

Quidquid Amor jussit, non est contemnere tutum.—Whatsoever love has ordained, it is not safe to despise. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 4, 11.*

Quidquid dicunt, laudo ; id rursum si negant,
laudo id quoque.
Negat quis ? Nego. Ait ? Aio.
—Whatever they say I praise ; if again they deny it I praise that also. Does anyone deny a thing ? I deny it. Does anyone affirm a thing ? I affirm it.
Terence. *Eunuchus, ii. 2, 20.*

Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.—Whatsoever it be, every fortune is to be overcome by bearing it.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 710.*

Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.—Whatever it be, I fear the Greeks even when bringing gifts.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 49.*

Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis ; ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles ;
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
—Whatever you teach, be brief, for minds grasp with readiness what is said shortly, and retain it firmly ; all that is unnecessary overflows from the charged mind.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 335.*

Quidquid principes faciunt præcipere videntur.—Whatsoever princes do they seem to command it. **Quintilian.** *Declam., 3.*

Quin dicant non est : merito ut ne dicant, id est.—That they speak (evil of me) is not the point ; that they do not speak it justly, that is the point. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, i. 2.*

Quin corpus, onustum
Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat
una,
Atque adfligit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
—So that the body, laden with the vices of yesterday, weighs down also the soul at the same time, and fastens a particle of God's heaven into the earth.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 2, 77.*

Quinque advocavi ; sex enim convivium
Cum rege justum : si super, convicium est.
—I have chosen five [for a dinner] ; for six are a suitable feast with a king : if more, it is an assembly.
See "Septem convivium." (Athenæus, Book 1, quoting from Archestratus, a Sicilian poet, says that the number at table should be three or four, or at most five.)

Quique aliis cavit, non cavet ipse sibi.—And he who has safeguarded others, does not himself safeguard his own person.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 84.*

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis ?
—What shame or what measure can there be in our grief for the loss of one so dear ?
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 24, 1.*

Quis fallere possit amantem ?—Who can deceive a lover ? **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 296.*

Quis famulus amantior domini quam canis ?—What servant is more attached to his master than his dog ? **Columella.**

Quis fuit horrendos primus qui protulit enses ?
Quam ferus, et vere ferreus ille fuit !
—Who was the man who first produced the fear-inspiring sword ? How cruel and truly steely-hearted was he !
Tibullus. *Book 1, 11, 1.*

Quis furor est census corpore ferre suo ?—What sort of madness is it to carry one's fortune upon one's body ?
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 3, 172.*

Quis legem det amantibus ?
Major lex amor est sibi.
—Who can give law to lovers ? Love is a greater law to itself.
Boëthius. *De Consolatione Philosophiæ, Book 3, Met. 12, 47.*

Quis nescit, primam esse historiæ legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat, deinde ne quid veri non audeat ?—Who does not know that it is the first law of history that it shall not dare to state anything which is false, and consequently that it shall not shrink from stating anything that is true ?
Cicero. *De Oratore, Book 2, 15.*

Quis non odit sordidos, varios, leves, futiles ?—Who does not hate the low-minded, fickle, light-minded, and trifling ?
Cicero. *De Finibus, Book 3, 11, 38*

Quis separabit ?—Who shall separate ?
Motto *of Order of St. Patrick. (See Vulgate: Rom. 8, 35.)*

Quis sit homo nescio,
Neque novi ; neque natus necne is fuerit, id
solide scio.
—Who the man is I know not, nor have I known, nor do I know for a certainty whether he was ever born or not.
Plautus. *Trinummus, iv. 2, 7.*

Quis sum, qualis eram, quid ero tu mitte
rogare :
Nil mea vita refert ; ducere disce tuam.
—Who I am, what manner of person I was, what I shall be, refrain from asking ; my life matters naught to you ; study to lead your own. **Epitaph** *at Reading.*

Quis talia fando
Temperet a lacrymis ?
—Who in telling such things can refrain from tears ? **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 11, 6 and 8.*

Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum
videris uno
Flagitio ?
—What man can you find anywhere who is contented with one crime only ?
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 243.*

Quisnam igitur liber ? Sapiens, sibi qui im-
periosus ;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque
vincula terrent ;

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis ; et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus.
—Who then is free ? The wise man who is lord over himself ; whom neither poverty nor death, nor chains alarm ; strong to withstand his passions and to despise honours, and who is completely finished and rounded off in himself. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 7, 83.*

Quisque suos patimur manes.—Each of us suffers his own punishment in the lower world. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 743.*

Quisquis amores
Aut metuet dulces, aut experietur amaros.
—Whosoever shall either fear the sweets of love, or experience its bitters.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 3, 109.*

Quisquis ubique habitat, Maxime, nusquam habitat.—He who dwells everywhere, Maximus, never dwells anywhere.
Martial. *Epig., Book 7, 72, 6.*

Quo bene cœpisti, sic pede semper eas.—In the path where you have begun well, may you always continue to tread.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 1, 9, 66.*

Quo Deus, et quo dura vocat fortuna, sequamur.—Where God and hard fortune call us, let us follow. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 12, 677.*

Quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque, sequamur. —Let us go wheresoever the fates propel us or drive us back. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 5, 709.*

Quo jure ?—By what right ? **Law.**

Quo jure, quaque injuria.—By any sort of right or wrong. **Terence.** *Andria, i. 3, 9.*

Quo major gloria, eo propior invidiæ est.—The greater the glory the nearer it is to envy. **Livy.**

Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui
Plenum ?
—Whither, O Bacchus, wilt thou lead me, full of thee ? **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 15, 1.*

Quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti ? —For what purpose is fortune given me, if it is not granted me to use it ?
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 4, 12.*

Quo moriture ruis ? majoraque viribus audes ?—Where are you rushing, O man about to perish ? And why do you attempt things beyond your power ?
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 811.*

Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere bonique Divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.
—Than which thing the fates and the good gods have given nothing better or greater to the earth, nor will give anything, even though the time should return to the ancient age of gold. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 2, 37.*

Quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.
—Than whom no one else was more apt to rouse men with the trumpet, and to kindle the battle with its sound.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 164.*

Quo quisque stultior, eo magis insolescit.—The more foolish a man is, the more insolent does he grow. **Pr.**

Quo res cunque cadent, unum et commune periclum,
Una salus ambobus erit.
—However things may befall, there shall be to both of us one common danger, one source of safety. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 709.*

Quo ruitis, generosa domus ? Male creditur hosti.
Simplex nobilitas, perfida tela cave !
—O high-born house, to what ruin are you impelled ? It is evil to trust the enemy. O simple nobility, beware of treacherous weapons ! **Ovid.** *Fast., 2, 225.*

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.
—The vessel will long retain the odour (of the liquor) with which when new it was once saturated. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 2, 69.*

Quo tamen adversis fluctibus ire paras ?—Where then are you trying to go against the adverse waves ? **Ovid.** *Heroides, Ep., 7, 40.*

Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture, fugam ? Nescis heu, perdite ! nescis.
Quem fugias ; hostes incurris, dum fugis hostem.
Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.
—Where, O king, destined to perish, are you directing your unavailing flight ? Alas, lost one, you know not whom you flee ; you are running upon enemies, whilst you flee from your foe. You fall upon the rock Scylla desiring to avoid the whirlpool Charybdis.
Walter de Lille. *Alexandreis, Book 5, 298.*

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea modo? —By what means can I hold this Proteus who changes his shapes ?
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 90.*

Quo timoris minus est, eo minus ferme periculi est.—The less there is of fear, so much the less generally is there of danger.
Livy. *22, 5.*

Quo tua non possunt offendi pectora facto,
Forsitan hoc alio judice crimen erit.
—The action which cannot injure your feelings will perhaps, in someone else's judgment, be deemed a crime.
Ovid. *Remedia Amoris, 427.*

Quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.
—On that account live as brave men, and oppose brave hearts to adverse fate.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 2, 135.*

Quocunque aspicias, nihil est nisi pontus et aer ;
Nubibus hic tumidus, fluctibus ille minax.
—Wherever you look, there is nothing but sea

and air; this thick with clouds, that threatening with waves. **Ovid.** *Trist., 1, 2, 23.*

Quocunque aspicio, nihil est nisi mortis imago.—Wheresoever I look there is nothing but the shape of death.
Ovid. *Trist., 1, 11, 23.*

Quocunque domini præsentis oculi frequenter accessere, in ea parte majorem in modum fructus exuberat.—Wherever the eyes of the master, himself upon the spot, have been frequently cast, in that part the fruit will ripen in greater profusion. **Columella.** *Book 3.*

Quod ab initio non valet, tractu temporis convalescere non potest.—What is not valid from the beginning cannot become so by lapse of time. **Law.**

Quod absurdum est.—Which thing is absurd. **Euclid.** (*Tr.*)

Quod alibi diminutum, exsequatur alibi.—What has been reduced in one way may be made up in another. **Pr.**

Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est.—What is without alternations of rest is not lasting. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 4, 89.*

Quod certaminibus ortum, ultra metam durat.—What is begun in strife lasts beyond our measurement. **Valleius Paterculus.**

Quod cibus est aliis, aliis est atre venenum.—What is food for some is black poison to others. **Pr.**

Quod cito fit, cito perit.—What is quickly accomplished quickly perishes. **Pr.**

Quod commune cum alio est, desinit esse proprium.—That which is common property with another, ceases to be one's own.
Quintilian.

Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.—What is fitting is honourable, and what is honourable is fitting.
Cicero. *De Off., 1, 27, 93.*

Quod differtur non aufertur.—What is put off is not removed. **Pr.**
Referred to by Seneca, "De Providentia," 4, 7.

Quod enim munus reipublicæ afferre majus, meliusve possumus, quam si docemus, atque erudimus juventutem?—What greater gift or better can we offer to the state than if we teach and train up youth?
Cicero. *De Divinatione, 2, 2.*

Quod eorum minimis, mihi.—What (you have done) to the least of them (you have done) to me.* **Motto.**

Quod erat demonstrandum (*or* faciendum).—Which was to be shown (*or* done).
Euclid. (*Tr.*)

Quod est absurdum.—Which is an absurdity. **Euclid.** (*Tr.*)

Quod est ante pedes nemo spectat: coeli Scrutantur plagas.
—What is before one's feet no one looks at; they gaze at the regions of heaven.
Ennius. (*Quoted by Cicero, De Divinat., 2, 13*).

Quod est inconveniens et contra rationem non est permissum in lege.—What is inconsistent and contrary to reason is not allowed by law. **Law.**

Quod est venturum, sapiens ut præsens cavet.—The wise man is on his guard against what is to come as if it were the present.
Publilius Syrus.

Quod est violentum, non est durabile.—What is violent is not lasting. **Pr.**

Quod facere ausa mea est, non audet scribere, dextra.—What my right hand has dared to do, it does not dare to write.
Ovid. *Heroides, 12, 115.*

Quod fieri non debuit, factum valet.—What ought not to have been done holds good when it is done. **Coke.**

Quod in corde sobrii, id in lingua ebrii.—What is kept in the heart of a man sober is in the tongue of a man drunk. **Pr.**

Quod instat agamus.—Let us do what is immediately upon us.* **Pr.**

Quod latet ignotum est, ignoti nulla cupido.—What lies hid is unknown, and there is no desire for the unknown.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 3, 197.*

Quod licet ingratum est, quod non licet acrius urit.—What is allowed us is disagreeable, what is denied us causes us intense desire.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 2, 19, 3.*

Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi.—What is lawful to Jupiter is not lawful to the ox. **Pr.**

Quod magnificum referente alio fuisset, ipso qui gesserat recensente, vanescit.—What would have been a great source of honour if another had related it, becomes nothing when the doer relates it himself.
Pliny the Younger. *Book 1, Epist. 8.*

Quod male fers, assuesce; feres bene. Multa vetustas
Lenit.
—What you bear ill, get accustomed to; you will bear it well. Length of time mollifies many things. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., 2, 647.*

Quod medicorum est
Promittunt medici; tractant fabrilia fabri;
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
—Physicians cultivate that which belongs to the profession of physicians; smiths handle their own tools; but learned and unlearned we write our poems without distinction.
Horace. *Ep., 2, 1, 115.*

Quod naturalis ratio inter omnes homines constituit, . . . vocatur jus gentium.—That

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* *Vulgate*, St. Matt. 25, 40: "Quamdiu fecistis uni ex his fratribus meis minimis, mihi fecistis."

* *See* "Hoc age," p. 554*a* *note*.

which natural reason has established amongst all men is called the law of nations.
Gaius. *Inst. Jur. Civ., 1, 1.**

Quod nescias damnare est summa temeritas.—To condemn what you are ignorant of is the height of rashness. **Pr.**

Quod nimis miseri volunt,
Hoc facile credunt.
—What the wretched wish for intensely, that they believe without difficulty.
Seneca. *Herc. Furens, ii. 213.*

Quod non opus est, asse carum est.—That which is not required is dear at a farthing.
Cato. *As quoted by Seneca, Ep., 94.*

Quod non potest, vult posse, qui nimium potest.—He who is able to do too much wants to be able to do more than he is able.
Seneca. *Hippolytus, i. 215.*

Quod non vetat lex, hoc vetat fieri pudor.—Modesty forbids that to be done which the law does not forbid.
Seneca. *Troades, ii. 234.*

Quod nunc ratio est, impetus ante fuit.—What is now reason was formerly impulse.
Ovid. *Rem. Amor., 10.*

Quod petis hic est;
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.
—What you seek is here; it is in deserted Ulubræ,† if you are not lacking in an evenly balanced mind.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 11, 30.*

Quod potui perfeci.—I have accomplished what I was able to. **Pr.**

Quod præstare potes, ne bis promiseris ulli;
Ne sis verbosus, dum vis urbanus haberi.
—What you are able to do to serve anyone, do not promise twice over; and do not be wordy if you wish to be esteemed as a man of discernment. **Cato.**

Quod pudet socium, prudens celare memento.—What causes shame to a friend, remember as a wise man to keep concealed. **Pr.**

Quod ratio nequit, sæpe sanavit mora.—What reason has been unable to manage, delay (*i.e.* lapse of time) has often cured.
Seneca. *Agamemnon, ii. 130.*

Quod satis est cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.—Let him desire nothing further, whom a sufficiency has befallen.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 46.*

Quod scimus loquimur, et quod vidimus testamur.—What we know we speak, and what we have seen we testify.
Vulgate. *St. John 3, 11.*

Quod scis, nihil prodest; quod nescis, multum obest.—What you know avails nothing; what you do not know hinders much.
Cicero.

Quod scripsi, scripsi.—What I have written, I have written. **Vulgate.** *St. John 19, 22.*

Quod semper, quod ubique, et quod ab omnibus.—What has always, everywhere, and by all (been believed). **Pr.**

Quod senior loquitur, omnes consilium putant.—What an elder speaks all imagine to be good advice. **Publilius Syrus.**

Quod sequitur, fugio; quod fugit, usque sequor.—What follows I flee; what flees I ever pursue. **Ovid.** *Amorum, 2, 19, 36.*

Quod si deficiant vires, audacia certe
Laus erit; in magnis et voluisse sat est.
—What if strength fails, boldness shall assuredly be a source of praise; even to have wished to achieve is enough in great undertakings. **Propertius.** *Book 2, 10, 5.*

Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis:
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.
—Wish to be what you are, and prefer nothing thereto; and neither fear your last day, nor wish for it to come.
Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 47.*

Quod sors feret, feremus æquo animo.—What fortune offers let us accept with unmoved mind. **Terence.** *Phormio, i. 2, 88.*

Quod tacitum esse velis nemini dixeris.—What you wish to be kept quiet you should tell to no one.
Ascribed to **Seneca**; *also to St. Martin, Archbishop of Braga,* c. A.D. *560.*

Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne facias.—What you do not wish done to yourself, do not to another.
Lampridius Alex. *Seso., 51.**

Quod timeas citius quam quod speres evenit.—That which you fear happens sooner than that which you hope. **Publilius Syrus.**

Quod tuum est, teneas tuum.—What is thine own hold as thine own.
Plautus. *Cistellaria, iv. 2, 105.*

Quod verum est, meum est.—That which is true is mine. **Seneca.**

Quod verum, simplex, sincerumque est, id esse naturæ hominis aptissimum.—What is true, simple and sincere is most congenial to man's nature.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 4.*

Quod verum tutum.—What is true is safe. **Pr.**

Quod vide.—Which see (generally written *q.v.*).

Quod vile est carum, quod carum est vile, putato;
Sic sibi nec parcus, nec avarus habeberis ulli.
—Consider that which is of little value as dear, what is dear as of little value; so you will not be reckoned sparing to yourself, nor stingy to anyone. **Cato.**

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* *See* "Omni autem in re," p. 610*b*.

† Ulubræ, mentioned as a typical desert by Roman writers, lay in the plain between Cisterna and Sermoneta, in Latium, about 35 miles from Rome.

* *See* "Ab alio," p. 482*b*.

Quod vocis pretium ?—What is the price of your voice ? (referring to a barrister's fee).
Juvenal. *Sat. 7, 119.*

Quod volunt homines, se bene velle putant. —What men desire they consider that they rightly desire.
Pr.

Quod vos jus cogit, id voluntate impetret. —What the law compels you to do, let him obtain as of free will.
Terence. *Adelphi, iii. 4, 44.*

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.—Whatever you display before me in such a way, I, disbelieving, hate.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 188.*

Quomodo fabula, sic vita : non quam diu, sed quam bene acta sit, refert.—As is a tale, so is life : not how long it is, but how good it is, is what matters.
Seneca. *Ep., 87, ad fin.* (*See* " *Non quam diu.*")

Quomodo habeas, illud refert ; jurene an injuria.—How you get it, that is the question ; by right or by wrong.
Plautus. *Rudens, iv. 4, 25.*

Quomodo lucem diemque omnibus hominibus, ita omnes terras fortibus viris natura aperuit.—As light and the day are free to all men, so nature has left all lands open to brave men.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 64.*

Quondam etiam victis redit in præcordia virtus.—Sometimes valour returns even to the hearts of the conquered.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 367.*

Quoniam id fieri, quod vis, non potest,
Velis id quod possit.
—Since that cannot be done which you wish, wish that which can be done.
Terence. *Andria, ii. 1, 6.*

Quoque magis tegitur, tanto magis æstuat ignis.—The more the fire is covered up, the more it burns.
Ovid. *Metam., 4, 64.*

Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia.
—There are as many thousands of tastes as there are of persons living.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 1, 27.*

Quot cœlum stellas, tot habet tua Roma puellas.—Your Rome has as many girls as the sky has stars.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 1, 59.*

Quot homines, tot sententiæ ; suus cuique mos.—So many men, so many opinions ; everyone has his own fancy.
Terence. *Phormio, ii. 3, 14.*

Quot linguas calles, tot homines vales.—You are worth as many men as you know languages.
Attributed to Charles V.

Quot servi, tot hostes.—So many servants, so many enemies.
Cato. *Quoted as a proverb by Seneca.**

Quotidie aliquid addiscentem senescere.—To grow old in learning something new every day.—*Solon's Saying.*
Valerius Maximus. *Book 8, 7, 14.*

Quotidie morimur.—We are dying daily (*or* day by day).
Seneca. *Ep., 24.*

Quotiescumque gradum facies, toties tibi tuarum virtutum veniat in mentem.—As often as you shall take a step, so often shall the memory of your valour come into your mind.
Cicero. *De Oratore, Book 2, 61.* (*Said by his mother to Spurius Carvilius, badly lamed by a wound in battle.*)

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra ?—How far, Catiline, will you abuse our patience ?
Cicero. *In Catilinam, 1, 1.*

Quum moriar, medium solvar et inter opus. —When I die, may I be taken in the midst of work.
Ovid. *Amorum, 2, 10, 36.*

Quum res animum occupavere, verba ambiunt.—When things have taken thorough possession of the mind, words are plentiful.
Seneca. *Controvers., 3, Prem.*

Quum sunt partium jura obscura, reo potius favendum est quam auctori.—When the rights of parties are doubtful, the defendant is to be favoured rather than the plaintiff.
Law.

Radit usque ad cutem.—He shaves to the very skin.
Pr.

Rapiamus, amici,
Occasionem de die.
—Let us seize, friends, our opportunity from the day as it passes.
Horace. *Epodon, 13, 3.*

Rapior, et quo nescio,
Sed rapior.
—I am taken captive and I know not by whom, but I am taken.
Seneca. *Thyestes, ii. 261.*

Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.—A rare bird upon the earth, and exceedingly like a black swan.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 165.*

Rara est adeo concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ.
—So rare is the agreement between beauty and modesty.*
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 297.*

Rara juvant ; primis sic major gratia pomis ;
Hibernæ prætium sic meruere rosæ.
—Rare things please us ; so there is greater relish for the earliest fruit of the season, and roses in winter command a high price.
Martial. *Book 4, 29, 3.*

Rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.—The happiness of the times being extraordinary, when it was lawful to think what you wished, and to say what you thought.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 1.*

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* *See* " Totidem esse," p. 671b.

* *See* " Lis est," p. 567a.

Rari quippe boni; numero vix sunt totidem
quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.
—Rare indeed are good men; in number they are scarcely as many as the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the wealthy Nile.
Juvenal. *Sat. 13, 26.*

Raro admodum forma insignis honestasque uno sub lare habitant.—Rarely do great beauty and a virtuous disposition dwell under one roof.
Petrarch. *De Remediis Bk. 2, Dial. 1* (*V. supra* " *Rara est adeo.*")

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.
—Rarely does punishment, with lame foot, abandon the pursuit of the criminal in front of it. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 2, 31.*

Rarum est enim ut satis se quisque vereatur.—For it is rare that anyone reverences himself enough. **Quintilian,** *107.*

Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna.
—Generally common sense is rare in that (higher) rank.* **Juvenal.** *Sat. 8, 73.*

Rarus sermo illis, et magna libido tacendi.—Rare is their speech and great their passion for silence. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 2, 14.*

Ratio et auctoritas, duo clarissima mundi lumina.—Reason and authority, the two brightest lights of the world. **Coke.**

Ratio et oratio, quæ . . . . . . conciliat inter se homines, conjungitque naturali quadam societate. Neque ulla re longius absumus a natura ferarum.—Reason and speech, which bring men together, and unite them in a sort of natural society. Nor in anything are we further removed from the nature of wild beasts.
Cicero. *De Finibus, Book 1, 16.*

Ratio justifica.—Reason acting justly (justifying). **Pr.**

Ratio suasoria.—The persuasive reason.
Quintilian.

Ratione et consilio propriis ducis artibus.—By reason and calm judgment, the qualities specially appertaining to a leader.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 3, 20.*

Ratione non vi vincenda adolescentia est.—Youth is to be brought into subjection by reasoning, not by force. **Publilius Syrus.**

Re infecta discedere.—To go away without having accomplished the business. **Cæsar.**

Re ipsa repperi,
Facilitate nihil esse homini melius, neque
clementia.
—By personal experience I have discovered that nothing is more valuable to a man than courtesy and mildness.
Terence. *Adelphi, v. 4, 7.*

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* *See* **Voltaire: "Le sens commun," p. 700b.**

Re secunda fortis est, dubia fugax.—In prosperity he is brave, in doubtful fortune a runaway. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 5, 2, 13.*

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare; sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.
—Resolutely and bravely make ready against misfortune; wisely, too, you will draw in your sails swollen with too much prosperity.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 10.*

Rebus cunctis inest quidam velut orbis.—In all things there is a kind of law of cycles.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 3, 55.*

Rebus in angustis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.
—In straitened circumstances it is easy to despise life; he bears himself bravely who although wretched can endure to live.
Martial. *Book 11, 57, 15.*

Rebus secundis etiam egregios duces insolescere.—Even the greatest generals are apt to behave extravagantly in prosperity.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 2, 7.*

Rebus sic stantibus.—Such being the state of things.

Recenti mens trepidat metu.—My mind is agitated with recent fear.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 19, 5.*

Recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.
—It is delightful to me to go mad over a friend restored to me.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 7, 27.*

Recipiunt feminæ sustentacula a nobis.—Women receive supports from us.
Motto *of the Pattenmakers' Company.*

Recte facti fecisse merces est.—The reward of a thing rightly done is to have done it.
Seneca. *Epist., 81.*

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urguendo; neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Littus iniquum.
—You will live the more uprightly, Licinius, by neither always keeping out in the open sea, nor, whilst on your guard, you dread the storms, by hugging too much the dangerous shore. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 10, 1.*

Recusatio judicis.—Objection taken to the judge. **Law.**

Reddas amicis tempora, uxori vaces,
Animum relaxes, otium des corpori,
Ut adsuetam fortius præstes vicem.
—Give up time to your friends, be at leisure to your wife, relax your mind, give rest to your body, so that you may the better fulfil your accustomed occupation.
Phædrus. *Book 3, Prol. 12.*

Redde cantionem, veteri pro vino, novam.—
—Give, in return for old wine, a new song.
Plautus. *Stichus, v. 6, 8.*

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.—He knows how to assign to each character what is appropriate to each.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 316.*

Redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis!—May fortune be restored to the wretched and depart from the proud!
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 201.*

Redire ad nuces.—To return to the nuts; to resume childish amusements. **Pr.**

Redit agricolis labor actus in orbem,
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.
—Work returns to the husbandmen moving round in a circle, and the year rolls itself round in its former track.
Virgil. *Georgics, 2, 401.*

Redituraque nunquam
Libertas.
—And Liberty, never again to return.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 7, 444.*

Reductio ad absurdum.—Reduction (of an argument) to an absurdity.

Referant proavorum sæpe figuras.—They often repeat the form (*i.e.* peculiarities) of their progenitors.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 4, 1, 213.*

Refricare cicatricem.—To tear open a wound. **Cicero.** *De Lege Agr., 3, 2, 4.*

Rege incolumi, mens omnibus una est;
Amisso, rupere fidem.
—The king being safe they are all of one mind; but when he is lost they break concord.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 212.*

Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.—The sovereignty of Jove is over kings themselves.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 1, 6.*

Regia, crede mihi, res est succurrere lapsis.—It is a kingly action, believe me, to come to the help of those who are fallen.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 2, 9, 11.*

Regibus boni quam mali suspectiores sunt; semperque his aliena virtus formidolosa est.—Good men are always more suspected by kings than bad; and virtue in other men is always to them a terrible thing.
Sallust. *Catilina, 7.*

Regis ad exemplar totus componitur orbis.—The whole community is ordered by the king's example. **Pr.**

Regius morbus.—The king's evil; the royal disease (in classical authors, jaundice).

Regnare nolo, liber ut non sim mihi.—I would not reign, to be no longer a free man to myself. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 3, 7, 27.*

Regnat non regitur qui nihil nisi quod vult facit.—He reigns and is not ruled who does only what he chooses. **Publilius Syrus.**

Regnator omnium Deus.—God, the ruler of all. **Tacitus.** *Germania, 39.*

Regula ex jure, non jus ex regula sumitur.—The practice is derived from the law, not the law from the practice. **Law.**

Regum æquabat opes animis; seraque revertens
Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.
—He (the husbandman) equalled the riches of kings in the happiness of his mind; and returning home late at night, loaded his board with feasts unbought.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 132.*

Regum felicitas multis miscetur malis.—The happiness of kings is mixed with many evils. **Pr.**

Regum rex regalior.—The more regal king of kings. **Plautus.** *Capteivei, iv. 2, 45.*

Reipublicæ forma laudari facilius quam evenire; vel si evenit, haud diuturna esse potest.—It is easier for a form of government to be praised than to be brought about; or if it is brought about, it cannot be made lasting. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 4, 33.*

Relata refero.—I record what has been told. *From Herodotus, 7, 152.*

Relegare bona religionibus—To bequeath property for religious purposes. **Law.**

Relicta non bene parmula.—Having wrongly left my buckler behind.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 7, 10.*

Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.—It is right to be strict in conduct, it is wrong to be superstitious.
Aulus Gellius. *Book 4, 9, 1.*
(*Quoted as a verse from an ancient poem.*)

Reliquas etiam virtutes frugalitas continet.—Frugality includes also the other virtues.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 3, 8, 16.*

Rem acu tetigisti. (*See* "Acu.")

Rem, facias; rem,
Si possis recte; si non, quocunque modo rem.
—Make money; if you can, make money honestly; if not, by whatever means you can, make money.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 65.*

Rem peragit nullam, Sertorius, incohat omnes.—Sertorius does nothing thoroughly, but he begins everything.
Martial. *Epig., Book 3, 79.*

Rem tibi quam nosces aptam, dimittere noli;
Fronte capillata, post est occasio calva.
—Do not lose that which you know to be opportune for you. Opportunity has locks before, but is bald behind.
Cato. *Dist., 2, 25.*

Rem tu strenuus auge.—Endeavour vigorously to increase your property.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 7, 71.*

Remedium frustra est contra fulmen quærere.—It is in vain to seek for a remedy against the lightning. **Publilius Syrus.**

Remedium tumultus fuit alius tumultus.—The remedy for the tumult was another tumult. **Tacitus**. *Hist., Book 2, 68.*

Remigiumque dedi, quo me fugiturus abires.
Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis!
—I gave you the vessel by which you, a fugitive, escaped me. Alas! I suffer wounds inflicted by my own weapons.
Ovid. *Heroides, 2, 47.*

Remis adjice vela tuis.—Add sails to your oars. **Ovid**. *Rem. Amor., 790.*

Remis velisque.—With oars and sail (*i.e.* with every possible speed).
Pr. (*Cicero, Tusc. Quæst., 3, 11, 25.*)

Remis ventisque.—With oars and wind.

Removete bilingues
Insidias.
—Away with your double tongued treachery!
Claudian. *De Bello Gildonico, 284.*

Renovate animos.—Rekindle your minds; renew your courage. **Pr.**[*]

Repente dives nemo factus est bonus.—No good man suddenly becomes rich.
Publilius Syrus.

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine.[†]—Give them eternal rest, O Lord.
Service of the Commemoration of the Dead.

Requies ea certa laborum.—That is a sure place of rest from labours.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 393.*

Requiescant in pace.—May they rest in peace.[‡] *Order of the Mass.*

Rerum natura nullam nobis dedit cognitionem finium.—Nature has given us no knowledge of the end of things.
Cicero. *Acad., 2, 29.*

Res ad triarios rediit.—The matter has come to the third rank of soldiers (the oldest and most experienced), *i.e.* The matter has come to an extremity, or to a crisis.
Livy. *Book 8, 8, 11.*

Res adversæ discordiam peperere.—Adverse fortune brought forth discord.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 37.*

Res amicos invenit.—Money finds friends.
Plautus.

Res ampla domi.—Wealth in the home; comfortable circumstances.
Juvenal. *Sat. 12, 10.*

Res angusta domi. (*See* "Haud facile"; *also* Juvenal, Sat. 6, 357.)

Res damni infecti celeritatem desiderat, et periculosa est dilatio.—A matter as to an injury not completed requires haste, and delay is dangerous. **Law.**

Res est blanda canor; discant cantare puellæ.—Singing is an alluring art; let girls learn to sing. **Ovid**. *Ars Amat., 3, 315.*

Res est imperiosa timor.—Fear is an imperious thing.
Martial. *Epig., Book 11, 59, 8.*

Res est ingeniosa dare. (*See* "Crede mihi.")

Res est sacra miser.—A wretched man is a sacred thing. **Seneca.**

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.—Love is a thing of anxious fear.
Ovid. *Heroides, 1, 12.*

Res fallunt; illas discerne. Pro bonis mala amplectimur. Optamus contra id quod optavimus; pugnant vota nostra cum votis, consilia cum consiliis.—Things are deceitful; discriminate between them. We embrace evils for blessings. We long for the reverse of what we have desired; our prayers are at variance with our prayers, our opinions with our opinions. **Seneca**. *Ep., 45.*

Res in cardine est.—The affair is hanging upon the hinge (is in a critical condition). **Pr.**

Res nolunt diu male administrari.—Things refuse to be managed badly for any length of time. **Pr.**

Res non parta labore, sed relicta.—Property acquired by inheritance, and not produced by labour. **Martial**. *Epig., Book 10, 47, 1.*

Res rustica sic est, si unam rem sero feceris, omnia opera sero facies.—Husbandry is such that if you do one thing late, you are late in all things. **Cato.**

Res rusticæ ejusmodi sunt, ut eas non ratio, neque labor, sed res incertissimæ, venti, tempestatesque moderentur.—Husbandry is of that kind that judgment and labour do not govern it, but the most uncertain of circumstances, winds, and tempests.
Cicero. *In Verrem, Book 3, 98.*

Res severa est verum gaudium.—True joy is a serious matter. **Seneca**. *Ep., 23, 4.*

Res sunt humanæ flebile ludibrium.—Human affairs are a lamentable laughing-stock. **Pr.** (*Pentameter verse.*)

Res ubi magna nitet.—Where great wealth is evident. **Horace**. *Sat., Book 2, 5, 12.*

Res unius ætatis.—An affair of only one age (one generation). **Law.**

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
—I would bid the skilful imitator to study examples of life and of manners, and thence to evolve faithful descriptions.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 317.*

Respondeat superior.—Let the principal make answer. **Law.**

Respondere non debet.—It is not obligatory to plead. **Law.**

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[*] *See* Livy, 21, 21.
[†] *See* "Dona eis," p. 518*b*.
[‡] Ennius, quoted by Cicero (*Tusc.*, 1, 44), has these words: "Corpus requiescat a malis." (May his body rest free from evil.)

Respondere nos decet natalibus nostris.—It becomes us to act consonantly with our noble birth (*lit.* "to correspond with our birth"). **Cyprian.** *Pontii Vita, 9.*

Respondes, ut tuus est mos,
Pauca.
—You reply, as your custom is, in few words.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 6, 60.*

Respue quod non es.—Reject what you are not. **Persius.** *Sat. 4, 51.*

Restat iter cœlo; cœlo tentabimus ire;
Da veniam cœpto, Jupiter alte, meo.
—The road to the heavens remains; we will attempt to journey to the heavens. High Jupiter, pardon my attempt.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 37.*

Restim tibi cape crassam ac suspende te.—Take to yourself a thick rope and hang yourself. **Plautus.** *Persa, v. 2, 34.*

Resurgam.—I shall rise again.

Retinens vestigia famæ.—Keeping to the footsteps of fame. **Pr.**

Revocate animos, mœstumque timorem
Mittite.
—Recall your courage, and lay aside this gloomy fearfulness. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 202.*

Rex datur propter regnum, non regnum propter regem. Potentia non est nisi ad bonum.—The king exists for the sake of the kingdom, not the kingdom for the sake of the king. Power is only given for good purposes. **Law.**

Rex est major singulis, minor universis.—The king is greater than individuals, but less than men collectively. **Bracton.**

Rex est qui metuit nihil;
Rex est qui cupiet nihil.
—He is a king who fears nothing; he is a king who will desire nothing.
Seneca. *Thyestes, ii., chor.*

Rex idem, et regi Turno gratissimus augur;
Sed non augurio potuit depellere pestem.
—He too was a king, and the augur greatly beloved by king Turnus; yet he could not, by his divination, ward off death.
Virgil. *Æneid, 9, 327.*

Rex non potest fallere nec falli.—The king cannot deceive or be deceived. **Pr.**

Rex non potest peccare.—The king can do no wrong. **Pr.**

Rex nunquam moritur.—The king never dies. **Law.**

Rex regnat, sed non gubernat.—The king reigns, but does not govern. **Jan Zamoiski.**

Ride, si sapis.—Laugh, if you are wise.
Martial.

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?
—What is there to prevent a laugher from speaking the truth? **Horace.** *Sat., 1, 1, 24.*

"Rides," ait, "et nimis uncis
Naribus indulges."
—He says that you laugh, and indulge too much in sneering (*lit.* in curved nostrils).
Persius. *Sat. 1, 40.*

Ridet argento domus.—The house laughs with silver. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 4, 11, 6.*

Ridet demisso Nævia vultu.—Nævia laughs with her cast-down eyes.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 69, 7.*

Ridetur chorda qui semper oberrat eadem.—He is laughed at who always blunders with the same string.
Horace. *De Arte Poet., 356.*

Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.
—A joke often settles things more thoroughly and better than acrimony.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 10, 14.*

Ridiculus æque nullus est, quam quando esurit.—No one is so laughable as when he is hungry. **Plautus.** *Stichus, ii. 1, 64.*

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.—Nothing is more foolish than foolish laughter.
Catullus. *Carmen, 39.* *In Egnatium.*

Risum teneatis, amici?—Can you withhold your laughter, my friends?
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 5.*

Risus abundat in ore stultorum.—Laughter is frequent in the mouth of fools. **Pr.**

Rivalem patienter habe.—Endure a rival with patience. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., 2, 539.*

Rivalitatem non amat victoria.—Victory does not like rivalry. **Publilius Syrus.**

Roma æterna.—Eternal Rome.
Tibullus. *2, 5, 23.*

Roma locuta est; causa finita est.—Rome has spoken; the case is ended.
Founded on St. Augustine, Sermo 131, 10.

Roma manus rodit, quas rodere non valet, odit.
Dantes custodit, non dantes spernit et odit.
—Rome devours the hands, but hates those which are not worth devouring Those who give she protects, those who do not give she spurns and hates.
Alberic de Rosate. (14*th Cent.*)

Romæ rus optas; absentem rusticus urbem
Tollis ad astra levis.
—At Rome you long for the country; in the country you praise the absent town to the skies. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 7, 28.*

Romæ, Lutetiæ, ac Venetiæ, nemo quicquid miratur.—At Rome, Paris, and Venice, no one wonders at anything. **Mediæval saying.**

Romæ Tibur amem, ventosus, Tibure Romam.—At Rome I love my country home at Tibur; and, fickle as the wind, I love Rome at Tibur. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 8, 12.*

Romanorum ultimus.—The last of the Romans (Caius Cassius). **Tacitus.**
Annals, Book 4, 34. (*See p.* 675*a*, *note.*)

Romanos vicimus, ab Horatio victi sumus.—We have vanquished the Romans; we are vanquished by Horatius (Cocles).
Valerius Maximus. *Book 3, 2, 1.*

Rore vixit more cicadæ.—He lived upon dew, after the manner of a grasshopper.
Sir T. Browne. *Relig. Med., p. 2, sec. 11.*

Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.—Let the heavens fall, but let thy will be done. **Pr.**

Rudis indigestaque moles.—An unwrought, confused mass (*i.e.* chaos).
Ovid. *Metam., 1, 7.*

Rumor est sermo quidam sine ullo certo auctore dispersus, cui malignitas initium dedit, incrementum credulitas.—Rumour is a sort of talk spread about without any author, to which ill-will has given a beginning, and credulity growth. **Quintilian.**

Rumorem fuge, ne incipias novus auctor haberi;
Nam nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse locutum.
—Avoid gossip, lest you come to be regarded as its originator; for silence harms no one, but speech is harmful.
Dionysius Cato. *Bk. 1, Distich 21.*

Rus in urbe.—Country in town.
Martial. *Epig., Book 12, 57, 12.*

Rus mihi dulce sub urbe est.—To me the country on the outskirts of the city is sweet.
Martial. *Epig., Book 9, 98, 7.*

Rustica gens est optima flens et pessima gaudens.—Country-folk are best when weeping and worst when rejoicing.
Quoted by Gabriel Harvey, c. *1600.*

Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva.—A countryman, one of nature's philosophers, with rough common sense.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 2, 3.*

Sæpe est etiam sub palliolo sordido sapientia.—There is often wisdom under a shabby cloak. **Cæcilius.** (c. B.C. 200.)
(*Quoted by Cicero. Tusc. Quæst., 3, 23, 56.*)

Sæpe homo de ipso vanæ gloriæ contemptu vanius gloriatur.—Man often indulges too much in vainglory about his own contempt of vainglory.
St. Augustine. *Conf., Book 10, 38, 63.*

Sæpe illi dixerat Almo,
Nata, tene linguam; nec tamen illa tenet.
—Often had Almo said to her, "Daughter, hold thy tongue": yet still she held it not.
Ovid. *Fast., 2, 601.*

Sæpe in conjugiis fit noxia, si nimia est dos.—Often in marriage the dowry, if overlarge, becomes a cause of offence.
Ausonius. *Monosyllab., Inconnexa, 1.*

Sæpe in magistrum scelera redierunt sua.—His own misdeeds often return to the author of them. **Seneca.** *Thyestes, ii. 311.*

Sæpe intereunt aliis meditantes necem.—Men often perish when meditating death to others. **Pr.**

Sæpe latet vitium proximitate boni.—Often vice lies in proximity to whatever is good.*
Quoted in this form by Francis Bacon in his "Table of the Colours," 7.

Sæpe nihil inimicus homini quam sibi ipse.—Often nothing is a man's enemy but himself. **Cicero.**

Sæpe premente Deo, fert Deus alter opem.—Often when one God is pursuing us, another God comes to the rescue. **Pr.**

Sæpe stilum vertas, iterum, quæ digna legi sint
Scripturus; neque, te ut miretur turba, labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus.
—Rub out often with your pen, if you will write things worth reading; nor labour that the crowd may admire you, but be satisfied with a few readers.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 10, 72.*

Sæpe sub attrita latitat sapientia veste.—Wisdom often lies concealed beneath a threadbare garment. **Pr.** *Founded on Cæcilius.*†

Sæpe summa ingenia in occulto latent.—Often the greatest intellects lie unseen.
Plautus. *Capteivei, i. 2, 62.*

Sæpe tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet.
—Often a silent face has voice and words.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 574.*

Sæpe via obliqua præstet quam tendere recta.—Often it is better to take the indirect way rather than the direct. **Pr.**

Sæpe viri fallunt; teneræ non sæpe puellæ.
—Men often deceive; but gentle maidens not often. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 3, 31.*

Sæpius olim
Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta.
—Too often in time past religion has brought forth criminal and shameful actions.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 1, 84.*

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres; feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.
—The huge pine is shaken by the winds more often, and the high towers fall with a heavier fall, and the lightning strikes the highest peaks of the mountains.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 10, 9.*

Sæva paupertas, et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.
—Cruel poverty, and an ancestral farm with house just large enough.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 12, 43.*

Sævis tranquillus in undis.—Undisturbed among the savage waves.
Motto *of William I. of Orange.*

Sævit amor ferri, et scelerata insania belli.—The love of the sword rages, and the guilty madness of war. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 7, 461.*

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* *See* "Et lateat," p. 525*a*.

† *See* "Sæpe est etiam," p. 647*a*.

Sævit in absentes.—He rages against those who are absent. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 63.*

Sævit toto Mars impius orbe.—Mars, the unscrupulous, rages throughout the whole world. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 1, 511.*

Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.—And the low-born crowd rage in their minds.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 149.*

Sal Atticum.—Attic wit.
Pr. (*Pliny 31, 7, 41, sec. 87.*)

Salarium non dat multis salem.—To many salary does not give salt. **Pr.**
(*See Facciolati Lexicon, under* "*Sal.*")*

Salus autem ubi multa consilia.—But there is safety where there are many counsels.
Vulgate. *Prov. 11, 14.*

Salus ex Judæis.—Salvation is from the Jews. **Vulgate.** *St. John 4, 22.*

Salus populi suprema est lex.—The health (or safety) of the people is the highest law.
Cicero. *De Legibus, Bk. 3, 3, 8. Derived (by tradition) from the 12 Law Tables at Rome.* (*Described by Bacon as the* "*conclusion of the Roman twelve tables.*" *Essay,* "*Of Judicature.*")

Salus ubi multi consiliarii.—There is safety where there are many counsellors.
Coke. *Adapted from Prov. 11, 14.*

Saluta libenter.—Be free with your salutations. **Cato.**

Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum!
—Hail! land of Saturn (Italy), great parent of fruits, great parent of men!
Virgil. *Georgics, 2, 173.*

Salvum fac regem (*or* Salvam fac reginam).—Keep the king (or queen) in safety; save the king (or queen).

Salvus sum, jam philosophatur.—I am safe, he is now philosophising.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, Act iv.*

Sanctio justa, jubens honesta, et prohibens contraria.—A just clause, ordaining what is right, and forbidding the opposite. **Bracton.**

Sanctissimum est meminisse cui te debeas.—It is a very sacred duty to remember to whom you owe yourself. **Publilius Syrus.**

Sanctius ac reverentius visum de actis deorum credere, quam scire.—As to the deeds of the gods, it seems holier and more reverent to believe than to know.
Tacitus. *Germania, 34.*

Sanctum sanctorum.—The holy of holies.

Sanctus haberi,
Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem.
—Do you deserve to be regarded a blameless person, stalwart for the right in words and in deeds? In that case I acknowledge you as a nobleman. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 8, 24.*

Sapere aude;
Incipe: qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
Rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
—Dare to be wise; begin it at once; he who puts off the hour for living aright is like the country clown who waits for the stream to flow by; but it glides on, and will glide on, flowing past for all time.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 40.*

Sapere isthac ætate oportet, qui sunt capite candido.—Those who have white heads ought at that age to be wise. **Plautus.**

Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.
—Be wise, clarify your wines, and put away remote hope from your brief span of life. Whilst we are speaking hateful time has passed; seize the present day, trusting as little as possible to the morrow.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 11.*

Sapiens dominabitur astris.—A wise man will overrule the stars. **Pr.**

Sapiens quidem pol ipse fingit fortunam sibi.—Most assuredly the wise man makes his own fortune for himself.
Plautus. *Trinummus, ii., sc. 2.*

Sapiens qui prospicit.—He is wise who looks ahead. **Pr.**

Sapientem pascere barbam.—To cultivate a beard of wisdom. **Horace.** *Sat., Bk. 2, 3, 35.*

Sapienter vitam instituit.—He regulated his life wisely. **Terence.** *Andria, i. 1, 40.*

Sapienti sat.—Sufficient for a wise man.
Plautus. *Persa, iv. 7, 19.* (*See* "*Dictum sapienti sat est.*")

Sapientia, quæ sola libertas est.—Wisdom, which is the only liberty. **Seneca.** *Ep., 37.*

Sapientia vino obumbratur.—Wisdom is obscured by wine. **Pliny the Elder.**

Sapientissimum esse dicunt eum, cui, quod opus sit, ipsi veniat in mentem.—They call him the wisest man to whose mind that which is required at once occurs.
Cicero. *Pro. A. Cluentio, 31.*

Sapientissimus in septem.—The wisest man of the seven (Thales).
Cicero. *De Legibus, Book 2, 11.*

Sapientum octavus.—The eighth of the wise men. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 3, 296.*

Sapiet dictio quæ feriet.—The expression which strikes will have wisdom in it.
Epitaph *of Lucanus, cited by Fabricius, 2, 10.*

Sartago loquendi.—A hotch-potch of talk.
Persius. *Sat. 1, 80.*

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* Hence the expression, "He is not worth his salt," the word "salarium" signifying originally the "salt-money" of the soldiers.

Sartor resartus.—The patched-up tailor.
Title *of work by Carlyle, 1833.*

Sat cito si sat bene.—Quickly enough if done well enough.
Quoted by Jerome as from Cato; also used by Erasmus.

Sat cito si sat tuto.—Quickly enough if safely enough.
One of Lord Eldon's favourite maxims.

Sat est disertus pro quo loquitur veritas.—He is eloquent enough for whom truth speaks.
Publilius Syrus.

Sat habet favitorum semper, qui recte facit.—He has ever enough of patrons who does what is right.
Plautus. *Amphitruo, Prol., 75.*

Sat pulchra si sat bona.—Beautiful enough if good enough. **Pr.**

Satis diu vel naturæ vel gloriæ.—Long enough for the requirements of nature or of glory. **Pr.**

Satis dives qui pane non indiget.—He is rich enough who does not want bread.
St. Jerome. *Epist., 125.*

Satis eloquentiæ,* sapientiæ parum.—Plenty of eloquence, but little wisdom.
Sallust. *Catilina, 5.*

Satis est in ipsa conscientia pulcherrimi facti fructus.—The consciousness of having done a splendid action is itself a sufficient outcome. **Cicero.** *Phil., 2.*

Satis, inquit, vixi, invictus enim morior.—I have lived enough, said he (Epaminondas), for I die unconquered.
Cornelius Nepos. *15, Epaminondas.*

Satis quod sufficit.—What suffices is enough. **Pr.**

Satis superque est.—It is enough and over.
Pliny (*and others*).

Satis superque me benignitas tua
Ditavit.
—Enough, and more than enough, has your kindness enriched me.
Horace. *Epodon, 1, 31.*

Satis verborum.—Enough of words. **Pr.**

Satius est initiis mederi quam fini.—It is better to cure at the commencement than at the end. **Pr.**

Satius est prodesse etiam malis propter bonos, quam bonis deesse propter malos.—It is better to be of service even to the bad for the sake of those who are good, than to fail the good on account of the bad. **Pr.**

Satius est recurrere quam currere male.—It is better to run back than to run wrong. **Pr.**

Saucius ejurat pugnam gladiator, et idem,
Immemor antiqui vulneris, arma capit.
—The wounded gladiator forswears fighting but forgetful of his old wound he betakes himself again to arms.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 1, 5, 37.*

Scabiem tantam et contagia lucri.—So great an itch and disease for gain.
Horace. *Ep., 1, 14.*

Scandalum magnatum.—Scandal of magnates; defamation of high personages. **Law.**

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocior cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocior Euro.
—Vile care climbs the brass-bound ships; and swifter than deer, swifter than the wind driving the clouds, it does not leave even the troops of horsemen. **Horace.** *Odes, 2, 16, 21.*

Scelere velandum est scelus.—One crime must be covered up by another crime.
Seneca. *Hippolytus, ii. 721.*

Sceleris in scelere supplicium est.—The punishment of crime is in the crime.
Seneca. *Epist., 97.*

Scelus est jugulare Falernum.—It is a crime to murder Falernian wine (by mixing it with Vatican). **Martial.** *Epig., 1, 19.*

Scena sine arte fuit.—The theatre was devoid of art; the *mise-en-scène* was simple.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 106.*

Scientia non visæ, ut thesauri absconditi, nulla est utilitas.—In knowledge unseen, as in hidden treasure, there is no utility. **Pr.**

Scientia nostra, scientiæ tuæ comparata, ignorantia est.—Our knowledge, compared with Thine, is ignorance.
St. Augustine. *Conf., Book 11, 4, 6.*

Scientia popinæ.—The science of the cookshop. **Seneca.**

Scientia, quæ est remota a justitia, calliditas potius quam scientia est appellanda.—Knowledge apart from justice is rather to be described as cunning than as knowledge.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 19, 62.*

Scientia scientiarum.—The science of sciences (Philosophy)).
V. S. T. Coleridge, Biog. Lit., ch. 12.

Scilicet a speculi sumuntur imagine fastus.—Pride grows, forsooth, by the reflection in the mirror. **Ovid.** *Amorum, 1, 17, 9.*

Scilicet expectes, ut tradet mater honestos
Atque alios mores, quam quos habet?
—Do you expect, forsooth, that a mother will hand down to her children principles which are upright and different from those which she herself has? **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 239.*

Scilicet ingeniis aliqua est concordia junctis,
Et servat studii foedera quisque sui.
—Assuredly there is some bond of union between kindred dispositions, and each man observes the mutual bonds of his own particular pursuit. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 2, 6, 60*

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* Another reading is "Satis loquentiæ," etc. (*i.e.* Plenty of talk, but little wisdom)

Scilicet ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus aurum,
Tempore sic duro est inspicienda fides.
—Just as the yellow gold is tested in the fire, so is friendship to be proved in an evil time. **Ovid.** *Tristia, 1, 5, 25.*

Scindentur vestes, gemmæ frangentur et aurum;
Carmina quam tribuent fama perennis erit.
—Garments will be torn, gems and gold will be destroyed; the fame which song brings will last for ever. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 10, 61.*

Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.—The unstable multitude is cleft into opposite courses. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 39.*

Scio cui credidi.—I know in whom I have believed. **Vulgate.** *2 Tim. 1, 12.*

Scio: tu coactus tua voluntate es.—I am aware that you are compelled by your own will. **Terence.** *Andria, iv. 1, 34.*

Scire est nescire, nisi id me scire alius scierit.—To know is not to know, unless someone else has known that I know. **Lucilius.** *Fragm.*

Scire facias.—Make it known. **Law.**

Scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi
Maluit, et mutas agitare inglorius artes.
—He preferred to know the power of herbs and their value for curing purposes, and, heedless of glory, to exercise that quiet art. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 12, 396.*

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.—Your knowing is nothing unless some other person knows that you know it.* **Persius.** *Sat. 1, 27.*

Scire volunt secreta domus, et inde timeri.—They wish to know the family secrets, and to be feared accordingly. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 3, 113.*

Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ.
—You know indeed well how to weigh what is right in the twin balance of the doubtful scales. **Persius.** *Sat. 4, 10.*

Scit Cæsar pœnamque peti, veniamque timeri.—Cæsar knew that punishment was sought and pardon feared. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Book 2, 512.*

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperet astrum,
Naturæ deus humanæ.
—The Genius, our companion from birth, who regulates our planet, the divinity of our human nature, knows best. **Horace.** *Ep., 2, 2, 187.*

Scit uti foro.—He knows how to avail himself of the market. **Pr.** **Terence.** *Phormio, i. 2, 29.*

Scitis omnes, quantam vim habet ad conjungendas amicitias, studiorum ac naturæ similitudo.—You all know how much power a similarity of studies and of disposition has to bind friendships.* **Cicero.** *Pro A. Cluentio, 16.*

Scitum 'st, per tempus si obviam it, verbum vetus.—An old saying, if it comes into use with time, becomes like an ordinance. **Plautus.** *Pœnulus, i. 1.*

Sciunt plerique omnes, sed non omnibus hoc venit in mentem.—Almost everyone knows this, but it has not occurred to everyone's mind. **Erasmus.** *Epicureus.*

Scribe aliquid magnum.—Write something great. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 1, 108, 2.*

Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.—Wisdom is both the foundation and fount of good writing. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 309.*

Scribentem juvat ipse favor, minuitque laborem;
Cumque suo crescens pectore fervet opus.
—Approbation indeed helps a writer, and lessens his labour; and the work as it goes on glows with his mind. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 3, 9, 21.*

Scribere jussit Amor.—Love has bidden me write. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 20, 230.*

Scribimus, et scriptos absumimus igne libellos;
Exitus est studii parva favilla mei.
—I write, and destroy my books in the fire when written; the end of my application is a small quantity of ashes. **Ovid.** *Trist., 5, 12, 61.*

Scripta ferunt annos; scriptis Agamemnona nosti,
Et quisquis contra, vel simul arma tulit.
—Writings bear the years with them; by writings you know Agamemnon, and who it was who fought against or with him. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 4, 8, 5.*

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes.—The whole band of writers loves the groves and flees from cities. **Horace.** *Ep., 2, 2, 77.*

Scrutamini Scripturas.—Search the Scriptures. **Vulgate.** *St. John 5, 39.*

Se causam clamat, crimenque, caputque malorum.—She (Amata) proclaims herself the cause, and the offence, and the origin of these calamities. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 12, 600.*

Se defendendo.—In self-defence. **Law.**

Se ipse amans sine rivali.—A lover of himself, without any rival.† **Cicero.** *Ep. ad Quint. Fratrem, Book 3, 8.*

Secreta hæc murmura vulgi.—These secret murmurings of the crowd. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 89.*

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* *See* "Scire est," etc., from which the passage was derived.

* *See* "Ad connectendas," 484*b*; and "Scilicet ingeniis."

† Said to be a proverbial phrase. *See* "Sine rivali," p. 658*b*.

Secrete amicos admone; lauda palam.—Admonish your friends in private; praise them in public. **Publilius Syrus.**

Secunda in paupertate fortuna est fides.—In poverty confidence is as good as prosperity. **Publilius Syrus.**

Secundas fortunas decent superbiæ.—Proud bearing is appropriate to prosperous fortunes. **Plautus.** *Stichus, ii. 2.*

Secundo amni.—With a favouring stream. **Livy.** *Book 44, 31.*

Secundum artem.—According to the rules of art.

Secundum formam statuti.—According to the form of the statute. **Law.**

Secundum genera.—According to classes.

Secundum naturam vivere.—To live according to nature. **Cicero.** *De Finibus, 4, 10, 26.*

Secundum usum.—According to usage.

Secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.—Rest, free from interruption, and a life without knowledge of deceit. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 2, 467.*

Securitatem melius innocentia tueor, quam eloquentia.—I preserve my safety better by innocence than by eloquence. **Tacitus.** *Dialogus de Oratoribus, 11.*

Sed de me ut sileam.—But to say nothing of myself. **Ovid.** *Ep.ex Pont., Book 1, 2, 147.*

Sed exsequamur cœptum propositi ordinem.—But let us follow the order which we laid down for our undertaking. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 6, 20.*

Sed fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis.
—But glory drags, chained to her glittering car, the humble no less than the highly born. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 6, 23.*

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus.—But meanwhile time flies; it flies never to be regained. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 3, 284.*

Sed justitiæ primum munus est, ut ne cui quis noceat nisi lacessitus injuria.—But it is the first function of the law to see that no one shall injure another unless provoked by some wrong. **Cicero.** *De Off., Book 1, 7, 20.*

Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.
—But nothing is sweeter than to occupy the high and peaceful temples of the wise, well fortified by learning, whence you can look down upon others, and see them wandering hither and thither, and seeking the path of life, straying in all directions. **Lucretius.** *De Rer Nat., Book 2, 7.*

Sed nisi peccassem, quid tu concedere posses?
Materiam veniæ sors tibi nostra dedit.
—But unless I had sinned, what had there been for you to pardon? Our lot has given you the occasion for forgiveness. **Ovid.** *Trist., 2, 32.*

Sed piger ad pœnas Princeps, ad præmia velox.—But let the ruler be slow in punishing, swift in rewarding. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 1, 2, 123.*

Sed plures nimia congesta pecunia cura
Strangulat.
—But money amassed with excessive care chokes many. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 12.*

Sed præsta te eum, qui mihi, a teneris (ut Græci dicunt) unguiculis es cognitus.—But prove yourself to be the same person known to me, as the Greeks say, "from your tender little finger-nails" (*i.e.* from childhood). **Cicero.** *Ep., Book 1, 6.*

Sed quæ præclara et prospera tanti,
Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum?
—But what distinction or prosperity can be of such value that the measure of your woes shall be equal to your joyful circumstances? **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 97.*

Sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus
Plena malis!
—But with what incessant and excessive woes old age abounds! **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 190.*

Sed quum lux altera venit.
Jam cras hesternum consumsimus. Ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos.
—But when another day is come, lo! we have already spent yesterday's to-morrow. Behold another morrow comes, and so our years are wasted. **Persius.** *Sat. 5, 67.*

Sed quum res hominum tanta caligine volvi
Adspicerem, lætosque diu florere nocentes,
Vexarique pios, rursus labefacta cadebat
Religio.
—But when I observed the affairs of men plunged in such darkness, and the guilty flourishing in continuous happiness, and the righteous tormented, my religion, tottering, began once more to fall. **Claudian.** *In Rufinum, Book 1, 12.*

Sed satis est orare Jovem, quæ donat et aufert:
Det vitam, det opes: æquum mi animum ipsi parabo.
—But it is enough to pray to Jove for those things which he gives and takes away. Let him give life, let him give means: I will myself fit myself with an evenly-balanced mind. **Horace.** *Ep., 1 18, 111.*

Sed scelus hoc meriti pondus et instar habet.—But this offence possesses the dignity and the form of a good deed. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 2, 30.*

Sed stultum est venti de levitate queri.—But it is folly to complain of the fickleness of the wind. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 21, 76.*

Sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.—But I will trace the footsteps of the chief events. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 342.*

Sed taciti fecere tamen convicia vultus.—But still her silent looks loudly reproached me. **Ovid.** *Amorum, 1, 7, 21.*

Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.—But joking apart, let us give our attention to serious matters. **Horace.** *Sat., Bk. 1, 1, 27.*

Sed te decor iste, quod optas
Esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat.
—But that very beauty forbids you to be what you desire to be, and your form is incompatible with your prayer.
Ovid. *Metam., 1, 489.*

Sed tu
Ingenio verbis concipe plura meis.
—But conceive more things than are expressed by my words. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 359.*

Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale moneta.
—But the poet excelling in merit, with no inclination for mere popularity, who is not in the habit of publishing anything hackneyed, and who does not strike off a poem of some commonplace stamp.
Juvenal. *Sat. 7, 53.*

Sed videt hunc omnis domus et vicinia tota
Introrsus turpem, speciosum pelle decora.
—But all the household and neighbourhood see that he is inwardly base, though showy with an outward appearance of virtue.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 16, 44.*

Seditio civium hostium est occasio.—The insurrection of the citizens is the opportunity of the enemy. **Publilius Syrus.**

Sedulo curavi humanas actiones non ridere non lugere, neque destestari, sed intelligere.—I have sedulously endeavoured not to laugh at human actions, not to lament them, nor to detest them, but to understand them.
Spinoza. *Tractatus Politicus* (1677). *Cap 1, sec. 4.*

Segnem ac desidem et circo et theatris corruptum militem.—A soldiery dull and slothful, and corrupted by the circus and theatres. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 2, 21.*

Segnius homines bona quam mala sentiunt.—Men are less sensitive to good fortune than to evil. **Livy.** *30, 21.*

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.
—Things communicated by the ear impress the mind less than things which have been witnessed by the unmistaking eyes, and which the spectator himself testifies to himself.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 180.*

Semel malus, semper presumitur esse malus.—A man once bad is assumed to be always bad. **Law.**

Semen est sanguis Christianorum.—The blood of Christians is as seed. **Tertullian.**

Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.—He always hastens to the issue, and in the midst of events, just as they are known, he snatches his hearer away.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 148.*

Semper Augustus.—Always Augustus (always an enlarger of the empire).
Symmachus.

Semper aves quod abest, præsentia temnis.—You ever desire what is absent, and despise things which are at hand.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 3, 970.*

Semper bonus homo tiro est.—A good man is always a beginner.
Martial. *Epig., Book 12, 51.*

Semper causæ eventorum magis movent quam ipsa eventa.—The causes of events are ever more interesting than the events themselves. **Cicero.** *Ep. ad Att., Book 9, 5.*

Semper consilium tunc deest, cum opus maxime.—Advice is always wanting when most wanted.
Mediæval Prov. (*Cited by Albertano de Brescia, Liber Consolationis.*)

Semper eadem.—Ever the same.
Motto *of Queen Elizabeth.*

Semper enim quod postremum adjectum sit, id rem totam, videtur traxisse.—Often that which has come latest on the scene seems to have accomplished the whole matter.
Livy. *27, 45.*

Semper equos atque arma virum, pugnasque canebat.—He ever sang of horses, the wars of men, and their fights.
Virgil. *Æneid, 9, 777.*

Semper eris pauper, si pauper es, Æmiliane ;
Dantur opes nulli nunc nisi divitibus.
—If once you are poor, you will always be poor, Emilianus ; riches are given nowadays to none except the wealthy.
Martial. *Epig., 5, 82.*

Semper fidelis, mutare sperno.—Always faithful, I scorn to change.
Motto *of City of Worcester.*

Semper habet lites alternaque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet ; minimum dormitur in illo.
—The bed in which a wife lies is ever a place of strife and mutual disagreement ; there is very little chance there of sleep.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 268.*

Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.—Thy honour, thy name, and thy praises shall endure for ever.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 5, 78 ; and Æneid, 1, 609.*

Semper idem *or* Idem (neuter).—Always the same man (*or* thing).

Semper inops quicunque cupit.—The man who covets is always poor.
Claudian. *In Rufinum, Book 1, 200.*

Semper plus metuit animus ignotum malum.—The mind always fears an evil the more when it is not known. **Publilius Syrus.**

Senatus Populusque Romanus.—The Roman Senate and People. (Denoted on standards, coins, etc., by the initials S.P.Q.R.)[*]

Senectus ipsa est morbus.—Old age itself is a disease. **Terence.** *Phormio, iv. 1, 9.*

Senectus non impedit quominus litterarum studia teneamus, usque ad ultimum tempus senectutis.—Old age does not prevent our persisting in the pursuit of letters even to the very latest period of old age.
Cicero (*adapted*).[†]

Senem juventus pigra mendicum creat.—Slothful youth produces an old age of beggary.
Pr.[‡]

Senilem juventam præmaturæ mortis esse signum.—Precocious youth is a sign of premature death. **Pliny.** *Book 7, 51.*

Seniores priores.—Those who are older first. **Pr.**

Sensus, non ætas, invenit sapientiam.—Observation, not old age, brings wisdom.
Publilius Syrus.

Septem horas dormire sat est juvenique senique.—To sleep seven hours is enough for either a young man or an old one.
Health Precepts *of University of Salerno.*

Sequitur superbos ultor a tergo Deus.—The avenging God follows behind the proud.
Seneca. *Hercules Furens, ii. 385.*

Sequitur ver hiemem.—Spring follows winter. **Pr.**

Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.—He follows his father with unequal steps.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 724.*

Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores via.—The way to good manners is never too late.
Seneca. *Agamemnon, ii. 242.*

Sera parsimonia in fundo est.—Thrift is too late at the bottom of the purse.
Seneca. *Ep. 1, fin.*

Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, tu causa es lector.
—You, reader, are the cause that I prefer to write things meant to please, when I am able to write serious things. **Martial.**

Seris venit usus ab annis.—Experience comes with ripe years. **Ovid.** *Met., 6, 29.*

Serit arbores quæ in altera sæcula prosint.—He plants trees which may be of service in future ages.[*] **Statius** (*adapted*).

Sermone huic obsonas.—You interrupt him with your talking.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, i. 2, 74.*

Sermones blandos blæsosque cavere memento.—Remember to beware of soft and flattering sayings.
Dionysius Cato. *Dist. 3, 6.*

Sero clypeum post vulnera sumo.—Too late I grasp my shield after my wounds.
Ovid. *Trist., 1, 3, 35.*

Sero domum est reversus titubanti pede.—He has come home late with staggering foot.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 4, 14, 10.*

Sero in periculis est consilium quærere.—When you have got into danger it is too late to seek advice. **Publilius Syrus.**

Sero recusat ferre, quod subiit, jugum.—He is too late in refusing to bear the yoke to which he has already submitted.
Seneca. *Hippolytus, i., l. 135.*

Sero respicitur tellus, ubi, fune soluto,
Currit in immensum panda carina salum.
—Too late he looks back to the land when, the rope being loosed, the curved keel rushes into the deep. **Ovid.** *Amorum, 2, 11, 23.*

Sero sapiunt Phryges.—The Phrygians become wise too late.
Pr. *Used in reference to after-wit.*

Sero venientibus ossa.—Bones for those who come late. **Pr.**

Serpens, ni edat serpentem, draco non fiet.—Unless a serpent eats a serpent, it will not become a dragon.[†] **Ancient Maxim.**

Serum est cavendi tempus in mediis malis.—It is too late to be cautious when in the very midst of dangers.
Seneca. *Thyestes, iii. 487.*

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo.
—Late may you return to the skies, and long may you be happily present to your people. (To Cæsar Augustus.)
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 2, 45.*

Servare cives major est [virtus] patriæ patri.—To safeguard the citizens is the greater [achievement] of a father of his country.
Seneca. *Octavia, ii. 444.*[‡]

Servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi.—To keep to moderation, to hold to the end in view, to follow the rules of nature. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Book 2, 381.*

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[*] Rabelais (*Pantagruel*, Book 3, ch. 32) explains them as meaning, "Si Peu Que Rien" (so little as to be nothing at all).

[†] What Cicero wrote was: "Nec ætas impedit, quominus et ceterarum rerum, et imprimis agri colendi studia teneamus, usque ad ultimum tempus senectutis." (Nor does age prevent our persisting in the study of other matters, and especially agriculture, even to the latest period of old age.) *De Senectute*, 17, 60.

[‡] *See* "Intemperans adolescentia," p. 557*b*

[*] Cicero quotes the passage, as being "in Synephebis," thus: "Serit arbores, quæ alteri sæculo prosint" (*Tusc. Quæst.*, 1, 14). *See* "Arbores serit," p. 491*b*.

[†] Also given: "Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco." Bacon, in illustration of the meaning, says: "No man prospers so suddenly as by others' errors."—Essay, *On Fortune*, 1612.

[‡] The preceding line states that "the greatest achievement of a general is to crush out the enemy."

Servata semper lege et ratione loquendi.—The rules and principles of speech being always preserved. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 453.*

Servientes servitute ego servos introduxi mihi,
Non qui mihi imperarent.
—I have brought servants into my household to serve, not to command, me. **Plautus.**

Serviet æternum, quia parvo nesciet uti.—He will be a slave for ever, because he does not know how to use small means.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 10, 41.*

Sese omnes amant.—All men love themselves. **Plautus.** *Capteivei, iii. 1.*

Seu me tranquilla senectus
Exspectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis.
—Either a peaceful old age awaits me, or death flies round me with black wings.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 1, 57.*

Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis,
Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas;
Quod superest ultra sacris largire Camœnis.
—Give six hours to sleep; as many to the study of righteous laws; for four hours pray; and give two to meals; what is over bestow upon the sacred Muses. **Coke** (1552–1633).

Sexu femina, ingenio vir.—In sex a woman, in abilities a man.
Epitaph *of Maria Theresa of Austria (died 1780).*

Si ad naturam vivas, nunquam eris pauper; si ad opinionem, nunquam dives.—If you live as nature bids you, you will never be poor; if to obtain the good report of men, you will never be rich. **Seneca.** *Ep., 16.*

Si animum vicisti potius quam animus te, est quod gaudeas.—If you have subdued your will rather than allow your will to subdue you, you have cause to be glad.
Plautus. *Trinummus, ii. 2, 24.*

Si antiquitatem spectes, est vetustissima; si dignitatem, est honoratissima; si jurisdictionem, est capacissima.—If you regard antiquity it is the most venerable; if you look at dignity it is the most honourable; if you consider jurisdiction it has the most extended powers.
Coke *on the English House of Commons.*

Si cadere necesse est, occurrendum discrimini.—If it is essential that we should fall, let us face the hazard.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 33.*

Si calceum induisses, tum demum sentires qua parte te urgeret.—If you had taken off the shoe, then at length you would feel in what part it pinched you.
Quoted by Erasmus as founded on the remarks of Paulus Æmilius when he divorced his wife. But see Waifs and Strays, p. 452*b*.

Si caput dolet, omnia membra languent.—If the head is afflicted all the limbs grow weak.
Pr. (*See "Utque in corporibus."*)

Si claudo cohabites, subclaudicare disces.—If you live with a lame person you will learn to limp.
Pr. *Quoted by Plutarch, Morals, Bk. 1.*

Si cui vis apte nubere, nube pari.—If you wish to make a fitting marriage, marry your equal. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 9, 32.*

Si cum hac exceptione detur sapientia, ut illam inclusam teneam, nec enunciem, rejiciam.—If wisdom were offered me with this restriction, that I should keep it close and not communicate it, I would refuse the gift. **Seneca.**

Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?—If God is for us, who shall be against us?
Vulgate. *Rom. 8, 31.*

Si diceris "Æstuo," sudat.—If you should say "I am hot" he forthwith perspires.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 103.*

Si foret in terris rideret Democritus.—If Democritus (the laughing philosopher) were on the earth he would laugh. (Sometimes the name of "Heraclitus," the "crying philosopher," is substituted for that of Democritus.) **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 1, 194.*

Si fortuna juvat, caveto tolli;
Si fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.
—If fortune favours, beware of being too much lifted up; if fortune thunders, beware of allowing yourself to be overwhelmed.
Ausonius. *Sept. Sap. Sent. Expl., Periander, 6.*

Si fuit errandum, causas habet error honestas.—If it was an error, the error has causes which are honourable.
Ovid. *Heroides, 7, 109.*

Si genus humanum, et mortalia temnitis arma;
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.
—If you despise the human race, and the arms of mortals, yet expect that the gods are mindful of right and wrong.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 542.*

Si gravis brevis, si longus levis.—If severe, short; if long, light.
Cicero. *De Fin., 2, 7, 22.* (*Quoted as a saying of Epicurus, in reference to medicine for healing pain.*)

Si hic esses, aliter sentires.—If you were in my situation, you would think otherwise.
Pr.

Si in hoc erro, quod animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo extorqueri volo.—If I err in this, that I believe the souls of men to be immortal, I err of my own free will; nor do I wish this error, in which I find delight, to be wrested from me as long as I live. **Cicero.** *De Senectute, 23, 86.*

Si incolæ bene sunt morati, pulchre munitum arbitror.—If the inhabitants are of good morals I consider the place handsomely fortified. **Plautus.** *Persa, iv. 3.*

Si incolumem servaveris, æternum exemplar clementiæ ero.—If you preserve me uninjured, I (Caractacus) shall be a lasting example of your clemency.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 12, 37.*

Si ista vera sunt, ratio omnis tollitur, quasi quædam lux, lumenque vitæ.—If those things are true all reason is taken away, which is, as it were, the light and lamp of life.
Cicero. *Academicarum Quæst., Book 4, 8.*

Si ita e republica videretur, age et feri.—If it so seems good to the republic, do it and strike.
Tacitus. *Hist. 1, 41 (adapted). (The last words of the Emperor Galba on his beheadal.)*

Si judicas, cognosce; si regnas, jube.—If you are a judge, give (my cause a) hearing; if you are (merely) a ruler, command.
Seneca. *Medea, ii. l. 194.*

Si mereor in me.—Against me—if I deserve it.
Motto. *On coin struck at James I.'s Coronation, bearing the representation of a hand holding a sword.**

Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero.
—If untoward nature has denied me beauty, I make up for want of beauty by my mental attainments; I am little; but I have a name which shall fill all lands; and I claim the measure of my name. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 15, 31.*

Si mihi pergit, quæ vult, dicere, ea quæ non vult, audiet.—If he persists in telling me what he wishes, he shall hear what he does not wish to hear. **Terence.** *Andria, v. 4, 17.*

Si mihi quæ quondam fuerat, quamque esse decebat,
Vis in amore foret, non hoc mihi namque negares.
—If the same influence in love was mine which formerly was, and which should be, you would not have denied me this thing.
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 613.*

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.—If you seek his monument, look around you.
Sir C. Wren's Epitaph *in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.*

Si nihil velis timere, metuas omnia.—If you wish to be afraid of nothing, fear everything. **Publilius Syrus.**

Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.—If he had not done wrong, he would have accomplished less. **Martial.**

Si non esse domi, quos des, causabere nummos,
Litera poscetur.
—If you pretend that the money, which you are to give, is not in your house, a written bond will be requested.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 1, 427.*

Si numeres anno soles et nubila toto,
Invenies nitidum sæpius isse diem.
—If you count up the sunny and cloudy days in a complete year, you will find that the fine day has come more often.
Ovid. *Trist., 5, 8, 31.*

Si parva licet componere magnis.—If it is allowable to compare small things with great.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 176.*

Si possis suaviter: si non, quocunque modo.—If you can, by kind means; if not, by any other means. **Pr.**

Si post fata venit gloria, non propero.—I am in no haste, if glory will but come after my death. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 5, 10, 12.*

Si poteris, vere; si minus, apta tamen.—If you can, truly; if not, at any rate readily.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 228.*

Si pulchra est, nimis ornata est.—If she is beautiful, she is too much dressed up.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, Act i. 3, 134.*

Si qua fidem tanto est operi latura vetustas.—If any far-distant age will give credit to so great a work. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 792.*

Si qua, metu dempto, casta est, ea denique casta est;
Quæ, quia non liceat, non facit, illa facit.
—If any woman, when there is no fear of detection, remains chaste, she is truly chaste; she who does not sin because it is not safe, does the sin. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 3, 4, 3.*

Si quid amicum erga benefeci, aut consului fideliter,
Non videor meruisse laudem; culpa caruisse arbitror.
—If I have in any way acted well towards a friend, or have faithfully advanced his interest, I do not regard myself as deserving praise, but I consider (only) that I am free from blame. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, Act iii. 8.*

Si quid bene facias, levior pluma est gratia:
Si quid peccatum 'st, plumbeas iras gerunt.
—If you do anything well, gratitude is lighter than a feather; if you give offence in anything, people's wrath is as heavy as lead.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, Act iii. 6, 17.*

Si quod feceris honestum cum labore, labor abit, honestum manet. Si quid feceris turpe cum voluptate, voluptas abit, turpitudo manet.—If you have done an honourable action accompanied by hard labour, the labour is over, the honour remains. If you have done anything disgraceful with pleasure, the pleasure is over, the disgrace remains. **Anon.**

Si quid ingenui sanguinis habes, non pluris eum facies quam lutum.—If you have any noble blood in you, you will esteem him as no more than dirt. **Petronius Arbiter.**

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* Milton (*Tenure of Kings*) wrote that this inscription "seemed also to presage the sentence of divine justice in this event upon his son" (Charles I.).

656*a*

Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.
—If you have learned anything better than these principles, be frank and impart them; if not, use these with me.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 6, 67.*

Si quid scis me fecisse inscite aut improbe,
Si id non accusas, tu ipse objurgandus es, scio.
—I know that if you know that I have done anything unskilfully or badly, and have not found fault with it, you are yourself to be blamed. **Plautus.** *Trinummus, Act i. 2.*

Si quis clericus, aut monachus, verba joculatoria risum moventia serat, anathemata esto.—If any clerk or monk utters jocular words causing laughter, let him be excommunicated.
Ordinance *of Second Council of Carthage.*

Si quis non vult operari, nec manducet.—If any one will not work, neither let him eat.
Vulgate. *2 Thess. 3, 10.*

Si quoties homines peccant, sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.
—If Jupiter sends forth his thunderbolts as often as men sin, he will soon be without arms.
Ovid. *Trist., 2, 33.*

Si res labat
Itidem amici collabascunt: res amicos invenit.
—If property totters, friends begin to waver simultaneously with it. Property finds friends. **Plautus.** *Stichus, ii. 4.*

Si sapias, sapias; habeas quod Di dabunt boni.—Be wise if you are wise; possess what amount of good the gods will give you.
Plautus.

Si sitis, nihil interest utrum aqua sit an vinum: nec refert utrum sit aureum poculum an vitreum.—If you are thirsty it matters not whether it be water or wine; nor is it of consequence whether the cup be of gold or glass. **Seneca.**

Si stimulos pugnis cædis, manibus plus dolet.—If you beat goads with your fists, your hands suffer most.
Plautus. *Truculentus, iv. 2, 55.*

Si te nulla movet tantæ pietatis imago.—If no idea of so much devotion moves you.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 405.*

Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum.—If no glory appertaining to such illustrious deeds moves you. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 272.*

Si te proverbia tangunt,
Mense malas Maio nubere vulgus ait.
—If proverbs weigh with you, people say that May is the month to marry bad wives.
Ovid. *Fast., 5, 489.*

Si tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.—If you have any care for me, take care of yourself.
Ovid. *Heroides, 13, 166.*

656*b*

Si tibi deficiant medici, medici tibi fiant
Hæc tria, mens hilaris, requies, moderata diæta.*
—If doctors fail you, let these three be your doctors: a cheerful mind, rest, and moderate diet. **Maxims** *of School of Salerno.*

Si tibi vis omnia subjicere, te subjice rationi.—If you wish to subject all things to yourself, subject yourself to reason.
Seneca. *Ep. 37.*

Si turpia sunt quæ facis, quid refert neminem scire, cum tu scias?—If what you do is disgraceful, what matters it that no one knows, when you yourself know? **Seneca.**

Si vis amari, ama.—Love, if you wish to be loved. **Seneca.** *Epist., 9.*

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipse tibi.
—If you wish me to weep, you must first feel grief yourself.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 102.*

Si vis pacem, para bellum.—If you wish for peace, prepare for war.
Founded on "Qui desiderat," etc. (q.v.).

Si vis ut loquar, ipse tace.—If you want me to speak, be silent yourself.
Martial. *Epig., Book 5, 54, 7.*

Sibi benefacit qui benefacit amico.—He does good to himself who does good to his friend. **Erasmus.** *Fam. Col.*

Sibi non cavere, et aliis consilium dare,
Stultum esse.
—It is the part of a fool to give counsel to others but himself not to be on his guard.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 9, 1.*

Sibi parat malum qui alteri parat.—He prepares evil for himself who prepares it for another. **Pr.**

Sibi quisque peccat.—It is against himself that everybody sins. **Pr.**

Sibi quivis
Speret idem; sudet multum, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem.
—Anyone may hope the same thing possible to himself, and may sweat much and labour hopelessly when he attempts the same.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 240.*

Sibi uni fortunam debet.—He owes his fortune to himself alone. **Pr.**

Sic agitur censura, et sic exempla parantur;
Cum vindex, alios quod monet, ipse facit.
—In this way is the censor's function fulfilled, and thus are examples set, when the vindicator (of morality) himself does that which he advises others to do.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 6, 647.*

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* In a version given by Gabriel Harvey the second line is: "Haec tria, mens hilaris, labor, et moderata dieta" (These three, a cheerful mind, labour, and moderate diet).

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida æquora placat.—Thus he speaks, and by his word he quickly pacifies the raging waters.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1,142.*

Sic animum tempusque traho; meque ipse reduco
A contemplatu, summoveoque, mali.
—Thus I distract my mind and pass the time; and lead and force myself from the contemplation of woe. **Ovid.** *Trist., 5, 7, 65.*

Sic animus per se non quit sine corpore, et ipso
Esse homine illius quasi quod vas esse videtur.
—So the soul cannot exist separate from the body, and the man himself, whose body seems as it were the urn of the soul.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., 3, 553.*

Sic cogitandum est tanquam aliquis in pectus intimum inspicere possit.—A man should so think that anyone might be allowed to look into his innermost heart. **Seneca.**

Sic cum inferiore vivas, quemadmodum tecum superiorem velles vivere.—So live with an inferior as you would wish a superior to live with you. **Seneca.** *Ep. 47.*

Sic ego nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum;
Et videor voti nescius esse mei.
—Thus I am not able to exist either with you or without you; and I seem not to know my own wishes. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Bk. 3, 10, 39.*

Sic erat in fatis.—It was so in the decrees of fate. **Ovid.** *Fast., 1, 481.*

Sic fac omnia . . . tanquam spectet aliquis.—Do all things as though someone were watching. **Seneca.**

Sic itur ad astra.—Thus is the journey to the stars accomplished.
Virgil. *Æneid, 9, 641.*

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit ac reficit.
—So light and so small a thing it is which pulls down or restores a mind greedy of praise.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 179.*

Sic me servavit Apollo.—Thus did Apollo serve me. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 9, 78.*

Sic natura jubet; velocius et citius nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
Quum subeunt animos auctoribus.
—So nature ordains. Evil examples in the household corrupt us more readily and promptly, since they insinuate themselves into our minds with extreme force of authority.
Juvenal. *Sat. 14, 31.*

Sic ne perdiderit non cessat perdere lusor.—So the gambler, lest he should lose, does not stop losing. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., 1, 451.*

Sic noctem patera, sic ducam carmine, donec
Injiciat radios in mea vina dies.
—So I will pass the night with the winecup and with song, until at length the light of day sheds its rays into my wine.
Propertius. *Book 4, 6, 85.*

Sic omnes amor unus habet decernere ferro.—So the same love of deciding by warlike means possessed them all.
Virgil. *Æneid, 12, 282.*

Sic omnia fatis
In pejus ruere, et retro sublapsa referri.
—So by fate all things deteriorate rapidly, and have a tendency to retrograde.
Virgil. *Georgics, 1, 199.*

Sic passim.—So in various places.

Sic præsentibus utaris voluptatibus ut futuris non noceas.—So use the pleasures of the present time that you may not mar those that are to be. **Seneca.**

Sic quibus intumuit suffusa venter ab undas;
Quo plus sunt potæ plus sitiuntur aquæ.
—So with those who are swollen with dropsy, the more water they drink the more they thirst. **Ovid.** *Fast., 1, 215.*

Sic quisque pavendo
Dat vires famæ, nulloque auctore malorum,
Quæ finxere timent.
—So every person by his dread gives strength to rumour, and with no foundation for the existence of evils, they fear the things which they have imagined.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 1, 480.*

Sic transit gloria mundi.—So passes away the glory of the world.*

Sic utere tuo ut alieno ne lædas.—So employ your own property as not to injure that of another. **Coke.**

Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas, atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.
—So it seems fit to Venus; to whom it is a delight to place, with cruel humour, incongruous forms and minds under her brazen yoke. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 33, 10.*

Sic vita erat; facile omnes perferre ac pati.
—Such was his life, gently to bear with and endure all men. **Terence.** *Andria, i. 1, 35.*

Sic vive cum hominibus tanquam Deus videat, et videt.—So live with men as if God saw you, and He does see you. **Seneca.**

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.—So do you bees make your honey, not for yourselves.
Virgil. *Lines on Bathyllus claiming the authorship of certain verses by Virgil.*

Sicut dies juventutis tuæ, ita et senectutis.—As is the day of thy youth, so shall be that of thine old age.† **Vulgate.** *Deut. 33, 25.*

Sicut in stagno generantur vermes, sic in otioso malæ cogitationes. As worms are bred in a stagnant pool, so are evil thoughts in idleness. **Pr.**

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* The sentence is used in the Service of the Pope's enthronement after the burning of flax. According to *Zonaræ Annales* (Basle, 1553), a similar rite was used in the triumphal processions of the Roman republic. *See also* "O quam cito."

† In Revised Version of Bible: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Silent enim leges inter arma.—For the laws are dumb in the midst of arms.*
Cicero. *Pro Milone, 4.*

Silentio et tenebris animus alitur.—The mind is nourished by silence and darkness.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 9, 36.*

Silvis aspera, blanda domi.—Fierce in the woods, gentle in the home. (Written of a dog.) **Martial.** *Epig., Book 11, 70, 2.*

Simia, quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis !—The ape, vilest of beasts, how like to us ! **Ennius.**
(*Quoted by Cicero, De Nat. Deorum, 1, 35.*)

Simplex munditiis.—Simple in her elegance.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 5, 5.*

Simplex sigillum veri.—The seal of truth is simple. **Matthew of Boerhave.**

Simul flare sorbereque haud facile
Est : ego hic esse et illic simul, haud potui.
—To blow and to swallow at the same time is not easy ; I cannot at the same time be here and also there.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, iii. 2, 105.*

Simul consilium cum re amisti ?—Have you lost your judgment at the same time as your property ? **Terence.** *Eunuchus, ii. 2, 9.*

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcumque infundis acescit.—Unless the vessel is clean, whatever you pour into it turns sour.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 54.*

Sine amicitia vitam esse nullam.—There is no life without friendship.†
Cicero (*adapted from Ennius*).

Sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum.
—Without love and laughter nothing is pleasant. **Horace.**
Ep., Book 1, 6, 65 (*quoting Mimnermus*).

Sine arte mensa.—A table without subtle refinements (simple fare).
Martial. *Epig., Book 10, 47, 8.*

Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus.—Without Ceres and Bacchus (food and wine), Venus (love) grows cold.
Terence. *Eunuchus, iv. 5, 6.*

Sine die.—Without any fixed date.

Sine ira et studio.—Without anger and without partiality. **Tacitus.** *Annals, 1. 1.*

Sine me vocari pessimum, ut dives vocer.—Let me be called the worst of mankind, so long as I am called rich. **Pr.**

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* According to Plutarch this was a saying of Caius Marius, about B.C. 92. When complaint was made of his granting the freedom of Rome to a thousand Camerians, who had been distinguished in the wars, he replied, " The law speaks too softly to be heard amidst the din of arms."—*Plutarch : Life of Caius Marius.* The saying was apparently a Roman proverb, for in his *Life of Julius Cæsar* Plutarch attributes to him the remark, " Arms and laws do not flourish together."

† *See De Amicitia, 6, 22.*

Sine pennis volare haud facile est.—To fly without wings is by no means easy.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, Act iv. 2, 47.*

Sine periculo friget lusus.—Without danger the game grows cold.*
Quoted in Chapman's " All Fools " (1605), *Act iii.*

Sine prole. — Without offspring. (Frequently denoted by the initials S.P.)

Sine qua non.—Without which, nothing (*i.e.* an indispensable condition).

Sine querela mortalitatis jura pendamus.—Let us weigh the laws of this life without complaining. **Seneca.**

Sine rivali te et tua solus amares.—That you should love yourself and your own affairs without any rival.†
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 444.*

Singillatim mortales ; cunctim perpetui.—Singly they are mortal, collectively they are immortal. **Apuleius.** *De Deo Socratis.*

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.—The passing years take something each from each of us. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 2, 55.*

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.—Let each keep to the place properly allotted to it. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 92.*

Singuli enim decipere et decipi possunt : nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellunt.—Individuals indeed may deceive and be deceived ; but no one has ever deceived all men, nor have all men ever deceived any one.
Pliny the Younger. *Panegyr. Traj., 62.*

Sint Mæcenates, non derunt, Flacce, Marones.—Let there be Mæcenases, Flaccus, and there will not be wanting Virgils.
Martial. *Epig., Book 8, 56.*

Sint sales sine vilitate.—Let the jests be without anything vile about them. **Pr.**

Sint ut sint aut non sint.—Let them be as they are, or not be at all. **Pr.**

Siste, viator !—Stay, traveller !

Sisyphus in vita quoque nobis ante oculos est,
Qui petere a populo fasces, sævasque secures
Imbibit ; et semper victus, tristisque recedit.
—In life also we have Sisyphus before our eyes, who resolves to seek from the people the fasces and cruel axes (the supreme power) ; and ever retires beaten and sad.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 3, 1008.*

Sit brevis aut nullus tibi somnus meridianus.—Let your midday sleep be short or none at all. **Maxims** *of School of Salerno.*‡

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* *See* Gordon, A. L., p. 151*a*.

† *See* " Se ipse amans," p. 650*b*.

‡ For moche slepe is not medcynable in myddis of the day.—*John Russell : Boke of Nature,* l. 952 (c. 1450).

Sit cæca futuri
Mens hominum fati: liceat sperare timenti.
—Let the mind of man be blind as to future destiny; let the fearful be allowed to hope.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 2, 14.*

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.—Let it be allowed me to speak what I have heard.
Virgil. *Æneid, Book 6, 266.*

Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus; et mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Di;
Sit bona librorum et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia.
—Let me have what I now have, or even less; and I will live in my own way for what remains to me of life, if the gods will that any should remain; let there be a good supply of books and a yearly store of provisions. **Horace**. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 107.*

Sit modus lasso maris et viarum,
Militiæque.
—Let there be an end to my fatigues by sea and by land, and in soldiering.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 6, 7.*

Sit non doctissima conjux;
Sit nox cum somno; sit sine lite dies.
—May my wife not be over-learned; may my nights have peaceful rest; may my days be without quarrelling.
Martial. *Epig., Book 2, 90, 9.*

Sit procul omne nefas; ut ameris amabilis esto.—Let all villainy be dismissed! That you may be loved, be lovable. **Ovid**. *Ars Amat., Book 2, 107.* (*See p.* 676*b*, *note*.)

Sit sine labe decus.—Let honour be spotless. **Pr.**

Sit tibi credibilis sermo, consuetaque verba. —Let your talk be such as is worthy of belief, and your words such as are commonly used.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 467.*

Sit tibi terra gravis!—May the earth be heavy upon thee! **Pr.**

Sit tibi terra levis!—Let the earth lie light upon you. (Denoted sometimes by the initials S.T.T.L.)
Monumental Inscription.*

Sit tua cura sequi; me duce tutus eris.—Be it your care to follow; you shall be safe with me as your leader.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 2, 58.*

Sit venia verbis.—Let my words be forgiven. **Pr.**

Sitis felices, et tu simul et tua vita,
Et domus ipsa, in qua lusimus, et domina.
—May you be happy, you and your life and your own home, where we have played together, and its mistress also.
Cato. *Carm., 69, 151.*

Sitque omne judicium, non quam locuples,

sed qualis quisque sit.—Let your judgment of a person be not according to how rich he is, but according to what manner of man he is.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 2, 20.*

Sive pium vis hoc, sive hoc muliebre vocari,
Confiteor misero molle cor esse mihi.
—Whether you choose to call it natural affection or effeminacy, I confess that it is a soft heart which I, poor wretch, possess.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 1, 3, 31.*

Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ,
Hæ septem certant de stirpe insignis Homeri.*
—Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athens—these seven cities contend as to being the birthplace of the illustrious Homer. The second line sometimes runs, "Orbis de patria certat, Homere, tua."
Anon. *Tr. from Greek* (*see p.* 471*b*).

Sociale animal est.—[Man] is a social animal. **Seneca**. *De Benef., Book 7, 1.*

Societatis vinculum est ratio et oratio.—The bond of society consists of reason and speech.
Cicero. *De Officiis, 1, 16, 50* (*adapted*).

Socius atque comes, tam honoris, tam etiam calamitatis.—Sharer and companion, as of my honours, so also of my calamity. **Cicero.**

Socrates, quidem, cum rogaretur cujatem se esse diceret, "Mundanum," inquit; totius enim mundi se incolam et civem arbitrabatur. —Socrates, indeed, when he was asked of what country he called himself, said "Of the world"; for he considered himself an inhabitant and a citizen of the whole world.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 5, 37, 108.*

Sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras.—The sun when setting makes the increasing shadows twice as large.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 3, 66.*

Sol etiam cæcat, contra si tendere pergas.—The sun, too, will blind you if you persist in gazing at it.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 4, 326.*

Sol occubuit; nox nulla secuta est.—The sun has set; no night has followed (applied to the death and succession of a king).
Ascribed to **Giraldus Cambrensis** (*Gerald de Barri*) (*1146 ?–1220*).

Sola fides sufficit.—Faith alone is sufficient.
Ancient Hymn. (*Sung on Corpus Christi.*)

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.—It is a comfort to the unfortunate to have had companions in woe.†
Authorship unknown. *Quoted by various authors, including Dominicus de Gravina* (c. *1350*).

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* *See* Martial, Epig. 5, 35; and 9, 30, 11. Seneca, Ep. 2, *Ad Corsicam*, has "**Sit tua terra levis**" (May thy earth be light).

* The first line is quoted by Montaigne, *Essais* (pub. 1580), Book 2, ch. 36.

† According to Aloysius Novarinus, the saying is used by Thomas Kempis, *De Valle Liliorum*, cap. 16. The idea is found in Seneca (*De Consol.*, 12, 2). *See also* Chaucer, *Troilus*, 1, 708.

Solebamus consumere longa loquendo
Tempora, sermonem deficiente die.
—We were wont to spend long hours in talking, the day not sufficing for our discourse.
Ovid. *Trist., 5, 13, 28.*

Solem e mundo tollunt qui amicitiam e vita tollunt.—They take the sunshine from the world who take friendship from life.[*] **Anon.**

Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat?
—Who would dare to call the sun false?
Virgil. *Georgics 1, 463.*

Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda
—Suns can set and return again; with us, when once our short day has set, there is one everlasting night of sleep.
Catullus. *Carm., 5, 4.*

Solet a despectis par referri gratia.—Those who are despised are wont to return the favour in kind. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Bk. 3, 2, 1.*

Solet esse in dubiis pro consilio temeritas.—Rashness is apt to be thought judgment in doubtful (or difficult) circumstances.
Publilius Syrus.

Solet sequi laus cum viam fecit labor.—Praise is wont to follow where labour has made the way. **Publilius Syrus.**

Soli lumen mutuari; cœlo stellas; ranæ aquam.—To lend light to the sun; stars to the heavens; water to frogs. **Pr.**

Solitudinem faciunt; pacem appellant.—They make a solitude (or desert); they call it peace. **Tacitus.** *Agricola, 30.*

Sollicitæ mentes speque metuque pavent.—Minds which are disturbed are terrified both by hope and by fear. **Ovid.** *Fast., 3, 361.*

Solo cedit, quicquid solo plantatur.—That which is sown in the soil becomes the property of the soil. **Law.**

Solo Deo salus.—Salvation (*or* safety) is from God alone. **Motto.**

Solum certum nihil esse certi, et homine nihil miserius, aut superbius.—The only thing certain is that nothing is certain, and nothing more wretched or more proud than man.
Pliny the Elder. *Nat. Hist., 2, 7.*

Solum imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius.—Vespasian alone of the emperors changed for the better.
Tacitus (*adapted*). *Hist., 1, 50.*[†]

Solum patriæ omnibus est carum, dulce, atque jucundum.—Dear, sweet and pleasing to us all is the soil of our native land.
Cicero. (*Adapted from In Catilinam, 4, 8, 26.*)

Solum unum hoc vitium adfert senectus hominibus,
Attentiores sumus ad rem omnes, quum sat est.
—Old age brings this one vice to mankind, that we are all more eager after acquiring property than we should be.
Terence. *Adelphi, v. 3, 47.*

Solus sapiens scit amare; solus sapiens amicus est.—Only a wise man knows how to love; only a wise man is a friend.
Seneca. *Epist., 81.*

Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
With timely wisdom release the aged horse, lest at length, a mere laughing-stock, he stumbles and becomes broken-winded.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 8.*

Solventur risu tabulæ.—The case will be dismissed with laughter.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 1, 86.*

Solvit ad diem.—He paid to the day. **Law.**

Solvite tantis animum monstris,
Solvite Superi!
—Release, ye gods, release the mind from such portents.
Seneca. *Herc. Furens, iv. 1063.*

Solvitque animis miracula rerum;
Eripuit Jovi fulmen, viresque tonanti.—He has dismissed from our minds the fear of wonders; he has wrested from thundering Jove his thunderbolt and strength.
Manilius. *1, 103.*

Solvitur acris hiems.—Sharp winter is now loosened. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 4.*

Solvitur ambulando.—It is settled by walking. **Pr.**

Somne, quies rerum, placidissime, somne Deorum,
Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis
Fessa ministeriis mulces, reparasque labori!
—Sleep, rest of nature, O sleep, most gentle of the divinities, peace of the soul, thou at whose presence care disappears, who soothest hearts wearied with daily employments, and makest them strong again for labour!
Ovid. *Metam., 11, 624.*

Somnia me terrent veros imitantia casus;
Et vigilant sensus in mea damna mei.
—Dreams terrify me, depicting real misfortunes, and my senses are awake to my losses.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 1, 2, 45.*

Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit.
—Light sleep does not disdain their humble dwellings of rustics.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 1, 21.*

Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras.—That sort of sleep which makes the hours of night short. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 10, 47, 11.*

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[*] *See* "Sublata enim," p. 664*b*.

[†] The passage in Tacitus is: "Et ambigua de Vespasiano fama: solusque omnium ante se Principum in melius mutatus est." Ausonius (*Tetrast.*, 10) uses almost identical words as to Vespasian.

Sonat hic de nare canina
Litera.
—Here from the nostril sounds the "canine letter" (the letter R, the sound resembling the snarling of a dog). **Persius.** *Sat. 1, 109.*

Sorex suo perit indicio.—The mouse perishes by his own token. **Pr.**

Sors tua mortalis; non est mortale quod optas.—Your lot is mortal; you wish for what is not mortal. **Ovid.** *Metam., 2, 56.*

Sortes sanctorum.—Drawing lots with holy writings.*

Sortes Virgilianæ, *or* Sortes Homericæ.—Virgilian chances *or* Homeric chances.†

Spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas.
—To scatter doubtful reports amongst the crowd. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 98.*

Spectare lacunar.—To gaze at the ceiling (as if unconscious of anything taking place). **Juvenal.** *Sat. 1, 56.*

Spectas et tu spectaberis.—See, and you will be seen. **Pr.**

Spectatum veniunt; veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.—These women come to see; and they come that they may themselves be seen. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., Book 1, 99.*

Spectavi ego pridem comicos ad istum modum
Sapienter dicta dicere, atque iis plaudier,
Cum illos sapienteis mores monstrabant poplo:
Sed cum inde suam quisque ibant divorsi domum,
Nullus erat illo pacto, ut illi jusserant.
—I have in time past witnessed comic actors speaking their words wisely, and being applauded for them when they showed the ways of wisdom to the people; but when each had gone on his own way home, not one kept to his word to do what those had preached. **Plautus.** *Rudens, iv. 7.*

Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.—I bring back a good and sure hope. **Pr.**

Spem mentita seges.—The crop has belied our hope of it. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 7, 87.*

Spem pretio non emo.—I do not buy hope at a price. **Terence.** *Adelphi, ii. 2, 12.*

Spem vultu simulat.—He counterfeits hope in his features. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 209.*

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem, bene præparatum
Pectus.
—The well-prepared heart hopes in the worst fortune, and in prosperity fears, a change of the chances. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 2, 10, 13.*

Sperate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.—Hope, and reserve yourself for better times. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 207.*

Sperate miseri, cavete felices.—Hope, ye wretched, beware, ye happy.*

Speravi melius, quia me meruisse putavi.—I hoped for better things because I thought that I deserved them. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 2, 61.*

Speravimus ista
Dum fortuna fuit.
—We hoped for those things whilst fortune lasted. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 42.*

Speremus quæ volumus, sed quæ acciderint feramus.—Let us hope for what we will, but let us bear what befalls us. **Cicero.**

Sperne voluptates: nocet emta dolore voluptas.
Semper avarus eget: certum voto pete finem.
—Scorn delights: pleasure bought with pain is hurtful. The covetous man always wants; set some fixed limit to your prayers. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 2, 55.*

Spernitur orator bonus, horridus miles amatur.—The good orator is despised, the fear-inspiring soldier is loved. **Ennius.** *Quoted by Aulus Gellius, Book 20, 10.*

Spero meliora.—I hope for better things.

Spes addita suscitat iras.—Increase of hope kindled their passion. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 263.*

Spes alit agricolas.—Hope sustains the husbandmen.

Spes bene cœnandi vos decipit.—The hope of dining well deceives you. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 5, 166.*

Spes bona dat vires; animum quoque spes bona firmat;
Vivere spe vidi qui moriturus erat.†
—Good hope gives strength; good hope also strengthens the resolution; I have seen one about to die live by hope. **Anon.**

Spes cenatica.—A hope of getting a dinner. **Plautus.** *Capteivei, iii. 1, 36.*

Spes est salutis ubi hominem objurgat pudor.—There is hope of salvation where shame reproaches a man. **Publilius Syrus.**

Spes est vigilantis somnium.—Hope is the dream of a man awake. **Coke.**

Spes ‡ facit ut videat cum terras undique nullas,
Naufragus in mediis brachia jactet aquis.
—Hope it is which makes the shipwrecked sailor strike out with his arms in the midst of the sea, even though on all sides he can see no land. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 1, 6, 33.*

Spes gregis.—The hope of the flock. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 1, 15.*

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* Practised by early Christians after the manner of "Sortes Virgilianæ."

† Verses of Virgil or Homer drawn by lot, or touched by chance on opening the book or unfolding the roll.

* This appears at the end of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

† Partly founded on Ovid: *Heroides,* 11, 61.

‡ "Hæc" (this, *i.e.* hope) is the first word in the line 33, referring to "spes" in l. 27.

Spes in virtute, salus ex victoria.—In valour there is hope; in victory springs safety. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 2, 20.*

Spes incerta futuri.—Hope doubtful of what is to be. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 8, 580.*

Spes pascis inanes.—You feed hopes which are vain. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 627.*

Spes sibi quisque.—Let every man's hope be in himself. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 11, 309.*

Spes tenet in tempus, semel est si credita longum;
Illa quidem fallax, sed tamen apta Dea est.
—Hope, if once believed, lasts for a long time; she is indeed deceitful, but she is nevertheless a convenient deity.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 1, 445.*

Spes vitæ cum sole redit.—The hope of life returns with the sun. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 12, 70.*

Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.
—Even now does his love breathe, and still lives the heat imparted to the lyre by the Æolian fair (Sappho).
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 9, 10.*

Spiritus quidem promptus est, caro autem infirma.—The spirit indeed is ready, but the flesh is weak. **Vulgate.** *St. Matthew 26, 41; St. Mark 14, 38.*

Splen ridere facit, cogit amare jecur.—The spleen makes one laugh; the liver compels one to love. *Eberhard of Béthune* (c. 1210).

Splendide mendax.—Magnificently false.* **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 11, 35.*

Spolia opima.—The splendid spoils, the personal spoils of the enemy's general when slain by the opposing commander. **Livy,** *etc.*

Sponde, noxa præsto est.—Be surety, and danger is at hand.
Pr. (*The saying of Thales, see p.* 447*a*.)

Sta, viator, heroem calcas.—Pause, traveller, your foot is upon a hero.
Condé's Epitaph *on his antagonist, Mercy* (1645).

Stabat Mater dolorosa.—There was standing the weeping mother. **Mass for Dead.**

Stabit quocunque jeceris.—Whatever way you cast it, it will stand.
Legend *on the three-legged armorial bearings of the Isle of Man.*

Standum est contra res adversas.—We must make a stand against adverse circumstances. **Pr.**

Stant belli causæ.—The causes of war still remain. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 7, 553.*

Stant littore puppes.—The ships touch the shore. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 901.*

Stare decisis, et non movere quieta.—To stand by decisions, and not disturb things which are settled. **Law.**

Stare putes, adeo procedunt tempora tarde.—The time passes so slowly you might think that it was standing still.
Ovid. *Trist., 5, 10, 5.*

Stare super vias antiquas.†—To stand in the old-established ways.

Stat magni nominis umbra.—There stands the shadow of a mighty name.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 1, 135.*

Stat nominis umbra.—He stands, the shadow of a name.
Motto *affixed to published Letters of Junius (adapted from the foregoing).*‡

Stat pro ratione voluntas.—Will stands for reason.
Adapted from **Juvenal.** (*See "Hoc volo."*)

Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ; sed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.
—Every one has his allotted day; short and irrecoverable is the lifetime of all; but to extend our fame by deeds, this is the task of greatness. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 10, 467.*

Statim daret, ne differendo videretur negare.—He would give at once, lest by postponing he should seem to refuse. **Cornelius Nepos.**

Status quo ante bellum.—The condition in which things were before the war. **Pr.**

Stemma non inspicit. Omnes, si ad primam originem revocentur, a Diis sunt.—It (Philosophy) does not pay attention to pedigree. All, if their first origin be in question, are from the Gods. **Seneca.** *Epist., 44.*

Stemmata quid faciunt? Quid prodest Pontice, longo
Sanguine censeri, pictosque ostendere vultus
Majorum.
—What do pedigrees avail? What is the profit, Ponticus, in possessing ancient blood, and in showing the painted features of ancestors?
Juvenal. *Sat. 8, 1.*

Sternitur, exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.—The ox is stricken down, and quivering falls lifeless on the ground.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 481.*

Stet fortuna domus!—May the fortune of the house endure. **Pr.**

Stet processus.—Let process be stayed. **Law.**

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* Spoken by Hypermnestra, who deceived her father in not killing her husband as commanded by him.

† Founded upon Jeremiah 6, 16: "State super vias, et videte, et interrogate de semitis antiquis, quæ sit via bona, et ambulate in ea."—*Vulgate.*

‡ *See* also Claudian, Ep. 42, "Nominis umbra manet veteris"; also "Magni nominis umbra" (*Thomas Kempis: De Imit. Christi,* 3, 24).

Stillicidi casus lapidem càvat.—The fall of dropping water wears away the stone.
Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., 1, 314.*

Stilo inverso.—With reversed pen.
Pr. *Indicating the erasure of a passage.*

Stilus virum arguit.—The pen (or style) proclaims the man. **Pr.**

Stimulos dedit æmula virtus.—Valour full of rivalry spurred him on. **Lucanus.**

Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam ?—Does he offer you his foolish beard to pluck at ? **Persius.** *Sat. 2, 28.*

Strata jacent passim sua quæque sub arbore poma.—The apples lie scattered about here and there, each under its own tree.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 7, 54.*

Strenua nos exercet inertia.—Strenuous sloth urges us on.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 11, 28.*

Studiis et rebus honestis.—By honourable pursuits and surroundings. **Pr.**

Studiis florentem ignobilis otî.—Priding himself in the pursuits of an inglorious ease.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 564.*

Studio culinæ tenetur.—He is possessed with thoughts of the kitchen. **Cicero.**
(*See Horace* (Juventus studiosa culinæ.—A youth devoted to kitchen-studies). *Sat., Bk. 2, 5, 80.*

Studiosus audiendi.—Zealous in hearing.
Cornelius Nepos. *Epaminondas.*

Studium famæ mihi crescit amore.—My application is increased by my love of fame.
Ovid. *Rem. Amor., 393.*

Stulta maritali jam porrigit ora capistro.—At length he stretches out his foolish head to the conjugal halter. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 43.*

Stulte, quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago ?
Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.
—Fool, what is sleep but the likeness of icy death ? The fates shall give us a long period of rest. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 2, 10, 40.*

Stulte, quid o frustra votis puerilibus optas,
Quæ non ulla tulit, fertque, feretque dies ?
—Fool ! why do you in vain desire with infantile prayers things which no day ever did bring, will bring, or could bring ?
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 3, 8, 11.*

Stulti omnes servi.—All fools are slaves.
Stoic Maxim.

Stulti sunt innumerabiles.—Fools are not to be numbered. **Erasmus.***

Stultitia est facinus magnum timido
Cordi credere, nam omnes
Res perinde sunt ut agas.
—It is folly to entrust a great deed to a faint heart, for all things are just as you make them.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, ii. 1, 3.*

Stultitia est venatum ducere invitos canes. —It is folly to take unwilling dogs out to hunt.
Plautus. *Stichus, i. 2, 83.*

Stultitiam dissimulare non potes nisi taciturnitate.—You cannot conceal folly except by silence. **Pr.**

Stultitiam patiuntur opes.—Wealth sanctions (or excuses) folly.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 29.*

Stultitiam simulare loco sapientia summa est.—To pretend folly on occasion is the highest of wisdom. **Pr.**

Stultorum calami carbones, mœnia chartæ. —The pens of fools are coals, and walls are their paper. **Pr.**

Stultorum incurata malus pudor ulcera celat.—It is the false shame of fools which tries to cover unhealed sores.
Horace. *Ep., 1, 16, 24.*

Stultorum infinitus est numerus.—Of fools the number is endless.
Vulgate. *Ecclesiastes 1, 15.*

Stultum consilium non modo effectu caret,
Sed ad perniciem quoque mortales devocat.
—A foolish course of action is not only lacking in good result, but it summons mortals to their destruction as well.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 20, 1.*

Stultum est in luctu capillum sibi evellere, quasi calvitio mœror levetur.—It is foolish to tear one's hair in grief, as though sorrow would be made less by baldness. **Cicero.**

Stultum est timere quod vitari non potest. —It is foolish to fear what cannot be avoided.
Publilius Syrus.

Stultum est vicinum velle ulcisci incendio. —It is foolish to wish to be avenged on your neighbour by setting his house on fire.
Publilius Syrus.

Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere. —When Fortune wishes to ruin a man she makes him a fool. **Publilius Syrus.**

Stultus es qui facta infecta verbis postulas. —You are a fool to try by words to undo things which have been done. **Plautus.**

Stultus es ; rem actam agis.—You are a fool ; you are doing a thing already done.
Plautus. *Pseudolus, i. 3, 27.*

Stultus labor est ineptiarum.—Labour about trifles is foolish. **Martial.**

Stultus nisi quod ipse facit nil rectum putat. —The fool thinks nothing done right unless he has done it himself. **Pr.**

Stultus qui patre occiso liberos relinquat.—He is a fool who, when the father is killed, lets the children survive. **Pr.**

Stultus semper incipit vivere.—The fool is always beginning to live. **Pr.**

Stupor mundi clerus Britannicus.—The British clergy are the astonishment of the world. **Anon.**

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* *See* " Stultorum infinitus."

Stupor mundi Fridericus et immutator mirabilis.—Frederick [the Emperor Frederick II] was the astonishment of the world and marvellously obstinate. **Matthew Paris.**

Sua comparare commoda ex incommodis alterius.—To arrange for his own advantage by the disadvantage of another.
Terence (*adapted*). *Andria, iv. 1, 3.*

Sua confessione hunc jugulo.—I destroy this man with his own confession.
Cicero. *In Verrem, 2, 5, 64.*

Sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido?—Does his own fatal passion become to each man his God? **Virgil.** *Æneid, 9, 185.*

Sua cuique quum sit animi cogitatio,
Colorque proprius.
—When each man has his own peculiar cast of mind and turn of expression.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 5, Prologue, 7.*

Sua cuique utilitas.—To everything its use.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 15.*

Sua cuique vita obscura est.—To everyone his own life is dark. **Pr.**

Sua cuique voluptas.—To everyone his own form of pleasure.* **Pr.**

Sua munera mittit cum hamo.—He sends his presents with a hook concealed in them. **Pr.**

Sua quisque exempla debet æquo animo pati.—Each one should endure with equanimity what he has brought upon himself by his own example.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 1, 26, 12.*

Sua regina regi placet, Juno, Jovi.—His own queen pleases a king, Juno pleases Jupiter.
Plautus.

Suam quisque homo rem meminit.—Every man remembers his own interests. **Pr.**

Suave est ex magno tollere acervo.—It is pleasant to take what you want from a great heap. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 51.*

Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.
—It is pleasant, when the sea is high, and the winds are dashing the waves about, to watch, from the land, the great straits of another (at sea). **Lucretius.** *De Rerum Nat., 2, 1.*

Suavis autem est, et vehementer sæpe utilis jocus et facetiæ.—Joking and humour are pleasant, and often of extreme utility.
Cicero. *De Oratore, 2, 54.*

Suavis cibus a venatu.—Food is sweet from the fact of being hunted for.† **Pr.**

Suavis laborum est præteritorum memoria.—The remembrance of past labours is agreeable.‡ **Cicero.** *De Finibus, 2, 32.*

Suavitas sermonum atque morum.—Gentleness of speech and of manners. **Cicero.**

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.—Gentle in method, resolute in action.*
Claudio Aquaviva (1542–1615). *Industrie ad curandos animæ morbos, 2, 1,* (*Adapted.*)

Sub cœnam paulisper inambula; cœnatus idem facito.—Before supper walk a little; after supper do the same.
Erasmus. *De Ratione Studii.*

Sub Jove frigido.—Under the cold heaven.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 1, 25.*

Sub judice lis est.—The action is under the consideration of the judge (*i.e.* is before the court). **Horace.** (*See* "Grammatici.")

Sub marmore atque auro servitus habitat.—Even under roofs of marble and of gold slavery dwells. **Seneca.** *Ep., 90.*

Sub omni lapide scorpius dormit.—Beneath every stone a scorpion sleeps. **Pr.**

Sub reservatione Jacobæo.—With St. James's reservation.† **Pr.**

Sub rosa.—Under the rose (*i.e.* secretly, the rose being emblematic of secrecy with the ancients. There was a legend that Cupid bribed Harpocrates, god of silence, with a rose, not to divulge the amours of Venus. Hence the host hung a rose over his tables in order that his guests might know that under it words spoken were to remain secret).‡

Sub specie æternitatis.—In the form of eternity. **Spinoza.** *Ethics, 5, 29.*

Subita amicitia raro sine pœnitentia colitur—Sudden friendship is rarely formed without subsequent repentance. **Pr.**

Subito crevit, fungi instar, in divitias maximas.—He suddenly grew, like a mushroom, into the greatest wealth. **Pr.**

Subitus tremor occupat artus.—A sudden trembling seizes his limbs.
Virgil. *Æneid, 7, 446.*

Sublata causa tollitur effectus.—The cause being taken away the effect is removed.§
Law.

Sublata enim benevolentia, amicitiæ nomen tollitur.—For when good will is taken away the name of friendship is gone.
Cicero. *De Amic., 5, 19.*

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.—I strike the stars with my sublime head.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 1.*

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* *See* "Trahit sua," p. 672*a*.

† Translated by Bacon as, "Venison is sweet to him that kills it."

‡ Translated from Euripides. (*See* "Jucunda acti.")

* Aquaviva wrote: "Fortes in fine consequendo, et suaves in modo et ratione assequendi simus."

† "For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will."—St. James 4, 15.

‡ *See* "Est rosa flos Veneris" (p. 524*a*). The lines appear in Burmann's *Anthologia* (1773), Book 5, 217, the first line being there given: "Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta laterent.

§ But cesse cause, ay cesseth maladye.—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 2, 483.

Substantia prior et dignior est accidente.—The actual substance (of a judgment, deposition, etc.) is prior to, and of more consequence than, some accidental triviality (or formal defect). **Law.**

Subtilis veterum judex et callidus.—An acute and experienced judge of things which are old. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 7, 101.*

Successus ad perniciem multos devocat.—Success has brought many to destruction. **Phædrus.** *Fables, Book 3, 5, 1.*

Successus improborum plures adlicit (*or* allicit).—The success of knaves entices too many (to crime). **Phædrus.** *Fables, Book 2, 3, 7.*

Succurrendum parti maxime laboranti.—We should help the part which is most in difficulties. **Celsus.**

Sudor Anglicus.—The English sweating sickness.

Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non suffecerit orbis.—A tomb now suffices him for whom the whole world was not sufficient.
An **Epitaph** *on Alexander the Great, apparently suggested by Juvenal, Sat. 10, 168–173.*

Sufficit tibi gratia mea.—My grace is sufficient for thee. **Vulgate.** *2 Cor. 12, 9.*

Sui cuique mores fingunt fortunam.—Every man's manners fashion his fortune.
Cornelius Nepos. *Atticus, 11, 16.* (*Cited as a saying.*)

Sum, fateor, semperque fui, Callistrate, pauper;
Sed non obscurus, nec male notus eques.
Sed toto legor orbe frequens, et dicitur, hic est.
—I am, I confess, Callistratus, poor, and I always have been; but I am not an unknown gentleman, nor one of ill-repute, for I am constantly read throughout the whole world, and it is said of me, "This is he."
Martial. *Epig., Book 5, 13.*

Sum quod eris, fui quod es.—I am what thou wilt be, what thou art I have been. **Epitaph.**

Sume calamum, tempera, et scribe velociter.—Take your pen, put it in order, and write quickly.
Words ascribed to Bede on his deathbed.

Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.
—Assume the honourable pride acquired by merit. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 10, 14.*

Sumite in exemplum pecudes ratione carentes.—Take, for example, the beasts of the field wanting in reason. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 1, 10, 25.*

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus, et versate diu quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri.
—You who write, select a subject suited to your powers, and consider long what your shoulders are unable to bear and what they are capable of. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 38.*

Summa perfectio attingi non potest.—The highest perfection cannot be attained. **Cicero.**

Summa petit livor.—Envy seeks the highest things (*i.e.* Envy strikes high"). **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 369.*

Summa sedes non capit duos.—The highest seat will not hold two. **Pr.**

Summæ opes inopia cupiditatum.—The greatest wealth is a poverty of desires. **Seneca.**

Summarum summa est æternum.—The sum total of all sums total (*i.e.* the Universe—everything) is eternal. **Lucretius.**
De Rerum Nat., 3, 817; also Book 5, 362.

Summa summarum.—The sum total of all totals. **Plautus.** *Truculentus, i. 1, 4.*

Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.
—Consider it the highest impiety to prefer life to honour, and to lose the great motive of our life merely for the sake of living.
Juvenal. *Sat. 8, 83.*

Summum jus, summum crux.—Highest law, highest cross.
Later Variant of "Summum jus, summa injuria."

Summum jus, summa injuria.—Extreme law is extreme injustice.
Cicero. *De Off., 1, 10, 33.* (*Quoted by him as a "trite proverb"; referred to by Terence, Heaut., v. 48.*)

Summum nec metuas diem, nec optas.—Neither fear your last day nor desire it.
Martial. *Book 4, 47.*

Sumptus censum ne superet.—Let not your expenditure exceed your income.
Plautus (*adapted*). (*See Pœnulus, i. 2, 74.*)

Sunt bona mixta malis, sunt mala mixta bonis.—Good things are mixed with evil, evil things with good. **Pr.**

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis hic.
—There are some good things to read here, and some middling, but more are bad.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 17, 1.*

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus.—There are faults, nevertheless, which we desire to overlook.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 347.*

Sunt enim ingeniis nostris semina innata virtutum.—For in our dispositions the seeds of the virtues are implanted by nature.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 3, 1.*

Sunt et mihi carmina: me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis.

Nam neque adhuc Varo videor, nec dicere Cinna
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.
—I too have my songs: me also the shepherds call a poet, but I do not give credence to them. For thus far I do not seem to say anything worthy of Varus or of Cinna, but I appear to cackle, a goose among the melodious swans. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 9, 33.*

Sunt in Fortunæ qui casibus omnia ponant
Et nullo credant mundum rectore moveri.
—There are those who attribute all things to the chances of Fortune, and fancy that the world is directed by no supreme ruler. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 86.*

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.—There are tears in the affairs of this life, and human sufferings touch the heart. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 462.*

Sunt pueri pueri, pueri puerilia tractant.—Boys are boys, and boys employ themselves with boyish matters. **Pr.**

Sunt quædam vitiorum elementa.—There are certain rudimentary beginnings of vice. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 14, 123.*

Sunt superis sua jura.—The gods above have their own laws. **Ovid.** *Metam., 9, 499.*

Sunt tamen inter se communia sacra poetis;
Diversum quamvis quisque sequamur iter.
—There are nevertheless sacred matters held in common by poets, however much each of us follows his own different road.

Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 2, 10, 18.*

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.
—There are words and maxims whereby you may alleviate this affliction, and banish a great portion of this disease. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 1, 34.*

Suo Marte.—By his own prowess. **Cicero.** *Philipp., 2, 37, 95, etc.*

Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo.—With his own sword I slay him. **Terence.** *Adelphi, 5, 8, 35.*

Super subjectam materiem.—Upon the matter submitted. **Law.**

Super vires.—Beyond one's strength. **Tacitus.** *Germania, 43.*

Superbi homines in conviviis stulti sunt.—Proud men in their feasts become fools. **Pr.**

Superbum
Convivam caveo, qui me sibi comparat, et res
Despicit exiguas.
—I beware of a stuck-up comrade, who compares me with himself and despises modest means. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 11, 129.*

Superflua non nocent.—Superfluities do not hurt.
St. Augustine. *De Civit. Dei. (Quoted by him as a saying of those skilled in the law.)*

Superos quid prodest poscere finem?—What advantage is there in asking of the gods the issue? **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, 1, 665.*

Superstitio, in qua inest timor inanis Deorum; religio, quæ Deorum cultu pio continetur.—Superstition, wherein is a senseless fear of the gods; religion, which consists in the pious worship of the gods. **Cicero.** *De Nat., Deorum, 1, 42, 117.*

Superstitione nominis.—Through superstition of a name. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 3, 58.*

Supervacuus . . . inter sanos medicus.—The physician is superfluous amongst the healthy. **Tacitus.** *Dialogus de Oratoribus, 41.*

Suppressio veri; suggestio falsi.—Suppression of what is true; suggestion of what is false. **Pr.**

Supra vires.—Beyond one's powers. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 18, 22.*

Supremumque vale.—The last farewell. **Ovid.** *Metam., 6, 509; and 10, 62.*

Surdo narras fabulam.—You tell your story to a deaf ear. **Terence.** *Heautontimorumenos, 2, 1, 9.*

Surgunt indocti et cœlum rapiunt.—The unlearned arise and seize heaven itself. **St. Augustine.** *Conf., Book 8, 8, 19.*

Sursum caudas.—Keep your tails up. *Title of lines published in "The Wipers Times" (army war periodical)* (1917).

Sursum corda.—Lift up your hearts. **Vulgate.** *Lam. 3, 41.*

Sus Minervam.—A pig (teaching) Minerva. **Pr.**

Suspectum semper invisumque dominantibus, qui proximus destinaretur.—He who is fixed upon as the next heir is always suspected and hated by those in power. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 1, 21.*

Suspendatur per collum.—Let him be hanged by the neck. **Law.**

Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella.—He displays in a painting the countenance and also the mind. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 1, 97.*

Sustine et abstine.—Bear and forbear. *Tr. of* **Epictetus.** (*See p.* 468*a.*)

Sustineas ut onus, nitendum vertice pleno est.—To sustain a burden, you must strive with a stout (*i.e.* erect) head. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., 2, 7, 77.*

Suum cuique.—To every one his own. **Pr.**

Suum cuique decus posteritas rependit.—Posterity gives to each man his due. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 4, 35.*

Suum cuique incommodum ferendum est, potius quam de alterius commodis detrahendum.—Each man should bear his own discom-

forts rather than abridge the comforts of another man.
Cicero (*adapted*). *See De Amic., 16, 57.*

Suum cuique pulchrum.—To every man his own is beautiful. **Pr.**

Suum cuique tribuere, ea demum summa justitia est.—To give every man that to which he is entitled, this is indeed supreme justice. **Cicero.**

Suum quemque scelus agitat.—His own crime besets each man.
Cicero. *Pro Rosc. Amerino, 24, 67.*

Suus cuique mos. *See* "Quot homines."

Sybaritica mensa.—A luxurious table. **Pr.**

Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur Iambus.—A long syllable following a short is called an Iambus. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 251.*

Sylosontis chlamys.—The vesture of Syloson (who obtained favour from Darius through sending him a garment as a present). **Pr.**

Tabesne cadavera solvat,
An rogus, haud refert.
—Whether corruption resolves the dead bodies, or whether a funeral pile, matters not.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 7, 809.*

Tabula in naufragio.—A plank in shipwreck (*i.e.* a last resource).*

Tabula rasa.—A smooth tablet (a tablet which has not been written upon, equivalent to the "clean slate" which Lord Rosebery made a household word in Great Britain, 1902).

Tacita bona 'st mulier semper, quam loquens.—A good woman is always quiet rather than talkative. **Plautus.** *Rudens, iv. 4, 10.*

Tacitæ magis et occultæ inimicitiæ timendæ sunt quam indictæ et opertæ.—Enmities which are unspoken and hidden are more to be feared than those which are proclaimed and open. **Cicero.**

Tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.
—To linger silent among the healthful woods, meditating such things as are worthy of a wise and good man.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 4, 4.*

Tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.—The silent wound lives in the breast.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 67.*

Taciturnitas stulto homini pro sapientia est.
—In a foolish man silence stands for wisdom.
Publilius Syrus.

Taciturnus amnis.—The silent stream.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 31, 8.*

Tacitus pasci si corvus posset, haberet
Plus dapis, et rixæ multo minus invidiæque.
—If the crow could have fed in silence, it would have had more of a feast, and much less strife and envy.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 50.*

Tædet cœli convexa tueri.—It becomes wearisome constantly to watch the arch of heaven. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 451.*

Tædet jam audire eadem millies.—It is sickening to hear the same things a thousand times over. **Terence.** *Phormio, iii. 2, 3.*

Tædium vitæ.—Weariness of life.
Gellius. *7, 18, 11.*

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis.
—Your song is to me, divine poet, such as sleep is to the weary. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 5, 45.*

Tales de circumstantibus.—Filling up an incomplete jury with bystanders. **Law.**

Tam deest avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.—The miser is as much in want of what he has as of what he has not.
Publilius Syrus.

Tam diu discendum est, quam diu nescias, et, si proverbio credimus, quam diu vivas.—Learning should continue as long as there is anything you do not know, and if we may believe the proverb, as long as you live.
Seneca. *Ep. 76, ad init.*

Tam facile et pronum est superos contemnere testes,
Si mortalis idem nemo sciat!
—It is so natural and easy to despise the gods, who are witnesses of our guilt, if only no mortal knows of it! **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 75.*

Tam felix utinam quam pectore candidus, essem.—O that I were as happy as my conscience is clear.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 4, 14, 43.*

Tam Marte quam Minerva.—As much by Mars (*i.e.* by bravery or by fighting) as by Minerva (*i.e.* wisdom). **Pr.**

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.—As well qualified for fighting as for success in the ordinary business of life. **Pr.**

Tam nescire quædam milites, quam scire oportet.—It is just as desirable for soldiers not to know some things, as to know them.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 83.*

Tam timidis quanta sit ira feris?—Can such great rage exist in such timid creatures?
Martial. *Epig., Book 4, 74.*

Tamen ad mores natura recurrit
Damnatos, fixa et mutari nescia.
—Yet nature, fixed and unchanging, reverts to evil courses. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 239.*

Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc vestris, soli cantare periti.
—Yet you, O Arcadians, will sing of these things upon your mountains, you who alone are skilled in song. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 10, 31.*

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* Bacon speaks of "Antiquities, or remnants of history, which are, as was said, *tanquam tabula naufragii*"—as it were, a board from a shipwreck.

Tamen hoc tolerabile, si non
Et furere incipias.
—Yet this might be endurable if you did not begin to rave.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 614.*

Tamen illic vivere vellem
Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.
—Yet there I would live, forgetful of my people and forgotten by them.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 11, 8.*

Tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia.
—Nevertheless envy will admit this much, however unwillingly, that I have lived with great persons. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 1, 76.*

Tamen poetis mentiri licet.—Nevertheless it is allowed to poets to lie, *i.e.* there is poetical licence to lie.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 6, 21.*

Tandem desine matrem.—At length abandon your mother.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 23, 11.*

Tandem fit surculus arbor.—The sprout at length becomes a tree. **Pr.**

Tandem poculum mœroris exhausit.—At length he has emptied the cup of grief.
Founded on **Cicero,** *Pro Cluentio, 11, 31.*

Tandem triumphans.—Triumphing at last.
Motto *inscribed on the standard of the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, on his landing in Scotland, 1745.*

Tangere ulcus.—To touch a sore.
Terence. *Phormio, iv. 4, 9.*

Tanquam ungues digitosque suos.—As well as (he knows) his own nails and fingers (*i.e.* he has the matter " at his fingers' ends "). **Pr.**

Tanta est discordia fratrum.—So great is the strife between brothers.
Ovid. *Metam., 1, 60.*

Tanta est quærendi cura decoris.—So great is their desire for personal adornment.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 501.*

Tanta malorum impendet Ilias.—So great an Iliad of woes threatens us.
Cicero. *Epist. ad Atticum, Book 8, 11.*

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.—So great a labour was it to found the Roman race. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 33.*

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?—Is there such wrath in heavenly minds ?
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 11.*

Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina.
—Tantalus athirst clutches at the streams of water which flee from his lips.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 1, 68.*

Tanti eris aliis, quanti tibi fueris.—You will be of as much worth to others as you are to yourself. **Cicero.**

Tanti quantum habeas sis.—According to what you have such is your value. **Pr.**

Tanto brevius omne tempus, quanto felicius.
—All time is short in proportion as it is happy.
Pliny.

Tanto fortior tanto felicior.—The braver the man so much the more fortunate will he be.
Pr.

Tanto major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas ?
—So much the greater is the thirst for fame than for virtue. For who indeed would embrace virtue if you removed its rewards ?
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 140.*

Tantum bona valent, quantum vendi possunt.—Goods are worth just as much as they can be sold for. **Coke.**

Tantum cibi et potionis adhibendum est, ut reficiantur vires, non opprimantur.—Just so much food and drink should be taken as will restore our powers, not so much as will oppress them. **Cicero.** *De Senectute, 11, 36.*

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.—To such a pitch of evil could religion prompt. (Spoken of the sacrifice of Iphigenia.)
Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., 1, 102.*

Tantum se fortunæ permittunt, etiam et naturam dediscant.—They give themselves up so much to the pursuit of fortune, that they even discard nature. **Quint. Curtius.**

Tantum series juncturaque pollet ;
Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.
—So great is the power of order and conjunction (in words), so much of honour is imparted to matters taken from common life.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 242.*

Tantumne ab re tua est otii tibi,
Aliena ut cures, eaque nihil quæ ad te attinent?
—Have you so much leisure from your own business that you care for other people's affairs, and nothing about those which affect yourself ?
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, i. 1, 18.*

Tantus amor florum, et generandi gloria mellis.—So great is their love of flowers and pride in producing honey.
Virgil. *Georgics, 4, 205.*

Tantus amor laudum, tantæ est victoria curæ.—So great is their love of glory, so great an object of desire is victory.
Virgil. *Georgics, 3, 113.*

Tarda sit illa dies, et nostro serior ævo.—Slow be the approach of that day, and may it come later than the age we live in.
Ovid. *Metam., 15, 687.*

Tarda solet magnis rebus inesse fides.—Confidence in matters of great magnitude is apt to come slowly. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 17, 130.*

Tarda venit dictis difficilisque fides.—Slowly and with difficulty comes belief in his words.
Ovid *Fast., 3, 350.*

Tarde beneficere nolle est ; vel tarde velle nolentis est.—To be slow in granting a favour is to show unwillingness ; even to be slow in desiring to grant it is evidence of unwillingness. **Seneca.**

Tarde quæ credita lædunt,
Credimus.
—We believe tardily things which, when believed, are grievous to us.
Ovid. *Heroides, 2, 9.*

Tarde sed tute.—Slowly but safely. **Pr.**

Tarde venientibus ossa.—The bones to those who arrive late. **Pr.**[*]

Tardiora sunt remedia quam mala.—Remedies are slower than illnesses.
Tacitus. *Agricola, 3.*

Tardo amico nihil est quicquam iniquius,
Præsertim homini amanti.
—Nothing in the world is more galling than a tardy friend, especially to a man in love.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, iii. 1, 1.*

Taurum tollet qui vitulum sustulerit.—He will carry the bull who has carried the calf.
Pr.

Tecum habita.—Dwell with yourself ; "study to be quiet." **Persius.** *Sat. 4, 52.*

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.—With thee I would love to live, with thee I would willingly die.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 9, 24.*

Te Deum laudamus.—We praise thee, O God.
Hymn attrib. to St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan (c. *340-397*).

Te, Fortuna, sequor ; procul hinc jam fœdera sunto :
Credidimus fatis ; utendum est judice bello.
—Thee, Fortune, I follow. Away, far hence all treaties ! We have trusted ourselves to fate ; war be now the judge.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 1, 226.*

Te hominem esse memento.—Remember that you are a man. **Cicero** (*adapted*).
Epist., Book 5, 16 and 17.

Teipsum non alens, canes alis.—Unable to feed yourself, you feed dogs. **Pr.**

Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Proficit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.
—Telephus and Peleus, when both poor and in exile, throw aside their bombast and their words a foot-and-a-half long.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 96.*

Telum ira facit.—Wrath turns it into a weapon. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 7, 508.*

Telumque imbelle sine ictu
Conjecit.
—And he threw a feeble and ineffective dart.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 544.*

Temeritas est florentis ætatis, prudentia senescentis.—Rashness is a quality of youth (*lit.*, of the flowering age), prudence of old age.
Cicero. *De Senectute, 6, 20.*

Temperantia est rationis in libidinem atque in alios non rectos impetus animi firma et moderata dominatio.—Temperance is the firm and moderate dominion of reason over passion and other unrighteous impulses of the mind.
Cicero. *De Inv., Book 2, 54, 164.*

Temperatæ suaves sunt argutiæ :
Immodicæ offendunt.
—Wit when temperate is pleasing, when unbridled it offends.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 5, 5, 41.*

Tempestas minatur antequam surgat ; crepant ædificia antequam corruant.—The tempest threatens before it rises upon us ; buildings creak before they fall to pieces. **Seneca.**

Templa quam dilecta.—How amiable are thy temples. **Vulgate.** *Ps. 84, 1.*
Motto *of the* **Temples,** *Earls of Buckingham.*

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis ;
Et fugiunt fræno non remorante dies.
—Time glides by, and we grow old with the silent years ; and the days flee away with no restraining curb. **Ovid.** *Fast., 6, 771.*

Tempora mutantur et homines deteriorantur.—Times change and men deteriorate.
Gesta Romanorum (c. 1300). *Morality. to 10th Tale* (*Harl. MS. 7833*).

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.[*]
—Times change and we change with them.
Adapted from the compilation of Borbonius (c. 1540).

Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur,
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est ;
Fitque quod haud fuerat ; momentaque cuncta novantur.
—Thus the days flee away in like manner, and in like manner follow each other, and are always new. For that which was previously is left behind, and that takes place which never was ; and every moment is replaced by another. **Ovid.** *Metam., 15, 183.*

Tempore crevit amor, qui nunc est summus habendi.
—That love of possessing, now at its height, has grown with time.
Ovid. *Fast., Book 1, 195.*

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[*] *See* "Sero venientibus," p. 653*b*.

[*] A second line is sometimes added : "Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus."—The stars rule men but God rules the stars. The two lines are printed as "common and very true words of wisdom" (dicteria) in the preface of Cellarius' *Harmonia Macrocosmica*, published at Amsterdam in 1661. The saying has been ascribed to the Emperor Lothair. Lyly, in *Euphues* (1716), ascribes the first line to Ovid, confusing it with "Omnia mutantur, nihil interit" (*q.v.*). The line appears in the form, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis," in Holinshed's *Description of Great Britain*, folio 99 b (1577). This form involves a false quantity.—*See also* "**Omnia mutantur nos et mutamur in illis,**" p. 611*a*.

Tempore difficiles veniunt ad aratra juvenci;
Tempore lenta pati frena docentur equi.
—In time the unmanageable young oxen come to the plough; in time the horses are taught to endure the restraining bit.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 471.*

Tempore ducetur longo fortasse cicatrix;
Horrent admotas vulnera cruda manus.
—A wound will perhaps become tolerable with length of time; but wounds which are raw shudder at the touch of the hands.
Ovid. *Epist. ex Pont. Book 1, 3, 15.*

Tempore felici multi numerantur amici;
Si fortuna perit, nullus amicus erit.
—When times are prosperous, many friends are counted; if fortune disappears, no friend will be left. **Ovid.**
*An adaptation of "Tristia," Book 1, 9, 5.**

Tempori parendum.—One should be compliant with the times.
Maxim *of Theodosius II.*

Temporis ars medicina fere est.—The art of medicine is generally a question of time.
Ovid. *Rem. Amor., 131.*

Temporis illius colui fovique poetas.—I have honoured and cherished the poets of that time. **Ovid.** *Trist., 4, 10, 41.*

Tempus anima rei.—Time is the soul of the business (*i.e.* the essence of the contract).
Law.

Tempus edax rerum.—Time, the devourer of things. **Ovid.** *Metam., Book 15, 234.*

Tempus erit, quo vos speculum vidisse pigebit.—The time will come when it will vex you to look in your mirror.
Ovid. *Medicamina Faciei, 47.*

Tempus est quædam pars æternitatis.—Time is a certain part of eternity. **Cicero.**

Tempus in agrorum cultu consumere dulce est.—It is sweet to spend time in the cultivation of the fields.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 2, 7, 69.*

Tendimus huc omnes; metam properamus ad unam.
Omnia sub leges mors vocat atra suas.
—We are all bound hither; we are hastening to the same common goal. Black death calls all things under the sway of its laws.
Ovid. *Ad Liviam, 359.*

Teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe
Absterrent vitiis.
—The disgrace of others often frightens tender minds away from vice.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 4, 128.*

Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes.
—The incurable itch of writing possesses many. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 7, 52.*

Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.
—A method must be tried by which I may also raise myself from the ground, and hover triumphantly about the lips of men.
Virgil. *Georgics, 3, 8.*

Terminus a quo.—The point from which anything commences; applied in law to a natural son, as being the beginning of his family, having no father in the eyes of the law. **Law.**

Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glebæ.—An ancient land, powerful in arms and in the richness of its soil.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 531.*

Terra incognita.—An unknown land.

Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque pusillos.—The earth now maintains evil men and cowards. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 15, 70.*

Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes
Nutrit, et urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est.
—The same earth nourishes health-giving and injurious plants, and the rose is often close to the nettle. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 46.*

Terræ
Pingue solum primis extemplo e mensibus anni
Fortes invertant tauri.
—Let your strong oxen plough up the rich soil of the land forthwith from the earliest months of the year. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 1, 63.*

Terrore nominis Romani.—By the terror of the Roman name.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 4, 24.*

Tertium quid.—Some third thing (spoken of the result of two other matters or causes).

Tertius e cœlo cecidit Cato.—A third Cato has dropped from heaven.
Juvenal. *Sat. 2, 40.*

Tetigisti me et exarsi in pacem tuam.—Thou hast touched me and I have been translated into thy peace.
St. Augustine. *Conf., Book 10, ch. 27, sec. 38.*

Theatra stuprandis moribus orientia.—Theatres springing from debauched manners.
Tertullian. *Apolog. 6.*

Thesea pectora juncta fide.—Hearts joined in a friendship like that of Theseus (with Perithous). **Ovid.** *Trist., 1, 3, 66.*

Thus aulicum.—The incense of the court.
Pr.

Tibi erunt parata verba, huic homini verbera.—You will have words for your punishment, but for this man (*i.e.* for me) there will be blows.
Terence. *Heauton., ii. 3, 115.*

Tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum.—To you, who distinguish between a knave and an honest man. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 1, 6, 63.*

Tibi quid superest, mihi quod defit, dolet.—You complain of your superfluity and I of my want. **Terence.** *Phormio, i. 3, l. 9.*

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* *See* "Donec eris felix," p. 518*b*.

Tibi Tantale, nullæ
Deprenduntur aquæ, quæque imminet effugit arbos.
—No water is obtainable to thee, Tantalus, and every tree which overhangs thee starts away. **Ovid.** *Metam., 4, 458.*

Tibi tanto sumptui esse, mihi molestum 'st. —It is to me grievous to put you to so great a charge.
Plautus. *Miles Gloriosus, iii. 1, 78.*

Tigridis evita sodalitatem.—Shun the companionship of the tiger. **Pr.**

Time Deum, et recede a malo.—Fear God, and withdraw from evil.
Vulgate. *Prov. 3, 7.*

Timidi est optare necem.—It is the part of a fearful mind to wish for death. **Pr.**

Timidi mater non flet.—A timid man's mother does not weep (having no fear for her son's safety). **Pr.**

Timidi nunquam statuerunt trophæum.—The timid never set up a trophy.
Erasmus. *Adagia.*

Timidus Plutus.—Plutus (wealth) is full of fear. **Old Proverb.**

Timidus se vocat cautum, parcum sordidus. —The timid man calls himself cautious, the sordid man thrifty. **Publilius Syrus.**

Timor mortis morte pejor.—The fear of death is worse than death.
Quoted by **Burton,** *Anat. Melan., 1621, as "a true saying."*

Timor unus erat; facies non una timoris.—There was one fear; but not one and the same expression of fear.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 1, 121.*

Tolle moras; semper nocuit differre paratis.—Away with delays; it is ever injurious to put off things ready to be undertaken. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, Book 1, 276.*

Tolle periclum,
Jam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis.
—Take away danger, and roving nature straightway leaps forth, all restraint being removed. **Horace.** *Sat., Book 2, 7, 73.*

Tollenti onus auxiliare, deponenti nequaquam.—Assist him who is carrying his burden, but by no means him who is laying it aside. **Pr.**

Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram. —Medicine does not know how to remove the nodous (knotty) gout.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 1, 3, 23.*

Tollimur in cælum curvato gurgite, et idem
Subducta ad manes imos descendimus unda.
—We are carried up to the heaven by the circling wave, and immediately the wave subsiding, we descend to the lowest depths.
Virgil. *Æneid, 3, 564.*

Torqueat hunc æris mutua summa sui.—May the borrowed sum of money torment him. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 562.*

Torrens dicendi copia multis
Et sua mortifera est facundia.
—The rushing flow of speech and their own eloquence is fatal to many.
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 9.*

Tota hujus mundi concordia ex discordibus constat.—The whole concord of this world consists in discords.
Seneca. *Nat. Quæst., Book 7, 27.*

Tota in minimis existit natura.—All nature exists in the very smallest things. **Pr.**

Tota jacet Babylon; destruxit lecta Lutherus,
Calvinus muros, sed fundamenta Socinus.
—All Babylon lies low; Luther destroyed the roof, Calvin the walls, but Socinus the foundations. **Anon.**

Tota philosophorum vita commentatio mortis est.—The whole of the life of philosophers is a preparation for death.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 1, 30, 74. (Given as a saying of Cato.)**

Tota vita nihil aliud quam ad mortem iter est.—The whole of life is nothing but a journey to death. **Seneca.** *Consol. ad Polybium, 29.*

Totidem esse hostes, quot servos.—So many servants, so many enemies.
Seneca. *Epist., 47 (quoted as a proverb and said to be from Cato).*

Totius autem injustitiæ nulla capitalior est, quam eorum qui tum, cum maxime fallunt, id agunt ut viri boni esse videantur.—But of all wrong there is none more heinous than that of those who when they deceive us most grossly, so do it as to seem good men.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 13, 41.*

Totum mundum agit histrio.—The actor acts the whole world (assumes every kind of character).† **Pr.**

Totum mundum Deorum esse immortalium templum.—The whole world is the temple of the immortal gods.
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, Book 7, 7.*

Totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.—He caused all Olympus to tremble with his nod.
Virgil. *Æneid, 9, 106.*

Totus in toto, et totus in qualibet parte.—Complete as a whole, and complete in every part. **Pr.**

Totus mundus exercet histrionem.—The whole world practises acting.‡
Inscription on Globe Theatre, Southwark (17th Century).

Traditus non victus.—Betrayed, **not** conquered. **Pr.**

Trahit homines suis illecebris ad verum decus virtus.—Virtue draws men to true honour by its own charms. **Cicero.**

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* *See* Greek: "Οὐδὲν ἄλλο" (p. 476*b*).
† *See* "Mundus universus"; and "Totus mundus."
‡ *See* "**Totum mundum,**" *671b*

Trahit ipse furoris
Impetus ; et visum est lenti quæsisse nocentem.—The very violence of their rage drags them on ; and it would seem a loss of time to inquire who was guilty.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 2, 109.*

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.—His own desire leads every man.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 2, 65.*

Transeat in exemplum.—Let it stand as an example. **Pr.**

Trepide concursans, occupata in otio.—A nation rushing hastily to and fro, busily employed in idleness.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 5, 2.*

Tria juncta in uno.—Three things joined in one. **Motto** *of the Order of the Bath.*

Tria sunt quæ præstare debet orator, ut doceat, moveat, delectet.—There are three qualities which an orator ought to display, namely, that he should instruct, he should move, and he should delight. **Quintilian.**

Triste ministerium.—The sad office (of carrying a dead comrade to the grave).
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 223.*

Tristior idcirco nox est, quam tempora Phœbi.—Night is sadder on that account (*i.e.* of loneliness) than the hours of daylight.
Ovid. *Rem. Amor., 585.*

Tristis eris si solus eris.—You will be sad if you are alone. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 583.*

Tristius est leto, leti genus.—The mode of death is sadder than death itself.
Martial. *Epig., Book 11, 92, 5.*

Troja fuit.—Troy was. **Lucanus.**

Tros, Tyriusve, mihi nullo discrimine agetur.—Trojan or Tyrian, it will be to me a matter of no consideration. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 1, 574.*

Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.
—Day is pushed out by day, and each new moon hastens to its death.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 18, 15.*

Tu autem.—" But thou " (a hint to be off).
From the words used by preachers at the end of their discourse, " Tu autem, Domine, miserere nostri."

Tu forti sis animo, ut tua moderatio et gravitas aliorum infamet injuriam.—Be thou of resolute mind, that your moderation and dignity may confute their attack.
Cicero. *Ep., Book 9, 12.*

Tu mihi magnus Apollo.—Thou art my great Apollo (my oracle).
Virgil (*adapted*). *Eclogues, 3, 104.*

Tu mihi sola places.—You are the only woman who pleases me.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 42.*

Tu mihi solus eras.—Thou wast my only one. **Ovid.** *Rem. Amor., 464.*

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito,
Quam tua te fortuna sinet.
—Do not thou yield to evils, but oppose them with all the more daring, as your fortune will allow you. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 95.*

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Di dederint, Leuconoë.
—Seek not thou, Leuconoë, to discover that which it is unlawful for us to know, what end the gods have assigned to me or to thee.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 11, 1.*

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.—You shall speak or do nothing if Minerva is unfavourable. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 385.*

Tu pol, si sapis, quod scis nescis.—You, in truth, if you are wise, will not know what you do know.
Terence. *Eunuchus, iv. 4, 54.*

Tu pueros somno fraudas, tradisque magistris ;
Ut subeant teneræ verbera sæva manus.
—You (the morning) cheat boys of their sleep, and deliver them to their masters, that their tender hands may undergo harsh strokes.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 13, 17.*

Tu, quamcunque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam,
Grata sume manu ; neu dulcia differ in annum ;
Ut, quocunque loco fueris, vixisse libenter
Te dicas.
—Receive with grateful hand whatever hour God has blessed you with, nor postpone your comforts to some other year ; so that in whatever place you have been, you may say that you have lived pleasurably.
Horace. *Ep., 1, 11, 22.*

Tu quid ego, et populus mecum desideret, audi.—Hear what I desire, and the people with me. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 153.*

Tu quidem ex ore orationem mihi eripis.—You actually snatch my words from my mouth. **Plautus.** *Mercator, i. 1, 64.*

Tu quoque.—You also (*i.e.* " You're another ").

Tu quoque, Brute !—You also, Brutus !*

Tu, si animum vicisti, potius quam animus te, est quod gaudeas.—If you have vanquished your inclination, rather than your inclination you, you have that over which you may rejoice.
Plautus. *Trinummus, ii. 2, 29*

Tu, si hic sis, aliter sentias.—You, if you were here, would think otherwise.
Terence. *Andria, ii. 1, 10.*

Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,
Cum quæ in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus.
—Then at length we men know what is our good, when we have lost the things which we had in our possession.
Plautus. *Capteivei, Act i. 2, 39.*

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* *See* p. 526*a*, note.

Tum demum sciam
Recte monuisse, si tu recte caveris.
—Then indeed I shall know that I have rightly advised you, if you rightly beware.
Plautus. *Menæchmi.*

Tum excidit omnis constantia.—Then all our endurance failed. **Petronius Arbiter.**

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars.

Then, if I can say anything worth hearing, a fair addition to the general praise shall come from my voice. **Horace.** *Odes, 4, 2, 45.*

Tunc quoque mille ferenda
Tædia, mille moræ.
—Then too (in law) there are a thousand causes of disgust, a thousand delays to be endured. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 16, 43.*

Tunica propior pallio est.—My tunic is nearer to me than my mantle.
Plautus. *Trinummus, v. 2, 30.*

Tuo tibi judicio est utendum.—You must use your own judgment. **Cicero.**

Turba gravis paci, placidæque inimica quieti.—A crowd dangerous to peace, and hostile to restful quiet. **Martial.**

Turba Remi sequitur Fortunam, ut semper, et odit
Damnatos.
—The Roman mob follows after Fortune, as it always did, and hates those who have been condemned. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 74.*

Turpe est aliud loqui, aliud sentire; quanto turpius aliud scribere, aliud sentire.—It is vile to say one thing, and to think another; how much more base to write one thing, and to think another. **Seneca.** *Ep., 24.*[*]

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.
—It is disgraceful to make difficulties of trifles, and labour about nonsense is folly.
Martial. *Epig., Book 2, 86, 9.*

Turpe est laudari ab illaudatis.—It is discreditable to be praised by the undeserving.
Pr.[†]

Turpe est viro id in quo quotidie versatur ignorare.—It is discreditable to a man to be ignorant of that in which he is employed daily. **Pr.**

Turpe quidem dictu, sed si modo vera fatemur,
Vulgus amicitias utilitate probat.
—It is a shameful thing truly to state, but indeed if we confess the truth the crowd values friendships according to their usefulness. **Ovid.** *Ep. ex Pont., Book 2, 3, 7.*

Turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor.—An old man as a soldier is disgraceful, and disgraceful is love in an old man.
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 9, 4.*

Turpes amores conciliare.—To engage in disgraceful attachments. **Pr.**

Turpis et ridicula res est elementarius senex.—A disgraceful and ridiculous thing is an old man engaged in elementary learning.
Seneca. *Ep. 36.*

Turpis in reum omnis exprobratio.—All invective against a man on his trial is disgraceful. **Pr.**

Turpissima est jactura quæ fit per negligentiam.—That loss is most discreditable which is caused by negligence. **Seneca.**

Turpius ejicitur quam non admittitur hospes.—It is more disgraceful to turn out a stranger than not to admit him.
Ovid. *Trist., 5, 6, 13.*

Turris fortissima, nomen Domini.—The name of the Lord is a very strong tower.
Vulgate. *Prov. 18, 10.*

Turture loquacior.—More talkative than a turtle-dove. **Pr.**

Tuta est hominum tenuitas;
Magnæ periclo sunt opes obnoxiæ.
—The poverty of men is safe; great riches are exposed to danger.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 2, 7, 13.*

Tuta frequensque via est per amicum fallere nomen;
Tuta frequens licet sit via, crimen habet.
—Safe and frequented is the path of deceit under the name of friendship; but safe and frequented though it be, it has guilt in it.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 585.*

Tuta petant alii. Fortuna miserrima tuta est;
Nam timor eventus deterioris abest.
—Let others seek what is safe. Safe is this worst of fortune; for the fear of any worse event is taken away. **Ovid.** *Trist., 2, 2, 31.*

Tuta scelera esse possunt: secura non possunt.—Crimes may be safe (from discovery), but cannot be secure (from anxiety.)
Seneca. *Ep. 97.*

Tuta timens.—Fearing even things which are safe. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 298.*

Tute hoc intristi; tibi omne est exedendum.
—You yourself have hashed up this mess; it is for you to swallow it all.
Terence. *Phormio, ii. 1, 4.* (*Given as a Prov.*)

Tutior est locus in terra quam turribus altis;
Qui jacet in terra non habet unde cadat.
—A place on the ground is safer than upon lofty towers; he who rests on the ground has no chance of falling out. **Alain de Lille.**

Tutius erratur ex parte mitiori.—It is safer to err on the more merciful side. **Law.**

Tutos pete, navita, portus.—Seek, sailor, the safe harbours. **Ovid.** *Fast., 4, 625.*

Tutum silentii præmium.—Sure is the reward of silence. **Pr.**

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[*] Cicero (*Ep.*, Book 8, 1) wrote of Pompey, "Solet enim aliud sentire et loqui."—For he was wont to think one thing and say another.

[†] *See* "Lætus sum," p. 563*b*.

Tutus ille non est quem omnes oderunt.—He is not safe whom all hate. **Pr.**

Tuum tibi narro somnium.—I am telling you your dream. **Pr.**

Uberibus semper lacrymis, semperque paratis
In statione sua, atque exspectantibus illam
Quo jubeat manare modo.
—With tears ever plentiful, and ever ready in their place, and awaiting her command to flow as she directs. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 273.**

Uberrima fides.—The most implicit confidence. **Pr.**

Ubi amor condimentum inerit, cuivis placiturum credo.—Where love has entered as the seasoning of food, I believe that it will please any one. **Plautus.** *Casina, ii. 3, 5.*

Ubi bene, ibi patria.—Where it is well with me, there is my country. **Pr.**

Ubi bene, nemo melius ; ubi male, nemo pejus.—Where it it well done, no one better ; where ill, no one worse.
Said of Origen's style ; quoted in "*Nandania et Patiniana,*" *Amsterdam* (1703).

Ubi cœpit ditem pauper imitari, perit.—When a poor man begins to imitate a rich man, he perishes. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ubi dolor, ibi digitus.—Where there is pain, there will the finger be. **Pr.**

Ubi fata vocant.—Where the fates call.
Ovid. *Heroides, 7, 1.*

Ubi homines sunt, modi sunt.—Where there are men, there are manners. **Pr.**

Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquanto præstat morte jungi, quam vita distrahi.—Where indeed the greatest and most honourable love exists, it is much better to be joined by death than separated by life. **Valerius Maximus.** *Book 4, 6, 3.*

Ubi jus, ibi remedium.—Where there is right, there is remedy. **Law.**

Ubi jus incertum, ibi jus nullum.—Where the law (*or* right) is uncertain there is no law (*or* right). **Law.**

Ubi major pars est, ibi est totum.—Where the greater part is, there is the whole. **Law.**

Ubi mel, ibi apes.—Where the honey is, there are bees. **Plautus.**

Ubi mens plurima ibi minima fortuna.—Where there is most mind, there is least fortune. **Pr.**

Ubi non est pudor,
Nec cura juris, sanctitas, pietas, fides,
Instabile regnum est.
—Where there is not modesty, nor regard for law, nor religion, reverence, good faith, the kingdom is insecure.
Seneca. *Thyestes, ii. 215.*

Ubi peccat ætas major, male discit minor.—Where the older age sins, the younger learns amiss. **Publilius Syrus.**

Ubi sæva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit.—Where fierce indignation can no longer tear my heart.
Dean Swift's epitaph.

Ubi summus imperator non adest ad exercitum,
Citius quod non facto est usus, fit, quam quod facto est opus.
—Where the chief commander is not present with the army, that is sooner done which is useless than that which is needful.
Plautus. *Amphitruo, i. 3, 6.*

Ubi timor adest, sapientia adesse nequit.—Where fear is present, wisdom cannot be.
Lactantius.

Ubi tres medici, duo athei.—Where there are three doctors there are two atheists.
Mediæval saying.

Ubi uber, ibi tuber.—Where plenty is, there is swelling (*i.e.* unwieldiness). **Pr.**

Ubi velis, nolunt : ubi nolis, volunt ultro.—Where you wish them to do a thing they will not : where you wish them not to, they are the more set upon doing it.
Terence. *Eunuchus, iv. 8, 43.*

Ubicunque ars ostentatur, veritas abesse videtur.—Wherever art is too conspicuous, truth seems to be wanting. **Pr.**

Ubique patriam reminisci.—I have everywhere remembered my country. **Pr.**

Ulterius ne tende odiis.—Do not go further with your hatred. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 12, 938.*

Ulterius tentare veto.—I forbid you to attempt further. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 12, 806.*

Ultima ratio regum.—The last argument of kings.
Pr. (*Inscription on a French Cannon, temp. Louis XIV.*)

Ultima semper
Exspectanda dies homini ; dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.
—His latest day must always be awaited by man; no one should be called happy before his death and his final obsequies.
Ovid. *Metam., 3, 136.*

Ultima Thule.—Remotest Thule.*
Virgil. *Georgics, 1, 30.*

Ultimum malorum est ex vivorum numero exire antequam moriaris.—It is an extreme evil to depart from the company of the living before you die.†
Seneca. *De Tranquil. Animi, 2.*

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* Tr. by *Gifford* :
With tears, that marshalled at their station stand,
And flow impassioned as she gives command.

* Thule, the most remote land known to the Greeks and Romans ; supposed by some to be part of Norway now known as Tilemark ; by others alleged to be Iceland. According to Camden it was one of the Shetland Islands, called by sailors Thylensel.

† Seneca states, in the same chapter, that Curius Dentatus declared that "he would rather be dead than live dead" (malle esse se quam vivere mortuum).

Ultimus Romanorum.—The last of the Romans.[*] **Pr.**

Ultio doloris confessio.—Revenge is a confession of pain. **Seneca.** *De Ira, Book 3, 5.*

Ultra posse nemo obligatur.—No one is obliged to do more than he can. **Law.**

Ultra vires.—Beyond one's power. **Law.**

Ultra vires habitus nitor.—The splendour of their appearance is beyond their means.
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 180.*

Umbrarum hic locus est, somni, noctisque soporæ.—This is the place of shadows, of sleep, and of drowsy night.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 390.*

Una dies aperit, conficit una dies.—One day causes it to open, one day ends its life (of the rose). **Ausonius.**

Una domus non alit duos canes.—One house does not keep two dogs. **Pr.**

Una eademque manus vulnus opemque ferat.—Let one and the same hand bring the wound and the remedy.
Ovid. *Tristia, Book 20.* (*Adapted.*)

Una falsa lacrumula,
Quam, oculos terendo misere, vix vi expresserit.
—One small pretended tear, which, with wretched rubbing of the eyes, she could scarcely squeeze out by force.
Terence. *Eunuchus, i. 1, 22.*

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.—The one safety to the conquered is to hope for no safety. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 354.*

Unam in audacia spem salutis.—The one hope of deliverance was in daring.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 4, 49.*

Undæ curarum.—Waves of cares.
Catullus. *64, 62.*

Unde fames homini vetitorum tanta ciborum est?—Whence has man so great a hunger for food which is forbidden?
Ovid. *Metam., 15, 138.*

Unde habeas quærit nemo; sed oportet habere.—Whence you obtain your property no one asks, but it is necessary that you should have it.
Juvenal. *Sat. 14, 206. A quotation from Ennius.*[†]

Unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
Cum facias pejora senex?
—Whence can you derive authority or liberty as a parent, when you, an old man, do worse things? **Juvenal.** *Sat. 14, 56.*

Undique ad inferos tantundem viæ est.—From all sides there is equally a way to the lower world.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 1, 43, 104.* (*Quoted as a saying of Anaxagoras.*)

Ungentem pungit, pungentem rusticus ungit.—A country clown insults the man who pays deference to him, and pays deference to the man who insults him. **Pr.**

Unguibus et rostro.—With claws and beak. **Pr.**

Unguis in ulcere.—A nail in the wound.
Cicero (*adapted*). *Or. de Domo sua, 5, 12.*

Uni æquus virtuti, atque ejus amicis.—Friendly to virtue alone and to its friends.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 1, 70.*

Uni navi ne committas omnia.—Do not entrust your all to one vessel. **Pr.**[*]

Uni odiisque viro telisque frequentibus instant.
Ille velut rupes vastum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis, expostaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cœlique marisque,
Ipsa immota manens.
—They attack this one man with their hate and their shower of weapons. But he is like some rock which stretches into the vast sea, and which, exposed to the fury of the winds and beaten against by the waves, endures all the violence and threats of heaven and sea, himself standing unmoved.
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 692.*

Unica virtus necessaria.—Virtue only is necessary. **Pr.**

Unius dementia dementes efficit multos.—The madness of one man makes many mad. **Pr.**

Universus hic mundus una civitas hominum recte existimatur.—This universe is rightly regarded as one commonwealth of men.
Cicero (*adapted*). *De Legibus, 1, 7, 23.*

Uno avulso, non deficit alter.—One being torn away, another is not wanting to take his place.
Virgil (*adapted*). *See "Primo avulso," p.* 624*a.*

Uno ictu (*or* Uno impetu).—At one blow (*or* onset), *i.e.* at once. **Pr.**

Uno ore omnes omnia
Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,
Qui natum haberem tali ingenio præditum.
—With one voice all began to say all manner of good things, and to extol my good fortune, who have a son of such cleverness.
Terence. *Andria, i. 1, 69.*

Unum cognoris, omnes noris.—If you have known one, you have known them all.
Terence. *Phormio, i. 5, 35.*

Unum præ cunctis fama loquatur opus.—Report commemorates one work before all that he has done. **Martial.** *De Spectaculis, 1, 8.*

Unum pro multis dabitur caput.—One head will be given for many.
Virgil. *Æneid, 5, 815.*

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[*] *See* "The Last of the Greeks," p. 452*b*; also "The Last of all the Romans," p. 287*a* (Shakespeare); also "Romanorum ultimus," p. 646*b*.

[†] *See* "Rem facias," p. 644*b*.

[*] "My ventures are not in one bottom trusted."—*Merchant of Venice*, i. 1.

Unus dies pœnam affert quam multi irrogant.—One day brings the punishment which many days demand. **Publilius Syrus.**

Unus in hoc populo nemo est, qui forte Latinè
Quælibet e medio reddere verba queat.
—There is not one among all this people who by chance is able to translate into Latin some few words that are in common use.
Ovid. *Trist., 5, 8, 53.*

Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis;
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.
—To the youth of Pella (Alexander the Great) one world is not sufficient; he fumes unhappy in the narrow bounds of this earth.
Juvenal. *Sat. 10, 168.*

Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem;
Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem.
—One who by delay restored our affairs to us; for he did not esteem public rumour above public safety.
Ennius. (*Of Quintus Maximus, as cited by Cicero, De Senectute, 4, 10.*)

Unus vir nullus vir.—One man is no man. **Pr.**[*]

Unusquisque sua noverit ire via.—Everyone shall know how to go his own way.
Propertius. *Book 2, 25, 38.*

Uratur vestis amore tuæ.—Let him be inflamed by the love of your dress.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., 3, 448.*

Urbe silent tota.—There is silence throughout the city. **Ovid.** *Am., Book 1, 6, 55.*

Urbem lateritiam accepit, marmoream reliquit.—He (Cæsar Augustus) found a city built of brick; he left it built of marble.
Suetonius (*adapted*). *Cæs. Aug., 28.*

Urbem quam dicunt Roman, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego, huic nostræ similem.
—The city, Melibœus, which they call Rome, I, fool that I am, imagined to be like this town of ours. **Virgil.** *Eclogues, 1, 20.*

Urbem venalem et mature perituram, si emptorem invenerit.—A city (Rome) for sale, and destined soon to disappear, if it can find a buyer. **Sallust.** *Jugurtha, 35 fin.*

Urbes constituit ætas: hora dissolvit. momento fit cinis: diu sylva.—An age builds up cities: an hour destroys them. In a moment the ashes are made, but a forest is a long time growing.
Seneca. *Natural. Quæst., Book 3, 27.*

Urbi pater est, urbique maritus.—He is a father to the town, and a husband to the town. (Spoken of a man of intrigue.) **Pr.**

Urbis speciem vidi, hominum mores perspexi parum.—I have seen the outward appearance of the city, but I have observed the manners of men too little.
Plautus. *Persa, iv. 3.*

Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos.—The ancient city falls, having had dominion throughout many years.
Virgil. *Æneid, 2, 363.*

Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
—For he consumes in his brilliancy who overpowers the achievements of those inferior to him: and when his light is extinguished he will still be beloved.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 1, 13.*

Urit mature urtica vera.—The true nettle stings when it is young. **Pr.**

Usque ad aras.—Even to the altars. (A friend "usque ad aram," or "ad aras," means a friend as far as religion will permit.)

Usque ad nauseam.—Even to sickening excess.

Usque adeo miserum est civili vincere bello.
—To such an extent is it wretched to conquer in civil warfare. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, 1, 361.*

Usque adeone mori miserum est?—Is it then so terribly wretched a thing to die?
Virgil. *Æneid, 12, 646.*

Usus efficacissimus rerum omnium magister.
—Custom is the very powerful master of all things. **Pliny.** *Nat. Hist., 26, 2.*

Usus et tyrannus.—Custom is a tyrant. **Pr.**

Usus promptos facit.—Use (or practice) makes men ready.
The concluding words of Francis Bacon's "Short Notes for Civil Conversation."

Ut absolvaris, ignosce.—Forgive that you may be forgiven.
Seneca. *De Beneficiis, Book 7, 28.*

Ut ager, quamvis fertilis, sine cultura fructuosus esse non potest, sic sine doctrina animus.—As a field, however fertile, cannot be fruitful without cultivation, so it is with a mind without learning.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., Book 2, 5, 13.*

Ut ameris, ama.—In order that you may be loved, love.
Martial. *Epig., Book 6, 11, 10.*[*]

Ut canis e Nilo.—Like a dog by the Nile (lapping hastily and running away for fear of being seized by crocodiles infesting the river). **Pr.**

Ut corpus, teneris ita mens infirma puellis.—As the weak girls are feeble in body, so also are they in mind. **Ovid.** *Heroides, 19, 7.*

Ut cuique homini res parata est, firmi amici
sunt; si res lassa labat,
Itidem amici collabascunt.
—Friends are constant in proportion as each man's wealth stands: if wealth totters drooping, friends begin to totter also.
Plautus. *Stichus, iv. 1, 16.*

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[*] Translation of Greek. (*See* p. 471a.)

[*] *Also* Ausonius, *Epig.*, 91, 6; attributed by Burton, *Anat. Melan.*, to Plato. *See* "Sit procul," p. 659a; *and* "Si vis amari," p. 656a.

Ut desint vires, tamen est laudanda voluntas.—Though the power be lacking, the will is nevertheless praiseworthy.
Ovid. *Ep. ex Pont., 3, 4, 79.*

Ut homines sunt, ita morem geras;
Vita quam sit brevis, simul cogita.
—According to your man suit your manner; reflect, at the same time, how short life is.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, iii. 2, 37.*

Ut homo est, ita morem geras.—Suit your manner to the man.
Terence. *Adelphi, iii. 3, 78.*

Ut in comœdis
Omnia ubi omnes resciscunt.
—As in the dénouement of comedies, where all the characters find out all that has been happening. **Terence.** *Hecyra, v. 4, 26.*

Ut in vita, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.—As in life so in our pursuits, I consider it most becoming and most civilised to mingle severity and good fellowship, so that the former may not grow into melancholy, nor the latter into frivolity.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 8, 21.*

Ut jugulent hominem, surgunt de nocte latrones.—Robbers spring from the night that they may cut a man's throat.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 2, 32.*

Ut ludas creditores, mille sunt artes.—There are a thousand methods of cheating your creditors.
Erasmus. *Hippeus Anippos.*

Ut lupus ovem amat.—As the wolf loves the sheep. **Pr.**

Ut metus ad omnes, pœna ad paucos perveniret.—That fear may reach all, the punishment should reach the few. **Law.**

Ut miremur te, non tua.—That we may admire you and not merely your belongings.
Juvenal. *Sat. 8, 68.*

Ut miser est homo qui amat!—How wretched is the man who loves!
Plautus. *Asinaria, iii. 3, 26.*

Ut mos est.—As the custom is.
Juvenal. *Sat. 6, 392.*

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo!
Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo.
—That no one, no one at all, should try to search into himself! But the wallet of the person in front is carefully kept in view. (In allusion to the fable that Jupiter gave to man two wallets—one, containing his faults, to wear behind his back; the other, with other people's faults, to wear in front.)
Persius. *Sat. 4, 24.* (*See* "*Peras,*" *p.* 618*b.*)

Ut non ex vita, sed ex domo in domum videretur migrare.—So that he seemed to depart not from life, but from one home to another. **Cornelius Nepos.** *Atticus.*

Ut pictura poesis.—As is a picture so is a poem. **Horace.** *De Arte Poetica, 361.*

Ut placeas, debes immemor esse tui.—In order that you may please you ought to be forgetful of yourself.
Ovid. *Amorum, 1, 14, 38.*

Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos.
—As many are wont to do, you turn up your nose at men who are unknown.
Horace. *Sat., Book 1, 6, 5.*

Ut possumus quando ut volumus non licet.—We are not allowed to be able to do as much as we wish.
Quoted by Erasmus as a Proverb (*Fam. Coll.*)

Ut prosim.—That I may benefit others.

Ut putentur sapere, cœlum vituperant.—That they may be considered wise they rail at heaven. **Phædrus.** *Fab., Book 4, 6, 26.*

Ut quis ex longinquo revenerat, miracula narrabant, vim turbinum, et inauditas volucres, monstra maris, ambiguas hominum et beluarum formas; visa, sive ex metu credita.—They told of prodigies, as one who has returned from far countries, the force of whirlwinds, and unheard-of birds, monsters of the deep, uncertain combinations of men and beasts—things seen, or believed through fear. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 2, 24.*

Ut quisque contemptissimus et ludibrio est, ita solutæ linguæ est.—In proportion as anyone is exceedingly despicable and ridiculous, so is he of ready tongue. **Seneca.**

Ut quod segnitia erat, sapientia vocaretur.—So that what was indolence was called wisdom.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 1, 49.*

Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adsunt*
Humani vultus.
—Human countenances, as they smile on those who smile, are also in sympathy with those who weep.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 101.*

Ut sæpe summa ingenia in occulto latent!—How often the greatest geniuses lie hidden in obscurity! **Plautus.** *Capteivei, i. 2, 62.*

Ut sementem feceris, ita et metes.—As you have sown, so also shall you reap!
Quoted by Cicero as a saying of Pinarius Rufus (*De Oratore, Book 2, 65, 261*).

Ut servi volunt esse herum, ita solet esse;
Bonis boni sunt; improbi, qui malus fuit.
—As servants wish their master to be, so he is wont to be; the good servants have good masters; but masters are bad to a servant who has done evil.
Plautus. *Mostellaria, iv. 1, 16.*

Ut sit fidelis, ut sit deformis, ut sit ferox.—Then he should be faithful, ugly, and fierce (the three qualifications of a good servant).†
Erasmus. *Convivium Poeticum.*

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* *In some editions* "adflent."

† Compare the lines by Christopher Johnson, Headmaster of Winchester College (c. 1560), descriptive of the "Trusty Servant," represented with the face of a pig, the ears of an ass, the feet of a stag, a padlock fastening his mouth, and a sword girded to his side

Ut solent poetæ.—As is usual with poets (*i.e.* poverty). **Pliny the Younger.**

Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas.—As the hawk is wont to pursue the trembling doves. **Ovid.** *Metam., 5, 606.*

Ut stulte et misere omnes sumus
Religiosæ!
—How foolishly and miserably superstitious all we women are!
Terence. *Heauton., iv. 1, 36.*

Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.—As you bear your good fortune, Celsus, so shall we have you in estimation.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 8, 17.*

Utatur motu animi, qui uti ratione non potest.—Let him make use of instinct who cannot make use of reason. **Pr.**

Utendum est ætate; cito pede labitur ætas.—We should make use of time; for time slips quickly by. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., 3, 65.*

Utere sorte tua.—Enjoy your own lot.
Virgil. *Æneid, 12, 932.*

Uti possidetis.—As you now have in your possession. (Used in the termination of war or dispute, as the opposite phrase to "In statu quo.")

Utile, quod non vis, do tibi consilium.—I give you serviceable advice, which you do not desire. **Martial.** *Epig., Book 5, 20, 8.*

Utilius homini nihil est, quam recte loqui;
Probanda cunctis est quidem sententia,
Sed ad perniciem solet agi sinceritas.
—Nothing is more useful to man than to speak clearly; the meaning indeed commends itself to all, yet outspokenness is apt to be wrested to its own destruction.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 4, 12, 1.*

Utinam lex esset eadem uxori, quæ est viro.—Would that the law were the same for a wife as for the husband.
Plautus. *Mercator, iv. 6, 7.* (*Said by Syra, an old female slave.*)

Utinam tam facile vera invenire possim, quam falsa convincere.—I would that I could as easily discover the true as I can expose what is false.
Cicero. *De Nat. Deorum, Book 1, 32, 91.*

Utitur, in re non dubia, testibus non necessariis.—He employs in a matter which is not doubtful, witnesses who are not necessary. **Cicero.**

Utque alios industria, ita hunc ignavia ad famam protulerat.—As industry has brought others to fame, so knavery has brought this man. **Tacitus.** *Annals, Book 16, 18.*

Utque in corporibus, sic in imperio, gravissimus est morbus qui a capite diffunditur.—And as in men's bodies, so in government, that disease is most serious which proceeds from the head.*
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 4, 22.*

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* *See* "Si caput dolet." Seneca (*De Clementia*, Book 2, 2), gives a kindred saying: "A capite bona valetudo." (Good health is from the head.)

Utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati?
—Whether are men made happy, by riches, or by virtue? **Horace.** *Sat., Book 3, 6, 73.*

Utrumque casum aspicere decet qui imperat.—He who governs ought to examine both sides. **Publilius Syrus.**

Utrumque enim vitium est, et omnibus credere et nulli.—It is equally an error to believe all men or no man. **Seneca.** *Ep. 3.*

Uva uvam videndo varia fit.—The grape changes its hue (ripens) by looking at another grape. (It is a saying in Persia that "One plum gets colour by looking at another.")* **Pr.**

Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
Miror, non bene convenire vobis.
—The worst of wives, the worst of husbands, I wonder that you do not agree together well (considering the similarity of your characters).
Martial. *Epig., Book 8, 35.*

Uxorem accepi, dote imperium vendidi.—I have taken a wife, I have sold my sovereignty for a dowry. **Plautus.** *Asin., i. 1.*

Uxorem malam obolo non emerem.—I would not give a farthing for a bad wife. **Pr.**

Uxorem, Posthume, ducis?
Dic qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris.
—Are you taking a wife, Posthumus? Say by what Fury, by what snakes, are you tormented? **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 28.*

Uxori nubere nolo meæ.—I will not be given away in marriage to my wife (*i.e.* the wife should be married to the husband, not the husband to the wife).
Martial. *Epig., Book 8, 12.*

Vacare culpa magnum est solatium.—It is a great comfort to be free from guilt.
Cicero. *Ep., Book 6, 3.*

Vade ad formicam.—Go to the ant.
Vulgate. *Prov. 6, 6.*

Vade in pace.—Go in peace.
Vulgate. *Exodus 4, 18, etc.*

Vade mecum.—Go with me; be my companion. **Pr.**

Vade retro.—Go behind me!
Vulgate. *St. Mark 8, 33.*

Vade Satana.—Depart, Satan.
Vulgate. *St. Matt. 4, 10.*

Vade, vale, cave ne titubes, mandataque frangas.—Go, farewell, beware lest you fall and break my commands.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 13, 19.*

Væ misero mihi! quanta de spe decidi.—Woe to my wretched self! from what a height of hope have I fallen!
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, ii. 3, 9.*

Væ soli.—Woe to him that is alone.
Vulgate. *Ecclesiastes 4, 10.*

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* *See* Juvenal, *Sat.* 2, 81: "Uvaque conspecta livorem ducit ab uva." (And the grape gains its purple tinge by looking at another grape.)

Væ victis !—Woe to the vanquished !
Plautus. *Pseudolus, Act v ; also* **Livy,** *etc. (Said to have been converted into a proverbial saying when Rome was taken by the Gauls under Brennus.)*

Valeant mendacia vatum.—Good-bye to the fictions of the poets. **Ovid.** *Fast., 6, 253.*

Valeant
Qui inter nos dissidium volunt ; hanc, nisi
mors, mi adimet nemo.
—Farewell to those who wish dissension between us ; nothing but death shall take her from me. **Terence.** *Andria, iv. 2, 13.*

Valeas, anus optima, dixi :
Quod superest ævi molle sit omne tui.
—Farewell, I said, most excellent and aged lady, and may that space of time which remains to you be altogether propitious.
Ovid. *Fast., 6, 415.*

Valeat quantum valere potest.—Let it have such value as it is able to possess. **Pr.**

Valet ancora virtus.—Virtue serves as an anchor. **Pr.**

Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens.
—The Deity can change the lowest things to the highest, and abases him who is exalted, bringing to light things which are in obscure condition. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 34, 12.*

Validus est naturæ testimonium quam doctrinæ argumentum.—The evidence of nature is worth more than the arguments of learning.
St. Ambrose.

Valor ecclesiasticus.—Ecclesiastical value.

Vana quoque ad veros accessit fama timores.
—Baseless rumours also added to well-founded fears. **Lucanus.** *Pharsalia, 1, 465.*

Vana salus hominis.—Vain is the help of man. **Vulgate.** *Ps. 60, 11.*

Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas.—Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.
Vulgate. *Ecclesiastes 1, 2.*

Vare, legiones redde !—Varus, give me back my legions ! **Suetonius.** *Augustus, 22.*

Varia sors rerum.—The changeful chance of circumstances. **Tacitus.** *Hist., Book 2, 70.*

Varium et mutabile semper
Fœmina.
—Woman is ever a varying and changeable thing. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 4, 569.*

Vectatio, iterque, et mutata regio vigorem dant.—Voyage, travel, and change of place impart vigour.
Seneca. *De Tranquil. Animi, 15, ad fin.*

Vectigalia nervi sunt reipublicæ.—Taxes are the sinews of the commonwealth.
Cicero *(adapted). Oratio de Imp. Pomp., 7, 17.*

Vehemens in utramque partem, Menedeme, es
nimis,
Aut largitate nimia, aut parsimonia.
—You go too much to excess, Menedemus, on either side, either in too great prodigality, or else in too much niggardliness.
Terence. *Heautontimorumenos, iii. 1, 32.*

Veiosque habitante Camillo,
Illic Roma fuit.—Camillus dwelling at Veii, Rome was there (a testimony to the high esteem in which Camillus was held).
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 5, 28.*

Vel cæco appareat.—It would be apparent even to a blind man. **Pr.**

Vel capillus habet umbram suam.—Even a hair has its own shadow.
Publilius Syrus. *(From the Greek.)*

Velim ut velles.—I would wish as you wish.
Plautus.

Velis et remis.—With sails and oars (with all speed). **Pr.**

Velle licet, potiri non licet.—You may wish, but you cannot possess. **Pr.**

Vellem nescire literas !—I wish I knew not how to write
Suetonius. *Nero, 9 ; also* **Seneca.** *De Clementia, Book 2, 1. (Saying ascribed to Nero on signing a death-warrant).*

Velocem tardus assequitur.—The slow catches up the swift. **Pr.**

Velocius quam asparagi coquantur.—More quickly than asparagus is cooked.
Suetonius. *Augustus, 87. (A saying often used by Augustus Cæsar.)*

Velox consilium sequitur pœnitentia.—Repentance follows hasty counsel.
Publilius Syrus.

Venale pecus.—The venal herd.
Juvenal. *Sat. 8, 62.*

Venator sequitur fugientia ; capta relinquit ;
Semper et inventis ulteriora petit.
—The hunter follows things which flee from him ; he leaves them when they are taken ; and ever seeks for that which is beyond what he has found. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 2, 9, 9.*

Venditione exponas.—Expose for sale (a writ directing the sale of goods). **Law.**

Venenum in auro bibitur.—Poison is drunk out of gold. **Seneca.** *Thyestes, iii. 453.*

Veni, Creator Spiritus.—Come, Holy Spirit, Creator. **Mediæval Hymn.**

Veni Gotham, ubi multos,
Si non omnes, vidi stultos.
—I came to Gotham, where I saw many who were fools, if not all.
Drunken Barnaby's Journal.

Veni, vidi, vici.—I came, I saw, I conquered.
Marcus Annæus Seneca. *Suasoriæ, Bk. 2, 19 ; also* **Suetonius** *(fl.* A.D. 90). *Julius Cæsar, 37.**

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* The earliest occurrence of the saying in literature is in Marcus Annæus Seneca's *Suasoriæ* (Discourses) as above cited. The passage is :
" Sed, si vultis, historicum quoque vobis fatuum

Venia necessitati datur.—Pardon is given to necessity. **Cicero.**

Venienti occurrite morbo.—Go out to meet the approaching disease.
Persius. *Sat. 3, 64.*

Venire facias.—Cause to come.
Law. (*Writ for summoning a jury.*)

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus.—The supreme day has come and the inevitable hour. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 2, 324.**

Venite apotemus.—Come, let us drink.
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Book 1, ch. 42.* (*The monk's invocation.*)

Venite, exultemus Domino.—Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord. **Vulgate.** *Ps. 95.*

Veniunt a dote sagittæ.—The darts come from her dowry (*i.e.* the inducement is not love, but money). **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 139.*

Ventis secundis.—With propitious winds.

Ventis verba fundis.—You pour out words to winds. **Pr.**

Ventum seminabant et turbinem metent.—They sowed the wind and shall reap the whirlwind. **Vulgate.** *Hosea, 8, 7.*

Ver erat æternum.—It was then perpetual spring. **Ovid.** *Metam., 1, 107.*

Ver non semper viret.—Spring does not always flourish. **Pr.** (*Motto, Vernon family.*)

Vera bona, quæ in virtutibus sita sunt.—True good, which consists in virtue.
Tacitus. *Agricola, 44.*

Vera gloria radices agit, atque etiam propagatur ; ficta omnia celeriter tanquam flosculi, decidunt ; nec simulatum potest quidquam esse diuturnum.—True glory strikes roots, and also spreads itself ; all things false fade quickly like flowers ; nor can any pretence indeed be enduring.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 2, 12, 43.*

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit.—The true face returns, that which is assumed passes away. **Petronius Arbiter.**

Veræ amicitiæ difficillime inveniuntur in iis qui in honoribus reque publica versantur.—True friendships are very rarely found in those who are occupied in the pursuit of honours and public affairs.
Cicero. *De Amicitia, 17, 64.*

Verba dat omnis amans.—Every lover gives words. **Ovid.** *Rem. Am., 95.*

Verba de præsenti.—Words promised on the instant as a pledge for the future. **Law.**

Verba facit mortuo.—He speaks to a dead man (*i.e.* wastes words).
Plautus. *Pœnulus, iv. 2, 18.*

Verba fiunt mortuo.—The words are spoken to a dead man (*i.e.* are thrown away).
Terence. *Phormio, v, 8, 26.*

Verba intelligenda sunt secundum subjectam materiam.—Words are to be understood in reference to the context. **Law.**

Verba placent et vox ; et quod corrumpere non est ;
Quoque minor spes est, hoc magis ille cupit.
—Her words delight him, and her voice, and the fact that she is not to be corrupted ; and he desires all the more that the hope of obtaining is less. **Ovid.** *Fast., 2, 765.*

Verba togæ sequeris.—You follow the words of the toga (*i.e.* you employ the language of the cultivated class). **Persius.** *Sat. 5, 14.*

Verbera sed audi.—Strike, but hear. (*See p.* 447*b.*)

Verbisque decoris
Obvolvas vitium ?
—Can you wrap up vice with virtuous words ?
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 7, 41.*

Verborum tanta cadit vis,
Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari.
—Such an overwhelming force of words falls upon you that you would suppose that so many brazen dishes or so many bells were set going. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 6, 440.*

Verbosa et grandis epistola.—A wordy and grandiloquent letter. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 10, 71.*

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dabo. Thuscus ille, qui Scaurum Mamercum, in quo Scaurorum familia extincta est, majestatis reum fecerat, homo quam improbi animi tam infelicis ingenii, cum hanc suasoriam declamaret, dixit : Expectemus, si nihil aliud hoc effecturi, ne insolens barbarus dicat 'Veni, vidi, vici,'—cum hoc post multos Divus Julius, victo Pharnace, dixarit."

(But if you wish I will also give you an example of a blundering historian Thuscus, the same who charged Scaurus Mamercus [in whom the family of the Scauri became extinct] with treason ; [this Thuscus] a man as vile in disposition as mean in intellect, when he declaimed this discourse [i.e. respecting an event in the reign of Xerxes] said : "Let us expect that this, if nothing else, would be done, lest the haughty barbarian should say, Veni, vidi, vici"—whereas the divine Julius [Cæsar] said this many years after, when Pharnaces was conquered).

Seneca the Elder appears to have written this passage shortly before his death, about A.D. 32.

According to Suetonius, at the public triumph after Julius Cæsar's victories in Pontus, the three words were displayed before Cæsar's title, "non acta belli significantem, sicut ceteri, sed celeriter confecti notam"—(not as being a record of the events of the war, as in other cases, but as an indication of the rapidity with which it was concluded).

Suetonius does not ascribe the words to Cæsar, but Plutarch, writing a few years later, in his *Life of Julius Cæsar*, says that after Cæsar had defeated Pharnaces at Zela, in Pontus, a kingdom of Asia Minor (B.C. 47), "in the account he gave to Amintus, one of his friends in Rome, of the rapidity and despatch with which he had gained his victory, he made use of three words only, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'" Plutarch adds to this that "their having all the same form and termination, in the Roman language, adds grace to their conciseness."

There is no authority for the frequent misstatement that the words were applied by Cæsar to his expedition to Britain (B.C. 55), which was only partially successful.

* *See also* Lucanus, Book 7, 197.

Verbum autem Domini manet in æternum. —But the word of the Lord endureth for ever.
Vulgate. *1 St. Peter 1, 25. This, with the omission of "autem," is the motto of the Stationers' Company.*

Verbum sap. *See "Sapienti,"* p. 648*b*; and *"Dictum sapienti,"* p. 515*a*, *note.*

Vere calor redit ossibus.—In spring heat returns to the bones.
Virgil. *Georgics, 3, 272.*

Vere magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.—It is a great matter to have the frailness of a man, the sureness of a god.
Seneca. (*Frequently quoted by Bacon.*)

Verecundari neminem apud mensam decet. —At table it becomes no one to be bashful.
Plautus. *Trinummus, iii. 4.*

Verecundia inutilis viro egenti.—Modesty is useless to a man who is in want. **Pr.**

Verior fama e domesticis emanat.—Truer report comes from [a man's] servants (*or* family circle).
Maxim *frequently quoted by Bacon. Derived from Cicero. See "Omnis fama."*

Veritas, a quocunque dicitur, a Deo est.—Truth, by whomsoever spoken, is from God. **Pr.** (?)

Veritas nihil veretur nisi abscondi.—Truth fears nothing except being hidden. **Pr.**

Veritas odium parit.—Truth brings forth hatred. **Ausonius.** *Sept. Sap., Bias, 3.*

Veritas vel mendacio corrumpitur, vel silentio.—Truth is violated either by falsehood or by silence. **Ammianus.**

Veritas visu et mora, falsa festinatione et incertis valescunt.—Truth thrives with inspection and delay; things which are false thrive upon haste and uncertainty.
Tacitus. *Annals, 2, 39.*

Veritatis simplex oratio est.—Simple is the language of truth.
Seneca. *Ep. 49.* (*Quoted from Euripides.*)

Verius cogitatur Deus quam dicitur, et verius est quam cogitatur.—God is more truly imagined than expressed, and he exists more truly than is imagined.
St. Augustine. *De Trinitate, 7, 6.*

Vero distinguere falsum.—To distinguish the false from the true.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 10, 29.*

Vero nihil verius.—Nothing is truer than the truth. **Motto** *of the De Veres.*

Veros amicos reparare difficile est.—It is a difficult thing to replace true friends.
Seneca.

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult. —A comic matter cannot be expressed in a tragic style of verse.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 89.*

Verso pollice.—With thumb turned.*
Juvenal. *Sat. 3, 36*

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.—Lines with nothing in them, musical trifles
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 322.*

Verum hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes,
Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.
—This city raises its head amongst other cities in like manner as the cypresses are wont to tower above the slighter trees.
Virgil. *Eclogues, 1, 25.*

Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.—Truly in a long work it is allowable to snatch a little sleep.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 360.*

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.
—Truly where so many things in the poem shine, I will not take offence at a few spots.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 351.*

Verus amicus nunquam reperietur: est enim is quidem tanquam alter idem.—A true friend will never be found: for he is, as it were, another self. **Cicero.**

Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,
Qui sapiunt.
—Those who are wise dread and avoid coming into contact with a raging poet.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 455.*

Vestibulum domus ornamentum est.—The entrance-hall is the ornament of the house (*i.e.* first impressions are most important). **Pr.**

Vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.
—The footsteps are terrifying, all coming towards you and none going back again. (Hence "Vestigia nulla retrorsum."—*Motto of Hampden family and others.*)
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 74.*

Vetera extollimus, recentium incuriosi.—We laud things which are ancient, careless of those which are modern.
Tacitus. *Annals, Book 2, 88.*

Vetera semper in laude, præsentia in fastidio.—Old things are always in good repute, present things in disfavour.
Tacitus. *Dialogus de Oratoribus, 18.*

Veterem injuriam ferendo, invitas novam.—By bearing with an ancient injury you invite a new one. **Pr.**

Vetus melius est.—The old is better.
Vulgate. *St. Luke 5, 39.*

Vetustas pro lege semper habetur.—Antiquity (of custom) is always regarded as law.
Law.

Vexata quæstio.—A vexed question.

Vi et armis.—By force and arms.

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* *See* "Converso pollice," p. 506*a*.

Vi verum vincitur.—Truth is overcome by might. **Plautus.** *Amphitruo, Act ii.*

Via crucis via lucis.—The way of the cross is the way of light. **Mediæval.**

Via media.—A middle way.

Viam qui nescit, qua deveniat ad mare,
Eum oportet amnem quærere comitem sibi.
—He who knows not the way leading to the sea, should make the river his companion.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, iii. 3.*

Viamque insiste domandi,
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum mobilis ætas.
—Enter on the path of training whilst the minds of young men are pliant and whilst their age is ductile. **Virgil.** *Georgics, 3, 163.*

Vicini vicinorum facta præsumuntur scire.
—Neighbours are presumed to have cognisance of each other's acts. **Law.**

Vicistis cochleam tarditudine.—You have beaten the snail in slowness.
Plautus. *Pœnulus, iii. 1.*

Vicit iter durum pietas.—Devotion has mastered the hard way.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 688.*

Victi vincimus.—Conquered, we conquer.
Plautus. *Casina, i. 1.*

Victima haud ulla amplior
Potest, magisque opima mactari Jovi,
Quam rex iniquus.—No worthier victim, and none more acceptable, can be sacrificed to Jove, than an unjust king.
Seneca. *Hercules Furens, iv. 922.* (*Quoted by Milton, in "The Tenure of Kings, etc.,"* 1649.)

Victor uterque fuit.—Each of the two combatants was victor.
Martial. *De Spectaculis, 29, 12.*

Victor victorum cluet.—He is hailed a conqueror of conquerors.
Plautus. *Trinummus, ii. 2.*

Victor volentes per populos dat jura.—A conqueror gives laws to a willing people. **Pr.**

Victorem captiva sequar, non nupta maritum.—As a captive I shall follow a vanquisher, and not as a bride a husband.
Ovid. *Heroides, 3, 69.*

Victores victosque numquam solida fide coalescere.—Victor and vanquished never unite in substantial agreement.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 2, 7.*

Victoria concordia crescit.—Victory increases by concord. **Pr.**

Victoria, et pro victoria vita.—Victory, and for victory, life. **Pr.**

Victoria pax, non pactione, parienda est.—Peace is to be produced by victory, not by negotiation. **Cicero.**

Victoriam malle quam pacem.—To prefer victory to peace.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 3, 60.*

Victoriam vicisse videris.—You [Cæsar] seem to have conquered victory itself [in granting privileges to the conquered].
Cicero. *Pro Marcello, 4, 12.*

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
—The conquering cause was pleasing to the gods, but the conquered to Cato.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 1, 118.*

Victrix Fortunæ Sapientia.—Wisdom is the vanquisher of fortune. **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 20.*

Victurosque Dei celant, ut vivere durent,
Felix esse mori.
—And the gods conceal from those who are to live how happy a thing it is to die, so that they may continue to live.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, 4, 519.*

Video meliora, proboque:
Deteriora sequor.
—I see and approve the better course; I follow the worse.
Ovid. *Metam., Book 7, 20.*

Videte, quæso, quid potest pecunia.—See, I pray you, what money can do.
Plautus. *Stichus, ii. 2.*

Vidi ego naufragiumque viros et in æquore mergi;
Et, Nunquam (dixi) justior unda fuit.
—I myself saw the shipwreck, and men sunk in the sea; and I said, Never was the wave more just. **Ovid.** *Trist., 5, 8, 11.*

Vidit et erubuit lympha pudica Deum.—"The conscious water saw its God and blushed" (*Dryden's translation*).
R. Crashaw.

Vigilantibus, non dormientibus, subveniunt jura.—The laws assist the watchful, not the sleepers. **Law.**

Vigilate et orate.—Watch and pray.
Vulgate. *St. Matt. 24, 61; St. Mark 13, 33.*

Vigor ætatis fluit ut flos veris.—The vigour of our days passes like a flower of the spring. **Pr.**

Vile donum, vilis gratia.—A poor gift, poor thanks. **Pr.**

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*
—Let the crowd delight in things of no value; to me let the golden-haired Apollo minister full cups from the Castalian spring (the fountain of Parnassus).
Ovid. *Amorum, Book 1, 15, 35.*

Vilis sæpe cadus nobile nectar habet.—A common jar often holds generous nectar. **Pr.**

Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.
—Silver is less valuable than gold, and gold than virtue. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 1, 52.*

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* Motto on the title-page of Shakespeare's ***Venus and Adonis.*** Another reading: "Castaliæ" and "aquæ," *i.e.* of (instead of "from") the Castalian spring.

Vim vi repellere omnia jura clamant.—All laws declare that we may repel force with force. **Law.**

Vina parant animos, faciuntque coloribus aptos:
Cura fugit multo diluiturque mero.
—Wine stimulates the mind and makes it quick with heat; care flees and is dissolved in much drink.
Ovid. *Ars Amat., Book 1, 237.*

Vincant divitiæ.—Let wealth prevail.
Juvenal. *Sat. 1, 110.*

Vincant quos vincere mavis.—May they prevail whom you wish to prevail.
Virgil. *Æneid, 10, 43.*

Vince animos, iramque tuam, qui cetera vincis.—Vanquish your feelings and your wrath, you who conquer other things.
Ovid. *Heroides, 3, 85.*

Vincenda est omnis fortuna ferendo.—All fortune is to be conquered by bearing it.
Maxim *quoted by Francis Bacon, "Adv. of Learning," et passim.*

Vincere erant omnes dignæ.—They (the goddesses) were all worthy to prevail.
Ovid. *Heroides, 16, 75.*

Vincere est honestum, opprimere acerbum, pulchrum ignoscere.—To conquer is honourable, to oppress is harsh, to forgive is beautiful.
Publilius Syrus.

Vincere scis, Hannibal; victoria uti nescis. —You know how to conquer, Hannibal, but you know not how to utilise victory.
Livy. *Book 22, 51.*

Vincet amor patriæ laudumque immensa cupido.—The love of country will be victorious, and the unbounded desire for glory.
Virgil. *Æneid, 6, 823.*

Vincit malos pertinax bonitas.—Persistent kindness conquers those who are evilly disposed. **Seneca.** *De Beneficiis, Book 7, 31.*

Vincit omnia veritas.—Truth conquers all things. **Pr.**

Vincit qui se vincit.—He conquers who conquers himself. **Pr.**[*]

Vincite
Virtute vera.
—Conquer by means of true virtue.
Plautus. *Casina, Prol., 87; and Cistellaria, Act i. 3, 49.*

Vincor veris.—I am conquered by truths.
Erasmus. *Diluculum.*

Vincula da linguæ, vel tibi vincla dabit.—Put chains on your tongue, or it will put chains on you. **Pr.**

Vindicta
Nemo magis gaudet quam fœmina.
—No one rejoices more in revenge than woman.[†] **Juvenal.** *Sat. 13, 191.*

Vindictam mandasse sat est; plus nominis horror
Quam tuus ensis aget; minuit præsentia famam.
—It is enough to have commanded vengeance; the terror of your name will do more than your sword; your presence lessens the fame (*or* report. **Lucanus.**

Vino diffugiunt mordaces curæ.—By wine eating cares are put to flight.
Adapted from **Horace.** *Odes, Book 1, 18, 4; and 7, 31.*

Vino tortus et ira.—Racked by wine and anger (and thus induced to reveal secrets).
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 38.*

Vinum bonum lætificet cor hominis.—Good wine will make glad the heart of man.
Vulgate. *Ps. 104, 15.*

Vinum incendit iram.—Wine kindles wrath.
Seneca. *De Ira, Book 2, 19.*

Violenta nemo imperia continuit diu;
Moderata durant.
—No one has long maintained violent government; temperate rule endures.
Seneca. *Troades, ii. 259.*

Vir bonus dicendi peritus.—A good man skilled in speaking. **Pr.**

Vir bonus est quis?
Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat.
—Who is a good man? He who keeps the decrees of the Fathers, and the laws and ordinances. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 16, 40.*

Vir bonus es, doctus, prudens, ast haud tibi spiro.—You are a good man, learned, prudent, but I do not breathe for you (*i.e.* I do not endeavour to please you; or, I am not attracted by you).
Given in Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, ch. 12. Source unknown. (*See* "*Non tibi spiro.*")

Vir bonus et sapiens dignis ait esse paratum,
Nec tamen ignorat quid distent æra lupinis.
—A good and wise man confesses himself ready to assist the worthy; but nevertheless he is not unaware of the difference between coins and counters.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 7, 22.*

Vir movendarum lacrymarum peritissimum. —A man very skilled in moving to tears.
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 2, 11.*

Vir pietate gravis.—A man full of piety.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 151.*

Virescit vulnere virtus.—Virtue (or valour) flourishes by a wound.
Motto *of Earls of Galloway.*

Virginibus puerisque canto.—I sing to maids and to boys.[*] **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 1, 4.*

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[*] *See* "Bis vincit," p. 497*b*.

[†] "Women do most delight in revenge," writes Sir Thos. Browne (*Christian Morals*, Part 3, sec. 12), and he therefore calls revenge "feminine manhood." Byron (*Don Juan*, i. 224, 7) has: "Sweet is revenge—especially to women."

[*] *See* Martial, *Epig.*, 3, 69, 7: "Venerandaque sanctaque verba A pueris debent, virginibusque legi." (Solemn and holy words ought to be read by boys and maids.)

Virgo intacta.—A maiden untouched.
Catullus. *Odes, 63, 47.*

Viri boni est nescire facere injuriam.—It is the mark of a good man not to know how to do an injury. **Publilius Syrus.**

Viti infelicis procul amici.—The friends of an unfortunate man are far off. **Seneca.**

Viribus unitis.—With united strength.
Motto *of Joseph I. of Germany.*

Viris fortibus non opus est mœnibus.—To brave men walls are unnecessary. **Pr.**

Virtus agrestiores ad se animos allicit.—Virtue allures to herself the more rustic minds. **Cicero.**

Virtus ariete fortior.—Virtue (or valour) is stronger than a battering ram. **Pr.**

Virtus enim servire non potest, quæ sola libera est.—For virtue, which alone is free, cannot be brought into subjection.
Hieronymus Osorus. *De Gloria, Book 1, ch. 7.* (*1st ed.*, 1552.)

Virtus est medium vitiorum, et utrinque reductum.—Virtue is the mean between (opposing) vices, and is equally removed from either. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 18, 9.*

Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima
Stultitia caruisse.
—Virtue consists in fleeing from vice; and it is the first wisdom to eschew folly.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 1, 41.*

Virtus hominem jungit Deo.—Virtue joins man to God. **Cicero.**

Virtus in arduis.—Virtue (or valour) in the midst of adverse circumstances. **Pr.**

Virtus mille scuta.—Virtue is a thousand shields. **Pr.**

Virtus non advenit a natura, neque a doctrina, sed a numine divino.—Virtue comes not from nature, nor from teaching, but from the will of God. **Seneca.**

Virtus post funera vivit. (*See* "Vivit post funera," p. 686*b*.)

Virtus præmium est optimum.
Virtus omnibus rebus anteit profecto.
Libertas, salus, vita, res, parentes,
Patria et prognati tutantur, servantur;
Virtus omnia in se habet; omnia assunt bona,
quem penes est virtus.
—Virtue is the highest reward. Virtue truly goes before all things. Liberty, safety, life, property, parents, country and children are protected and preserved. Virtue has all things in herself; he who has virtue has all things that are good attending him.
Plautus. *Amphitruo, ii. 2, 17.*

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negata tentat iter via.
—Virtue, opening heaven to those who do not deserve to die, makes her course by paths untried. **Horace.** *Odes, Book 3, 2, 21.*

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.
—Virtue, knowing no base repulse, shines with untarnished honour; nor does she assume or resign her emblems of honour at the bidding of some popular breeze.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 2, 17.*

Virtus secundum naturam est; vitia inimica et infesta sunt.—Virtue is according to nature; vices are hostile and dangerous.
Seneca. *Ep., 50.*

Virtus sine ratione constare non potest.—Virtue cannot exist without reason.
Pliny the Younger.

Virtus sola nobilitat.—Virtue alone ennobles. (*See* "Nobilitas sola.")
Motto *adapted from Juvenal, Sat. 8, 20.*

Virtus vincit invidiam.—Virtue conquers envy. **Pr.**

Virtute ambire oportet, non favitoribus;
Sat habet favitorum semper, qui recte facit.
—We ought to seek support from virtue, not from patrons; he has ever sufficient patrons who does rightly.
Plautus. *Amphitruo, Prologue, 78.*

Virtute quies.—In virtue there is rest.
Motto.

Virtute quod non possis, blanditia auferas.—What you cannot achieve by virtue, you may obtain by flattery. **Publilius Syrus.**

Virtutem doctrina paret, naturane donet?—Does learning impart virtue, or is it not nature which bestows it?
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 18, 100.*

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.
—Envious that we are, we hate virtue when it is with us and realisable, but when it is removed from our eyes we seek for it.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 24, 31.*

Virtutem verba putes?—Can you suppose that virtue consists of words merely?
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 6, 31.*

Virtutes discere; vitia dediscere.—Learn virtues; unlearn vices. **Seneca.** *Ep., 50.*

Virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare.
—We turn upside down the very virtues of our friends, and desire to bedaub the pure vessel (*i.e.* to calumniate those who are innocent). **Horace.** *Satires, Book 1, 3, 55.*

Virtutis expers, verbis jactans gloriam,
Ignotos fallit, notis est derisui.
—A man destitute of courage, but bragging of his glorious achievements, imposes on strangers, but is the derision of those who know him. **Phædrus.** *Book 1, 11, 1.*

Virtutis fortuna comes.—Good fortune is the companion of valour.
Motto *of Duke of Wellington and others.*

Virtutis laus omnis in actione consistit.—The whole praise of virtue lies in action.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 1, 6.*

Virtutis omnis impedimentum est timor.—Fear is a hindrance to all virtue.
Publilius Syrus.

Virtutisque viam deserit arduæ.—And he forsakes the path of exacting virtue.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 24, 44.*

Virtutum omnium fundamentum pietas.—Piety is the foundation of all virtues. **Pr.**

Virtutum primam esse puta compescere linguam;
Proximus ille Deo est qui scit ratione tacere.
—Regard it as the first of virtues to restrain the tongue; he is nearest to a God who knows how to be silent when occasion requires.
Dion. Cato. *Dist., 1, 3.*

Vis comica.—The talent for comedy; the comic genius.
Lines by Caius Cæsar (Caligula) (A.D.12–41) *referring to Terence; quoted by Suetonius.*

Vis consilî expers mole ruit sua:
Vim temperatam Di quoque provehunt
In majus; îdem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.
—Strength destitute of reasoning falls by its own weight; and indeed the gods add power to strength properly regulated; but they detest force which incites to all kinds of crime.
Horace. *Odes, Book 3, 4, 65.*

Vis inertiæ.—The power of inertness. **Pr.**

Vis nunquam tristis esse? Recte vive!—Do you wish never to be sad? Live rightly!
Isidorus. *S. 13, 223.*

Vis recte vivere? Quis non?
Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis
Hoc age deliciis.
—Do you wish to live well? Who does not? If virtue alone can give this, act up to it bravely, scorning delights.
Horace. *Ep., Book 1, 6, 29.*

Vis unita fortior.—Strength united is the more powerful.
Motto *of Earls of Mountcashell. (Quoted by Francis Bacon in his "Table of the Colours," 5.)*

Viscus merus vestra est blanditia.—Your flattery is so much birdlime.
Plautus. *Bacchides, i. 1, 16.*

Visum visu.—To see and to be seen.

Vita brevis, ars longa.—Life is short, art is long. (*See* "Ars longa.")

Vita data est utenda.—The life given us is for use. (*See* "Vitaque mancupio.")
Ovid. *Ad Liviam, 369.*

Vita enim mortuorum in memoria vivorum posita est.—The life of the dead retains a place in the memory of the living. **Cicero.**

Vita hominis sine literis mors est.—The life of man without letters is death.

Vita si scias uti, longa est.—Life is long, if you know how to use it.
Seneca. *De Brev. Vitæ.*

Vitæ est avidus,
Quisquis non vult, mundo secum
Pereunte, mori.
—He is greedy of life who does not wish to die with the world around him perishing.
Seneca. *Thyestes, iv. 883.*

Vitæ philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum!—Oh philosophy, guide of life, explorer of virtue, expeller of vice.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst:, 5, 2, 5.*

Vitæ postscenia celant.—They hide what goes on in their lives behind the scenes.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 4, 1180.*

Vitæ precepta beatæ.—Directions for leading a happy life.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 4, 95.*

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.
—The short span of life forbids us to spin out hope to any length. Soon will night be upon you, and the fabled Shades, and the shadowy Plutonian home.
Horace. *Odes, Book 1, 4, 15.*

Vitam esse vigiliam.—Life is a vigil.
Pliny.

Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia.—Fortune, not wisdom, rules life. (Latinised by Cicero as a sentence praised by Theophrastus, the centenarian, *b.* B.C. 394, *d.* B.C. 288.)
Cicero. *Tusc., 5, 9, 25.*

Vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia.
—Sloth, that shameful Siren, is to be avoided.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 3, 14.*

Vitanda tamen est suspicio avaritiæ.—But the very suspicion of avarice is to be avoided.
Cicero. *De Officiis, Book 2, 17, 57.*

Vitaque mancupio nulli datur, omnibus usu.—And life is given to none as a disposable property, but to all for use.
Lucretius. *De Rer. Nat., Book 3, 984.*

Vitaret cœlum Phaëton, si viverat.—Phaëton, if he were alive, would shun the skies.
Ovid. *Trist., 1, 1, 79.*

Vitavi denique culpam;
Non laudem merui.
—Lastly, I have avoided blame; I have not deserved praise.
Horace. *De Arte Poetica, 267.*

Vitia nobis sub virtutum nomine obrepunt.—Vices creep upon us under the name of virtues. **Seneca.** *Ep., 45.*

Vitia temporis ; vitia hominis.—Vices of the time ; vices of an individual. ("There are *vitia temporis* as well as *vitia hominis*.")
*Francis Bacon's "Humble Submission and Supplication to the Lords of Parliament, 1621.**

Vitium capiunt, ni moveantur, aquæ.—Water becomes corrupted unless it is kept in motion. **Pr.**

Vitium exemplo principis inolescit.—Vice grows to be a custom through the example of a prince. **Pr.**

Vitium fuit, nunc mos est, assentatio.—Flattery was once a vice, but is now a custom. **Pr.**

Viva vox afficit.—The living voice moves (*i.e.* affects men more than what they read).
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 2, 3.* (*Given as a common saying.*)

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.—Let us live, my Lesbia, and love. **Petronius.**

Vivat, fifat, pipat, bibat !—May he live, fife, pipe, drink. (Called by Epistemon, "O secret apocalyptique." The rhyme of Old King Cole seems to have been suggested by this or some similar saying.)
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 4, ch. 53.*

Vivat Rex (*or* Regina).—May the King (*or* Queen) live. **Vulgate.** *1 Samuel 10, 24.*

Vive memor leti ; fugit hora.—Live mindful of death ; the hour is passing by us.
Persius. *Sat. 5, 153.*

Vive memor nostri.—Live remembering us.
Ovid. *Heroides, 11, 125.*

Vive pius ; moriere pius. Cole sacra.—Live righteously ; you shall die righteously. Cherish religion. **Ovid.** *Amorum, Book 3, 9, 37.*

Vive, valeque.—Live and fare well ; long life and good health to you.
Horace. *Sat., Book 2, 5, 10.*

Viventi decus, atque sentienti,
Rari post cineres habent poetæ.
—To one living and having the power of appreciation is honour given ; few poets enjoy it after their death.
Martial. *Epig., Book 1, 2, 5.*

Vivere est cogitare.—To live is to think.
Cicero. *Tusc. Quæst., 5, 30.*

Vivere luce volo.—I desire to live in the light of day (*i.e.* in the country rather than in the town). **Martial.** *Epig., Book 12, 60, 6.*

Vivere, mi Lucili, militare est.—To live, my dear Lucilius, is to do battle.
Seneca. *Epist., 96.*

Vivere nolunt, et mori nesciunt.—They will not live, and do not know how to die.
Seneca. *Ep., 4.*

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.—If you do not know how to live aright, make way for those who do.
Horace. *Ep., Book 2, 2, 213.*

Vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia mœnia Mundi ;
Atque Omne immensum peragravit mente animoque.
—The lively force of the mind has broken down all barriers, and has made its way far beyond the glittering walls of this Universe, and he (Epicurus) has searched out the infinite All by his mind and genius.
Lucretius. *De Rerum Nat., 1, 73.*

Vivimus aliena fiducia.—We live by trust in others. **Pliny the Elder.**

Vivit enim, vivetque semper.—He lives, and he will always live. (Referring to Virginius Rufus, who had just received a public funeral.)
Pliny the Younger. *Ep., Book 2, 1.*

Vivit post funera virtus.—Virtue lives beyond the grave.
*According to Borbonius, this is "a saying of Tiberius Cæsar." It is the motto of the Boyles, Malones, and other families.**

Vivit post prœlia Magnus,
Sed fortuna perit.
—Cæsar lives after his battles, but his fortune has perished.
Lucanus. *Pharsalia, Book 8, 84.*

Vivite, ait, fugio.—Live ye, he says, I flee.
Motto *on Bishop Atterbury's Sundial.*

Vivitur exiguo melius : natura beatis
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.
—Men live better on little : nature has given it to all men to be happy, if each but knew how to use his opportunity.
Claudian. *In Rufinum, Book 1, 215.*†

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum ;
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.
—He lives well upon little, whose family saltcellar shines upon his frugal table ; nor does fear or base desire rob him of his easy slumber.
Horace. *Odes, Book 2, 16, 13.*

Vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui,
Quæ vos ad cœlum fertis rumore secundo.
—I live and I reign, as soon as I have left those things which you extol to the skies with one accord. **Horace.** *Ep., Book 1, 10, 9.*

Vivunt in Venerem frondes, omnisque vicissim
Felix arbor amat.
—The leaves live for love, and every happy tree loves in his season. **Claudian.**
De Nuptiis Honorii et Mariæ, 65.

Vix a te videor posse tenere manus.—I scarcely seem able to keep my hands off you.
Ovid. *Metam., 13, 203.*

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* Both expressions are from Seneca, Ep., 97: "Hominum sunt ista [vitia], non temporum." (Those vices—luxury and neglect of decent manners—are vices of men, not of the times.)

* Quoted on title-page of Sir D. Lydensay's Works (ed. 1578): "Vivet etiam post funera virtus." (Virtue shall live even beyond the grave.)

† *See* "Exiguum natura desiderat." Nature requires little. (Ep., 16.)

Vix duo tresve mihi de tot superestis amici.—Out of all my many friends scarcely two or three of you are left to me.
Ovid. *Trist., 1, 5, 33.*

Vix mihi credetis, sed credite, Troja maneret,
Præceptis Priami si foret usa sui.
—Scarce will you believe me, but believe nevertheless, Troy would have remained standing had it availed itself of the advice of its Priam. **Ovid.** *Ars Amat., 3, 440.*

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urguentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
—Many brave men lived before Agamemnon; but, all unwept and unknown, are lost in the distant night, since they are without a divine poet (to chronicle their deeds).
Horace. *Odes, Book 4, 9, 25.*

Vixi dubius, anxius morior, nescio quo vado.—I have lived in doubt, I die in anxiety, I know not whither I go.
Attributed to a Pope of Rome.

Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi:
Et nunc magna mei sub terras currit imago.
—I have lived, and I have run the course which fortune allotted me; and now my shade shall descend illustrious to the grave.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 653.*

Vocat in certamina Divos.—He calls the gods to arms. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 6, 172.*

Volat ambiguis
Mobilis alis hora; nec ulli
Præstat velox Fortuna fidem.
—The shifting hour flies with doubtful wings; nor does swift Fortune keep faith with anyone.
Seneca. *Hippolytus, iv. 1141.*

Volente Deo.—God so willing.
Virgil. *Æneid, 1, 303.*

Volenti non fit injuria.—An injury is not done to a person who consents. **Law.**

Volito vivu' per ora virum.—I fly hither and thither, living in the mouths of men.
Attributed to **Ennius.** (*Quoted by Cicero, Tusc. Quæst., 15, 34. Also said to be part of the epitaph of Ennius.*)*

Volo: Mundare.—I will. Be thou clean.
Vulgate. *St. Luke 5, 13.*

Volo non valeo.—I will, but I have not the power. **Motto** *of Greystock family.*

Voluntas donatoris observetur.—Let the wish of the donor be observed.
Law. *Statute "De Donis."*

Voluntas habetur pro facto.—The will is taken for the deed. **Law.**

Voluptas est illecebra turpitudinis.—Pleasure is an inciter to vileness.
Cicero. *De Legibus, Book 1, 11, 31.*

Voluptas est malorum esca; quo ea non minus homines
Quam hamo capiuntur pisces.
—Pleasure is the bait of evil; for by it men are caught not less than fish with a hook.*
Plautus.

Voluptas non est voluptas quæ cum mala fama, malaque conscientia conjuncta est.—Pleasure is not pleasure which is joined to evil report and an evil conscience.
Erasmus. *Fam. Coll.*

Voluptates commendat rarior usus.—Rarity enhances pleasures.
Juvenal. *Sat. 11, 208.*

Voluptati mœror sequitur.—Sorrow follows pleasure. **Pr.**

Vos, Quirites, imperio nati, æquo animo servitutem toleratis?—Romans, born to empire, will you endure slavery with equanimity?
Sallust. *Jugurtha, 31.*

Vos valete et plaudite.—Fare ye well, and give us your applause.
Terence. (*Last words of several comedies.*)†

Vox audita perit, litera scripta manet.—The spoken voice perishes, the written word remains. *Quoted by W. Caxton, 1431.*‡

Vox clamantis in deserto.—The voice of one crying in the wilderness.
Vulgate. *St. Matt. 3, 3; St. Mark 1, 3; St. Luke 3, 4; St. John 1, 23.*

Vox diversa sonat: populorum est vox tamen una,
Cum verus Patriæ diceris esse Pater.
—There are many different voices and languages; but there is but one voice of the peoples when you are declared to be the true "Father of your country."
Martial. *De Spectaculis, 3, 11.* (*To "Cæsar."*)

Vox et præterea nihil.—A voice, and beyond that nothing. (Sometimes quoted, "Vox es, præterea nihil," and said to be from Seneca. Stated by Plutarch to be a Spartan saying in reference to the nightingale, on seeing one plucked of its feathers.)§

Vox omnibus una.—One cry was common to them all. **Virgil.** *Æneid, 5, 616.*

Vox populi vox Dei.—The voice of the people is the voice of a god.‖
Quoted as a saying by Alcuin (Admonitio ad Carolum Magnum) c. A.D. *800.*

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* The preceding portion is as follows:
"Nemo me lacrymis decoret, nec funera fletu
Faxit. Cur? Volito," etc.
(Let no one honour me with tears, or bury me with lamentation. Why? Because I fly, etc.)

* "Divine Plato escam malorum appellat voluptatem, quod ea videlicet homines capiantur, ut pisces hamo." (Plato divinely calls pleasure the bait of evil, inasmuch as men are caught by it as fish by a hook.)—*Cicero: De Senectute*, 13, 44.

† *See* Eunuchus, v. 9, 64.

‡ *See* "Litera scripta," p. 567*a*.

§ Seneca has a kindred passage: "Vox nihil aliud quam ictus aer." (The voice is nothing but beaten air.)—*Nat. Quæst*, Book 2, 29.

‖ "Vox populi habet aliquid divinum."—*Bacon: Instauratio Magna*, Pt. 1, Bk. 6, 9. *See also* "Sacra populi lingua est" (Sacred is the speech of the people), Seneca, *Rhetor. Controv.*, 1, 1, 10; so quoted by Büchmann in *Geflügelte Worte*, but the correct reading appears to be "Sacra populi digna est."

Vox stellarum.—The voice of the stars.

Vulgare amici nomen, sed rara est fides.—The name of friend is common, but faith in friendship is rare.
Phædrus. *Fab., Book 3, 9, 1.*

Vulgus ex veritate pauca, ex opinione multa æstimat.—The crowd values few things according to truth, but many according to report. **Cicero.** *Pro. Q. Roscio Com., 10, 29.*

Vulgus ignavum et nihil ultra verba ausurum.—A cowardly populace which will dare nothing beyond talk.
Tacitus. *Hist., Book 3, 58.*

Vulnera, nisi sint tacta tractataque, sanari non possunt.—Wounds cannot be cured unless handled and dressed. **Livy.** *Book 28, 27.*

Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni.—She cherishes the wound in her veins, and is consumed by an unseen fire.
Virgil. *Æneid, 4, 2.*

Vulnus non penetrat animum.—A wound does not pierce the soul. **Macrobius.**

Vultus ac frons animi janua.—The face and brow are the entrance of the mind.
Quintus Cicero (c. B.C. 102—B.C. 43.)[*]
De Pet. Consulatus, 11.

Vultus est index animi.—The countenance is the index of the mind.[†]
Founded on **Cicero,** *Orator., 18.*

Zonam perdidit.—He has lost his purse (*i.e.* his money). **Horace.** *Ep., Book 2, 2, 40.*

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[*] Brother of Cicero, the orator.

[†] *See* “Imago animi,” p. 549*b*.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

FRENCH QUOTATIONS.

Pr. = Proverbial phrases and expressions.

Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases having English equivalents, or parallels, are included amongst the Proverbs, pages 717a–880b.

À force de mal aller tout ira bien.—By dint of going badly all will go well.
Pr. *Stated in French Dict. of Proverbs* (1758) *to mean that disorder will produce order.*

À l'amour satisfait tout son charme est ôté.—When love is satisfied all its charm is removed. **Corneille.** *Don Juan, i. 2.*

À mon advis, c'est "le vivre heureusement," non, comme disoit Antisthenes, "le mourir heureusement," qui faict l'humaine felicité.—In my opinion, "to live happily," and not as Antisthenes declared, "to die happily," is that which makes human felicity.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 2.*

A propos de bottes.*—Talking of boots.
Regnard. *Le Distrait.* (**Pr.**)

Abbé de St. Espérance.—Abbot of St. Hope.
Pr. (*An Abbé without title; a would-be incumbent.*)

Adieux canaux, canards, canaille!—Farewell canals, ducks, and scoundrels!
Ascribed to **Voltaire** (*on quitting the Netherlands*).

Adieu paniers! vendanges sont faites.—Farewell baskets! the vintage is over. **Pr.**

Ah! il n'y a plus d'enfants.—Ah! there are no more children now.
Molière. *Le Malade Imaginaire* (1673), *ii. 2.*

Ajustez vos flûtes.—Make your flutes agree; adjust your differences.† **Pr.**

Âme damnée.—A lost soul; a hopeless individual; a mere drudge or parasite.

Âme de boue.—A soul of mud.

Après nous le déluge.—After us the deluge.* **Pr.**

Au bout de son Latin.—At the end of his Latin (*i.e.* at the end of his knowledge). **Pr.**

Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire.—No path of flowers leads to glory.
La Fontaine. *Fables, 10, 14.*

Baiser de Lamourette.—Kiss of Lamourette (*or* "de l'amourette," *i.e.* of a sweetheart). **Pr.**†

Ballon d'essai.—A trial balloon; something sent up to see which way the wind is blowing.

Bien souvent, quoi qu'on dise, un fripon n'est qu'un sot.—Very often, say what you will, a rogue is only a fool.
Voltaire. *Le Dépositaire, ii. 6.*

Bon gré, mal gré.—Whether inclined or not.

Bouche va toujours.—The mouth is always going. **Pr.**

Boutez en avant.—Push forward.

Ça ira.—That shall go on; that shall speed.
French Revolution Song, 1789.

Calomniez, calomniez; il en reste toujours quelque chose. — Calumniate, calumniate; there will always be something which sticks.‡
Beaumarchais. *Barbier de Séville, Act iii. 13.*

Cause célèbre.—A famous case.
("*Causes célèbres et intéressantes*" *is the title of a work in 20 vols. by François de Petaval, Paris.* (1734.)

C'est double plaisir de tromper le trompeur.—It is a double pleasure to cheat the cheater.
La Fontaine. *Fables, 2, 15.*

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* This phrase is applied in France to sayings or doings which are without motive. The expression is alleged to have arisen in the time of Francis I. when a suitor who had been "debouté" (from the Low Latin "debotare," to decide adversely) told the King by mistake that he had been "debotté." This led to the abolition of pleading in Latin, much to the displeasure of the barristers, who accordingly used this phrase to imply insufficient motive or reason.

† "Mettez, pour me jouer, vos flûtes mieux d'accord." (If you want to play a trick on me, put your flutes more in accord.)—*Molière: L'Étourdi*, i. 4 (1653).

* "Après moi le déluge," an old French proverb, applied to spendthrifts, is in *Dictionnaire des Proverbes*, Paris, 1758. There is an old Greek proverb to the same effect, denounced by Cicero (*De Finibus*, 3, 19) as an inhuman and disgraceful saying. *See* "Ἐμοῦ θανόντος," p. 571*a*.

† In the French National Assembly, July 7, 1792, in response to an appeal from the Abbé Lamourette for unity, the Senators embraced each other, forgetting former grudges and disputes.

‡ *See* Latin: "Audacter calumniare," p. 493*b*.

C'est la grande formule moderne: Du travail, toujours travail, et encore du travail.—It is the great modern maxim: Work, always work, and yet more work. **Gambetta.**

C'est la règle des règles, et générale loi des loix, que chacun observe celle du lieu où il est.—It is the rule of rules and the general law of laws that everyone should observe that of the place where he is.
Montaigne. *Book 1, ch. 22.*

C'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie.—It is the path of the passions which has led me to philosophy. **Rousseau.**

C'est le commencement de la fin.—It is the beginning of the end.
Attr. to **Talleyrand** (*on the Hundred Days*).

C'est le crime qui fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.—It is crime which brings shame, and not the scaffold.
Corneille. *Comte d'Essex, iv. 3.*

C'est le roolle de la couardise, non de la vertu, de s'aller tapir dans un creux, soubs une tumbe massive, pour eviter les coups de la fortune.—It is the rôle of cowardice, not of courage, to go and crouch down in a hole, under a massive tomb, to avoid the blows of fortune.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 3.*

C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre.—It is magnificent, but it is not war.
Attributed to **Marshal Canrobert,** *on viewing the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.*

C'est plus qu'un crime; c'est une faute.—It is worse than a crime; it is a blunder.
Attributed to **Fouché.** *Boulay de la Meurthe is, however, reputed to have originated the expression.*

C'est sans doubte une belle harmonie, quand le faire et le dire vont ensemble.—Without doubt it is a delightful harmony when doing and saying go together.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 31.*

C'est son cheval de bataille.—It is his war-horse; his stronghold, or forte. **Pr.**

C'est une grande habilité que de savoir cacher son habilité.—It is a very clever thing to know how to hide one's cleverness.
La Rochefoucauld. *245.*

C'est une violente maistresse d'eschole que la necessité.—Necessity is a violent schoolmistress. **Montaigne.** *Essais, Book 1, 47.*

Ce n'est pas un événement, c'est une nouvelle.—It is not an event, it is a piece of news.
Talleyrand (*on hearing of Napoleon's death*).

Ce n'est pas une révolte, c'est une révolution.—It is not a revolt, it is a revolution.
Duc de Liancourt's remark to Louis XVI., July 14, 1789. (Carlyle's French Revolution, Part 1, Book 5, ch. 7.)

Ce qu'il nous faut pour vaincre, c'est de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!—What we require in order to conquer is audacity, and yet more audacity, and always audacity! **Danton.** *Sept., 1792.*

Ce que le gantelet gagne, le gorgerin le ménage.—What the gauntlet gains the gorget takes. *Attributed to* **Bayard.**

Ce qui manque aux orateurs en profondeur ils vous le donnent en longueur.—What is wanting in orators in depth, they make up to you in length. **Montesquieu.**

Cela doit être beau, car je n'y comprends rien.—That must be fine, for I can understand nothing of it.
Pr. (*Founded perhaps on: "Oui ça est si beau que je n'y entends goutte." (Yes, that is so fine that I don't understand a particle of it.) Molière; Le Médecin malgré lui, ii. 5.*

Cela est bien dit, repondit Candide, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin.—That is well said, replied Candide, but we must cultivate our garden.
Voltaire. *Candide, ch. 30* (*Conclusion*).*

Ce qu'on diffère est à demi rompu.—What one puts off is half abandoned. **Corneille.**

Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.—That which is not worth while saying is sung. **Beaumarchais.**
Barbier de Séville, Act i. 1.

Ce sont les passions qui font et qui défont tout.—It is the passions which make and unmake everything. **Fontenelle.**

Ce sont toujours les aventuriers qui font de grandes choses, et non pas les souverains des grandes empires.—It is always the adventurers who accomplish great things, and not the monarchs of great empires.
Montesquieu.

Cela va sans dire.—That goes without saying.
Pr. *Sometimes: "Cela est comme le bréviaire de Messire John, il va sans dire." (That is like the breviary of Master John, it goes without saying.)*

Celuy ayme peu qui ayme à la mesure.—He loves little who loves by rule.
Montaigne. *Book 1, ch. 28. Sonnets, 11.*

Ces discours sont fort beaux dans un livre.—These sayings are all very fine in a book.
Boileau.

Ces malheureux rois,
Dont on dit tant de mal, ont du bon quelquefois.
—These unfortunate kings, of whom so much evil is spoken, have their good points now and then. **Andrieux.**

Cet animal est très méchant:
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.
—That animal is very vicious: when you attack it, it defends itself. **Anon.**

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* Il faut cultiver les lettres ou son jardin.—(One should cultivate letters or his garden.) *Voltaire: Letter to the D'Alembert, July, 1773.*

Ceux qui s'appliquent trop aux petites choses deviennent ordinairement incapables des grandes.—Those who apply themselves too much to little things usually become incapable of great things.

La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 41.*

Changez de voluptés, ne changez point d'amis.—Change your pleasures, but never change your friends.

Voltaire. *Le Dépositaire.*

Changez tout, hors vos amours.—Change everything, except your loves.

Voltaire. *Sur l'Usage de la Vie.*

Cherchons la femme.—Let us look for the woman.[*] **A. Dumas.** *Mohicans de Paris* (1864), *Vol. 2, ch. 16.*

Ci-gît qui ne fut rien.—Here lies one who was nothing.

Piron's Epitaph. *Cited by Voltaire, in "La Vanité," as happy and worthy of Piron's tomb.*

Combien de choses nous servoient hier d'articles de foy, qui nous sont fables aujourd'hui!—How many things served us yesterday for articles of faith, which to-day are fables to us!

Montaigne. *Essais, Book 1, ch. 26*

Combien de querelles, et combien importantes, a produict au monde le doubte du sens de cette syllabe, "Hoc"?—How many quarrels, and how important, has the doubt as to the meaning of this syllable "Hoc" produced for the world?

Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 12.* (*Referring to the controversies on transubstantiation—"Hoc est corpus meum."*)

Comme quelqu'un pourroit dire de moy, que j'ay seulement faict icy un amas de fleurs estrangieres, n'y ayant fourny du mien que le filet à les lier.—As one might say of me that I have only made here a collection of other people's flowers, having provided nothing of my own but the cord to bind them together.

Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 12.*

Comprendre c'est pardonner.—To understand is to forgive.

Ascribed to **Madame de Staël.**[†]

Courage, Père Joseph, Brisach est à nous.—Courage, Father Joseph, Brisach is ours.

Cardinal Richelieu's remark to his dying colleague, the Capuchin, Joseph du Tremblay, 1638.

Croyez que chose divine est prester; debvoir est vertu heroïcque.—Believe me that it is a godlike thing to lend; to owe is a heroic virtue.

Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 3, ch. 4.*

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.—In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not displeasing to us.

La Rochefoucauld. *Maxims, 1665 ed., No. 99.*

Dans les premières passions, les femmes aiment l'amant; dans les autres, elles aiment l'amour.—In their first passions women love the lover; in the others they love love.

La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 471.*

D'autant plus éloquent que j'étais moins sincere.—So much the more eloquent as I was less sincere. **Edmond Rostand.** *Cyrano de Bergerac* (*Dec., 1897*), *iii. 1.*

De jeune médecin cimetière bossu.—A young physician makes a lumpy churchyard.

Gascon saying.

De Paris au Pèrou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome. —From Paris to Peru, from Japan as far as to Rome. **Boileau.** *Sat. 8, 3.*

De quante epaisseur sont les ais de ceste nauf?—Elles sont, respondit le pilot, de deux bons doigts epaisses, n'ayez peur.—Vertus Dieu, dist Panurge, nous sommes donc continuellement à deux doigts près de la mort. Est-ce cy une des neuf joies de mariage?—Of what thickness are the boards of this ship?—Have no fear, replied the pilot, they are fully two inches thick.—Merciful God, said Panurge, we are then continually within two inches of death. Is this one of the nine joys of marriage?

Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 4, ch. 23.*

Déplaire est mon plaisir; j'aime qu'on me haisse.—To displease is my pleasure; I love to be hated.

Edmond Rostand. *Cyrano de Bergerac, ii. 8.*

Dans ce pays-ci [Angleterre] il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres.—In this country [England] it is considered a good thing to kill an admiral from time to time, to encourage the others.

Voltaire. *Candide* (1767), *ch. 23.* (*Referring to Admiral Byng's execution, 1757.*)

Debtes et mensonges sont ordinairement ensemble ralliés.—Debts and lies are generally mixed together.[*]

Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 3, ch. 5.*

Demandez à cet homme ce que c'est que la patrie et la liberté, il vous répondra qu'il veut de l'argent et ne rien faire.—Ask this man [Goulard] what country and liberty mean, and he will reply that he wants money, and nothing to do. **Paul de Koch** (1793–1871). *Homme aux trois Culottes, ch. 4.*

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[*] *See* Proverbs, "There is no mischief," p. 855*b*.

[†] Or "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner" (To understand everything is to forgive everything). The exact expression by Madame de Staël (in *Corinne, ou l'Italie* (1807), *l.* 18, *ch.* 5) is: "Tout comprendre rend très-indulgent." (To understand all makes one very tolerant).

[*] *See* under Proverbs, "Debtors are liars," p. 751*a*.

Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits.—God is generally for the big squadrons against the little ones.
Letter by **Bussy-Rabutin**, *Oct. 18, 1677.*

On dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons.—They say that God is always for the big battalions.
Voltaire : Letter, Feb. 6, 1770.

Dieu et mon droit.—God and my right.
Parole of Richard I., 1198.

Dieu t'a fait pour l'aimer, et non pour le comprendre.—God has made thee to love Him and not to understand Him.
Voltaire. *Henriade* (c. 1729).

Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es.—Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.
Brillat-Savarin. *Physiologie du goût*, 1825.

Divisés d'interêts, et par les crimes unis.—Divided by interests and united by crimes.
Voltaire. *Artémire i.* (1720) ; *also in Mérope* (1743).

Don terrible de la familiarité.—The terrible gift of familiarity. **Mirabeau.**

Droit de guerre, *qui potest capere capiat.*—The right of war—let him take who take can.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, ch. 26.*

Du moment qu'on aime, on devient si doux. From the instant one loves one becomes so sweet. **Marmontel.**

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.—From the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step. *Saying of* **Napoleon I.**
(*See under Thos. Paine, p. 241a.*)

Écrasez l'infâme.—Crush out the infamous thing. **Voltaire.** *Letters, etc.*

Elle ne me profitera de rien, car je n'y adjouste poinct de foy.—It will profit me nothing, for I have no faith in it (the monk's remark when he says that he knows a prayer which guarantees immunity from all firearms).
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Book 1, ch. 42.*

Elle s'endormit du sommeil des justes.—She slept the sleep of the just.
Racine. *Abrégé de l'histoire de Port Royal. Vol. 4, 517. (Mesnard's ed.)**

Embarras de richesse.—An embarrassment of riches.
Title of comedy by **D'Allainval** (1726). (*Often quoted, "Embarras des richesses."*)

Enfant terrible.—A terrifying child.
Origin unknown. (Goethe used the expression, 1809.)

Et l'avare Achéron ne lache pas sa proie.—And greedy Acheron does not relinquish its prey. **Racine.**

Et le combat cessa, faute de combattants.—And the combat ceased for want of combatants. **Corneille.** *Cid* (1635), *iv. 3.*

Et voilà justement comme on écrit l'histoire.—And this is exactly how history is written.
Voltaire. *Charlot, i. 7 ; and elsewhere.*

Fais ce que vouldras.—Do what you like. (The rule of life of the Thelemites.)
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Book 1, ch. 57.*

Faites comme si je ne le savois pas. Do as if I did not know it (explain the Latin as if I did not know it). **Molière.**
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, ii. 6.

Faut un homme alerte pour semer l'orge, et un homme lent pour semer l'avoine.—A quick man is wanted to sow barley, and a slow man to sow oats. *Gascon saying.*

Faute d'argent, c'est douleur sans pareille.—Lack of money is trouble without equal.
Quoted by Rabelais, "Pantagruel" (1533), Book 2, ch. 16.

Fay ton faict, et te cognoy.—Do your deed, and know yourself.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 1, ch. 3. (Tr. of Plato.)*

Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel.—Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven.
Attr. to the **Abbé Edgeworth,** *at the execution of Louis XVI.*

Fin de siècle.—End of the century.
Title of comedy by **F. de Jouvenot** *and* **H. Micard** (1888).

Fraternité ou la mort.—Fraternity or death. **Revolution Watchword,** 1789.

Guenille, si l'on veut : ma guenille m'est chère.—A rag, if you will ; but my rag is dear to me. **Molière.**

Guerre aux châteaux, paix aux chaumières !—War to the castles, peace to the cottages !
Pr.

Hé, mon ami, tire-moi de danger ;
Tu feras après ta harangue.
—Ha, my friend, get me out of danger ; you can deliver your speech afterwards.
La Fontaine. *Fables, Book 1, 19.*

Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a.—He has more than anyone the mind which everyone has. **Montesquieu.**

Il aspire à descendre.—It (ambition) aspires to descend. **Corneille.** *Cinna, i. 2.*

Il en advient ce qui se veoid aux cages ; les oyseaux qui en sont dehors desesperent d'y entrer ; et d'un pareil soing en sortir, ceulx qui sont au dedans.—It happens as one sees in cages : the birds which are outside despair of ever getting in, and those within are equally desirous of getting out.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 5.*

Il en existe un [livre] qui fournit, à mon gré, le plus heureux traité d'éducation naturelle . . . Quel est donc ce merveilleux livre ? Est-ce Aristote ? est-ce Pline, est-ce Buffon ? Non ; c'est *Robinson Crusoe.*—There exists one book, which, to my taste, furnishes the happiest treatise of natural education. What then is this marvellous book? Is it Aristotle? Is it Pliny, is it Buffon? No,—it is *Robinson Crusoe.* **Rousseau.** *Emile, Book 3.*

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* *See* p. 453*b*.

Il est bon d'être ferme par tempérament et flexible par réflexion.—It is good to be firm by temperament and flexible by consideration.
Vauvenargues.

Il est difficile d'aimer ceux que nous n'estimons point; mais il n'est pas moins d'aimer ceux que nous estimons beaucoup plus que nous.—It is difficult to love those whom we do not esteem at all; and it is not less difficult to love those whom we esteem much more than ourselves.
La Rochefoucauld. *296.*

Il est ordinaire de veoir les bonnes intentions, si elles sont conduictes sans moderation, poulser les hommes à des effects très-vicieux.—It is common to see good intentions, if they are carried out without moderation, push men into very vicious results.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 19.*

Il est plus aisé d'être sage pour les autres que pour soi-même.—It is easier to be wise for others than for one's self.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 132.*

Il est plus honteux de se défier de ses amis que d'en être trompé.—It is more shameful to mistrust your friends than to be deceived by them. **La Rochefoucauld.** *84.*

Il est trop difficile de penser noblement quand on ne pense que pour vivre.—It is too difficult to think nobly when one only thinks to get a living. **Rousseau.** *Confessions, 2, 9.*

Il fallut succomber aux superstitions, qui sont, bien plus que nous, les rois des nations.—It was necessary to succumb to superstitions, which are, more than ourselves, the kings of nations. **Voltaire.** *Eryphile* (1732), *iii.* 2.

Il faut avoir pitié des morts.—We must have pity on the dead. **Victor Hugo.**

Il faut avoir une âme.—One must have a soul. **Tolstoy.**

Il faut être profond en termes clairs et non pas en termes obscurs.—It is necessary to be profound in clear language and not in obscure language. **Joubert.**

Il faut reculer pour mieux sauter.—One must draw back in order to leap better.
Pr. (*Montaigne, Book 1, ch. 38.*)

Il faut savoir s'ennuyer.—One must know how to be bored. **Pr.**

Il faut toujours songer à être intérressant plutôt qu'exact; car le spectateur pardonne tout, hors la langueur.—It is necessary always to aim at being interesting rather than exact; for the spectator forgives everything except dreariness. **Voltaire.** *Œdipe, Lettre 4.*

Il me semble que la mere nourrice des plus faulses opinions, et publicques et particulieres, c'est la trop bonne opinion que l'homme a de soy.—It seems to me that the nursing mother of most false opinions, both public and private, is the too high opinion which man has of himself.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 17.*

Il meurt connu de tous, et ne se connait pas.—He died known of all, and did not know himself. **Vauquelin des Yvetaux.**

Il n'appartient qu'aux grands hommes d'avoir de grands défauts.—It is only the right of great men to have great faults.
La Rochefoucauld. *190.*

Il n'est homme si decrepite, tant qu'il veoid Mathusalem devant, qui ne pense avoir encores vingt ans dans le corps.—There is no man so decrepid, whilst he has Methuselah before him, who does not think he has still twenty years of life in his body.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 1, ch. 19.**

Il n'est si riche qui quelquefois ne doibve. Il n'est si pauvre de qui quelquefois on ne puisse emprunter.—There is none so rich but he sometimes owes. There is none so poor but one may sometimes borrow of him.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 3, ch. 5.*

Il n'est vice veritablement vice qui n'offense.—The vice which offends no one is not really vice. **Montaigne.** *Essais, Book 3, ch. 2.*

Il n'y a point de sots si incommodes que ceux qui ont de l'esprit.—There are no fools so troublesome as those who have wit.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 451.*

Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.—There are no longer any Pyrenees.
Louis XIV. *on the departure of the Duc d'Anjou to assume the kingship of Spain.*

Il n'y a point de plus cruelle tyrannie que celle qu'on exerce à l'ombre des lois, et avec les couleurs de la justice.—There is no more cruel tyranny than that which is exercised under cover of the law, and with the colour of justice. **Montesquieu.**

Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas.—It is only the dead who do not return.
Barrère.

Il plaît à tout le monde et ne saurait se plaire.—He pleases all the world, and cannot please himself. **Boileau.**

Il y a assez de lumière pour ceux qui ne désirent que de voir, et assez d'obscurité pour ceux qui ont une disposition contraire.—There is light enough for those who wish to see, and darkness enough for those of the opposite disposition. **Pascal.** *Pensées, Part 2.*

Il y a bien de la différence entre voyager pour voir du pays ou pour voir des peuples.—There is a good deal of difference between travelling to see countries or to see peoples.
Rousseau. *Emile, Book 5. Des Voyages.*

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* *See* "Nemo enim est tam senex," p. 589a.

Il y a dans la jalousie plus d'amour-propre que d'amour.—There is more self-love than love in jealousy.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 324.*

Il y a des reproches qui louent, et des louanges qui médisent.—There are some censures which praise and some praises which condemn. **La Rochefoucauld.** *148*

Il y a plus de vieux ivrongnes qu'il y a de vieux médecins.—There are more old drunkards than old physicians.
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Book 1, ch. 41.*

Ils se sont passés, ces jours de fête.—They are past those days of pleasure.
Anseaume. *Le Tableau Parlant.*

Ils veulent être libres et ne savent pas être justes.—They wish to be free, and do not know how to be just.
Abbé Sieyès. *Aug. 10, 1789.*

Impossible est un mot que je ne dis jamais. —Impossible is a word which I never say.
Collin d'Harleville. *Malice pour Malice* (1793).[*]

Jamais la nature ne nous trompe; c'est toujours nous qui nous trompons.—Nature never deceives us; it is always we who deceive ourselves. **Rousseau.** *Émile, Book 3.*

J'ai connu tous les maux, la vertu les surmonte;
Mais quel cœur généreux peut supporter la honte.
—I have known all evils; virtue can surmount them, but what generous heart can endure shame? **Voltaire.** *Zulime, i. 5.*

J'aime la vérité. Je crois que l'humanité en a besoin; mais, certes, elle a bien plus grand besoin encore du mensonge qui la flatte, la console, lui donne des espérances infinies.—I love truth. I believe humanity has need of it. But assuredly it has much greater need still of the untruth which flatters it, consoles it, gives it infinite hopes.
Anatole France. *La Vie en Fleur.*

J'ai toujours cru que le bon n'était que le beau mis en action.—I have always believed that good is only beauty put into practice.
Rousseau. *Julie, Pt. 1, Letter 12.*

J'ai toujours vu que pour réussir dans le monde il faillait avoir l'air fou, et être sage.—I have always observed that to succeed in the world one must have the appearance of a fool, and be wise. **Montesquieu.**

J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rolet un fripon.—I call a cat a cat, and Rolet a rogue.
Boileau. *Sat. 1, 52.*

Jay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour.—I have altogether lost my time and my labour.
Quoted by Chaucer (Persones Tale, sec. 11) as [the title of] "thilke (that same) newe Frenshe song."

Jeune j'étais trop sage,
Et voulais trop savoir:
Je n'ai plus en partage
Que badinage,
Et touche au dernier âge
Sans rien prévoir.

—Young, I was too wise, and wished to know everything; now I have no portion left but fooling, and I touch on the last stage of life without having foreseen anything.
Fénelon, *Archbishop of Cambrai. Quoted by Voltaire as a parody upon an "Air by Lulli."*

J'ay, dis je, trouvé en Escriture sacrée que Cayn fut le premier battisseur de villes.—I have, I said, found in Holy Scripture that Cain was the first builder of towns.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 5, ch. 35.* (*See Cowley, p.* 94*a*.)

J'étais poète, historien;
Et maintenant je ne suis rien.
—I was poet and historian, and now I am nothing. **Boudier.** *Epitaph on himself.*

J'y suis, et j'y reste.—Here I am, and here I stay.
Ascribed to **Macmahon,** *before Malakoff* (1855).[*]

Je boy comme un templier.—I drink like a templar (*i.e.* to excess).[†]
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Book 1, ch. 5.*

Je crois de la religion tout ce que j'en puis comprendre, et respecte le reste sans le rejeter. —I believe all that I can understand of religion, and I respect the rest without rejecting it. **Rousseau.** *Julie, Pt. 5, Letter 3.*

Je cultivais l'espérance, et la vois flétrir tous les jours. Que sert, helas! d'arroser le feuillage quand l'arbre est coupé par le pied?—I cultivated hope, and see it wither day by day. What serves it, alas! to water the leaves when the tree is severed at the root?
Rousseau. *Julie. Pt. 1. Letter 26.*

Je fais toujours bien le premier vers; mais j'ai peine à faire les autres.—I always make the first verse well, but I have a trouble in making the others.
Molière. *Les Précieuses ridicules. Sc. 12.*

Je m'en vais chercher un grand peut-être; tirez le rideau, la farce est jouée.—I am going to seek a great perhaps; draw the curtain, the farce is played.
Attributed to **Rabelais.**[‡]

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[*] Napoleon I. in a letter (July 9, 1813), to the Commander of Magdeburg, wrote: "'Ce n'est pas possible,' m'écrivez-vous? Cela n'est pas français." ("It is not possible," you write to me? That is not French.) According to Carlyle (*Fr. Rev.*, Pt. 2, Bk. 5, ch. 7), Mirabeau's phrase was: "Impossible—ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot" (Impossible—never say that foolish word to me.)

[*] Marshal Macmahon (1808–1893) is said to have affirmed that this phrase was not used by him before Malakoff, but was invented by himself and his wife whilst preparing a speech for the National Assembly, Nov. 18, 1873. (*See Notes and Queries*, July 15, 1911.)

[†] *See also* "Pantagruel," ch. 16.

[‡] Tradition alleges that these were his last words, but the story is probably apocryphal.

Je m'en vais voir le soleil pour la dernière fois.—I go to see the sun for the last time.
Rousseau's last words.

Je me hâte de me moquer de tous, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer.—I hasten to laugh at everything, for fear of being obliged to weep.[*] **Beaumarchais.** *Barbier de Séville, i. 2.*

Je n'ai fait celle-ci plus longue que parceque je n'ai pas eu le loisir de la faire plus courte.—I have only made this letter rather long because I have not had time to make it shorter.
Pascal. *Lettres provinciales, 16, Dec. 14, 1656.*

Je n'ay pas plus faict mon livre, que mon livre m'a faict.—I have not made my book more than my book has made me.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 18.*

Je n'écris pas pour excuser mes fautes, mais pour empêcher mes lecteurs de leur imiter.—I do not write to excuse my faults, but to prevent my readers from imitating them.
Rousseau. *Emile, Bk. 3.* (*Footnote.*)

Je n'enseigne point, je raconte.—I do not teach, I only tell.
Montaigne. *Essais, 3, 2.*

Je ne boy en plus qu'une esponge.—I do not drink more than a sponge.
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Book 1, ch. 5.*

Je ne sçais qui, anciennement, desiroit le gosier allongé comme le col d'une grue, pour savourer plus longtemps ce qu'il avalloit.—I do not know who it was, in ancient days, who wished for a gullet lengthened out like a goose's neck, so that he might taste for a longer space of time what he devoured.[†]
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 5.*

Je ne treuve aulcune qualité si aysee à contrefaire que la devotion, si on n'y conforme les mœurs et la vie.—I find no quality so easy to counterfeit as religious devotion, if one does not conform one's manners and life to it. **Montaigne.** *Essais, Book 3, ch. 2.*

Je te tordrai le cou de mes propres mains plutôt que de souffrir qu'on attente à ton honneur ; car, vois-tu, je t'aime assez pour cela. (*Le Baron de la Canardière to his daughter.*)—I would rather wring your neck with my own hands than permit an attempt on your honour ; for, look you, I love you well enough for that.
Voltaire. *La Echange* (1734), *ii. 7.*

Je pense, donc je suis.—I think, therefore I am. **Descartes.**
Principes de la Philosophie, 1, sec. 7.

Jeunesse dorée.—Gilded youth.
Frèron. *Description of French Dandies of 1714.*

Jeunesse qui veille, vieillesse qui dort, presages de mort.—Youth which is wakeful, old age which is drowsy are presages of death.
Pr.

Jusqu'où les hommes ne se portent-ils point par l'intérêt de la religion, dont ils sont si peu persuadés, et qu'ils pratiquent si mal ?—To what extent will not men let themselves be carried away in the cause of religion, of which they are so little convinced, and which they practise so badly ? **La Bruyère.**

L'absence est à l'amour ce qu'est au feu le vent ;
Il éteint le petit, il allume le grand.
—Absence is to love what wind is to fire ; it puts out the little, it kindles the great.
Bussy.

L'âge d'or était l'âge où l'or ne règnait pas.—The age of gold was the age when gold did not rule. **Lézay de Marnézia.**

L'ami du genre humain n'est point du tout mon fait.—To be the friend of the human race is not at all in my line.
Molière. *Le Misanthrope, i. 1.*

L'amitié est prodigue, mais l'amour est avare.—Friendship is a prodigal, but love is a miser. **Rousseau.** *Julie, Pt. 6, Letter 14.*

L'amour de la justice n'est, en la plupart des hommes, que la crainte de souffrir l'injustice.—The love of justice, in most men, is nothing but the fear of suffering injustice. **La Rochefoucauld.** *Maxim 78.*

L'amour est l'histoire de la vie des femmes ; c'est un épisode dans celle des hommes.—Love is the history of woman's life; it is an episode in man's.
Madame de Staël (1766–1817). *De l'influence des passions, etc.* (*1820 ed.*).

L'amour est une passion qui vient souvent sans savoir comment, et qui s'en va aussi de même.—Love is a passion which comes often one knows not how, and departs in the same way. **Anon.**

L'amour fait passer le temps.—Love makes time pass.[*] **Pr.**

L'amour-propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs.—Self-love is the greatest of all flatterers. **La Rochefoucauld.** *Maxim 2.*

L'amour-propre fait plus de libertins que l'amour.—Self-love makes more libertines than love. **Rousseau.** *Emile, Book 4.*

L'amour-propre ne meurt jamais.—Self-love never dies.
Voltaire. *Stanzas in place of those of Pibrac.*

L'amour rend inventif.—Love makes people inventive.
Molière. *L'École des Maris, Act i. 6.*

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[*] *See* "Aut ridenda," etc.—*Seneca*, p. 495*a*. *Also* "And if I laugh at any mortal thing."—*Byron*, p. 63*b*.

[†] Efteward hi wesseth that hi hedden nykken of crane and wombe of cou, for that the mosseles blefte lengar in the throte and more migten uorzuelve. (Afterward he wisheth that he had neck of crane and belly of cow that the morsels might remain longer in the throat and might be devoured more.)
Dan Michel. Avenbite of Inwyt (1340), *tr. from Frère Lorens' Le Somme des Vices et des Vertus* (1279).

[*] Transposed also into "Le temps fait passer l'amour." (Time makes love pass.)

L'arbre de la liberté ne croît qu'arrosé par le sang des tyrans.—The tree of liberty does not grow unless watered by the blood of tyrants.
Barrère (1792).

L'art de louer commença l'art de plaire.—The art of praising began the art of pleasing. [*Of the Serpent and Eve.*]
Voltaire. *La Pucelle. Chant 20.*

L'art pour l'art.—Art for art's sake.
Victor Coussin (1792–1867). *Lecture 22, Sorbonne* (1818).

L'atrocité des lois en empêche l'execution.—The atrocity of the laws prevents their execution.
Montesquieu.

L'empire, c'est la paix.—The empire, that is peace.
Napoleon III. *Speech, 1852.*

L'enfer des femmes, c'est la vieillesse.—Women's hell is old age.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maximes posthumes* (1693 *ed.*). *No. 641. Said to have been addressed by La Rochefoucauld to Ninon de Lenclos, his former mistress. She died in 1705, aged 90.*

L'ennui du beau amène le goût du singulier.—Satiety of what is beautiful induces a taste for the singular.
Pr.

L'envie est plus irréconcilable que la haine.—Envy is more irreconcilable than hatred.
La Rochefoucauld. *328.*

L'esprit d'escalier.—Wit on the staircase; after-wit (sometimes "pensée d'escalier").
Pr.

L'esprit de la conversation consiste bien moins à en montrer beaucoup, qu'à en faire trouver aux autres.—The genius of conversation consists much less in showing a great deal of it, than in causing it to be discovered in others.
La Bruyère.

L'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur.—The mind is always the dupe of the heart.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 102.*

L'esprit n'est point ému de ce qu'il ne croit pas.—The mind is not moved by that which it does not believe.
Boileau.

L'exemple est le plus grand de tous les séducteurs.—Example is the greatest of all the seducers.
Collin d'Harleville. *Mœurs du Jour., ii. 5.*

L'homme est de glace aux vérités ;
Il est de feu pour les mensonges.
—Man is like ice for truths ; for falsehoods he is all on fire.
La Fontaine.

L'état, c'est moi.—The State! That is myself.
Remark ascribed to Louis XIV.

L'exactitude est la politesse des rois.—Punctuality is the politeness of kings.
Maxim of Louis XVIII.

L'histoire des grands évènements de ce monde n'est guère que l'histoire des crimes.—The history of the great events of this world is scarcely more than the history of crimes.
Voltaire. *Essai sur les Mœurs, 23.*

L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs.—History is but a picture of crimes and misfortunes.
Voltaire. *Ingénu, ch. 10.*

L'homme absurde est celui qui ne change jamais.—The absurd man is he who never changes.
Barthélemy.

L'humilité est l'autel sur lequel Dieu veut qu'on lui offre des sacrifices.—Humility is the altar on which God wishes us to offer Him sacrifices.
De Rochefoucauld. *616.*

L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu.—Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 218.*

L'impromptu est justement la pierre de touche de l'esprit.—Impromptu is truly the touchstone of wit.
Molière. *Les précieuses ridicules, sc. 10.*

L'incrédulité est un croyance, une religion très exigeante.—Unbelief is a belief, a very exacting religion.
Alphonse Karr.

L'ironie est le fond du caractère de la Providence.—Irony is the foundation of the character of Providence.
Balzac. *Eugénie Grandet.*

L'obstination et ardeur d'opinion est la plus seure preuve de bestise : est il rien certain, resolu, desdaigneux, contemplatif, grave, serieux, comme l'asne ?—Obstinacy and heat of opinion are the surest proof of stupidity. Is there anything so assured, resolved, disdainful, contemplative, solemn, and serious, as the ass ?
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 8.*

L'oreille est le chemin du cœur.—The ear is the road to the heart.
Voltaire. *Réponse au Roi de Prusse.*

L'une des marques de la médiocrité d'esprit est de toujours conter.—One of the signs of mediocrity of mind is the habit of always telling stories.
La Bruyère.

La beauté, madame,
Ne plaît qu'aux yeux ; la douceur charme l'âme.
—Beauty, madam, pleases the eyes only ; sweetness of disposition charms the soul.
Voltaire. *Nanine, Act i. 1.*

La bonne fortune et la mauvaise sont nécessaires à l'homme pour le rendre habile.—Good fortune and bad are necessary to man to make him capable.
Pr.

La comédie humaine.—The human comedy.
Honoré de Balzac. *Title of his works, adopted 1842.*

La confiance fournit plus à la conversation que l'esprit.—Confidence does more to make conversation than wit.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 421.*

La conscience est la voix de l'âme, les passions sont la voix du corps.—Conscience is the voice of the soul ; the passions are the voice of the body.
Rousseau.

La constance n'est point la vertu d'un mortel,
Et pour être constant il faut être immortel.
—Constancy is not the virtue of a mortal, and to be constant one must be immortal.
Collin d'Harleville. *L'Inconstant, Act 1, sc. 10.*

La cour ne rend pas content; elle empêche qu'on ne le soit ailleurs.—The court does not make us happy; it prevents our being so anywhere else. **La Bruyère.**

La critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile.—Criticism is easy, and art is difficult. **Destouches.** *Glorieux, ii. 5.*

La curiosité naît de la jalousie.—Curiosity is born of jealousy. **Molière.** *Don Garcie de Navarre, ii. 5.*

La docte antiquité est toujours vénérable;
Je ne la trouve pas cependant adorable.
—Learned antiquity is always venerable; I do not, however, find it worthy of adoration.
Boileau.

La flatterie est comme la fausse monnaie, elle apauvrit celui qui la reçoit.—Flattery is like bad coin, it impoverishes those who receive it. **Mme. Woillez** (1785–1859).

La fortune, pour me combler de maux, me l'a enlevé.—Fortune in order to overwhelm me with woes has taken him away. **Fénelon.** *Télém., 4, 32.*

La France est une monarchie absolue, tempérée par des chansons.—France is an absolute monarchy, tempered by ballads. *Quoted by Champfort.*

La garde meurt et ne se rend pas.—The guard dies but does not surrender. **Rougemont.** *L'Indépendant, June 20, 1815. Attributed to Murat when called on to surrender; also to Cambronne at Waterloo.*

La gloire ne saurait être pour une femme qu'un deuil éclatant du bonheur.—For a woman glory can only be a splendid mourning for (lost) happiness. **Mme. de Staël.** "*Pensées détachées*" (*as recorded by F. Staaf*).

La goutte de rosée à l'herbe suspendue,
Y réfléchit un ciel aussi vaste, aussi pur,
Que l'immense océan dans ses plaines d'azur.
—The drop of dew which hangs from the blade of grass reflects a sky as vast and as pure as the immense ocean in its azure plains.
Lamartine.

La grammaire qui sait régenter jusqu'aux rois. — Grammar, which knows how to domineer even over kings. **Molière.** *Les Femmes savantes, i. 3.**

La grande ambition des femmes est, croyez-moi, d'inspirer de l'amour.—The great ambition of women, believe me, is to inspire love. **Molière.** *Le Sicilien, sc. 7.*

La grande nation.—The great nation (France). **Napoleon.** *Proclam., 1797* (*but used previously*).

La jeunesse devrait être une caisse d'épargne.—Youth ought to be a savings bank. **Madame Swetchine.**

La liberté, convive aimable,
Met les deux coudes sur la table.
—Liberty, delightful guest, plants both its elbows on the table. **Voltaire.**

La liberté est ancienne; c'est le despotisme qui est nouveau.—Liberty is ancient; it is despotism which is new. **Pr.**

La littérature des peuples commence par les fables et finit par les romans.—National literature begins with fables and ends with novels. **Joubert.**

La loi ne saurait égaliser les hommes malgré la nature.—Law has no power to equalise men in defiance of nature. **Vauvenargues.**

La maladie sans maladie.—Illness without illness; hypochondria. **Pr.**

La Médisance est la fille immortelle
De l'Amour-propre et de l'Oisiveté.
—Evil-speaking, the immortal daughter of self-love and idleness.
Voltaire. *A Madame la Marquise du Chatelet, Sur la Calomnie.*

La modération des foibles est médiocrité.—The moderation of the weak is mediocrity. **Vauvenargues.**

La montagne est passée; nous irons mieux. —The mountain is passed; now we shall get on better. *Last words of* **Frederick the Great.**

La moquerie est souvent l'indigence d'esprit. —Mockery is often poverty of wit. **La Bruyère.** *Les Caractères, ch. 5.*

La mort sans phrase.—Death without any phrase. **Abbé Sieyès** (*on voting for the death of Louis XVI., Jan., 1793*).

La nation ne fait pas corps en France; elle réside tout entière dans la personne du roi.—The nation does not form a corporate body in France; it exists all complete in the person of the king. **Louis XIV.**

La nature aime les croisements.—Nature delights in cross-breedings. **Fourier.**

La nature est inépuisable,
Et le travail infatigable
Est un dieu qui la rajeunit.
—Nature is inexhaustible and untiring labour is a god which rejuvenates her.
Voltaire. *Sur l'Ingratitude.*

La nature s'imite.—Nature imitates (or repeats) itself. **Pascal.**

La passion déprave, mais elle élève aussi.—Passion debases, but it also raises. **Lamartine.**

La patience est amère, mais le fruit en est doux.—Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet. **Rousseau.**

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* *See* "Ego sum rex Romanus," p. 521*b*.

La patience est l'art d'espérer.—Patience is the art of hoping. **Vauvenargues.**

La perfection marche lentement; il lui faut la main du temps.—Perfection walks slowly; she requires the hand of time. **Voltaire.**

La plupart des hommes emploient la première partie de leur vie à rendre l'autre misérable.—The majority of men employ the first portion of their life in making the other portion wretched. **La Bruyère.** *Les Caractères, 102.*

La plus part des occasions des troubles du monde sont grammairiennes.—The greater part of this world's troubles are due to questions of grammar. **Montaigne.** *Essais, Book 2, ch. 12.*

La police feminine a un train mysterieux; il faut le leur quitter.—Feminine policy has a mysterious method; it is better to leave it to them. **Montaigne.** *Essais, Book 3, ch. 5.*

La pompe des enterrements regarde plus la vanité des vivants que l'honneur des morts.—The pomp of funerals is more on account of the vanity of the living than for the honour of the dead. **La Rochefoucauld.** *No. 213 in 1655 ed. of "Maximes."* (*Suppressed in later editions.*)

La popularité c'est la gloire en gros sous.—Popularity is glory in copper pieces. **Victor Hugo.**

La prière est un cri d'espérance.—Prayer is a cry of hope. **A. de Musset.**

La propriété, c'est le vol.—Property, it is theft. **Proudhon.** *Principle of Right, ch. 1.**

La prospérité fait peu d'amis.—Prosperity makes few friends. **Vauvenargues.**

La prudence est toujours de saison.—Prudence is always in season. **Molière.** *Le Dépit amoureux, v. 9.*

La raison seule peut faire les lois obligatoires et durables.—Reason alone can make the laws obligatory and lasting. **Mirabeau.**

La recherche de la paternité est interdite.—Research into paternity is forbidden. **Code Napoléon.**

La reconnaissance est un fardeau, et tout fardeau est fait pour être secoué.—Gratitude is a burden, and every burden is made to be shaken off. **Diderot.**

La république des lettres.—The republic of letters. **Molière.** *Le Mariage forcé, sc. 6* (1664).

La roche Tarpéienne est prés du Capitole.—The Tarpeian rock (the place of execution) is near the Capitol (the place of official distinction). **Jouy-Spontini.**

La seule chose que nous ne savons point, est d'ignorer ce que nous ne pouvons savoir.—The only thing that we never know is to be ignorant of what we cannot know. **Rousseau.** *Émile, Book 4.*

La sotte chose qu'un vieillard abecedaire!—What a stupid thing is an old man learning an alphabet! **Montaigne.** *Book 2, ch. 28.**

La tempérance et le travail sont les deux vrais médecins de l'homme.—Temperance and labour are the two true physicians of man. **Rousseau.** *Émile, Book 1.*

La tulipe est une fleur sans âme; mais il semble que la rose et le lis en ait une.—The tulip is a flower without a soul; but it seems as though the rose and the lily had one. **Joubert.**

La vaillance a ses limites, comme les autres vertus.—Valour has its limits, like the other virtues. **Montaigne.** *Book 1, ch. 14.*

La vertu fut toujours en minorité sur la terre.—Virtue was always in a minority on the earth. **Robespierre.**

La vertu ne veult estre suyvie que pour elle mesme.—Virtue will not be followed except for her own sake. **Montaigne.** *Essais, Book 2, ch. 1.*

La vertu n'irait pas si loin, si la vanité ne lui tenait compagnie.—Virtue would not go so far if vanity did not keep her company. **La Rochefoucauld.** *Maxim 200.*

La vertu s'avilit à se justifier.—Virtue debases itself in justifying itself. **Voltaire.** *Œdipe, i. 4.*

La vieillesse nous attache plus des rides en l'esprit qu'en visage.—Old age plants more wrinkles in the mind than in the face. **Montaigne.**

La violence est juste où la douceur est vaine.—Violence is just where mildness is in vain. **Corneille.** *Héraclius, i. 2.*

Laissez dire les sots, le savoir a son prix.—Let the fools talk, knowledge has its value. **La Fontaine.** *Fables, 8, 19.*

Laissez faire, laissez passer!—Let it alone, let it pass! **Quesnay.**

Le bonheur des méchants comme un torrent s'écoule.—The happiness of the wicked disperses like a stream. **Racine.** *Athalie, 2, 7.*

Le bonheur ou le malheur vont d'ordinaire à ceux qui ont le plus de l'un ou de l'autre.—Happiness or misery generally go to those who have most of either the one or the other. **La Rochefoucauld.** *Maxims, Suppl., 3, 18.*

Le bonheur semble fait pour être partagé.—Happiness seems made to be shared. **Racine.**

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* "La propriété exclusive est un vol dans la nature." (Exclusive property is a theft in its nature.)—*Brissot*, 1780.

* From Seneca; *see* "Turpe senex," p. 673*b*.

Le bon sens vulgaire est un mauvais juge quand il s'agit des grandes choses.—Common sense is a bad judge when it deals with great matters. **Renan.**

Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte est pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne et ne dit mot.
—The coxcomb makes a disturbance; the fool makes lamentation; the honest man, when deceived, retires and says not a word.
La Noue. *Coquette corrigée, i. 3.*

Le chemin est long du projet à la close.—It is a long road from the initiation of a thing to its finish.
Molière. *Le Tartuffe, iii. 1.*

Le ciel me prive d'une épouse qui ne m'a jamais donné d'autre chagrin que celui de sa mort.—Heaven bereaves me of a wife who has never caused me any unhappiness save that of her death. **Louis XIV.** (*of his wife*).[*]

Le citoyen peut périr et l'homme rester.—The citizen may perish and the man remain. **Montesquieu.**

Le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!—Clericalism, that is the enemy!
Alphonse Peyrat (*d.* 1871). *Speech, 1859.*

Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connoit pas.—The heart has reasons of which reason has no knowledge.
Pascal. *Pensées, 2, 17, 5.*

Le cœur d'une femme est un vrai miroir, qui reçoit toutes sortes d'objets sans s'attacher à aucun.—A woman's heart is a true mirror, which receives the impression of all sorts of objects without attaching itself to any.[†] **Pr.**

Le corps politique, aussi bien que le corps de l'homme, commence à mourir dès sa naissance, et porte en lui-même les causes de sa destruction.—The body politic, like the human body, begins to die from its birth, and bears in itself the causes of its destruction.
Rousseau. *Contrat Social, Book 3, ch. 11.*

Le crime a ses héros; l'erreur a ses martyrs:
Du vrai zèle et du faux vains juges que nous sommes!
—Crime has its heroes, error has its martyrs; of the true zeal and the false what vain judges we are! **Voltaire.** *Henriade, 5.*

Le déjeuner fait bonne mémoire.—Breakfast makes good memory.
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Book 1, ch. 21.*

Le dépit amoureux.—Loving spite.
Molière. *Title of Comedy, 1654.*

Le désespoir comble non seulement notre misère, mais notre faiblesse.—Despair not only aggravates our misery, but our weakness.
Vauvenargues.

Le despotisme tempéré par l'assassinat, c'est notre *magna charta*.—Despotism tempered by assassination, that is our Magna Charta.[*]
Words of a Russian noble to Count Münster on the assassination of Paul I., Emperor of Russia, 1800.

Le divorce est le sacrement de l'adultère.—Divorce is the sacrament of adultery. **Pr.**

Le droit est au plus fort en amour comme en guerre,
Et la femme qu'on aime aura toujours raison.
—Right is with the strongest in love as well as in war, and the woman we love will always be in the right. **A. de Musset.** *Idylle.*

Le feu qui semble éteint souvent dort sous la cendre.—The fire which seems extinguished often slumbers beneath the ashes.
Corneille. *Rodogune, iii. 4.*

Le génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande aptitude à la patience.—Genius is nothing else but a great aptitude for patience.[†] **Buffon.**

Le grand monarque.—The great monarch. (Louis XIV.)

Le hasard est un sobriquet de la Providence.—Chance is a nickname for Providence.
Chamfort.

Le lit est une bonne chose;
Si l'on n'y dort, on y repose.
—Bed is a good thing; if one does not sleep, one rests on it. **Anon.**

Le malade n'est pas à plaindre, qui a la guarison en sa manche.—The sick man is not to be pitied who has a remedy in his sleeve (*i.e.* his arm, capable of work).
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 3.*

Le masque tombe, l'homme reste, et le héros s'évanouit.—The mask falls, the man remains, and the hero disappears.
J. B. Rousseau (1671–1741).

Le mauvais métier que celui de censeur.—A bad calling, that of censor. **Guy Patin.**

Le méchant n'est jamais comique.—The wicked person is never amusing. **De Maistre.**

Le médecin Tant-pis et le médecin Tant-mieux.—Doctor So-much-the-Worse and Doctor All-the-Better.
La Fontaine. *Fables, Book 5, 12.*

Le meilleur moyen de conserver vos amis est de rien leur devoir et de ne jamais leur prêter.—The best way to keep your friends is to never owe them anything and never lend them anything.
Paul de Kock. *Homme aux trois culottes, ch. 3.*

Le moindre grain de mil
Seroit bien mieux mon affaire.
—The smallest grain of meal would suit my necessity better (than this pearl).
La Fontaine. *Fables, Book 1, 20.*

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[*] *See* "Nihil unquam peccavit," etc., p. 593*a*.

[†] *See* Proverb, "The heart of the wise," p. 846*a*.

[*] France was long a despotism tempered by Epigrams.—*Carlyle: French Rev.*, Pt. 1, Bk. 2, 4.

[†] *See* Proverb, "Genius is patience"; also Carlyle: "Genius, which means transcendent capacity for taking trouble."

Le monde n'est qu'une bransloire perenne.—The world is but a perpetual see-saw.

Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 2.*

Le monde où l'on s'ennuie.—The world where one bores oneself.

Édouard Pailleron (1834–1899). *Title of Play, 1881.*

Le nom mesme de la Liberalité sonne Liberté.—The very name of Liberality sounds Liberty.

Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 6.*

Le nombre des élus au Parnasse est complet.—The number of the elect of Parnassus has been made up. **Anon.**

Le parjure est une vertu,
Lorsque le serment fut un crime.
—Perjury is a virtue when the oath was a crime. **Voltaire.**

Le pauvre n'est point libre ; il sert en tout pays.—The poor man is never free ; he serves in every country.

Voltaire. *Les Guèbres, iii. 1.*

Le pauvre homme !—Poor man !

Molière. (*Catchword in*) *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.*

Le peuple anglais pense être libre, il se trompe fort ; il ne l'est que durant l'élection des membres du parlement. Sitôt qu'ils sont elus, il est esclave, il n'est rien. Dans les courts moments de sa liberté, l'usage qu'il en fait mérite bien qu'il en perde.—The English people fancy they are free ; it is only during the election of Members of Parliament that they are so. As soon as these are elected the people are slaves, they are nothing. In the brief moments of their liberty the use made of it fully deserves that it should be lost.

Rousseau. *Contrat Social, Book 3, ch. 15.*

Le plaisir le plus délicat est de faire celui d'autrui.—The most delicious pleasure is to cause that of other people. **La Bruyère.**

Le plus lent à promettre est toujours le plus fidèle à tenir.—The slowest in promising is always the most faithful in fulfilling.

Rousseau.

Le plus sage est celui qui ne pense point l'être.—The wisest man is he who does not fancy that he is so at all. **Boileau.** *Sat. 4, 46.*

Le plus semblable aux morts meurt le plus à regret.—He who is most like the dead dies with most regret. **Boileau.**

Le plus véritable marque d'être né avec de grandes qualités, c'est d'être né sans envie.—The truest sign of being born with great qualities is to be born without envy.

La Rochefoucauld. *433.*

Le premier et le plus respectable de tous les arts est l'agriculture.—The first and most respectable of all the arts is agriculture.

Rousseau. *Emile, Book 3.*

Le premier soupir de l'amour
Est le dernier de la sagesse.
—The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom.

Antoine Bret. *Ecole amoureuse, sc. 7.*

Le présent est aride et trouble, l'avenir est caché. Toute la richesse, toute la splendeur, toute la grâce du monde est dans le passé.—The present is dry and dreary ; the future is hidden. All the richness, all the splendour, all the grace of the world is in the past.

Anatole France. *La Vie en Fleur, ch. 3.*

Le présent est gros de l'avenir.—The present is big with the future. **Leibnitz.**

Le public ! Combien faut-il de sots pour faire un public ?—The public ! How many fools does it take to make a public.

Chamfort. *Maxims.*

Le réel est étroit, le possible est immense.—The actual is limited, the possible is immense.

Lamartine.

Le refus des louanges est un désir d'être loué deux fois.—The refusal of praise is a wish to be praised twice.

La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 149.*

Le repos est une bonne chose, mais l'ennui est son frère.—Repose is a good thing, but boredom is its brother. **Voltaire.**

Le roi est mort ; vive le roi !—The king is dead. Long live the king. **Pr.**

Le roi le veut.—The king wills it.[*]

Formula of royal assent as signified by the King to Parliament.

Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas.—The king reigns and does not govern.

Thiers (*on the accession of Louis Philippe*).

Le roi s'avisera.—The king will consider of it. *Old Formula of Veto.*

Le sens commun n'est pas si commun.—Common sense is not so common. **Voltaire.**

Le silence est l'esprit des sots,
Et une des vertus du sage.
—Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise. **Bonnard.**

Le silence et la modestie sont qualitez tres commodes à la conversation.—Silence and modesty are very valuable qualities in the art of conversation.

Montaigne. *Essais, Book 1, ch. 25.*

Le soleil ni la mort ne se peuvent regarder fixement.—Neither the sun nor death can be looked on without flinching.

La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 26.*

Le sombre Anglais, même dans ses amours,
Veut raisonner toujours.
On est plus raisonable en France.
—The gloomy Englishman, even in his loves, always wants to reason. We are more reasonable in France.

Voltaire. *Les Originaux* (1732), *Entrée des Diverses Nations* (*ad fin.*).

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[*] *See* "What the King Wishes," p. 868*b*.

Le sort fait les parents ; le choix fait les amis.—Chance makes relations ; choice makes friends. **Delille.**

Le style est l'homme même.—The style is the man himself.
Buffon. *Academy Discourse, 1753.**

Le temps n'épargne pas ce qu'on fait sans lui.—Time spares nothing that has been done without him (*i.e.* that has been done without taking time). **Favolle.**

Le travail est souvent le père du plaisir.—Labour is often the father of pleasure.
Voltaire. *Discours, No. 4.*

Le trident de Neptune est le sceptre du monde.—The trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world. **Lemierre.** *Commerce.*

Le vivre et le couvert, que faut-il davantage ?—Life and good living—what do we want beside ? **La Fontaine.**

Le vrai moyen d'être trompé, c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres.—The surest way to be cheated is to think oneself cleverer than other people.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 127.*

Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.—The true may be sometimes not quite like the truth. **Boileau.**

Les abeilles pillotent deçà delà les fleurs ; mais elles en font aprez le miel, qui est tout leur ; ce n'est plus thym, ny marjolaine : ainsi les pieces empruntees d' aultruy, il les transformera et confondra pour en faire un ouvrage tout sien.—The bees pillage the flowers here and there, but they make honey of them which is all their own ; it is no longer thyme or marjolaine : so the pieces borrowed from others he will transform and mix up into a work all his own.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 1, ch. 25.*

Les affaires ? C'est bien simple : c'est l'argent des autres.—Business ? it is a simple matter ; it is other people's money.
Dumas the Younger.

Les amis de mes amis sont mes amis.—The friends of my friends are my friends. **Pr.**

Les Anglais, nation trop fière,
S'arrogent l'empire des mers ;
Les Français, nation légère,
S'emparent de celui des airs.
—The English, a nation too proud, arrogate to themselves the empire of the sea ; the French, a flighty nation, assume that of the air.
Epigram attrib. to **Louis XVIII.** (*when Comte de Provence*) ; *said to have been written in 1783* (*apropos of ballooning.*)

Les belles morts fournissent de beaux discours aux vivants, et peu de consolations à ceux qui meurent.—Fine deaths furnish fine discourses to the living, and little consolation to those who die. **Saint-Évremond.**

Les choses ne valent que ce qu'on les fait valoir.—Things are only worth what one makes them worth.
Molière. *Les Précieuses ridicules, sc. 10.*

Les choses nous sont plus chères, qui nous ont plus cousté.—The things are most dear to us which have cost us most.
Montaigne. *Essais, 2, 8.*

Les choses valent toujours mieux dans leur source.—Things are always at their best in their beginning.
Pascal. *Lettres provinciales, 2.*

Les délicats sont malheureux :
Rien ne sauroit les satisfaire.
—The dainty are unfortunate ; nothing is able to satisfy them. **La Fontaine.** *Fables, 2, 1.*

Les enfants devinent ceux qui les aiment ; c'est un don de la nature que l'on perd en grandissant.—Children divine those who love them ; it is a gift of nature which we lose as we grow up.
Paul de Kock. *Homme aux trois Culottes, ch. 12.*

Les esprits médiocres condamnent d'ordinaire tout ce qui passe leur portée.—Mediocrities generally condemn everything which passes their understanding.
La Rochefoucauld. *375.*

Les femmes ne sont gueres propres à traicter les matieres de la theologie.—Women are hardly fit to treat on matters of theology.
Montaigne. *Book 1, ch. 56.*

Les femmes n'ont pas de rang.—Women have no rank. *Saying of Napoleon I.*

Les femmes ont toujours quelque arrière-pensée.—Women always have some idea kept in the background.
Destouches. *Dissipateur, v. 9.*

Les femmes ont un instinct céleste pour le malheur.—Women have a heavenly instinct for (sympathising with) misfortune. **Pr.**

Les gens Anglais sont gens qui se défendent. —The English people are people who defend themselves. **Voltaire.** *La Pucelle, 10.*

Les gens qui ne veulent rien faire de rien n'avancent rien, et ne sont bons à rien.—People who wish to make nothing of anything advance nothing and are good for nothing.
Beaumarchais. *Barbier de Séville.*

Les gens qui ont peu d'affaires sont de très grands parleurs.—Folks who have little business are very great talkers. **Pr.**

Les grands mangeurs de viande sont en général cruels et féroces plus que les autres hommes. . . La barbarie anglaise est connue.—Great eaters of meat are in general more cruel and ferocious than other men. The cruelty of the English is known.
Rousseau. *Émile, Book 2.*

Les grands ne sont grands que parceque nous sommes à genoux. Relevons-nous !—Great people are only great because we are on our knees. Let us rise !
Quoted by **Prudhomme.**

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* *See* p. 453*b*.

Les grands seigneurs ont des plaisirs, le peuple a de la joie.—Great lords have pleasures, the people have joy. **Montesquieu.**

Les gueux, les gueux,
Sont les gens heureux ;
Ils s'aiment entre eux.
Vivent les gueux!

—The beggars, the beggars, are the happy folk ; they love one another. Long live the beggars! **Béranger.** *Les Gueux* (1812).

Les heures sont faictes pour l'homme, et non l'homme pour les heures.—The hours are made for man, and not man for the hours. (An argument used by the monk against method and punctuality.)
Rabelais. *Gargantua, 1, 42.*

Les hommes font les lois, les femmes font les mœurs.—Men make laws, women make manners. **Guibert.**

Les hommes fripons en détail, sont en gros de très honnêtes gens.—Men who are rascals severally, are highly worthy people in the mass. **Montesquieu.**

Les hommes sont la cause que les femmes ne s'aiment point.—Men are the cause of women not loving each other
La Bruyère. *Caractères, 55.*

Les idées générales et abstraites sont la source des plus grandes erreurs des hommes.—General and abstract ideas are the source of the greatest errors of mankind.
Rousseau. *Émile, Book 4.*

Les lois sont toujours utiles à ceux qui possèdent, et nuisibles à ceux qui n'ont rien. —Laws are always useful to those who possess and vexatious to those who have nothing.
Rousseau. *Contrat Social, Book 1, ch. 9.* (*footnote*).

Les loix de la conscience, que nous disons naistre de nature, naissent de la coustume.—The laws of conscience, which we say are born of nature, are born of custom.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 1, ch. 22.*

Les maîtres, sans mentir, sont étrangement faits !
Ils sont pleins de défauts, et nous veulent parfaits.

—Masters, to tell the truth, are queerly fashioned. They are full of faults and they wish us to be perfect.
Collin d'Harleville. *L'Inconstant, ii. 2.*

Les maximes des hommes décèlent leur cœur.—Men's maxims reveal their hearts.
Vauvenargues.

Les mots s'illuminent quand le doigt du poëte y fait passer son phosphore.—Words become luminous when the poet's finger has passed over them its phosphorescence.
J. Joubert.

Les passions sont les seuls orateurs qui persuadent toujours.—The passions are the only orators which always persuade.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 8.*

Les petits chagrins rendent tendre ; les grands dur et farouche.—Little griefs make us tender ; great ones make us hard and unfeeling. **André Chènier.**

Les plus courtes erreurs sont toujours les meilleures.—The shortest mistakes are always the best.* **Molière.** *Étourdi, iv. 4.*

Les querelles ne dureraient pas longtemps si le tort n'était que d'un côté.—Quarrels would not last long if the wrong were only on one side. **La Rochefoucauld.** *Maxim 496.*

Les républiques finissent par le luxe ; les monarchies par la pauvreté.—Republics come to an end through luxury ; monarchies through poverty. **Montesquieu.**

Les rivières sont des chemins qui marchent. —Rivers are roads which move. **Pascal.**

Les talents sont distribués par la nature, sans égard aux généalogies.—Talents are distributed by nature without regard to pedigrees.
Frederick the Great.

Les traductions augmentent les fautes d'un ouvrage et en gâtent les beautés.—Translations increase the faults of a work and spoil its beauties.
Voltaire. *Essai sur la Poésie épique, ch. 2.*

Les utopies ne sont souvent que des vérités prématuriées.—Utopias are often only premature truths. **Lamartine.**

Les vérités sont des fruits qui ne doivent être cueillis que bien mûrs.—Truths are fruits which ought not to be plucked except when quite ripe. **Pr.**

Les vers sont enfants de la lyre ;
Il faut les chanter, non les lire.

—Verses are children of the lyre ; they should be sung and not read. **Anon.**

Les vertus se perdent dans l'intérêt, comme les fleuves se perdent dans la mer.—Virtues lose themselves in self-interest, as streams lose themselves in the sea.
La Rochefoucauld. *171.*

Les villes sont le gouffre de l'espèce humaine.—Towns are the sink of the human race. **Rousseau.** *Emile, Book 1.*

Lever à cinq, diner à neuf ;
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf.

—Rise at five, dine at nine ; sup at five, to bed at nine. (Rabelais, himself a doctor, says that these are the canonical hours, " according to the doctors.")
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 4, ch. 64.*

Liberté, égalité, fraternité.—Liberty, equality, fraternity.
Watchword of French Revolution.

Ma vie est un combat.—My life is a strife.
Voltaire. *Le Fanatisme, ii, 3.*†

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* " Les plus courtes folies sont les meilleures."—*Charron* (1541–1603) : *La Sagesse*, Book 1, 38.

† *See* " Vivere, mi Lucili," p. 686*a*.

Mais à ses ennemis pardonner les vertus,
C'est un plus grand miracle, et qui ne se fait plus.
—But to forgive our enemies their virtues—that is a greater miracle, and one which no longer happens.
Voltaire. *Discours sur la vraie Vertu.*

Mais malheur à l'auteur qui veut toujours instruire !
Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.
—But woe to the author who is always wanting to instruct; the secret of boring is that of saying everything.
Voltaire. *Discours. No. 6.*

Mais on revient toujours
A ses premiers amours.
—But one always returns to one's first love.
Introduced in this form in Etienne's comic opera "Joconde," iii. 1 (1814).[*]

Mari qui veut surprendre est souvent fort surpris.—The husband who desires to surprise is often very much surprised himself.
Voltaire. *La Femme qui a Raison, ii. 2.*

Mariage de convenance.—A marriage of convenience—a marriage for monetary considerations.

Matière de breviaire.—Matter of the breviary (*i.e.* elementary theology).
Rabelais. *Pantagruel.*

Me demandez vous d'où vient cette coutume de benir ceux qui esternuent ?—Do you ask me whence comes that custom of blessing those who sneeze ?[†]
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 5, ch. 6.*

Médiocre et rampant, et l'on arrive à tout. —Mediocre and cringing, and one gets everything.
Beaumarchais. *Barbier de Séville, iii. 7.*

Médiocrité est en tous cas louée.—Mediocrity is praised in all cases.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 3, ch. 13.*

Même le grand Napoléon ne pouvait pas dîner deux fois.—Even the great Napoleon could not dine twice.[‡]
Alphonse Karr. *Le Chemin le Plus Court.*

Mieulx est de ris que de larmes escrire,
Pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme.
—Better is it to write of laughter than of tears, since laughter is the natural function of man.
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Prologue.*

Moi, moi dis-je, et c'est assez.—I, I say it, and that is enough.
Corneille.

Mon mestier et mon art, c'est vivre.—To live is my business and my art.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 6.*

Ne sont que trois matières à nul homme entendant,
De France, de Bretagne, et de Rome la grand.
—There are only three matters of concern to any man: Of France, of Britain, and of Rome the great.
13th Century lines. (M. de la Villemarque, in his remarks on the *Romances of the Round Table*, says that these lines exhibit the triple motive from which the poets of the Middle Age delighted to draw their infinite varieties.)

N'est on jamais tyran qu'avec un diadème ? —Is a man never a tyrant except with a crown ?
Chenier.

Nature n'a créé l'homme que pour prester et emprunter.—Nature has only created man to lend and to borrow.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Bk. 3, ch. 4.*

Non comme de la conscience d'un ange ou d'un cheval, mais comme de la conscience d'un homme.—Not as of the conscience of an angel or a horse, but as of the conscience of a man.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 2.*

Notre meilleur ami, c'est encor le travail.—Our best friend is ever work.
Collin d'Harleville. *Mœurs du Jour, i. 4.*

Nous avons changé tout cela.—We have changed all that.
Molière. *Le Médecin malgré lui, ii. 6.*[*]

Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui.—We have all sufficient strength to bear other people's troubles.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 19.*

Nous dansons sur un volcan.—We are dancing upon a volcano.
M. de Sulvandy. (*Before the revolution of 1830.*)

Nous ne sommes pas si misérables, comme nous sommes vils.—We are not so miserable as we are vile.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 1, ch. 50.*

Nous ne trouvons guère de gens de bons sens que ceux qui sont de notre avis.—We scarcely ever find any people of good sense, excepting those who are of our own opinion.
La Rochefoucauld, *347.*

Nous ne vivons jamais, mais nous espérons de vivre.—We never live, but we hope to live.
Pascal.

O cuider ! combien tu nous empesches.—O belief ! how much you block our way !
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 12.*

O l'amour d'une mère ! amour que nul n'oublie !—Oh, the love of a mother, love which none can forget !
Victor Hugo.

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[*] The original version seems to have been :
On pense, on pense encore
À celle qu'on adore,
Et l'on revient toujours
À ses premiers amours.
The strictly grammatical form is "premières amours," *amour* being held to be feminine in the plural.

[†] Montaigne explains that the reason is that the breath thus discharged from the head is blameless, and so meets with this favourable reception. "Do not scoff at this subtlety," he adds; "it comes, so they say, from Aristotle." In Dr. Fuller's *Gnomologia* (1733) is the proverb: "He's a friend at a sneeze; the most you can get of him is a 'God bless you !'"

[‡] There is a Spanish proverb which occurs in *Don Quixote*, "No stomach is bigger than another by a span.

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[*] Said by the sham physician to justify his mistake as to the relative positions of the heart and liver.

O liberté ! que de crimes on commêt dans ton nom !—O Liberty ! how many crimes are committed in thy name ! *
Ascribed to **Madame Roland** *on the scaffold.*

On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi. —One often has need of someone less than oneself. **La Fontaine.** *Fables, 2, 11.*

On affaiblit tout ce qu'on exagère.—One weakens everything which one exaggerates.
La Harpe.

On aime bien à deviner les autres, mais l'on aime pas à être deviné.—We are very fond of estimating others, but we do not like to be estimated ourselves.
La Rochefoucauld, *574.*

On aime mieux dire du mal de soi-même que de n'en point parler.—We would rather speak ill of ourselves than not speak of ourselves at all. **La Rochefoucauld,** *138.*

On aime sans raison, et sans raison l'on hait. —People love without reason, and without reason they hate.
Regnard. *Les Folies amoureuses.*

On commence par être dupe,
On finit par être fripon.
—One begins by being a dupe, one ends by being a rascal.
Madame Deshoulières (*on gambling*).

On croit quelquefois haïr la flatterie, mais on ne hait que la manière de flatter.—We believe sometimes that we hate flattery, but we really hate only the manner of flattering.
La Rochefoucauld, *329.*

On doit des égards aux vivants ; on ne doit aux morts que la vérité.—One owes regard to the living ; one only owes truth to the dead.
Mothe (*adapted*).†

On entre, on crie,
Et c'est la vie !
On bâille, on sort,
Et c'est la mort !
—We come and we cry, and that is life ; we yawn and we depart, and that is death !
Ausone de Chancel. *Lines in an Album, 1836.*

On est aisément dupé par ce qu'on aime.—We are easily duped by what we love.
Molière. *Le Tartuffe, iv. 3.*

On est d'ordinaire plus médisant par vanité que par malice.—We are usually more inclined to evil-speaking through vanity, than through malice. **La Rochefoucauld,** *483.*

On n'est jamais si heureux ni si malheureux qu'on s'imagine.—People are never so happy or so unhappy as they fancy themselves.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 49.*

On ne donne rien si libéralement que ses conseils.—One gives nothing so liberally as advice. **La Rochefoucauld.**

On ne gouverne les hommes qu'en les servant. Le règle est sans exception.—You can only govern men by serving them. The rule is without exception. **V. Cousin** (*1792–1867*).

On ne loue d'ordinaire que pour être loué. —We usually praise only that we may be praised.
La Rochefoucauld, *146.*

On ne peut contenter tout le monde et son père.—A person cannot satisfy all the world and his father.
La Fontaine. (*Adapted.*) *Fables, 3, 1.*

On pardonne aisément un tort que l'on partage.—We pardon easily a wrong in which we participate. **Jouy.**

On peult couvrir les actions secrettes ; mais de taire ce que tout le monde sçait, et les choses qui ont tiré des effects publics et de telle consequence, c'est un default inexcusable. —One may cover over secret actions, but to be silent on what all the world knows, and things which have had effects which are public and of so much consequence, is an inexcusable defect.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 10. (Of the duty of historians.)*

On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire.—One may say that his wit sparkles at the expense of his memory.
Le Sage. *Gil Blas, ch. 11.*

On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais non pas plus fin que tous les autres.—A man may outwit another, but not all the others.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 394.*

On sait assez qu'il ne faut guère parler de sa femme, mais on ne sait pas assez qu'on devroit encore moins parler de soi.—We know well enough that we should scarcely ever speak of our wives, but we do not well enough know that we should speak still less of ourselves.
La Rochefoucauld, *364.*

On spécule sur tout, même sur la famine.—People speculate over everything, even over famine. **Armand Charlemagne.**

Ôtez à nos savants le plaisir de se faire écouter, le savoir ne sera rien pour eux.—Take away from our learned men the pleasure of making themselves heard, learning would then be nothing to them.
Rousseau. *Julie, Pt. 1. Letter 12.*

Ôtez de nos cœurs cet amour du beau, vous ôtez tout le charme de la vie.—Take away from our hearts that love of the beautiful, and you take away all the charm of life.
Rousseau. *Émile, Book 4.*

Ôtez l'amour de la vie vous en ôtez les plaisirs.—Take love away from life and you take away its pleasures.
Molière. *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Dialogue between Acts i. and ii.*

Où sont les neiges d'antan ?—Where are last year's snows ? **F. Villon.**

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* The actual expression used is said to have been "O liberté, comme on t'a jouée !"—"O Liberty, how thou hast been played with !"

† Motto of the *Biographie universelle.*

Paige . . . tiens ici mon bonnet . . . et va en la basse court jurer une petite demie heure pour moy. Je jureray pour toy quand tu vouldras.—Page, . . . take my hat . . . and go down into the courtyard and swear for me for just a short half-hour. I will swear for you when you wish it.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 3, ch. 36.*

Par don on a pardon.—By gift one gets pardon. **Old Proverb.**

Parfait Anglais, voyageant sans dessin,
Achetant cher de modernes antiques,
Regardant tout avec un air hautain,
Et méprisant les saints et leurs reliques.
—A perfect Englishman, travelling without motive, buying modern antiques at great cost, looking at everything in a superior manner, and despising the saints and their relics.
Voltaire. *La Pucelle* (1755), *Chant 8.*

Paris est bon pour voir ;
Lyon pour avoir ;
Toulouse pour apprendre ;
Et Bordeaux pour dispendre.
—Paris is good for seeing ; Lyons for having ; Toulouse for learning ; and Bordeaux for spending. *Old Rhyme.*

Passez moi la rhubarbe, et je vous passerai le séné.—Pass me the rhubarb, and I will pass you the senna. (Say nothing of my faults and I will say nothing of yours.) **Molière.**

Patenostre du singe.—The monkey's paternoster.
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Book 1, ch. 11.* (*Proverbial expression for muttering between the teeth.*)

Patience passe science.—Patience passes science. **Motto** *of Boscawen family.*

Peche qui de luy mal pense.—He sins who thinks evil of him.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 3, ch. 46.*

Pendant que combaterez, je prieray Dieu pour vostre victoire, à l'exemple du chevaleureux capitaine Moses, conducteur du people israélicque.—Whilst you are fighting (said Panurge) I will pray God for your victory, after the example of the chivalrous Captain Moses, leader of the people of Israel.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 4, ch. 37.*

Pense ce que tu veux, dis ce que tu dois.—Think what you like, say what you ought. **Pr.**

Personne n'est exempt de dire des fadaises ; le malheur est de les dire curieusement.—No one is exempt from talking nonsense ; the misfortune is to do it solemnly (*i.e.* carefully ; with premeditation).
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 1.*

Petite ville, grand renom.—Small town, great renown.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 5, ch. 35.* (*Of Chinon, Rabelais's native town.*)

Peu d'hommes ont esté admirez par leurs domestiques.—Few men have been admired by their servants.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, 2.*

Peu de gens savent être vieux.—Few people know how to be old.
La Rochefoucauld, *423.*

Philosopher c'est doubter.—Philosophy is doubt. *Quoted as a saying by* **Montaigne.** *Essais, Book 2, ch. 3.*

Plus je vis l'étranger, plus j'aimai ma patrie.—The more I saw of foreign countries, the more I loved my country.
Dormont de Belloy. *Siège de Calais* (1765).

Plus je vois les hommes, plus j'admire les chiens.—The more I see of men, the more I admire dogs.
Anon. *Attrib. to Madame Roland.*[*]

Plus on approche les grands hommes, plus on trouve qu'ils sont hommes.—The more one approaches great men the more one finds that they are men. **La Bruyère.**

Pour avoir du goût il faut avoir de l'âme.—To have taste one must have soul.
Vauvenargues.

Pour encourager les autres.—To encourage the others. **Pr.** *See ante,* " Dans ce pays."

Pour faire plutôt mal que bien,
Frère Lubin le fera bien.
Mais si c'est quelque bonne affaire,
Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.
—In rather doing ill than well,
Brother Lubin did excel.
But as for doing something good,
Brother Lubin never could. **Marot.**

Pour paraître honnête homme, en un mot il faut être.—To appear an honest man, in one word you must be one. **Boileau.**

Puisque nous ne la pouvons aveindre, vengeons nous à en mesdire.—Since we cannot attain to it, let us avenge ourselves by abusing it. **Montaigne.** *Essais, Book 3, ch. 7* ("*On the Inconvenience of Greatness.*")

Qu'est-ce qu'un noble ? Un homme qui s'est donné la peine de naître.—What is a noble ? A man who has given himself the trouble of being born. **Beaumarchais.**

Qu'il faut à chaque mois,
Du moins s'enivrer une fois.—Every month one should get drunk at least once.[†] **Pr.**

Qu'on me donne six lignes écrites de la main de plus honnête homme, j'y trouverai de quoi le faire pendre.—Give me six lines written by the hand of a most honourable man, and I will find in them something to cause him to be hanged. **Richelieu.**

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[*] In a letter to John Forster (1850) Count Alfred d'Orsay wrote : " Lamartine me disait hier, ' Plus je vois des représentants du peuple, plus j'admire mes chiens.' " (Lamartine said to me yesterday, The more I see of the representatives of the people, the more I admire my dogs.)

[†] In *The Times Whistle* (c. 1614) reference is made (l. 2113, *et. seq.*) to " a great phisitian " who had prescribed some days [illegible] it was necessary for the body's better health " to drink drunk." He may be a " good phisitian," says the writer, but he is certainly " a bad Christian."

Quand celui à qui l'on parle ne comprend pas, et celui qui parle ne se comprend pas, c'est de la métaphysique.—When he to whom one speaks does not understand, and when he who speaks does not understand himself, that is metaphysics.* **Voltaire.**

Quand les vices nous quittent, nous nous flattons que c'est nous qui les quittons.—When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that it is we who leave them.
La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim 192.*

Quand on a bonne table on a toujours raison.—When one has a good table, one is always in the right.
Collin d'Harleville. *M. de Crac, sc. 4.*

Quand on connoit le défaut d'un homme à qui l'on veut plaire, il faut être bien maladroit pour n'y pas reussir.—When you know the failing of a man whom you want to please, you must be very clumsy if you do not succeed.
Le Sage. *Gil Blas, Book 8, ch. 2.*

Quand on est mort c'est pour longtemps.—When one is dead, it is for a long time. **Pr.**

Quand tout le monde a tort, tout le monde a raison.—When everyone is wrong, everyone is right.
La Chaussée. *La Gouvernante, i. 3.*

Quand une lecture vous élève l'esprit, et qu'elle vous inspire des sentiments nobles et courageux, il est bon, et fait de main d'ouvrier.—When a work raises your soul and inspires you with noble and brave sentiments, it is good, and done by the hand of a workman.
La Bruyère.

Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère ?—What the devil was he doing in this galley ?
Molière. *Fourberies de Scapin, ii. 1.* (*Borrowed from Cyrano's "Pedant joué."*)

Que j'aime la hardiesse anglaise ! que j'aime les gens qui disent ce qu'ils pensent.—How I love English boldness ! how I love the people who say what they think ! **Voltaire.**

Que la Suisse soit libre, et que nos noms perissent !—Let Switzerland be free, and let our names perish ! **Lemierre.**

Que le feu soit le grand maistre des ars, comme escrit Cicero.—That fire is the great master of arts, as Cicero writes.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel, Book 4, ch. 57.*

Que les gens de l'esprit sont bêtes !—What silly people wits are ! **Beaumarchais.** *Barbier de Séville, Act i. 1.*

Que mon nom soit flétri ; que la France soit libre !—Let my name wither, so long as France be free !
Attrib. to **Danton**, *March, 1793* (*see Carlyle's "French Rev.," Part 3, Book 3, 4*).

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* In a letter to Frederick, King of Prussia, 1737, Voltaire says that metaphysics consist of two parts, the first "all that men of good sense know," the second "that which they can never know."

Quel est-il en effet ? C'est un verre qui luit,
Qu'un souffle peut detruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.
—What is it (the world), in fact ? A glass which shines, which a breath can destroy, and which a breath has produced.*
De Caux. *L'Horloge de Sable* (1745).

Querelle d'Allemand.—A German quarrel.
Prov. expression, explained (*1758*) *as meaning an unjust quarrel.*

Qui a vu le cour a vu du monde.—Who has seen the court has seen something of the world.
La Bruyère.

Qui bien aime à tard oublie.—Who loves well is slow to forget.
Old saying (*probably title or refrain of a song*). *Quoted by Chaucer* (*"Parlement of Foules," l. 677*), *and of frequent occurrence.*

Qui brille au second rang s'éclipse au premier.—Who shines in the second rank will be eclipsed in the first.
Pr. *See Voltaire : Henriade* (1728), *1, 31.*

Qui ne sait se borner, ne sut jamais écrire.—Who does not know how to limit himself, can never have known how to write.
Boileau.

Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,
Il est, le fut, ou le doit être.
Voltaire. *Inscription for a Statue of Cupid. See translation by Lord Lansdowne, p.* 153*a*.

Qui sert bien son pays n'a pas besoin d'aieux.—Who serves his country well has no need of ancestors. **Voltaire.**

Qui veid jamais vieillesse qui ne louast le temps passé, et ne blamast le present ?—Whoever saw old age which did not praise the past time, and blame the present ?
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 2, ch. 13.*

Qui veut voyager loin ménage sa monture.—Who wishes to travel far spares his steed.
Racine. *Plaideurs, i. 1.*

Quiconque rougit est déjà coupable ; la vraie innocence n'a honte de rien.—Whoso blushes is guilty already ; true innocence is ashamed of nothing.
Rousseau. *Emile, Book 4.*

Quoique leurs chapeaux soient bien laids,
Goddam ! moi j'aime les Anglais.
—In spite of their hats being very ugly, Goddam ! I love the English.
Béranger. *Les Boxeurs* (1814).

Racine passera comme le café.—Racine will pass (out of fashion) like coffee.
Madame de Sevigné.

Raisonner sur l'amour c'est perdre la raison.—To reason about love is to lose one's reason.
Bouflers (1737–1815).

Reine d'un jour.—Queen for one day.

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* *See* "A breath can make them as a breath has made" (Goldsmith, p. 148*a*).

Retournons à nos moutons.—Let us get back to our sheep (*i.e.* going back to our subject).
Rabelais. *Pantagruel* (1545), *Book 3, 34.*[*]

Revenons à nos moutons.—Let us get back to our sheep; let us return to our subject.
Later form of the foregoing.

Rien n'empêche tant d'être naturel que l'envie de la paroitre.—Nothing so much hinders being natural as the longing to appear so.
La Rochefoucland, *431.*

Rien ne persuade tant les gens qui ont peu de sens que ce qu'ils n'entendent pas.—Nothing persuades people of small understanding so much as that which they cannot understand. **Cardinal Retz** (1614–1679).

Rien n'est si dangereux qu'un ignorant ami;
Mieux vaudrait un sage ennemi.
—Nothing is so dangerous as an ignorant friend. Better is it to have a wise enemy.
La Fontaine. *Fables, 8, 10.*

Rien ne chatouille qui ne pince.—Nothing gives pleasure but that which gives pain.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 12.*

Rien ne pèse tant qu'un secret.—Nothing weighs so heavily as a secret.
La Fontaine. *Fables, 8, 6.*

Rien ne sert de courir; il faut partir à point.—Running is of no use; the thing is to start in time. **La Fontaine.** *Fables, 6, 10.*

Riez donc, beau rieur.—Laugh away, you fine laugher.
Molière. *L'école des Maris, i. 3.*

Sans aucune affaire est toujours affairé.—And without any sort of business is for ever busy. **Molière.** *Le Misanthrope, ii. 5.*

Sans le goût, le génie n'est qu'une sublime folie.—Without taste genius is but sublime folly. **Chateaubriand.**

Sans les femmes le commencement de notre vie seroit privé de secours, le milieu de plaisirs, et le fin de consolation.—Without women the beginning of our life would be deprived of assistance, the middle portion of pleasure, and the end of consolation.
Victor J. E. Jouy (1764–1846).

Sans peur et sans reproche.—Without fear and without reproach.
Description of the Chevalier Bayard (d. 1524).

Savoir dissimuler est le savoir des rois.—To know how to dissimulate is the knowledge of kings.
Richelieu. *Mirame.* (*See* "Qui nescit.")

Science sans expérience
N'apporte pas grande assurance.
—Science without experience does not bring much confidence.
Stated to be one of "*Paré's canons.*"[†]

Se moquer de la philosophie, c'est vraiment philosopher.—To ridicule philosophy is truly to be a philosopher. **Pascal.**

Sers ton mary comme ton maistre,
Et t'en garde comme d'un traistre.
—Serve your husband as your master, and beware of him as of a traitor.
Rhyme quoted by **Montaigne,** *Book 3, ch. 5.*

Shakespeare est un sauvage avec des etincelles de génie qui brillent dans une nuit horrible.—Shakespeare is a savage with sparks of genius which shine in a dreadful darkness of night.
Voltaire. *Irène* (1778). *Preliminary Letter.*

S'il est vrai, il peut être.—It may be, if it is true. **Pr.**

Si ce n'est toi, c'est donc ton frère.—If it is not you, it is your brother then.
La Fontaine. *Fables, Book 1, 10.*

Si Dieu n'est pas dans nous, il n'exista jamais.—If God is not in us, He never existed.
Voltaire. *La Loi Naturelle. Exordium.*

Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.—If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him.
Voltaire. (*Poem to the Author of* "*Les trois imposteurs,*" 1771.)

Simple en était la noble architecture;
Chaque ornement, à sa place arrêté,
Y semblait mis par la necessité.
—Simple was its noble architecture. Each ornament arrested, as it were, in its position. seemed to have been placed there of necessity.
Voltaire. *Le Temple du Goût.*

Si nous n'avions point de défauts, nous ne prendrions pas tant de plaisir à en remarquer dans les autres.—If we had no faults, we should not take so much pleasure in noticing them in others. **La Rochefoucauld.** *31.*

Sire, je n'avais besoin de cet hypothèse.—Sire, I had no need for that hypothesis.
Reply of La Place to Napoleon, who asked why he had not mentioned God in his "*Méchanique céleste.*"

Sou comme un Anglois.—Drunk as an Englishman.
Rabelais. *Gargantua, Book 1, ch. 15.*

Soubdain qu'elles sont à nous, nous ne sommes plus à elles.—As soon as ever women belong to us, we no longer belong to them.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 5.*

Souhaitez donc mediocrité.—Wish then for mediocrity.
Rabelais. *Pantagruel. Book 4, Prologue.*

Souvent femme varie;
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.
—Woman often changes; he is a big fool who trusts her.
Said to have been written by Francis I (1494–1547) on a window in the Château de Chambord.

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[*] Said to be derived from *La Farce de Maistre Pierre Patelin* (15th Cent.), Scene 19, l. 1291.

[†] Ambroise Paré, French surgeon and author (1510–1590).

Soyons frères—ou je t'assomme !—Let us be brothers—or I will cut your throat !
E. Lebrun (1729–1807). *Sur la Fraternité ou la Mort.*

Sur le tapis.—On the cloth (meaning on the baize cloth of a table, *e.g.* of a council chamber or committee room. Erroneously supposed to mean " on the carpet ").

Tel est le triste sort de tout livre prêté,
Souvent il est perdu, toujours il est gâté.
—Such is the sad fate of each lent book—often it is lost, always it is spoilt.
Nodier. *Lines written for Pixérécourt.*

Tel estoit son esprit entre les livres, comme est le feu parmy les brandes.—Such was his mind amongst the books, like the fire in the heather. **Rabelais.** *Pantagruel, ch. 8.*

Tel vous semble applaudir, qui vous raille et vous joue ;
Aimez qu'on vous conseille, et non pas qu'on vous loue.
—He who seems to applaud is really mocking and making game of you ; love to be advised, and not to be praised. **Boileau.**

Toujours en vedette.—Always on the watch.
Motto *of Frederick the Great.*

Toujours perdrix.—Always partridge (*i.e.* a satiating repetition). **Pr.***

Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux.—Every species of mankind is good except the bore species.
Voltaire. *L'Enfant prodigue. Preface.*

Tous les hommes aiment à s'approprier le bien d'autrui ; c'est un sentiment général ; la manière seule de le faire en est différente.—All men love to appropriate to themselves the belongings of others ; it is a universal desire ; only the manner of doing it differs with them.
Le Sage. *Gil Blas. Book 1, ch. 5.*

Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré tous leurs soins,
Ne diffèrent entr' eux que du plus ou du moins.
—All men are fools, and spite of all their pother,
They scarcely differ, each from one another.
Boileau.

Tous les méchants sont buveurs d'eau ;
C'est bien prouvé par le déluge.
—All wicked persons are water-drinkers ; this is clearly proved by the deluge. **Anon.**

Tout abbregé sur un bon livre est un sot abbregé.—Every abridgment of a good book is a stupid abridgment.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 8.*

Tout éloge imposteur blesse une âme sincère.—All false praise wounds an honest mind.
Boileau.

Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles.—All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.
Voltaire. *Candide, ch. 1.*

Tout finit par des chansons.—Everything ends in song. **Beaumarchais.**

Tout flatteur vît au dépens de celui qui l'écoute.—Every flatterer lives at the expense of the person who listens to him.
La Fontaine. *Fables, Book 1, 2.*

Tout le monde me recognoist en mon livre et mon livre en moy.—All the world recognises me in my book and my book in me.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 5.*

Tout notre mal vient de ne pouvoir être seul.—All our misfortunes come from not being able to be alone. **La Bruyère.**

Tout obéit au succès, même la grammaire.—Everything is subservient to success, even grammar. **Victor Hugo.** *Les Misérables.*

Tout par raison.—Everything in accordance with reason. **Richelieu.**

Tout Paris.—All Paris. **Molière.**
L'In-promptu de Versailles, sc. 3.

Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse.*—All passes, all breaks, all wearies. **Pr.**

Tout réussit aux gens qui sont doux et joyeux.—All succeeds with people who are of sweet and cheerful disposition.
Voltaire. *Le Dépositaire.*

Tout va bien ici ; le pain manque.—All goes well here ; bread is not to be had.
" Stapid Pierre Baille's " message during the French Revolution, 1793. (See Carlyle's " Fr. Rev.," Part 2, Book 5, 8.)

Toute fausse religion combat la nature.—All false religion is in conflict with nature.
Rousseau. *Julie, Part 4, Letter 10.*

Toute Française, à ce que j'imagine,
Sait, bien ou mal, faire un peu de cuisine.
—Every Frenchwoman, as I suppose, knows, well or ill, how to do a little cookery.
Voltaire. *La Bégueule.*

Toute méchanceté vient de faiblesse.—All wickedness comes of weakness.
Rousseau. *Emile, Book 1.*

Toute nation a le gouvernement qu'elle mérite.—Every country has the government it deserves.
Joseph de Maistre. *Letter, Aug., 1811.*

Toutes grandes mutations esbranlent l'estat.—All great changes make the State totter.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 9.*

Toutes les fois que je donne une place vacante, je fais cent mécontents et un ingrat.—Every time I bestow a vacant office I make a hundred discontented persons and one ungrateful. **Louis XIV.**

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* Said to originate in a story of Henri IV having ordered nothing but partridge to be served to his confessor, who had rebuked the king for his liaisons.

* Given in this order in Cahier's *6,000 Proverbs and Aphorisms*, 1856.

Toutes les histoires anciennes, comme le disait un de nos beaux esprits, ne sont que des fables convenues.—All ancient histories, as one of our fine wits said, are but fables that have been accepted.
Voltaire. *Jeannot et Colin* (1764).[*]

Toutes les passions s'éteignent avec l'âge ;
L'amour propre ne meurt jamais.
—All the passions are extinguished with old age ; self-love dies never.
Voltaire. *Stances ou Quatrains. In place of those of Pibrac.*

Touts jugements en gros sont lasches et imparfaicts.—All wholesale judgments are loose and imperfect.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 8.*

Tremblez, tyrans ! vous êtes immortels.—Tremble, tyrants ! you are immortal.
Delille.

Un bienfait reproché tint toujours lieu d'offense.—A benefit cited by way of reproach becomes always equivalent to an offence.
Racine. *Iphigénie, iv. 6.*

Un bon mariage se dressoit d'une femme aveugle, avecques un mary sourd.—A good marriage would be between a blind wife and a deaf husband. (Given as a saying.)
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 3, ch. 5.*

Un corps débile affaiblit l'âme.—A feeble body makes a mind weak. **Rousseau.**

Un des plus grands malheurs des honnêtes gens c'est qu'ils sont de lâches.—One of the greatest misfortunes of honest folk is that they are cowards. **Voltaire.**

Un dîner réchauffé ne valut jamais rien.—A dinner warmed up again was never worth anything. **Boileau.** *Lutrin, i. 104.*

Un flatteur peut tout risquer avec les grands.—A flatterer can risk everything with great personages.
Le Sage. *Gil Blas, Book 4, ch. 7.*

Un gentilhomme qui vit mal est un monstre dans la nature.—A gentleman who lives ill is a monster in nature.
Molière. *Festin de Pierre, iv. 6.*

Un frère est un ami donné par la nature.—A brother is a friend given by nature.
Legouvé père.

Un homme d'esprit seroit souvent bien embarrassé sans la compagnie des sots.—A man of wit would often be very much at a loss without the company of fools.
La Rochefoucauld. *140.*

Un livre est un ami qui ne trompe jamais.—A book is a friend that never deceives us.
Guilbert de Pixérécourt.

Un menteur est toujours prodigue de serments.—A liar is always prodigal of oaths.
Corneille. *Le Menteur, iii. 5.*

Un personnage sçavant n'est pas sçavant par tout.—A wise man is not wise in everything. **Montaigne.** *Essais, Book 3, ch. 2.*

Un père est un banquier donné par la nature.—A father is a banker given by nature. **Pr.**

Un peu de chaque chose, et rien du tout, à la françoise.—A little of everything, and nothing at all, after the manner of France.
Montaigne. *Essais, Book 1, ch. 25.* (*" Of the Education of Children."*)

Un peu d'encens brûlé rajuste bien des choses.—A little incense burnt puts a lot of things right. **Pr.**

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.—A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.
Boileau. *L'art poétique, 1, 232.*

Une louange en grec est d'une merveilleuse efficace à la tête d'un livre.—A laudation in Greek is of marvellous efficacy on the title-page of a book. **Molière.**
Preface to Les Précieuses ridicules (1659).

Une mouche t'a piqué.—A fly has stung you. **Pr.**

Une nation boutiquière.—A shopkeeping nation (said of England).[*]
Pr. (*Used by Barrère, June, 1794.*)

Vive la bagatelle.—Long live trifling. **Pr.**

Vivez joyeux.—Live merrily.
Rabelais. *Title-page of Gargantua* (1534).

Vivre n'est pas respirer ; c'est agir.—Life is not to breathe ; it is to act. **Rousseau.**

Vivre sans aimer n'est pas proprement vivre.—To live without loving is not really living.[†] **Molière.** *La Princesse d'Élide, ii. 1.*

Voilà le monde ! chacun s'imagine être au-dessus de son voisin.—This is the world ! Everyone imagines himself to be above his neighbour. **Le Sage.** *Gil Blas, Book 5, ch. 1.*

Vogue la galère.[‡]—Come what may (*lit.*, On with the galley).

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[*] **Il n'y a point d'autres histoires anciennes que les fables.—There are no other ancient histories, except fables.—*Voltaire : Letter.***

[*] The expression is found in *Four Tracts on Political and Commercial Subjects* (1766), by Josiah Tucker. D.D., Dean of Gloucester (1711–1799) : " A shopkeeper will never get the more custom by beating his customers, and what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation." (The words are said to have been used by Dr. Tucker, in a sermon, some years before they appeared in print.) In Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Bk. 4, ch. 7, Pt. 3 (1776), the phrase appears thus : " To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a nation of shopkeepers, may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. It is, however, a project altogether unfit for a nation of shopkeepers, but extremely fit for a nation whose government is influenced by shopkeepers."

[†] Founded upon an older saying, thus alluded to by *Gower : Confessio Amantis*, Bk. 4 :

Among the holy bookes wise,
I finde write in suche wise,
Who loveth nought is here as dede.

[‡] " My fearful trust, ' En vogant la galère.' "—*Sir Thos. Wyatt : The Lover prayeth Venus* (c. 1525). " Vogue la galée ! "—*Rabelais : Gargantua*, Book 1, 40.

Vous êtes un sot, en trois lettres.—You are a fool, in three letters.*
Molière. *La Tartuffe, i. 1.*

Vous n'avez pas été sans doute la première
Et vous ne serez pas, que je crois, la dernière.
—Doubtless you have not been the first, and you will not be, I can well believe, the last.
Molière. *Le Dépit amoureux, Act iii. 9.*

Vous parlez tout comme un livre.—You speak just like a book.
Molière. *Le Festin de Pierre, Act i. 2.*

Vous l'avez voulu, vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin, vous l'avez voulu.—You have wished it so, you have wished it so, George Dandin, you have wished it so.
Molière. *George Dandin, i. 9.*†

Vous ne jouez donc pas le whist, monsieur ? Hélas ! quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez !—You do not play then at whist, sir Alas, what a sad old age you are preparing for yourself !
Talleyrand.

Vous possédez aussi l'art de vous taire !
Ah ! vous avez tous les talents de plaire.
—You possess also the art of holding your tongue ! Ah, you have all the talents for pleasing !
Voltaire. *La Prude, 3, 2.*

Vous savez railler sans médire,
Et vous possédez l'art charmant
De ne jamais fâcher, de toujours contredire.
—You know how to rally without evil-speaking, and you possess the charming art of never annoying, and of always contradicting.
Voltaire. *Fête de Bellérat.*

Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître.—You have given yourself the trouble to be born.
Pierre de Beaumarchais. *Mariage de Figaro* (1784).

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* *See* Latin : "Homo trium litterarum," p. 546*a*.

† George Dandin in the older editions ; "Georges" Dandin in later versions.

GERMAN.

Ach ! es geschehen keine Wunder mehr.—Alas ! there are no longer any more miracles.*
Schiller. *Jungfrau von Orleans.*

Alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.—Every wrong is avenged on earth.
Goethe. *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre.*

Aller Anfang ist heiter.—Every beginning is cheerful.
Goethe.

Alles Gescheidte ist schon gedacht worden ; man muss nur versuchen, es noch einmal zu denken.—Everything that is wise has been thought already ; we can only try to think it once more.
Goethe.

Allmächtig ist doch das Gold.—Gold is almighty.
Schiller.

Am Golde hängt doch alles.—On gold after all hangs everything.
Goethe. *Faust* (*Margaret*).

Auf den Bergen ist Freiheit.—Freedom is on the mountains.
Schiller.

Betrogene Betrüger.—The betrayer betrayed.
Lessing.

Betrügen und betrogen werden,
Nichts ist gewöhnlicher auf Erden.
—Nothing is commoner on earth than to deceive and to be deceived.
Seume.

Bezwingt des Herzens Bitterkeit. Es bringt
Nicht gute Frucht, wenn Hass dem Hass begegnet.
—Subdue the bitterness of the heart. There is no good result when hatred is returned for hatred.
Schiller.

Bleib nicht allein, denn in der Wüste trat
Der Satansengel selbst zum Herrn des Himmels.
—Abide not alone, for it was in the desert that Satan came to the Lord of Heaven Himself.
Schiller.

Blinder Eifer schadet nur.—Blind zeal only does harm.
M. G. Lichtwer. *Fab. 4, 24.*

Da die Götter menschlicher noch waren,
Waren Menschen göttlicher.
—When the gods were more human, men were more godlike.
Schiller.

Das Alte stürzt, es ändert sich die Zeit,
Und neues Leben blüht aus den Ruinen.
—The old falls, time changes, and new life blossoms out of the ruins.
Schiller. *Tell* (1804), *iii. 3.*

Das Alter der göttlichen Fantasie
Es ist verschwunden, es kehret nie.
—The age of godlike fancy is departed : it will never return.
Schiller.

Das Alter wägt, die Jugend wagt.—Old age considers, youth ventures.
Raupach.

Das Erste und Letzte, was vom Genie gefordert wird, ist Wahrheitsliebe.—The first and last thing required of genius is love of truth.
Goethe.

Das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.—Law alone can give us freedom.
Goethe.

Das Herz und nicht die Meinung ehrt den Mann.—It is heart and not the opinion which is an honour to a man.
Schiller.

Das Hohngelächter der Hölle.—The mocking laughter of Hell.
Lessing. *Emilia Galotti, v. 2.*

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* "The age of miracles is past ! The age of miracles is for ever here."—*Thomas Carlyle*

Das Siegel der Wahrheit ist Einfachkeit.—The seal of truth is simplicity. **Boerhave.**

Dem Menschen ist
Ein Mensch noch immer lieber als ein Engel.—
—Man is ever dearer to man than an angel.
Lessing.

Der Aberglaube ist die Poesie des Lebens.—Superstition is the poetry of life. **Goethe.**

Der Ausgang giebt den Thaten ihre Titel.—The outcome gives to deeds their title.
Goethe.

Der civilisierte Wilde ist der schlimmste aller Wilden.—The civilised savage is the worst of all savages. **C. J. Weber.**

Der den Augenblick ergreift,
Das ist der rechte Mann.
—He who seizes on the moment, he is the right man. **Goethe.** *Faust.*

Der Erde Paradies und Hölle
Liegt in dem Worte "Weib."
—The earthly Paradise and Hell lie in the word "Woman." **Seume.**

Der Friede ist immer die letzte Absicht des Krieges.—Peace is always the final aim of war. (*See "Peace with a cudgel," etc., English Proverbs.*) **Wieland.**

Der Fürst ist der erste Diener seines Staats.—The prince is the first servant of his State.
Frederick the Great. *Memoirs of Brandebourg.*

Der Geist, der stets verneint.—The spirit which ever says "No." **Goethe.** *Faust.*

Der Genie erfindet, der Witz findet bloss.—Genius invents, wit merely discovers.
Weber.

Der Hauptfehler des Menschen bleibt, dass er so viele kleine hat.—The chief fault of man is that he has so many small ones.
Jean Paul.

Der Historiker ist ein rückwärts gekehrter Prophet.—The historian is a prophet with his face turned backwards.
F. von Schlegel (1772–1829).

Der kleine Gott der Welt bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag,
Und ist so wunderlich, als wie am ersten Tag.
—The little god of the world (man) remains ever of the same stamp, and is as extraordinary as on the first day. **Goethe.**

Der Mann, der das Wenn und das Aber erdacht,
Hat sicher aus Häckerling Gold schon gemacht.
—The man who invented "if" and "but" must surely have transformed chopped straw into gold.
G. A. Bürger. *Der Kaiser und der Abt.*

Der Mensch ist, was er isst.—Man is what he eats. **Ludwig Feuerbach** (1850).

Der Muth der Wahrheit ist die erste Bedingung des philosophischen Studiums.—The courage of truth is the first qualification for philosophic studies. **Hegel.**

Des Menschen Engel ist die Zeit.—Time is man's angel.
Schiller. *Theklas Monolog, 5, 11.*

Des Menschen Leben ist
Ein kurzes Blühen und ein langes Welken.—
The life of man is a short blossoming and a long withering. **Uhland.**

Deutschland, Deutschland über alles.—Germany, Germany over all.
Song by **A. H. Hoffmann von Fallersleben** (1798–1874), *said to have been written on Aug. 26, 1841. In 1817 appeared a song "Preussen über alles" (Prussia over all). An anonymous pamphlet, "Ostererreich über alles wann es nur will" (Austria over all, whenever it will), appeared in 1684.*

Die Alten sind die einzigen Alten, die nie alt werden.—The ancients (of Greece and Rome) are the only ancients who never grow old. **C. J. Weber.**

Die Anmut macht unwiderstehlich.—Grace makes a man irresistible. **Goethe.**

Die Bewunderung preist, die Liebe ist stumm.—Admiration praises, love is dumb.
Borne.

Die Botschaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glaube.—I hear the message, but I want the faith. **Goethe.** *Faust.*

Die Dornen, die Disteln, sie stechen gar sehr,
Doch stechen die Altjungfernzungen noch mehr.
—Thorns and thistles sting very sore, but old maids' tongues sting more. **C. Geibel.**

Die Freudigkeit ist die Mutter aller Tugenden.—Joyfulness is the mother of all virtues.
Goethe.

Die höchste Weisheit ist, nicht weise stets zu sein.—The highest wisdom is not to be always wise. **M. Opitz.**

Die Hölle selbst hat ihre Rechte?—Has Hell itself its rights? **Goethe.**

Die kranke Seele muss sich selber helfen.—The sick soul must cure itself. **Gutzkow.**

Die Lieb' umfasst des Weibes volles Leben.—Love embraces the whole of woman's life.
Adelbert von Chamisso.

Die Liebe ist der Liebe Preis.—Love is the price of love.
Schiller. *Dreiundzwanzig Jahre.*

Die Liebe macht zum Goldpalast die Hütte.—Love makes the cottage a palace of gold. **Holtz.**

Die Mode ist weiblichen Geschlechts, hat folglich ihre Launen.—Fashion is of the female sex, and has consequently its whims.
C. J. Weber.

Die monarchische Regierungsform ist die dem Menschen natürliche.—Monarchy is the form of rule natural to mankind.
Schopenhauer.

Die Natur weiss allein, was sie will.—Nature alone knows what she wants. **Goethe.**

Die Rachegötter schaffen im Stillen.—The god of vengeance ~~acts~~ in silence. **Schiller.**

Die That ist alles, nichts der Ruhm.—The deed is everything; the fame is nothing.
Goethe.

Die Unschuld hat im Himmel einen Freund. —Innocence has a friend in Heaven.
Schiller.

Die Wacht am Rhein.—The Watch on the Rhine. **German National Song.**
Song composed by Max Schneckenburge (*1840*).

Die Welt ist ein Gefängniss.—The world is a prison. **Goethe.**

Du glaubst zu schieben, und du wirst geschoben.—You think that you are pushing, and you are pushed.
Goethe. *Faust* (*Mephistopheles*).

Ein jeder Wechsel schreckt den Glücklichen. —Every change makes the favourite of fortune anxious.
Schiller. *Braut von Messina* (1803) *1, 7.*

Ein offenes Herz zeigt eine offene Stirn.—An open brow indicates an open heart.
Schiller.

Ein unterrichtetes Volk lässt sich leicht regieren.—An educated people is easily governed. **Frederick the Great.**

Ein Vergnügen erwarten ist auch ein Vergnügen.—Looking forward to a pleasure is also a pleasure. **Lessing.**

Ein Wort nimmt sich, ein Leben nie zurück. —A word may be recalled, a life never.
Schiller.

Einbläsereien sind des Teufels Redekunst.
—Insinuations are the rhetoric of the devil.
Goethe.

Eines Mannes Rede
Ist keines Mannes Rede;
Man soll sie billig hören beide.
—One man's speech is no man's speech; we must hear all. *Old Rhyme.**

Entzwei' und gebiete! Tüchtig Wort;
Verein' und leite! Bessrer Hort.
—Divide and rule, a capital motto! Unite and lead, a better one!
Goethe. *Sprichwörtlich.*

Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst.—Life is earnest; art is lofty.
Schiller. *Wallenstein.*

Erst wägen, dann wagen.—First weigh, then attempt. **Motto** *of Moltke.*

Frauen und Jungfrauen soll man loben, es sei wahr oder erlogen.—Women and girls must be praised, whether it is true or false.
Pr.

Fremdes Pferd und eigene Sporen haben bald den Wind verloren.—Another's horse and your own spur soon outstrip the wind.

Fromm, Klug, Weis, und Mild, Gehört in des Adels Schild.—Pious, Prudent, Wise, and Gentle are words appropriate in the shield of a noble.

Fürchterlich
Ist einer der nichts zu verlieren hat.—Terrible is he who has nothing to lose.
Goethe.

Fürst Bismarck glaubt uns zu haben, und wir haben ihn.—Prince Bismarck thinks that he has us, and we have him. **Socialist saying.**

Geben ist Sache des Reichen.—To give is the business of the rich. **Goethe.**

Geflügelte Worte.—Winged words. (Transl. of Homer's "epea pteroenta," *see* p. 471*b*).
Title of George Büchmann's work on famous phrases, proverbs, etc. Büchmann's editor mentions that the Greek phrase occurs 46 times in the Iliad and 58 times in the Odyssey.

Gegen Demokraten
Helfen nur Soldaten.
—The only remedy against democrats is soldiers.
Wilhelm von Merckels (1803–1861).
Poem "Die fünfte Zunft" (1848).

Gesetz ist mächtig, mächtiger ist die Noth. —Law is mighty, necessity is mightier.
Goethe.

Gespenster sind für solche Leute nur
Die sie sehn wollen.
—Ghosts only come to those who look for them. **Holeti.**

Gewalt ist die beste Beredsamkeit.—Power is the best sort of eloquence. **Schiller.**

Glück macht Mut.—Luck makes courage.
Goethe.

Gott ist ein unaussprechlicher Seufzer, im Grunde der Seele gelegen.—God is an unutterable sigh, planted in the depths of the soul. **Jean Paul.**

Gott mit uns.—God with us. **Motto.**

Gott-trunkener Mensch.—A God-intoxicated man. **Novalis** (*of Spinoza*).

Ha! (*or* Ach) welche Lust, Soldat zu sein!—Ah! what a delight it is to be a soldier!
German tr. of Eugène Scribe's song, "Ah, quel plaisir d'être soldat!" in the opera, 'Dame blanche' (1825).

Hab' mich nie mit Kleinigkeiten abgegeben. —I have never given myself up to trifles.
Schiller.

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* Eins manns red ist eine halbe red,
Man soll die teyl verhören bed.
16th Century Inscription in Nuremberg Council Hall (similar inscriptions at Frankfort and elsewhere).

Hassen und Neiden
Muss der Biedre leiden.
Es erhöht des Mannes Wert,
Wenn der Hass sich auf ihn kehrt.
—The honest man must endure hatred and envy. It adds to a man's worth when hatred pursues him.
Gottfried von Strassburg (*c.* 1210).

Hier stehe ich! Ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir! Amen.—Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen.
Luther (*at the Diet of Worms, April 18, 1521*).

Hin ist die Zeit, da Bertha spann.—Gone is the time when Bertha span.*

Humanität sei unser ewig Ziel.—Let humanity ever be our goal. **Goethe.**

Hypothesen sind Wiegenlieder womit der Lehrer seine Schüler einlullt.—Hypotheses are the lullabies wherewith the teacher lulls his pupils to sleep. **Goethe.**

Ich habe es öfters rühmen hören,
Ein Komödiant könnt' einen Pfarrer lehren.
—I have often heard it said that a player may instruct a priest. **Goethe.** *Faust.*

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.
—I have known earthly happiness; I have lived and loved. **Schiller.** *Piccolomini.*

Im Grab' ist Ruh'.—In the grave is rest.
Chr. Langhansen (1750–1816).

Kein Bündniss ist mit dem Gezücht der Schlangen.—No league is to be made with the brood of the serpent. **Schiller.**

Kein Mensch muss müssen.—No man must be compelled.
Lessing. *Nathan der Weise* (1779).

Kühn ist das Mühen, herrlich der Lohn,—Daring is the labour, lordly the reward.
Goethe. *Faust, Pt.* 6. (*Soldiers' Chorus*).

Lachen, Weinen, Lust und Schmerz sind Geschwister-Kinder.—Laughing, weeping, joy and grief are first cousins. **Goethe.**

Lass das Vergangne vergangen sein.—Let the past be past. **Goethe.**

Lass die schwerste Pflicht dir die allerheiligste Pflicht sein.—Let the most difficult duty be your most sacred duty. **Lavater.**

Lass diesen Händedruck dir sagen Was unaussprechlich ist.—Let this pressure of the hand say to thee what is inexpressible.
Goethe. *Faust.*

Leicht zu sättigen ist, und unersättlich, die Liebe.—Love is easily satisfied and it is insatiable. **Rückert.**

Leser, wie gefall' ich dir?
Leser, wie gefällst du mir?
—Reader, how likest thou me? Reader, how like I thee? *Quoted by Carlyle.*

Liebe kann nicht untergehen;
Was verwest, muss auferstehen.
—Love cannot perish; what decays must rise again. **J. G. Jacobi.**

Lust und Liebe sind die Fittiche
Zu grossen Taten.
—Ambition and love are the wings of great actions. **Goethe.** *Iphigenie* (1787).

Mehr Licht!—More light!
Said to be the last words of Goethe. March 22, 1832.

Mir gäb' es keine gröss 're Pein,
Wär' ich im Paradies allein.
—No greater torment could there be to me than to be alone in Paradise. **Goethe.**

Mit dem Wissen wächst det Zweifel.—Doubt grows up with knowledge. **Goethe.**

Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.—With stupidity the gods themselves struggle in vain.
Schiller. *Jungfrau von Orleans, iii. 6.*

Mit Frauen soll man sich nie unterstehn zu scherzen.—With women one should never venture to joke.
Goethe. *Faust* (*Mephistopheles*).

Musik ist die wahre allgemeine Menschensprache.—Music is the real universal speech of mankind. **C. J. Weber.**

Nicht die Kinder bloss speist man mit Märchen ab.—It is not merely the children who are put off with tales. **Lessing.**

Nichts führt zum Guten, was nicht natürlich ist.—Nothing leads to good which is not natural. **Schiller.**

Nach Golde drängt,
Am Golde hängt
Doch alles!
—Gold is irresistible; everything depends on gold. **Goethe.** *Faust.*

O lieb, so lang du lieben kannst.—Love, while you are able to love.
Freiligrath. *Der Liebe Dauer* (1830).

O was müssen wir der Kirche Gottes halber leiden, rief der Abt, als ihm, das gebratene Huhn die Finger versengte.—"Oh, what we must suffer for the sake of God's Church!" as the Abbot said when the roasted fowl burnt his fingers.

Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast.—Without haste, without rest. **Goethe's motto.**

Rast' ich, so rost' ich.—If I rest, I rust.
Luther.

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* Bertha, Queen of Rudolf II. of Burgundy, represented as continually spinning:
"... Bertha the Spinner, Queen of Helvetia,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley, and meadow, and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread, from the distaff fixed to her saddle:
She was so thrifty and good that her name passed into a proverb."
—Longfellow: Courtship of Miles Standish

Ruh kommt aus Unruh,
Und wieder Unruh aus Ruh.
—Rest comes from unrest, and unrest again from rest.

Sich selbst hat niemand ausgelernt.—No man has ever yet thoroughly mastered the knowledge of himself. **Goethe.**

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh.
—Above all heights is rest. **Goethe.**

Unsterblich ist was einmal hat gelebt.—That which has once lived is immortal. **G. Kinkel.**

Verachtung ist der wahre Tod.—Contempt is the real death. **Schiller.**

Was für Plunder!—What a place for plunder!
Remark ascribed to Blucher, on surveying London from St. Paul's. (See Thackeray, "The Four Georges: George I.")

Was Hände bauten, können Hände stürzen.—What hands have built, hands can pull down. **Schiller.**

Wer der Vorderste ist, führt die Herde.—Who is foremost leads the flock. **Schiller.**

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebelang.
—Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.
Anon. *Attributed erroneously to Luther.*

Wer nicht für andre thut, thut nichts für sich.—Who does nothing for others does nothing for himself. **Goethe.**

Wie bitter sind der Trennung Leiden!—How bitter are the pains of separation! **Mozart.**

Willst du immer weiter schweifen?
Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah.
Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen:
Denn das Glück ist immer da.
—Do you wish always to stray further? See, good lies as near; learn only to grasp happiness, for happiness is always there.
Goethe. *Erinnerung.*

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust.
—Two souls, ah me! inhabit my breast.
Goethe. *Faust. Borrowed from Wieland's "Die Wahl des Herkules"* (1793).

Zwischen uns sei Wahrheit!—Let there be truth between us.
Goethe. *Iphigenie* (1787).

ITALIAN.

A Dio spiacente ed a' nemici sui.—Hateful to God and to His enemies. **Dante.**

Ancora imparo.—Still I am learning.
Said to have been a favourite motto of Michelangelo.

Aspettar' e non venire,
Star' in letto e non dormire,
Ben servir' e non gradire,
Aver cavallo che non vuol ire,
Esser in prigione e non poter fugire,
Et ammalato e non poter guarire,
Smarrir las strada quand un vuol gire,
Star' alla porta quand' un non vuol aprire,
Et aver un amico che ti vuol tradire,
Son dieci doglie da morire.
—To wait and not arrive, to remain in bed and not to sleep, to serve well and not to rise, to have a horse which will not go, to be in prison and not to be able to escape, to be ill and not to be able to be cured, to miss the road when one wishes to go, to stand at the gate when they will not open it, and to have a friend who desires to betray you—these are the ten pains of death.
Florio: Second Frutes (pub. 1591).

Brama assai, poco spera, e nulla chiede.—He desired much, he hoped little, and asked nothing. **Tasso.** *Jerusalem.*

Che sarà, sarà.—What shall be, shall be. **Pr.**

Chi può dir com' egli arde, è in picciol fusco.—To be able to say how much you love is to love but little.* **Petarch.** *Sonnet, 137.*

Chi troppo s'assottiglia, si scavezza.—Who over-refines his argument brings himself to grief. **Petrarch.** *Can. 11, l. 48.*

Dà tempo al tempo.—Give time to time. **Pr.**

Del giudizio ognun ne vende.—Everyone has judgment to sell. **Pr.**

Del vero s'adira l'uomo.—It is the truth which irritates a man. **Pr.**

Dell' albero non si giudica dalla scorza.—You cannot judge of a tree by its bark. **Pr.**

Di danari, di senno, e di fede,
Ce' nè manco che non credi.
—"There is commonly less money, less wisdom, and less good faith than men do account upon."
Italian proverb, as translated by Bacon.

Dolce far niente.—The sweet condition of doing nothing.
Pr. *Derived perhaps from the expression of Tacitus (Agricola, 3), "Ipsius inertiæ dulcedo."*

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* See "Celuy ayme peut," p. 690b.

Ebbe il migliore
De' miei giorni la patria.
—My country has had the best of my days.

Ecco vi l'uom ch' è stato all' Inferno.—Behold, there is the man who has been in Hell. *Said of Dante.*

E 'l silenzio ancor suole
Aver prieghi e parole.
—Even silence itself has its prayers and its language. **Tasso.** *Aminta, Act iii.* (*chorus*).

Eppur si muove.—Yet it does move.
Said to have been Galileo's exclamation (*1615*) *after being induced to abjure the theory of the earth's motion.*

Fate ben per voi.—Do me some good for your own sake.
Montaigne quotes this as a form of begging he had noticed in Italy.

Fù il vincer sempre mai laudabil cosa,
Vincasi o per fortuna, o per ingegno.
—Victory is always glorious whether it be due to chance or to skill. **Ariosto.** *Canto 15, v. 1.*

Il gran rifiuto.—The great refusal. (Supposed to refer to Celestine V., elected Pope in 1294, who resigned five months later.)
Dante. *Inferno, canto 3, 60.*

Il pensare non importa ma il fare.—Thinking does not matter, but doing.
Pr. *Frequently quoted in this form by Gabriel Harvey.*

Il pubblico secreto.—The open secret.
Translation (*1769*) *by* **Carlo Gozzi** *of title of Calderon's Spanish play, "El secreto á voces."*

L'Italia farà da sè.—Italy will do it by herself. **Motto** *of Revolution of 1849.*

La donna è mobile
Qual piuma al vento.
—Woman is variable as a feather in the wind.[*]
From Verdi's "Rigoletto" (1851). (*Libretto by F. M. Piave.*)

La poezia non muore.—Poetry does not die.
B. Zendrini.

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.[†]—Abandon hope, all ye who enter.
Dante. *Inferno, canto 3, 9.*

Libera chiesa in libero stato.—A free church in a free state.
Count Camillo Benso Cavour (1861).

Libito fè licito.—She made what pleased her lawful.
Dante. *Inferno, 55.* (*From the Latin "Si libet, licet."*)

Ma perchè frode è dell' uomo proprio male
Più spiace a Dio.

—But as fraud is the special evil peculiar to man it is the more hateful to God.
Dante. *Inferno, canto 11, 25.*

Natura il fece, e poi roppe la stampa.—Nature made him, and then broke the mould.
Ariosto.

Ne si, ne no, nel cor mi suona intero.—My heart within tells me neither Yes, nor No.
Petrarch, *p. 208, Venice ed., 1557.*

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.
—There is no greater pang than to recall in our misery the time when we were happy.
Dante. *Inferno, canto 5, 121.*

Questi non hanno speranza di morte.—These have not the hope of death.
Dante. *Inferno, canto 3, 46.*

Rinasce più gloriosa.—It rises more glorious than ever. **Motto.**

Se non è vero, è molto ben trovato.—If it is not true it is very well invented.
Found in **Giordano Bruno.** *Degli Eroici Furori* (*1585*). *Also in Antonio Doni's Marmi* (*1552*) *in the form, "Se non è vero, egli è stato un bel trovato."*

Senza speme vivemo in desio.—Without hope, we live in desire.
Dante. *Inferno, canto 4, 42.*

Stavo ben, ma, per star meglio, sto qui.—I was well, but wishing to be better here I am.
Epitaph (*as quoted by Dryden*) *on a man who was in good health, but lodged himself with a physician and died of too much physic.* (*Dryden's "Æneis," Dedication.*)

Tu duca, tu signore e tu maestro.—"Thou art my guide, my master thou and lord." (Cary's tr.) **Dante.** *Inferno, c. 2, 140.*

Un viaggiatore prudente non disprezza mai il suo paese.—A prudent traveller never disparages his own country. **Goldoni.**

Veste de lana tien la pele sana.—Woollen clothing keeps the skin healthy.
Venetian saying.

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[*] Une femme souvent
N'est qu'une plume au vent.
Victor Hugo: Le Roi s'amuse, iv. 2 (1832).

[†] "Lascia pur della vita ogni speranza."—*Berni* (1497–1536): *Orlando Innamorato,* Bk. 1, 8, 53 (c. 1530.)

SPANISH.

Acometer molinos de viento.—To attack windmills. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 8.*

Algo va de Pedro á Pedro.—There is a difference between Peter and Peter. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 47.*

Allá van leyes do quieren reyes.—Laws go as kings wish. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 45 ; 2, 5 ; and 2, 37. Ancient prov., said to have originated in reign of Alph. VI.—see De Roda's History of Spain.*

Alma de esparto y corazon de encina.—Soul of fibre and heart of oak. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 2, 70.*

Cada puta hile.—Let every girl attend to her spinning. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 46.*

Defienda me Dios de my.—May God defend me from myself. *Old maxim quoted by Montaigne, Essais, Book 3, ch. 13.*

Donde una puerta se cierra, otra se abre.—When one door is shut, another opens. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 21.*

El Caballero de la Triste Figura.—The Knight of the Mournful Countenance (*Don Quixote*). **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 19.*

El mejor cimiento en el mundo es el dinero.—The best foundation in the world is money. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 2, 20.*

El secreto á voces.—An open secret. **Calderon.** *Title of Comedy.*

En tiempo del rey Vamba.—In the time of King Wamba (alleged to have reigned c. 650–680). **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 27.*

Es de vidrio la mujer.—Woman is made of glass. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 33.*

Gloria vana florece, y no grana.—Vain glory may flower but will never bear seed. **Pr.**

Gran victoria es la que sin sangre se alcanza.—Great is the victory which is obtained without blood. **Pr.** *See p. 794a.*

Hay buena y mala fortuna en las pretensiones.—In suing for employment luck is everything. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote 2, 42.*

Hay mas mal en el aldegüela que se suena.—There is more harm in the village than is dreamt of. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 46.*

Herradura que chacotea clavo le falta.—The horseshoe which clatters wants a nail. **Pr.**

Hilo y aguja, media vestidura.—Thread and needle are half clothing. **Pr.**

Hizonos Dios, y maravillámonos nos.—God made us, and we admire ourselves. **Pr.**

Justicia, mas no por mi casa.—Justice, but not for my own house. **Pr.**

La buena vida padre y madre olvida.—Good fortune forgets father and mother. **Pr.**

La vida es sueño.—Life is a dream. **Calderon.** *Title of Comedy.*

Mas cura la dieta que la lanceta.—Diet cures more than the lancet. **Pr.**

No hay olla sin tocino,
Ni sermon sin Agostino.
—No pot without bacon ; no sermon without (quotation from) St. Augustine. **Pr.**

Paciencia y barajar.—Patience, and shuffle the cards ! **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 2, 23.*

Quien canta, sus males espanta.—He who sings frightens away his ills. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 22.*

Saca fuerzas de flaqueza.—Draw strength from weakness. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 15.*

Siempre favorece el cielo los buenos deseos.—Heaven ever favours good wishes. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 2, 43.*

Todo saldrá en la colada.—All will come out in the washing. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 1, 20.*

Tripas llevan piés.—The stomach carries the feet. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 2, 34.*

Viva quien vence.—Long live he who conquers. **Cervantes.** *Don Quixote, 2, 20.*

DUTCH.

Alle ambten zijn smeerig.—All offices are greasy (ready to be corrupted). **Pr.**

De wereld is een schouwtooneel ;
Elk speelt zijn rol, en krijgt zijn deel.
—The world is a stage ; each plays his part, and receives his portion. **Pr.** *found in Winschooten's Seeman, 1681 (Bohn's Collection, 1857).*

Die een boer bedriegen vil, moet een' boer medebrengen.—He that would trick a peasant must bring a peasant with him. **Pr.**

Goed verloren, niet verloren ; moed verloren, veel verloren ; eer verloren, meer verloren ; ziel verloren, al verloren.*—Money lost, nothing lost ; courage lost, much lost ; honour lost, more lost ; soul lost, all lost. **Traditional.**

Het is een aristocraat in folio.—He is an aristocrat in folio. **Pr.**

Hij is van de familie Jan Van Kleef ;
Liever van de heb dan van de geef.
—He is of the family of Jack Closefist ; rather for having than for giving. *Old Rhyme.*

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* A variant of this proverb is found in Goethe's lines :

"Gut verloren, etwas verloren ;
Ehre verloren, viel verloren ;
Mut verloren, alles verloren."

—Wealth lost, something lost ; honour lost, much lost ; courage lost, all lost.

PROVERBS.

"Acquaint thyself with proverbs, for of them thou shalt learn instruction."—Ecclesiasticus 8, 8.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Hending = Hending's Proverbs were compiled about the year 1300.
(V. 1498) = J. de la Veprie's "Les Proverbes communs," printed in Paris about the year 1498.
Proverbs marked "(*H* 1546)" are from the collection of John Heywood in that year.
(G. H.) = "Outlandish Proverbs," selected by Mr. G. H. (George Herbert), 1639.
(R.) = John Ray's "Compleat Collection of English Proverbs" (1670, 1st ed.; later editions, 1742, 1767 and 1813).
(R. Sc.) = Scottish proverbs from Ray's collection. (Sc.) = Scottish.
Gn. = Dr. Thos. Fuller's *Gnomologia*, 1732.
(*Fr.*) = French. (*Ital.*) = Italian. (*Germ.*) = German.
(*Dan.*) = Danish. (*Port.*) = Portuguese. (*Span.*) = Spanish.

A' are guid lasses, but where do a' the ill wives come frae? (Sc.)

A bad beginning makes a bad ending.

From a bad beginning comes a bad ending.—*Euripides, Æolus.*

An il life, an ill end. (R. Sc.)

Such a beginning, such an end. (R.)

A bad bush is better than the open field.

Il n'y a pas si petit buisson qui ne porte ombre.—There is no bush so small as to be without shade.—(*Fr.*)

A bad cat deserves a bad rat.

A mauvais chat mauvais rat.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498).

A bad cook licks his own fingers.—*J. Taylor, Penniless Pilgrimage, 1618.*

He's an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers. (R.)

Celui gouverne bien mal le miel qui n'en tâte et ses doigts n'en lèche.—He manages the honey badly who does not taste it and lick it off his fingers.—(*Fr.*)

A bad custom is like a good cake, better broken than kept. (R.) (*See* "A cask.")

A bad daughter-in-law is worse than a thousand devils.—*Japanese.*

A bad dog never sees the wolf. (G.H.)

A mauvais chien l'on ne peut montrer le loup.—You cannot show the wolf to a bad dog.—(*Fr.*)

Mauvais chien ne trouve où mordre.—A bad dog cannot find a place to bite.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A bad excuse is better than none at all. (R.) (*See* "Bad excuses.")

A bad husband cannot be a good man.

A bad Jack may have as bad a Jill. (*Gn.*)

A bad padlock invites a Picklock. (*Gn.*)

A bad shift is better than none. (R.)

A bad thing never dies. (*Gn.*)

A bairn maun creep or he gang. (R. Sc.)

A bald head is soon shaven. (R.)

A barber learns to shave by shaving fools. (R.)

A barbe de fol apprend on à raire.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A la barba de' pazzi il barbier impara a radere.—(*Ital.*)

The surgeon (or barber) practises on the orphan's head.—(*Arabic.*)

A bargain is a bargain. (R.)

A barley-corn is better than a diamond to a cock. (*Gn.*)

A barren sow was never good to pigs.

A bean in liberty is better than a comfort in prison. (G. H.)

A bean in liberty is better than a comfit in prison. (R.)

A beard well lathered is half shaved.

Barba bagnata è mezza rasa.—(*Ital.*)

A beggar can never be bankrupt. (R.)

A beggar payeth a benefit with a louse. (*Gn.*)

A bellyful's a bellyful, whether it be meat or drink. (R.)

A beltless bairn cannot lie. (R. Sc.)

A big head and little wit.

Capo grasso, cervello magro.—Fat head, lean brains.—(*Ital.*)

Muckle head, little art. (Sc.)

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Better a fowl in the hand nor two flying. (R. Sc.)

Better one bird in hand than ten in the wood. (*H.*, 1546.)

A feather in hand is better than a bird in the air. (G. H.)

A sparrow in hand is worth more than a pheasant that flieth by. (*Gn.*)

One bird in the net is better than a hundred flying.—(*Hebrew.*)

Le moineau en la main vaut mieux que l'oie qui vole.—A sparrow in the hand is worth more than a goose flying in the air.—(*Fr.*)

Mas vale un "toma" que dos "te dare."—One "take this" is better than two of "will give."—(*Span.*)

Mieux vaut un tiens que deux tu l'auras.—(*Fr.*)

Mas vale pajaro en mano que buitre volando.—Better a sparrow in hand than a vulture on the wing.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*) (*See Latin* "Ad præsens ova"; "Better an egg," "Better good afar off," *etc.*)

A bit in the morning is better than nothing all day. (R.)

A bit in the morning is better than a thump in the back with a stone. (R.)

If I were to fast for my life, I would eat a good breakfast in the morning. (R.)

He that would eat a good dinner, let him eat a good breakfast. (R.)

A black hen lays a white egg. (R.)

Noire geline pond blanc œuf.—(*Fr.*)

A black man's a jewel in a fair woman's eye. (R.)

A black plum is as sweet as a white. (R.)

A black shoe makes a merry (*or* blithe) heart. (R.)

A bleet (timid) cat makes a proud mouse. (R. Sc.)

A blind man may catch a hare.[*]

As a blind man stert a hare.—*Chaucer: Hous of Fame* (c. 1383), 2, 681.

A blind man is no judge of colours. *Latin pr.* (*See Chaucer: Troilus, 2, 21.*)

A blind man will be glad to see it. (*Gn.*)

A blind man will not thank you for a looking-glass. (*Gn.*)

A blithe heart makes a blomand visage. (R. Sc.)

A blot is no blot unless it be hit. (R.)

A blunt wedge will do it, where sometimes a sharp axe will not. (*Gn.*)

A bonny bride is soon buskit. (Sc.). *See* "A fair bride."

A book that is shut is but a block. (*Gn.*)

A brave retreat is a brave exploit. (*Gn.*)

A bribe will enter without knocking. (R.)

A broken apothecary, a new doctor. (R.)

A broken sack will hold no corn. (R.)

Un sac percé ne peut tenir le grain.—(*Fr.*)

Sacco rotto non tien miglio.—(*Ital.*)

A broken sleeve keeps the arm back. *Quoted several times by Ben Jonson.*

A burnt child dreads the fire.—(*Romaunt of the Rose, l. 1280.*)

Brend child fur dredyth. (*Hending.*)

A burnt bairn fire dreads. (R. Sc.)

Brændt Barn rædes gierne Ilden, og bidt Barn Hund.—A burnt child fears the fire and a bitten child the dog.—(*Dan.*)

He that hath been bitten by a serpent fears a rope.—(*Hebrew.*) (*See* "A scalded cat.")

A Burston horse and a Cambridge Master of Arts will give the way to nobody. (*Gn.*)

A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom. (*See Tusser, p. 374b.*)

A bushel of March dust and a shower in May,
Makes the corn green and the fields gay. (*Gn.*)

Ein Loth Märzenstaub ist einen Ducaten werth.—A load of March dust is worth a ducat. (*Germ.*)

A calf's head will feast a hunter and his hounds. (R.)

A carless hussy makes mony thieves. (R. Sc.)

A carper will cavil at anything.

A carrion kite will never make a good hawk (R.)

On ne sauroit faire d'une buse un épervier.—(*Fr.*).

A cask and an ill custom must be broken. (G. H.) (*See* "A bad custom.")

A cat has nine lives.

A cat has nine lives and a woman has nine cats' lives. (*Gn.*)

A cat may look at (*or* on) a king. (*Heywood, 1546.*)

A halfpenny cat may look to the king.—(R. Sc.)

Un chien regarde bien l'évêque.—A dog has a good look at the bishop (*or* may well look at the bishop).—(*Fr.*)

A cheerful look makes a dish a feast. (G. H.)

A cheerful wife is the joy of life.

A cherry year, a merry year;
A plum year, a dumb year.[*] (R.)

Année venteuse, année pommeuse;
Pâques pluvieux, an fromenteux.
A windy year, an apple year; a rainy Easter, a cheese year.—(*Fr.*)

A child may have too much of his mother's blessing. (R.)

A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despiseth it. (G. H.)

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[*] "By wondrous accident perchance one may
Grope out a needle in a load of hay;
And though a white crow be exceeding rare,
A blind man may, by fortune, catch a hare."
—*J. Taylor: A Kicksey Winsey*, Part 7 (c. 1620).

[*] "A plum year, a dumb year," is said to be a Norfolk adage, signifying that a year in which plums are abundant is a fatal year, "dumb" indicating the silence of death.

A chip of the old block.[*] *Found in Milton: Apology for Smectymnuus*, 1642, *sec. 7.*

A city that parleys is half gotten. (G. H.)

Valour that parleys is near yielding. (G. H.)

A civil denial is better than a rude grant. (*Gn.*)

A clear conscience is a coat of mail.

A clear conscience is a sure card.

A clear conscience can bear any trouble. (*Gn.*)

A close mouth catcheth no flies. (*See* "Dumb folks get no lands," "Into a shut mouth," "Spare to speak," etc.)

A cock aye craws crousest[†] on his ain midden-head. (Sc.)

A cock crows best on his own dunghill.

A cold April.
The barn will fill. (*Gn.*)

A cold hand, a warm heart.

Kalte Hand, warmes Herz.—(*Germ.*)

A cold May and a windy
Makes a full barn and a findy. (R.)
(*See Tusser*, p. 374*b*.)

A collier's cow (*or* a poor man's cow) and an alewife's sow are always well fed.

A colt is worth nothing unless he breaks his cord.

Rien ne vaut poulain s'il ne rompe son lien.—(*Fr.*)

A' complain o' want o' siller; nane o' want o' sense. (Sc.)

A constant guest is never welcome. (*Gn.*)

A cook is known by his knife. (*Gn.*)

A cough will stick longer by a horse than half a peck of oats. (R.)

A courageous foe is better than a cowardly friend. (*Gn.*)

A covetous man does nothing that he should till he dies. (*Gn.*)

A coward's fear can make a coward valiant. (*Gn.*)

A crafty knave needs no broker. (*Quoted in Every Man in his Humour*, 1598; *also in Taylor's London to Hamburgh*, 1616.)

A cracked bell can never sound well. (*Gn.*)

A creaking cart goes long on the wheels.

Kræckjende weijen doerje allenlangst.—Creaking waggons last longest.—(*Old Friesic*, 17*th Century*.)

Rappelige Räder laufen am längsten.—Crazy cartwheels last the longest. (*Germ.*)

A cripple may possibly catch a hare. (*Gn.*)

A crooked stick will have a crooked shadow. (*Gn.*)

A crow is never the whiter for washing herself often. (R.)

A crow to pluck with you.

We have a crow to pull. (*Heywood*, 1546.)

A crowd is not company. (*Bacon. See p.* 1[illegible]*b.*)

A crown is no cure for the headache.

A curst cow hath short horns. (G. H.)

God, they say, sendeth commonly a curst cow short horns.—*Dr. John Harvey: Discoursive Probleme* (1583).

A curst cur must be tied short. (R.)

À felon chien âpre lien.—To a dishonest dog a rough cord.—(*Fr.*, V, 1498.)

À méchant chien court lien.—To a bad dog a short cord.—(*Fr.*)

A customary railer is the Devil's bagpipe, which the world danceth after. (*Gn.*)

A cutpurse is a sure trade, for he hath ready money when his work is done. (R.)

A danger foreseen is half avoided.

A day to come shows longer than a year that's gone. (*Gn.*)

A dead bee maketh no honey. (G. H.)

A dead mouse feels no cold. (R.)

A dead wife's the best goods in a man's house. (R.)

A dear ship stands longer in the haven. (R. Sc.)

A deluge of words and a drop of sense. (*Gn.*)

A diamond daughter turns to glass as a wife.

Een diamant van eene dochter wordt een glas van eene vrouw.—(*Dutch.*)

See "A' are guid lasses."

A diligent scholar, and the master's paid. (G. H.)

A disarmed peace is weak. (G. H.)

A discontented man knows not where to sit easy. (G. H.)

A disease known is half cured. (*Gn.*)

A dog in the kitchen desires no company. (*Fr.*)

While the hound gnaws bone company would he none.—(*Middle English.*)

A dog's life, hunger and ease. (R.)

A dog will not cry if you beat him with a bone. (*Gn.*)

A dripping June brings all things in tune.

Calm weather in June sets corn in tune. (R.)

A drop of honey catches more flies than a hogshead of vinegar.

A drowning man will catch at a straw (*or* "at a rush").

Chi si affoga, s'attaccherebbe a' rasoi.—A drowning man will catch at razors.—(*Ital.*)

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[*] She's a chick of the old cock.—*Aphra Behn: Sir Patient Fancy* (1678), iv., 4.

[†] With most spirit.

A drunkard's purse is a bottle. (G. H.)

A drunken man is not at home.

Homme ivre n'est pas à soi.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A drunken night makes a cloudy morning. (*Gn.*)

A dry cough is the trumpeter of death. (R.)

A dumb man holds all. (R. Sc.)*

A dwarf on a giant's shoulder sees further of the two. (G. H.)

Celui qui est sur épaules d'un géant voit plus loin que celui qui le porte.—(*Fr.*)

A fair bride is soon busked and a short horse soon wisped. (R. Sc.)

A fair day in winter is the mother of a storm. (G. H.)

A fair death honours the whole life. (G. H.)

A fair face may hide a foul heart.

A fair skin often covers a crooked mind.

A fair face is half a portion. (R.)

A fair fire makes a room flet (gay). (R. Sc.)

A fair wife and a frontier castle breed quarrels. (G. H.)

A fair wife without a fortune is a fine house without furniture. (*Gn.*)

A famine in England begins at the horse manger (*i.e.* when oats are dear). (R.)

A fat housekeeper makes lean executors. (G. H.)

Fette Küche, magere Erbschaft.—A fat kitchen, a lean legacy.—(*Germ.*)

A favour ill-placed is great waste.

A fault confessed is half redressed.

Péché avoué est à moitié pardonné.—A sin confessed is half forgiven.—(*Fr.*)

Confession of a fault makes half amends for it. (R.)

A fault once denied is twice committed.

Une faute niée est deux fois commise.—(*Fr.*)

A fault-mender is better than a fault-finder.

A feast is not made of mushrooms only. (*Gn.*)

A fine diamond may be ill set. (*Gn.*)

A fine woman can do without fine clothes. (*See* "A handsome woman.")

A flatterer's throat is an open sepulchre. (G. H.)†

A fleece of a year is more profitable than one which is shorn twice or thrice a year.—*Melusine*, c. 1500 (*tr. of 14th Cent. French romance*).

A flow will have an ebb. (R.)

Na hooge vloeden diepe ebben.—After high floods low ebbs. (*Dutch.*)

A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan. (*From the Japanese.*)

A fool and his money are soon parted. (R.)

A fool cannot be still.—*Chaucer: Parlement of Foules, l. 574.*

A fool demands much, but he's a greater fool that gives it. (R.)

A fool is better than an obstinate man. (*Gn.*)

A fool is fulsome. (R.)

A fool knows more in his house than a wise man in another's. (G. H.)

A fool may ask a question which forty wise men cannot answer.

Ce esmeut ung fol que quarante sages ne pourroyent apaiser.—One fool may make a disturbance which forty wise men may not be able to quiet.—(*Old Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven years. (R.)

Fools set stools for wise men to stumble at. (R.)

A fool may throw a stone into a well which a hundred wise men cannot pull out. (G. H.)

A fool may give a wise man counsel.

Un fou avise bien un sage.—A fool is a fine counsellor for a wise man.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Un fol enseigne bien un sage.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel.*)

A fool may put somewhat in a wise body's head. (R.)

A fool may eke a wise man ofte gyde.—*Chaucer: Troilus*, I, 630.

A fool may make money, but it takes a wise man to spend it.

A fool, when he is silent, is counted wise.

Tant est le fol sage qu'il se taît.—The fool is wise according as he holds his tongue.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A fool will not give his bauble for the Tower of London. (R. Sc.)

A fool's bolt is soon shot. (G. H.)

Sottes bolt is sone i-schotte.—*Proverbs of Alfred, Jesus Coll. MS.*, 421.

Wimmanes bolt is sone schote.—*Bevis of Hamtoun, l.* 1191.

Ut dicant multi, cito transit lancea stulti.—*Medieval Latin pr.*

A fool's belle is sone runge.—*Romaunt of the Rose* (*c.* 1380), *l.* 5266 (*not in the original French*).

A fool when he hes spoken hes all done. (R. Sc.)

Le pain au fol est premier mangé.—A fool's loaf is eaten first.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A fool's bolt may sometimes hit the mark.

A fool's head never grows white.

Tête de fou ne blanchit jamais.—(*Fr.*)

A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his own throat. (*Gn.*)

A forced kindness deserves no thanks. (*Gn.*)

A foul foot makes a full weam. (R. Sc.)

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* *See* Meredith: "Slave is the open mouth beneath the closed."

† Their throat is an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.—*Psalm* 5, 9.

A fox is not taken twice in the same snare.

Un renard n'est pas pris deux fois à un piège.—(*Fr.*)

'Αλλ' οὐκ αὖθις ἀλώπηξ πάγαις.—A fox is not caught in the snare more than once.—(*Greek.*)

Annosa vulpes haud capitur laqueo.—An old fox is hardly caught in a snare.—(*Latin.*)

A fox never dies in the dirt of his own ditch. —*Hebrew.*

A friend in court makes the process short.

For freend in court ay better is
Than peny in [his] purs certis.
—*Romaunt of the Rose, l.* 5541.

A friend in court is worth a penny in a man's purse. (R.)

Bon fait avoir ami en cour, car le procès en est plus court.—(*Fr.*)

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

A friend is never known till one has need. (R.)

True love kyths (appears) in time of need. (R. Sc.)

Au besoin voit on qui est amy.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

In time of prosperity friends will be plenty,
In time of adversity not one in twenty. (R.)

Now that I no longer need,
I can get full many a feed.
—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

C'est la prospérité qui donne les amis; c'est l'adversité qui les éprouve.—Prosperity gives friends; adversity proves them.—(*Fr.*)

Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.—A sure friend is known in a doubtful matter.—(*Latin, Ennius, as quoted by Cicero.*)

(*See also Chaucer: Monkes Tale*, 254)

A friend in the market is better than money in the chest.

A friend is easier lost than found.

A friend is not so soon gotten as lost. (R.)

A friend married is a friend lost.—*Pr. quoted by Ibsen: Love's Comedy, ii.* (1862).

A friend's dinner is soon dight. (R. Sc.)

Vrienden kost is haast gereed.—(*Dutch.*)

Viande d'ami est bientôt prête.—A friend's meat is soon ready.—(*Fr.*)

A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile.

A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody.

A full belly neither fights nor flies well. (G. H.)

A full cup is hard to carry.

A full heart lied never. (R. Sc.)

A full purse makes the mouth to speak. (R.)

A full sack will take a clout on the side. (R. Sc.)

It's a bad sack will abide no clouts. (R.)

Sacco pieno rizza l'orecchio.—A full sack raises its ear.—(*Ital.*)

A galled horse will not endure the comb. (R.)

A scabbed horse cannot abide the comb. (G. H.)

Cheval rogneux n'a cure qu'on l'estrille.—

A scurvy horse does not like to be combed.—(*Fr.*, R.)

Il tignoso non ama il pettine.—A scurfy person does not love the comb.—(*Ital.*, R.)

Jamais tigneux n'aime le peigne.—(*Fr.*, R.)

Een schurft hoofd ontziet de kam.—A scabby head fears the comb. (*Dutch.*)

(*See* "Touch a galled horse.")

A ganging fit (foot) is aye getting.

A gangand foot is ay getting, an it were but a thorn. (R. Sc.)

A gentle heart is tied with an easy thread. (G. H.)

A gentleman without living is like a pudding without suet. (R.)

A golden bit does not make the horse any better.

Un mors doré ne rend pas le cheval meilleur. —(*Fr., Balzac, c.* 1614.)

Freno indorato non megliora il cavallo.—(*Ital.*)

A golden dart kills where it pleases. (*Gn.*)

A golden shield is of great defence. (*Gn.*)

A good archer is not known by his arrows, but by his aim. (*Gn.*)

A good asker needs a good listener.

A good asker should have a good nay-say. (R. Sc.)

A bon demandeur bon écouteur.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

À bon entendeur salut.—(*Fr., Balzac: Vicaire des Ardennes*, c. 1614.)

A good bargain is a pick-purse. (G. H.)

Bonne marché trait argent de bourse.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Il buon mercato vota la borsa.—(*Ital.*)

A good beginning is half the battle.

Hombre apercebido medio combatido.—A man prepared has half fought the battle.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 17.)

El comenzar las cosas es tenerlas medio acabadas.—To begin matters is to have them half finished.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Todo es comenzar á ser venturoso.—To be lucky at the beginning is everything.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

See "Well begun is half done," and "Good beginnings"; *also* "Dimidium facti," *p.* 516*a*.

A good cat deserves a good rat.

À bon chat bon rat.—(*Fr.*)

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm. (*Gn.*)

A good conscience is a continual feast. (*Frequently quoted, as a proverb, by Francis Bacon.*)

A good conscience is a soft pillow.

Gut Gewissen ist ein sanftes Ruhekissen.—(*Germ.*)

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

A good cow may have an ill calf. (R. Sc.)

A good dog deserves a good bone. (R.)

À bon chien il ne vient jamais un bon os.—A good bone never comes to a good dog.—(*Fr.*)

A good dog does not always get the best bone. (*Gn.*)

A good dog never barketh about a bone. (R. Sc.)

A good dog does not bark without cause.—(*Gn.*) (*Also in Fr.*)

A good drum does not need hard striking. (*Japanese.*)

A good example is the best sermon.*

A good face needs no band, and a pretty wench no land. (R.)

A good fame is better than a good face. (*Gn.*)

A good friend is my nearest relation. (*Gn.*)

A good gaper makes two gapers.

Un bon bâilleur en fait bâiller deux.—(*Fr.*)

A good grievance is worth more than bad pay.

Mas vale buena queja que mala paga.—(*Span. Don Quixote. Attributed to Gonsalvo de Cordova.*

A good head cannot lie. (G. H.)

A good head will get itself hats.

A good horse cannot be of a bad colour. (R.)

A good horse never lacks a saddle.

A good horse often wants a good spur. (R.)

A good horseman wants a good spur. (*Gn.*)

A good husband makes a good wife.

A good yeaman makes a good woman. (R. Sc.)

A good Jack makes a good Jill.

A good judge conceives quickly, judges slowly.

A good lawyer makes a bad neighbour.

Bon avocat, mauvais voisin.—(*Fr.*)

A good life is the only religion. (*Gn.*)

A good man can do no more harm than a sheep. (R.)

A good marksman may miss.

A good merchant may meet with a misfortune. (*Gn.*)

A good name is better than riches.

Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée.—A good name is worth more than a golden girdle.—(*Fr.*)

Een gœde naam is beter dan olie.—A good name is better than oil.—(*Dutch.*)

A good name is sooner lost than won.

A good name keeps its lustre in the dark. (R.)

A good payer is master of another man's purse. (G. H.)

A good piece of steel is worth a penny. (R. Sc.)

A good presence is a letter of recommendation. (*See* "A smart coat.")

Die Schönheit ist ein guter Empfehlungsbrief.—Beauty is a good letter of introduction.—(*Germ.*)

Formosa facies muta commendatio est.—A comely face is a silent recommendation.—(*Latin, Publilius Syrus.*)

A good recorder sets all in order. (R.)

A good road and a wise traveller are two different things.

A good sailor may mistake in a dark night. (*Gn.*)

A good salad is the prologue to a bad supper. (R.) (*From the Italian.*)

A good season for courtship is when the widow returns from the funeral. (*Gn.*)

A good shift may serve long, but it will not serve ever. (R.)

A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, a lady's hand. (R.)

A good swordsman is not a quarreller.

Bonne épée, point querelleur.—(*Fr.*)

A good thing is soon snatched up. (*R.*)

Belle chose est tôt ravie.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A good whelp will not come of a bad dog.—(*Hebrew.*)

A good wife and health are a man's best wealth.

The good or ill hap of a good or ill life
Is the good or ill choice of a good or ill wife. (*Gn.*)

Ein eigen Herd, ein braves Weib, sind Gold und Perlen werth.—A hearth of your own and a good wife are worth gold and pearls.—(*Germ.*)

Egen Arne er Guld værd.—A hearth of your own is worth gold.—(*Dan.* Also in *Dutch*).

A good wife is a good prize.

A good wife is a good portion.—(*Ecclesiasticus* 26, 3.)

A good winter brings a good summer. (R.)

A good workman is never overpaid.

Un bon ouvrier n'est jamais trop chèrement payé.—(*Fr.*)

A goose-quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw. (*Gn.*)

A goss-hawk beats not at a bunting. (*Gn.*)

A gossip speaks ill of all, and all of her. (*Gn.*)

A great fortune is a great slavery. (*Gn.*)

A great load of gold is more burdensome than a light load of gravel. (*Gn.*)

A great reputation is a great charge. (*Gn.*)

A great ship asks deep waters. (G. H.)

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* *See* "He preaches best," p. 776*a*.

A great talker is a great liar.

A greedy man God hates. (R. Sc.)

A green Christmas makes a full churchyard.*

A green winter makes a fat churchyard. (R.)

Grune Weihnacht, weisse Ostern.—A green Christmas, a white Easter.—(*Germ.*)

A green wound is soon healed. (R.)

A growing youth has a wolf in his stomach.

A grunting horse and a groaning wife seldom fail their master. (R.)

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

A hair of the dog that bit you.

I pray thee let me and my fellow have a hair of the dog that bit us last night.—(H., 1546.)

To take a hair of the same dog.—*i.e.* to be drunk again the next day. (R.)

A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning. (G. H.)

Mieux vaut un poigne de bonne vie que plein muy de clergie.—(*Old Fr.*)

He that lives well is learned enough. (G. H.)

A handful of rice is riches to a starving man. (*Japanese.*)

A handsome hostess makes a dear reckoning. (*Quoted by Bishop Corbet, Iter Boreale,* c. 1632.)

A host's invitation is expensive.—(*Gn.*)

Belle hôtesse c'est un mal pour la bourse.—(*Fr.*)

Ventera hermosa mal para la bolsa.—(*Span.*) (*See* " The fairer the hostess.)

A handsome woman is soon dressed. (*See* " A fair bride.")

A hasty man never wanteth woe. (H. 1546.)

A hat is not made for one shower. (G. H.)

A head with a good tongue in it is worth double the price (*Gn.*)

A hedge between keeps friendship green.

Love your neighbour, yet pull not down your hedge. (G. H.)

Zwischen Nachbars Garten ist ein Zaun gut.—A hedge is a good thing between neighbours' gardens.—(*Germ.*)

A hired horse tired never. (R. Sc.)

Gemiethet Ross und eigene Sporen machen kurze Meilen.—A hired horse and your own spurs make the miles short.—(*Germ.; an identical proverb in Dutch.*)

A hog upon trust grunts till he's paid for. (*Gn.*)

A holy habit cleanseth not a foul soul. (G. H.)

A honey tongue, a heart of gall. (R.)

Tidt er Gift og Galde under Honningtale.—Often poison and gall are under the honeyed speech.—(*Dan.*)

Bosa de mel, coração de fel.—(*Port.*)

A horse grown fat kicks.

Cavallo ingrassato tira calci.—(*Ital.*)

A horse is neither better nor worse for his trapping. (*Gn.*)

A horse stumbles that has four legs. (G. H.)

Un cheval a quatre pieds et si chet.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A horse may stumble on four feet. (R. Sc.)

Een paard met vier pooten struikelt wel.—(*Dutch.*)

Ferree jument glisse.—A mare that is shod slips.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A hot May makes a fat churchyard. (R.)

A house and a woman suit excellently. (G. H.)

A house made and a man to make. (*See* " Fools build houses.")

Choose a house made and a wife to make. (G. H.)

Maison faite et femme à faire.—(*Fr.*)

A house pulled down is half rebuilt.

Chateau abattu est demi refait.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A hungry horse makes a clean manger. (R.)

A hungry man is an angry man. (R.)

Vilain affamé, demi enragé.—A hungry wretch is half mad.—(*Fr.*)

A hungry man sees far. (R. Sc.)

A jade [will] eat as much as a good horse. (G. H.)

A jealous head is soon broken. (*Gn.*)

A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step. (*Japanese.*)

A Kentish jury: hang half and save half. (*Gn.*)

A kindly aver [colt] will never make a good horse.* (*See* " A ragged colt.")

A king's cheese goes half away in parings. (R.)

A knave discovered is a great fool. (*Gn.*)

A lazy sheep thinks its wool heavy. (*Gn.*)

A leaky May and a dry June
Keep the puir man's head abune.
—*Scottish weather saying.*

A lean dog shames its master. (*Japanese.*)

A leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite. (H. 1546.)

A libertine life is not a life of liberty. (*Gn.*)

A lie has no leg, but a scandal has wings. (*Gn.*)

A lie with a latchet. (A downright lie.)

That's a lie with a latchet;
All the dogs in town cannot match it.
(*Old Rhyme.*)

That's a lee wi' a lid on,
And a brass handle to tak' hold on. (Sc.)

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* Ray gives examples to disprove this. (*See also* " A hot May.")

* Stated to be a Scottish proverb; quoted by King James: *Basilikon Doron.*

A light-heeled mother makes a heavy-heeled daughter. (R.)

A pitiful mother makes a scald head. (G. H.)

Eene barmhartige moeder maakt eene schurftige dochter.—A pitiful mother makes a scabby daughter.—(*Dutch.*)

Mère pitieuse fait fille tigneuse.—An indulgent mother makes a frowsy daughter.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

These proverbs are regarded as having the same meaning, namely, that a mother who does all the work makes her daughter idle and slovenly. (*See* " Dawtit dochters," etc.)

A light purse makes a heavy heart.

A heavy purse makes a light heart.

A lion's skin is never cheap. (G. H.)

A lisping lass is good to kiss. (R.)

A little barrel can give but a little meal. (*Gn.*)

A little bird is content with a little nest. (*Gn.*)

A little body doth often harbour a great soul. (R.)

A little debt makes a debtor, but a great one an enemy. (*Gn.*)

A little field may grow good corn.

En petit champ croit bien bon blé.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A little gall spoils a great deal of honey. (*Fr.*)

A little given seasonably excuses a great gift. (G. H.)

A little good is soon spent. (R.)

A little house well filled,
A little land well tilled,
A little wife well willed. (R.)

(*See* " God oft hath a great share," *p.* 767*a*; *also* " A house and a woman," *supra.*)

A little is better than none.

A little kitchen makes a large house. (G. H.)

A little labour, much health. (G. H.)

A little leak will sink a great ship. (*See Fuller's version, p.* 141*b*.)

A little let lets an ill workman. (G. H.) (*See* " An ill labourer.")

A little man may cast a great shadow.

Un petit homme projette parfois une grande ombre.—(*Fr.—Also in Ital.*)

A little saving is no sin.—*Quoted* (c. 1790), *Wolcot, Ode 4,* " *To Pitt.*"

A little ship needs but a little sail. (*Gn.*)

A little spark makes muckle wark. (Sc.)

D'humble scintille s'enflamme une ville.—By a humble spark a town is set on fire.—(*Fr.*)

A little stream drives a light mill. (R.)

A little stream will quench a great thirst.

A petite fontaine boit on soif.—At a little fountain one drinks thirst.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A little with quiet is the only diet. (G. H.)

A little wood will heat a little oven. (*Gn.*)

A living dog is better than a dead lion. (*Eccles. 9, 4.*)

Val più un asino vivo che un dottore morto.—A live ass is worth more than a dead doctor.—(*Ital.*)

A loan should come laughing home.

A borrowed len [loan] should come laughing hame. (R. Sc.)

A long tongue is a sign of a short hand. (G. H.)

A lord without riches is a soldier without arms. (*Gn.*)

A low hedge is easily leapt over. (R.)

A loyal heart may be landed under Traitor's Bridge. (*Gn.*)

A maid often seen, a gown often worn,
Are disesteemed and held in scorn. (R.)

A maid that giveth yieldeth. (*Given as an Italian Proverb.*) (R.)

A maid that laughs is half taken. (R.)

A mad beast must have a sober driver. (*Gn.*)

A madman and a fool are no witnesses. (*Gn.*)

A mad parish must have a mad priest. (*Gn.*)

A man at sixteen will prove a child at sixty. (*Gn.*)

A man can do no more than he can. (R.)

A man can only die once.

He that is once born, once must die.—(G. H.)

A man cannot pipe without his upper lip. —*F. Thynne: Continuation of Holinshed's Scotland* (1586).

A man cannot spin and reel at the same time. (R.)

A man cannot tell for whom he is hoarding.

On ne sait pour qui on amasse.—(*Fr.*) (*See Psalm,* 39, 6.)

A man cannot whistle and drink at the same time.

A man in debt is caught in a net.

A man in a passion rides a horse that runs away with him. (*Gn.*)

A man is as old as he feels himself to be.

Gli uomini hanno gli anni che sentono, e le donne quelli che mostrano.—Men have as many years as they feel, women as many as they show.—(*Ital.*)

A man is known by his friends.

A man's character depends on whether his friends are good or bad. (*Japanese.*)

A man is known by the Company he joins.—*Army saying* (1916).

A man is known to be mortal by two things —sleep and lust. (G. H.)

A man is not good or bad for one action. (*Gn.*)

A man, like a watch, is to be valued by his goings. (*Gn.*)

A man may bear till his back breaks. (R.)

A man may buy gold too dear. (R.)

A man may cause his own dog to bite him. (R.)

A man may do what he likes with his own.

A man may love his house well and yet not ride on the ridge. (R.)

A man may provoke his own dog to bite him. (*Gn.*)

A man may see his friend need, but he will not see him bleed. (R. Sc.)

A man may speir the gate [ask his way] to Rome. (R. Sc.) (*See* "All roads lead to Rome.")

A man may speer the gate he kens fu' weel. (Sc.)

Mony e'en spiers the gat they ken right weel.—*Mrs. Centlivre: A Woman keeps a Secret. Act. iii.*

What sent the messengers to hell
Was asking what they knew full well.
Scott: Waverley. ch. 24.

A man may spit in his loof [palm] an' do little. (R. Sc.)

A man may spit in his nieve [hand] and do nothing.

A man may woo where he will, but he will wed where he is weard [destined]. (R. Sc.)*

A man must ask his wife's leave to thrive. (R.)

It is hard ageunst the strem to stryve;
Fore he that cast hym for to thryve,
He must ask off hys wiffe leve.
—*MS. 15th Century.*

Husbands can earn, but only wives can save.

Nae man can thrive unless his wife will let him. —(*Sc.*)

Gli uomini fanno la roba, e le donne la conservano.—Men make the money and women save it.—(*Ital.*)

A man must plough with such oxen as he hath. (R.)

A man never surfeits of too much honesty. (R.)

A man of cruelty is God's enemy. (*Gn.*)

A man of gladness seldom falls into madness. (R.)

A man of great memory, without learning, hath a rock and a spindle and no staff to spin. (G. H.)

Beacoup de mémoire, et peu de jugement. —Plenty of memory and little judgment.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Great wits.")

A man of many trades begs his bread on Sundays. (*Gn.*)

A man of straw is worth a woman of gold. (R). (*Also in Fr. and Ital.*)

A man surprised is half beaten. (*Gn.*)

A man well mounted is ever choleric (G. H.)

A man were better be half blind than have both his eyes out. (R.)

A man without ceremony needs great merit in its place. (*Gn.*)

A man without money is a bow without an arrow. (*Gn.*)

A man without money is no man at all. (*Gn.*)

A man without reason is a beast in season. (R.)

A man's a man, though he hath but a hose on 's head. (R.)

A man's aye crousest* in his ain cause.

A cock is crouse in his own midding. (R. Sc.)

A man is a lion in his own cause. (R. Sc.) (*See* "Men are blind in their own cause.")

A man's best fortune or his worst is his wife.

A woman is the man's bote [fortune],
His life, his death, his wo, his wel.
(*Gower: Confessio Amantis* (c. 1390), *Bk. 7.*

El dia que te casas, ó te matas ó te sanas.—The day you marry, you either kill yourself or save yourself.—(*Span.*)

Die Ehe ist Himmel und Hölle.—Marriage is heaven and hell.—(*Germ.*) (*See* the Greek: "Γυνὴ κὠφέλειαν," p. 470*a.*)

A man's discontent is his worst evil. (G. H.). (*See* "Content." *p.* 749*a.*)

A man's folly ought to be his greatest secret. (*Gn.*)

A man's gift makes room for him.

A man's house is his castle.†

Chacun est roi en sa maison.—Every man is king in his own house.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

An Englishman's house is his castle.

Thou hast scolded me from my lodging, which, as long as I rent it, is my castle.—*Dryden: Wild Gallant* (1663), *i. 1.*

No stronger castle than a poor man's.—(*Servian.*)

Charbonnier est maître chez lui.—A coal-heaver is lord in his own house.—(*Fr.*)

A man's walking is a succession of falls.

A man's worth is the worth of his land.

Jeder gilt so viel als er hat.—Everyone is worth as much as he has.—(*Germ.*)

Tanti quantum habeas sis.—According to what you have such is your worth.—(*Latin.*)

Tant vaut l'homme, tant vaut sa terre.—According to a man's worth is the worth of his land.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Tanto vales cuanto tenes.—You are worth as much as your possess.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

A mare's shoe and a horse's shoe are both alike. (*Gn.*)

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* *See* "Hanging and wiving," p. 771*a.*

* Keenest.

† Ray says: "This is a kind of Law Proverb, 'Jura publica favent privata domus.'"—(Public laws favour the privacies of a house.) *See Coke*, pp. 85*a*, 88*b*.

A married man turns his staff into a stake. G. H.)

A master of straw eats a servant of steel. (G. H.)

A mastiff grows the fiercer for being tied up. (*Gn.*)

A May flood never did good. (R.)

A merchant's happiness hangs on chance winds, and waves. (*Gn.*)

A merchant that gains not, loseth. (G. H.)

Il n'est pas marchand qui toujours gagne.——He is not a merchant who always gains.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A mere scholar at court is an ass among apes.—*Prov. referred to in Centlivre's "Stolen Heiress"* (1704).

A miss is as good as a mile.

An inch in a miss is as good as an ell. (R.)

Eene talie te kort is zoovel als eene el.—An inch too short is as bad as an ell.—(*Dutch.*)

Ein wenig zu spät ist viel zu spät.—A little too late is much too late.—(*Germ.*)

A mole wants no lantern. (*Gn.*)

A moneyless man goes fast through the market. (*Gn.*)

A morning sun, and a wine-bred child, and a Latin-bred woman seldom end well. (G. H.)

A mote may choke a man. (R.)

A mountain and a river are good neighbours. (G. H.)

A mouse must not think to cast a shadow like an elephant. (*Gn.*)

A muzzled cat is no good mouser. (R.)

Gatta guantata non piglia mai sorice.—A cat in gloves will never catch mouse.—(*Ital.*)

A gloved cat was never a good mouser. (R. Sc.)

A myrtle among thorns is a myrtle still. (*Gn.*)

A nice new nothing to hang on my sleeve. (*Proverbial in N. and W. of England.*)

A fine new nothing. (R.)

A nice wife and a back door
Do often make a rich man poor. (R.)

Two daughters and a back door are three arrant thieves. (*Gn.*)

The postern door
Makes a thief and a whore. (*Gn.*)

A nip for new, and a bite for blue.—*Said to be an old Yorkshire Proverb.*

A noble plant suits not with a stubborn ground. (G. H.)

Noble plants suit not a stubborn soil. (R.)

A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.

A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. (*See* "A word to the wise.")

A pear year,
A dear year.

A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom. (*See* "A bushel of March dust.")

A penny for your thought.—(*H.*, 1546; *also found in Lyly's "Euphues,"* 1579.)

A penny more buys the whistle. (*Gn.*)

A penny saved is a penny got.

A penny hained is a penny gained. (Sc.)

A penny spared is twice got. (G. H.)

A penny saved is twopence got. (*Gn.*)

Quien come y condesa, dos veces pone la mesa.—He who eats and puts something by, spreads the table twice.—(*Span.*)

A pennyweight of love is worth a pound of law. (*Gn.*)

A pennyworth of ease is worth a penny. (R.)

A pet lamb makes a cross ram.

A piece of churchyard fits everybody. (G. H.)

A piece of a kid's worth two of a cat. (R.)

A pig used to dirt turns up its nose at rice boiled in milk.—(*Japanese.*)

A pin a day is a groat a year.—*W. King.* (*See p.* 188*b*.)

A pitiful look asks enough. (G. H.)

A place for everything, and everything in its place.

All things have their place, knew we how to place them. (G. H.)

A plant often removed cannot thrive.

A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.—*Poor Richard.*

A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands. (G. H.)

A poor man is fain of little. (R. Sc.)

A poor man's cow dies a rich man's child. (G. H.)

A poor man's rain.—*Expression applied in East of England to a rain at night, which does not interfere with the labour of outdoor workers.*

A poor man's table is soon spread. (R.)

A poor man wants some things, a covetous man all things. (*Gn.*)

A poor pleader may do in a plain cause. (*Gn.*)

A pound of care won't pay an ounce of debt.

An hundred load of thought will not pay one of debts. (G. H.)

Cento carri di pensieri non pagaranno un' oncia di debito.—A hundred cartloads of anxiety will not pay an ounce of debt.—(*Ital.*)

Cent 'ore di malinconia non pagano un quattrino di debito.—A hundred hours of worry will not pay a farthingsworth of debt.—(*Ital.*)

A pound of idleness weighs twenty ounces.

A pretty pig makes an ugly old sow. (*Gn.*)

727*a*

A promise attended to is a debt settled.

A promise delayed is justice deferred.

A promise neglected is an untruth told.

A quick landlord makes a careful tenant.

A quiet calf sucks its dam, and another cow also. (*Gn.*)

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder. (*Gn.*)

A quiet conscience makes a quiet sleep. (*Gn.*)

A racehorse is an open sepulchre. (*Gn.*)

A ragged coat may cover an honest man.

Ofte er Skarlagens Hierte under reven Kaabe.—There is often a royal heart under a torn cloak.—(*Dan.*)

A ragged colt may make a good horse. (R.) (*See* " A kindly aver," *etc.*)

An unhappy lad may make a good man. (R.)

Die ärgsten Studenten werden die frömmsten Prediger.—The most unruly students prove the most pious preachers.—(*Germ.*)

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Regenbogen am Morgen
Macht dem Schäfer sorgen;
Regenbogen am Abend
Ist dem Schäfer labend.—(*Germ*).

Rainbow i' th' morning, shipper's warning;
Rainbow at night, shipper's delight.
Hundred Merry Tales (c. 1525).

If there be a rainbow in the eve, it will fall and leave;
But if there be a rainbow in the morrow, it will neither lend nor borrow. (R.)

A reconciled friend is a double enemy.

A reformed rake makes the best husband.

A resty horse must have a sharp spur. (R.)

A right Englishman knows not when a thing is well. (R.)

A rogue always suspects deceit.

El malo siempre piensa engaño.—(*Span.*)

A rolling stone gathers no moss.*—*Quoted as an ancient proverb by Sir T. Wyatt (1503–1542) in " How to use the Court."*

The rolling stone never gathereth moss.—(*H.*, 1546.)

The oft-moved stone gathers no moss.

(*See Tusser, p.* 374*a* and 375*a*.)

Pietra mossa non fa muschio.—(*Ital.*)

La pierre souvent remuée n'amasse pas volontiers moussè.—(*Fr.*)

Ein Mühlstein wird nicht moosig.—A millstone does not become moss-grown.—(*Germ.*) (The moral of this proverb is the reverse of the English one.)

Saxum volutum non obducitur musco.—(*Latin.*)

Λίθος κυλινδόμενος τὸ φῦκος οὐ ποιεῖ.—A rolling stone does not produce sea-weed.—(*Greek.*)

Lapis qui volvitur algam non generat.—(*Latin.*)

727*b*

A rose between two thorns.

Anco trà le spine nascono le rose.—Among thorns grow the roses.—(*Ital.*)

Entre deux verdes une meure.—One ripe fruit between two green.—(*Old French Proverb, Rabelais*, 1533.)

A rugged stone grows smooth from hand to hand. (G. H.)

A saint abroad, a devil at home.

A scabbit horse is good enough for a scalt squire. (R.)

A scabbit sheep files all the flock. (R. Sc.)

A scald man's head is soon broken. (R. Sc.)

A scalded cat dreads cauld water. (Sc.)

The scalded dog fears cold water. (G. H.)

Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide.—(*Fr.*)

Escaudé eau chaude craint.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Il can battuto del bastone ha paura dell' ombra.—A beaten dog is afraid of the stick's shadow.—(*Ital.*)

A sceptre is one thing, a ladle another. (G. H.)

Alia res sceptrum, alia plectrum.—(*Latin.*)

A Scottish man is ay wise behind the hand. (R. Sc.)

A Scottish mist may wet an Englishman to the skin. (*Gn.*)

A secret is your blood; let it out too often and you die.—(*Arabic.*)

A secret is your slave if you keep it, your master if you lose it.—(*Arabic.*)

A servant and a cock should be kept but a year. (*Gn.*)

A sharp goad for a stubborn ass.

À dur âne dur aiguillon.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A sharp stomach makes short devotion. (R.)

A sheepskin shoe lasts not long. (*Gn.*)

A ship and a woman are ever repairing. (G. H.)*

A ship, a mill, and a woman, are always repairing. (*Gn.*)

A ship should not be judged from the land. —*From the Italian:* " Non giudicar la nave stando in terra."

A shored tree stands long. (R. Sc.)

A shroved tree may stand long. (*Gn.*)

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* An American humorist adds: " But look at the excitement it has."

* *See* " A ship is sooner rigged," etc., p. 436*a*. These sayings seem to be founded on Plautus (*Pœnulus*, i, 2):

" Negotii sibi qui volet vim parare,
Navem et mulierem, hæc duo comparato.
Nam nullæ magis res duæ plus negotii
Habent, forte si occeperis exornare.
Neque unquam satis hæ duæ res ornantur,
Neque eis ulla ornandi satis satietas est."

(Who wishes to give himself an abundance of business let him equip these two things, a ship and a woman. For no two things involve more business, if you have begun to fit them out. Nor are these two things ever sufficiently adorned, nor is any excess of adornment enough for them`

A short cut is often a wrong cut.—*From the Danish.* (*See Bacon,* "The shortest way is commonly the foulest," *p.* 8*b*.)

The longest way round is the nearest way home.

La più lunga strade è la più prossima a casa.—The longest street is the nearest home.—(*Ital.*)

The highway is never about. (R.)

A short horse is soon curried. (R.) (*See* "A fair bride.")

A short man needs no stool to give a great lubber a box on the ear. (R.)

A shower in July, when the corn begins to fill,
Is worth a plough of oxen and all belongs theretil. (*Gn.*)

A shroud has no pockets. (Sc.)

A sickly body makes a sickly mind.

Krankes Fleisch, kranker Geist.—(*Germ.*)

A sight for sair een.—*Often quoted by Christopher North* (*John Wilson*). (*See Noctes Ambrosianæ, 3, Oct. 1825.*)

A sicht of you is guid for sair een. (Sc.)

A sillerless man gangs fast through the market. (Sc.)

A silly bairn is eith to lear (easy to teach). (R. Sc.)

For sely (good) child wol alday sone lere (always learn quickly).—*Chaucer: Prioresses Tale,* 60.

Sely child is sone ylered.—*Hending, st.* 9.

A silver key can open an iron lock. (*See* "Gold opens.")

A slice out of a cut loaf is never missed.

'Tis safe taking a shive of a cut loaf. (R.)

(*See Shakespeare,* "Of a cut loaf," *p.* 276*a*; *also* "He that is robbed," *p.* 302*a*.)

A slothful man never has time.

A slow fire makes sweet malt.

A small hurt in the eye is a great one. (*Gn.*)

A small pack becomes a small pedlar. (R.)

À petit mercier petit panier.*—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A small shop may have a good trade. (*Gn.*)

A small sore wants not a great plaister. (*Gn.*)

A small spark shines in the dark.

Petit étincelle luit en ténèbres.—(*Fr.*)

A small sum will serve to pay a short reckoning. (R.)

A small wound may be mortal. (*Gn.*)

A smart coat is a good letter of introduction.—*From the Dutch.* (*See* "A good presence.")

A smiling boy seldom proves a good servant. (R.)

A snow year, a rich year. (G. H.)

Neige qui tombe engraisse.—Snow which lies fattens the ground. (*Fr., Gascon.*)

Anno di neve, anno di bene.—A year of snow, a year of good.—(*Ital.*)

A soldier fights upon his stomach.

La soupe fait le soldat.—The soup makes the soldier.—(*Fr.*)

Tripas llevan corazon, que no corazon tripas.—The stomach supports the heart, and not the heart the stomach.—(*Span.*) (*See p.* 716*b*.)

A sorrow is an itching place which is made worse by scratching. (*Gn.*)

A sorrow shared is but half a trouble,
But a joy that's shared is a joy made double.

Who hath none to still him must weep out his eyes. (G. H.)

A soul above buttons. (*See Geo. Colman, jun., p.* 90*b*.)

Not worth a button.

(Rabelais, in *Gargantua* [1534], speaks of a good action which was not worth more than "l'estimation d'un bouton.")

A spot is most seen on the finest cloth. (*Gn.*)

En el paño mas fino se ve mas la mancha.—(*Span.*)

A spur in the head is worth two in the heels. (R.)

A square man in a round hole. (*Sydney Smith. See p.* 332*a*.)

The world is like a board with holes in it, and the square men have got into the round holes.—Quoted in nearly these words in *Punch.*

A stitch in time saves nine.

By timely mending save much spending.

A drop of oil in time saves time. *Soldier's Prov.* (1916).

A stone in a well is not lost. (G. H.)

A storm in a tea-cup.

A storm in a cream-bowl.—*Early form of pr.*

Fluctus in simpulo excitare.—To excite waves in a ladle.—(*Latin, Cicero, De Legibus,* 3, 16 36.)

A straight stick is crooked in the water. (*Gn.*)

A straw will show which way the wind blows.

The folk devyne at wagging of a stree (straw).—*Chaucer: Troilus, Bk.* 2, 1475.

A' Stuarts are no sib [kin] to the king.

A stumble may prevent a fall. (*Gn.*)

A successful man loses no reputation. (*Gn.*)

A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay
But a swarm in July is not worth a fly. (R.)

Swarm o' bees i' May
'S worth a load of hay;
Swarm o' bees i' June
'S worth a silver spune
Swarm o' bees i' July
'S not worth a fly.—*Derbyshire Saying.*

A tailor's shreds are worth the cutting. (R.)

A tale never loses in the telling.

A tame tongue is a rare bird.

A tattler is worse than a thief.

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* Also used by Jean de Balzac, *Vicaire des Ardennes,* c. 1614. (*See* "Little things," p. 804*a*.)

A thief knows a thief, as a wolf knows a wolf.

A thief passes for a gentleman, when thieving has made him rich. (*Gn.*)

A thin meadow is soon mowed. (R.)

A thing is bigger for being shared.—(*Gaelic.*)

A thing you don't want is dear at any price. (*See* "Nothing is cheap.")

A thousand years hence the river will run as it did. (*Gn.*)

A thread will tie an honest man better than a rope a rogue. (Sc.)

A thrush paid for is better than a turkey owing for. (*Gn.*)

A tocherless [dowerless] dame sits long at hame. (Sc.)

A toiling dog comes halting home. (*Gn.*)

A toom [empty] pantry makes a thriftless guid-wife. (Sc.)

A traitor is ill company.

> It is evil company of a traitor. *Melusine* (*Eng. tr.*; c. 1500, *of 14th Cent. Fr. romance.*)

A tyrant is most tyrant to himself. (G. H.)

A useful trade is a mine of gold.

> A trade is better than service. (G. H.)
>
> He that learns a trade hath a purchase made. (G. H.)
>
> Quien tiene arte
> Va por toda parte.
> —Who has a trade may go anywhere.—(*Span.*)

A valiant man's look is more than a coward's sword. (G. H.)

A vaunter and a liar is the same thing. (R.)

> A vauntour and a lyere, al is on [one].—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 3, 309.

A Venetian first, a Christian afterwards.—(*From the Venetian Proverb*, "*Pria Veneziani, poi Christiane.*")

A village is a hive of glass,
Where nothing unobserved can pass.
—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

A voluntary burden is not a burden.

> Carica voluntaria non carica.—(*Ital.*)

A wager is a fool's argument. (*Gn.*)

> Fools for arguments use wagers.—*Butler: Hudibras, Pt.* 2 (1664), *c.* 1.

A weel-bred dog gaes oot when he sees them preparing to kick him oot. (Sc.)

A well-filled body does not believe in hunger.

> Corpo satollo non crede all' affamato.—(*Ital.*)
>
> E bello predicare il digiuno a corpo pieno.—It is all very well to preach fasting with a full stomach.—(*Ital.*)

A wet hand will hold a dead herring. (*Gn.*)

A whet is no let (*i.e.* a stoppage to sharpen the scythe is no hindrance). (R.)

A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Are neither liked by God nor men.
(*or*)
Will fright the devil out of his den.
v. Northall's "*English Folk-Rhymes.*" *This, however, is a very old proverb.*

> C'est chose qui moult me deplaist,
> Quand poule parle et coq se taist.
> —It is a thing very displeasing to me when the hen speaks and the cock is silent.—(*Roman de la Rose. 14th Century.*)
>
> Femme qui parle comme homme, et geline qui chante comme coq ne sont bonnes à tenir. —A woman who talks like a man, and a hen which crows like a cock, are no good to anyone.—(*Fr.*)
>
> Une poule qui chante le coq, et une fille qui siffle, portent malheur dans la maison.—A hen which crows and a girl who whistles bring the house bad luck.—(*Fr.*)

A white wall is a fool's paper. (R.)

> A white wall is the paper of a fool. (G. H.)
>
> Muro bianca carta da matti.—(*Ital.*)
>
> He is a fool and ever shall, that writes his name upon a wall. (R.)

A wicked man's gift hath a touch of his master. (G. H.)

A wight (courageous) man never wanted a weapon. (R. Sc.)

A wilful man must have his way.

A wilful man needs be very wise. (*Gn.*)

A willing mind makes a light foot.

> En villig Hielper töver ei til man beder.—A willing helper does not wait to be called.—(*Dan.*)

A windy March and a rainy April make a beautiful May. (*Gn.*)

A winter's thunder's a summer's wonder. (R.)

> Winter's thunder
> Is the world's wonder.
> —*Halliwell's* "*Nature Songs.*"
>
> Quand il tonne en Mars on peut dire "hélas."—When it thunders in March one may say "alas."—(*Fr.*)
>
> *See* "Winter's thunder."

A wise head makes a close mouth. (R.)

A wise man cares not for what he cannot have. (G. H.)

A wise man changes his mind sometimes, a fool never. (R.) (*See* "Prudentis est mutare," *p.* 626*b*.)

> El sabio muda consejo, el necio no.—(*Span.*)
>
> Il sabio muda conscio, il nescio no.—(*Ital.*)
>
> A wise man need not blush for changing his purpose. (G. H.)

A wise man gets learning frae them that hae none. (Sc.)

> A wise man gets learning from those who have none themselves. (R.) (*Given as an Eastern proverb.*)

A wise man is a great wonder. (*Gn.*)

730a

A wise man is out of the reach of fortune. *Described by Sir T. Browne ("Religio Medici," 1642) as "that insolent paradox."*

A wise man sees as much as he ought, not as much as he can.

Le sage vit tant qu'il doibt, non pas tant qu'il peut.—(*Fr., Montaigne : Essais, Book 2, ch.* 3.)

A wise man's loss is his secret. (*Gn.*)

A witless head makes weary feet.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds. (*Gn.*)

A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree—
The more you beat them, the better they'll be.

A spaniel, a woman, and a walnut tree—
The more they're beaten, the better still they be. (R.)

A Latin version (quoted by Ray as modern) says that "a nut-tree, an ass, and a woman" are useless if blows are spared; A Danish proverb states: "There are three things which are no good without beating, a walnut tree, an ass, and a woman."

Nux, asinus, campana, piger, si verbera cessent,
Hic cubat, illa silet, his stat, et illa manet.
Nux, asinus, campana, piger, si verbera cogant,
Hic studet, illa sonat, hic it, et illa cadit.
—A nut, an ass, and a sluggard, when blows are wanting, the one lies idle, the other is silent, the one stands fast, and the other stops; a nut, an ass, a bell, and a sluggard, if blows are applied, the one is busy, the other sounds, this one goes and the other falls.—(*Lat.*) *Epigram attrib. to Zevecotius* (1604–1646) *by Nicolas Mercier* (*d.* 1657) *in "De Conscribendo Epigrammate," p.* 166.

A woman and a glass are ever in danger. (G. H.)

Einer Frau und einem Glas drohet jede Stunde was.—(*Germ.; also in Span.*)

Figlie e vetri son sempre in pericolo.—Girls and glass are always in danger.—*Ital.*

Es de vidrio la muger.—Woman is made of glass.—(*Span., Don Quixote,* 1, 33.)

A woman and a hen will always be gadding.

La muger y la gallina por ander se perden ainas.—A woman and a hen are well nigh lost by gadding.—(*Span.*)

Much in the street, light of repute.

A woman conceals what she knows not. (G. H.)

A woman is to be from her house three times; when she is christened, married and buried. (*Gn.*)

A woman's counsel is fatal.

Hit is ifurn iseyd
That cold red is quene red.
—(It is said of old that woman's counsel is fatal counsel.)—*Provs. of Alfred, Jesus Coll. MS.*, 375.)

Wommenes counseil been ful ofte colde [fatal].
—*Chaucer : Nonne Prestes Tale*, 436.

Köld eru opt kvenna-ráth.—Fatal often are women's counsels.—(*Icelandic.*)

A woman's counsel is not worth much, but he who does not take it is mad.

El consejo de la muger es poco, y el que no toma es loco.—(*Span., Don Quixote,* 2, 7.)

Yit a woman's avyse helpys at the last.
Towneley Plays (c. 1388), *No.* 13, 342.

730b

A woman's hair is long; her tongue is longer.—(*Russian.*)

A woman's mind and the winter wind change oft. (R.)

A woman's nay is no denial. (*See* "Between a woman's Yes and No," *also* "A woman's nay," *p.* 322*b.*)

A woman's word is a bundle of water.—(*Hindoo.*)

A woman's work is never done. (*See Tusser, p.* 375*a.*)

Man's work lasts till set of sun,
Woman's work is never done.

A woman's work and washing of dishes is never at an end. (R.)

A woman that paints puts up a bill that she is to be let. (*Gn.*)

A wonder lasts but nine days. (R.)

This wonder (as wonders last) lasted nine days. (H., 1546.)

A wonder lasts but nine days, and then the puppy's eyes are open. (*Gn.*)

Wonder lasts but nine nights in a town. (R. Sc.) (*See Chaucer, p.* 79*b*, *note; also Shakespeare : Henry VI., Pt.* 3, iii. 2.

A wool-seller knows a wool-buyer. (R.) (*Given as a Yorkshire Proverb.*)

A word and a stone let go cannot be recalled.

Palabra y piedra suelta no tiene vuelta.—(*Span.*)

Geredt ist geredt, man kann es mit keinem Schwamme abwischen.—Spoken is spoken, you cannot wipe it out with a sponge.—(*Germ.*)

Four things are not to be brought back: a word spoken, an arrow discharged, the divine decree, and past time.—(*Arabian.*)

A word once out flies everywhere.

No man can stay a stone. (R.)

A word before is worth two behind. (R. Sc.)

A word to the wise is enough.

See "Dictum sapienti sat est."—(*Latin.*)

Intelligenti pauca; dictum sapienti.—To the understanding man a few words; to the wise a word.—(*Latin. Terence.*)

Half a tale is enough to a wise man. (R. Sc.)

Men seyn thus, send the wyse and say nothing.—*Chaucer : Miller's Tale*, 412.

Send a wise man on an errand and say nothing to him. (G. H.) (*Also in Portuguese.*)

A nod for a wise man, and a rod for a fool. (*Hebrew : ascribed to Ben Syra.*)

Le sage entend à demi-mot.—The wise man understands with half a word.—(*Fr.*)

A bon entendeur ne faut qu'une parole.—*Rabelais : Pantagruel, Book* 5, *ch.* 7.

A bon entendeur demi-mot.—(*Fr.*)

A buen entendedor pocas palabras.—To a good listener a few words.—(*Span.*)

A buon intenditor poche parole.—(*Ital.*)

A bon entendeur il ne faut que demi parole.—(*Fr.*)

A work begun is half done.

A begun work is half ended. (R. Sc.)

Anfang und Ende reichen einander die Hände.—Beginning and end shake hands together.—(*Germ.*)

A thing begun is half done. *See Lat.*, "Dimidium facti."

A workman is known by his work.

À l'œuvre on connoît l'ouvrier.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A worm will turn.

Even the ant and the worm have their wrath.—(*Greek.*)

Inest et formicæ sua bilis.—Even the ant has its gall.—(*Latin.*)

A wound never heals so well but that the scar can be seen.—(*From the Danish.*)

A wreck on shore is a beacon at sea.—(*From the Dutch.*)

A young idler, an old beggar.

Junge Faullenzer (*or* Spieler), alter Bettler.—A young idler (*or* gambler), an old beggar.—(*Germ.*)

A young saint, an old devil. (R.)

De jeune angelot vieux diable.—Of a young angel, an old devil.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)
Giovine santo, diavolo vecchio.—(*Ital.*)
De jeune hermite, vieil diable.—Of a young hermit, an old devil.—*Quoted, as a "proverbe authentique," by Rabelais, Pantagruel* (1533).

A young prodigal, an old mumper. (*Gn.*)

A young whore, an old saint. (*Gn.*)

Angelicus juvenis senibus satanizat in annis.—An angelic boyhood becomes a Satanic old age.—*Quoted by Erasmus* (*Fam. Coll.*) *as a proverb invented by Satan. Also quoted in Lyndesay's "Three Estatis"* (1535), *l.* 233.

A careless courtier young, an old beggar.—*Quoted as pr. in. "Uncasing of Machiavel's Instructions to his Sonne"* (1613).

A young serving man, an old beggar. (R.)

Chi vive in Corte muore à pagliaro.—(*Ital.*)

A young trooper should have an old horse. (*Gn.*)

Abraham's bosom.—(*Proverbial expression for Paradise, founded on St. Luke 16, 23.*)

Nunc ille vivit in sinu Abraham.—Now he (Nebridius) lives in Abraham's bosom.—(*Latin. St. Augustine: Confessions, 9, 3, 6.*) (*See Shakespeare: Richard II.*, iv. 1, *Richard III*, iv. 3.)[*]

Absence is a shrew. (R.)

Assenza nemica di amore.—Absence is the enemy of love.—(*Ital.; also in Span.*) (*See* "Long absent.")

Absence sharpens love, presence strengthens it. (*Gn.*)

Abundance is no fault. *French Dict. of Provs., 1758.* (*Quoted as an English prov.*)

Accusing the times is but excusing ourselves. (*Gn.*)

Acorns were good till bread was found. (*Quoted by Bacon as from the Latin, Colours of Good and Evil, 6; see Juvenal, 14, 181.*)

Actions speak louder than words.

The effect speaks, the tongue need not. (G. H.)

Le fait juge l'homme.—The deed proves the man.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Adam's ale is the best brew.

Adversity makes a man wise, not rich. (R.)

Vent au visage rend un homme sage.—Wind in the face makes a man wise.—(*Fr.*)

Vexatio dat intellectum.—Tribulation brings understanding.—(*Latin.*)

L'adversité fait l'homme, et le bonheur les monstres.—Adversity makes a man, luck makes monsters.—(*Fr.*)

Advice when most needed is least heeded.

Advice whispered in the ear
Is not worth a tare. (*Gn.*)

Advise none to marry or go to war. (G. H.)

Africa ever produces something new.

Africa semper aliquid adfert novi.—(*Latin, Erasmus.*)

Afrique est coustumière toujours choses produire nouvelles et monstrueuses.—It is the custom of Africa always to produce new and monstrous things.—(*Fr. Rabelais: Pantagruel, Book* 5, *ch.* 3.)
(*Also found in Greek, see p.* 467*a.*)

Affirmations are apter to be believed than negations. (*Gn.*)

After a Christmas comes a Lent. (R.)

A Yule feast may be quat at Pasche. (R. Sc.)
Nach Weihnachten kommt Fasten.—(*Germ.*)

After a dream of a wedding comes a corpse. (R.)

After a funeral a feast.

Après tout deuil boit on.—After all mourning one drinks.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

After a storm comes a calm.

After rain comes fair weather. (R.) (*See Langland*, "After sharpest shoures," *p.* 195*a.*)

Après la pluie le beau temps.—(*Fr.*)

Auf Regen folget Sonnenschein.—(*Germ., also in Dutch.*)

After clouds comes fair weather. (R.)

After bale cometh boote [remedy].—*Tale of Gamelyn*, 631.

After greet heet cometh cold;
No man cast his pilche [fur garment] away.
—*Proverbe of Chaucer.* (*See also Troilus*, 1, 948; *and* 3, 1060.

Doppo il cattivo ne vien il buon tempo?—After the evil will not a good time come?—(*Ital.*)

A blustering night, a fair day. (G. H.)

Toujours ne dure orage ni guerre.—Neither storm nor war lasts for ever.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

After cheese comes nothing. (R.)

After death the doctor.

Après la mort le médecin.—(*Fr.*)

After delay comes a let. (R. Sc.)

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[*] Augustine also uses this expression in *De Anima*, Book 4, 16, 24, where he states that by Abraham's bosom is to be understood "that remote and secret abode of quiet, where Abraham is." Shakespeare in Henry V., ii. 3, makes the Hostess misquote the expression: "Sure he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom."

After dinner sit awhile;
After supper walk a mile. (R.)

Post epulas stabis vel passus mille meabis.—After a meal you will stand or walk a mile.—*Maxim of Salerno School of Health.*

After dinner sleep a while; after supper go to bed. (R.)

Dopo pranza sta, dopo cena va.—After dinner rest; after supper walk.—(*Ital., Venetian Proverb.*)

Nacht dem Essen sollst du stehen.
Oder tausend Schritte gehen.
—After dinner you must stand while, or walk a thousand paces.—(*Germ.*)

After good wine a good horse.

Après bon vin bon cheval.—After good wine a good horse.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498)

After Lammas, corn ripens as much by night as by day. (R.)

After meat mustard.

After meat comes mustard. (R.)

Senf nach der Tafel.—(*Germ.*)

Moostaard na den Maaltijd.—Mustard after the meal.—(*Dutch.*)

Après manger assez cuilliers.—Plenty of spoons after eating.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

They fetch the salt after the rice is eaten.—(*Bengali.*)

After melon wine is a felon. (R.)

Sobre melon, vino felon.—(*Span.*)

After reckoning one must drink.

Après compter fault boire.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

After the house is finished, leave it. (G. H.)

Despues que la casa está hecha, la deja.—After the house is finished he leaves it.—(*Span.*)

After-wit is everybody's wit.

After-wit is fool's wit.

After word comes weird. (R. Sc.)

Age and wedlock tame man and beast.

Age and wedlock bring a man to his night cap. (R.)

Wedding and ill-wintering tame both man and beast. (R.)

Age and wedlock we all desire and repent of. (*Gn.*)

Age will not be defied.—*Bacon* (*p.* 11*a*).

Age before honesty.

Agree, for the law is costly. (R.)

Agues come on horseback, but go away on foot. (R.)

Les maladies viennent au cheval, retournent à pied.—(*Fr.*)

Autumnal agues are long or mortal. (G. H.)

Air coming in at the window is as bad as a cross-bow shot. (*Gn.*)

Alike every day makes a clout on Sunday. (*Gn.*)

All are fellows at football. (*Gn.*)

All are not hanged that are condemned. (*Gn.*)

All are not friends that speak us fair. (R.)

All are not hunters that blow the horn. (R.)

Non est venator quivis per cornua flator. (*Latin, Mediæval*).

Ne sont pas tous chasseurs qui sonnent du cor.—(*Fr.; also in Germ. and Dan.*)

All are not maidens that wear fair hair. (R. Sc.)

All are not merry that dance lightly. (G. H.)

All are not saints that go to church.

Non son tutti santi quelli che vanno in chiesa.—(*Ital.*)

All are not soldiers that go to the wars.

No son soldados todos los que van á la guerra.—(*Span.; also in Port.*)

All are not thieves that dogs bark at. (R.)

All are presumed good till they are found in a fault. (G. H.)

All beasts of prey are strong or treacherous. (G. H.)

All blood is alike ancient. (*Gn.*)

Human blood is all of a colour. (*Gn.*)

All bread is not baked in one oven.

All bring grist to your mill. (R.)

All came from and will go to others.

Tout fut à autrui et tout sera à autrui.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

All cats are grey in the dark.

De noche todos los gatos son pardos.—(*Span. Don Quixote*, 2, 33.)

La nuit tous les chats sont gris.—(*Fr.*)

When all candles be out, all cats be grey.—(*Heywood*, 1546.) (*See* "Joan is as good as my lady," p. 798*a*.)

All colours will agree in the dark.—*Bacon, Essays, No. 3.* (*See p.* 9*b*.)

All complain. (G. H.)

All complain of want of memory, but none of want of judgment. (*Gn.*)

All covet, all lose. (G. H.)

Qui tout convoite, tout perd.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Qui trop empoing rien n' étreind.—Who grasps at too much secures nothing.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Grasp, all.")

All doors are open to Courtesy. (*Gn.*)

All fails that fools think. (R. Sc.)

All fails where faith fails.

Alles wanket wo der Glaube fehlet.—(*Germ.*)

All fame is dangerous; good bringeth envy, bad shame. (*Gn.*)

All fellows at football. (R.)

All fish are not caught with flies. (*Gn.*)

All flesh is not venison. (G. H.)

All goeth down Gutter Lane. (R.)—*A London saying.*

All good comes to an end—except the goodness of God.—(*Gaelic.*)

All griefs with bread are less. (G. H.)

All her dishes are chafing dishes. (*Gn.*)

All hours are not ripe.

Toutes heures ne sont meures.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

All is fine that is fit. (*Gn.*)

All is for the best.

I woot wel clerkes wol seyn, as hem leste
By arguments, that al is for the beste.
—*Chaucer: Frankleyn's Tale*, 155 (cf. *Romans* 8, 28.)

All is good that God sends us.

A's guid that God sends. (Sc.)

All is not gold that glisters. (H., 1546.) (G. H.)

Hit is not al gold that glareth.—*Chaucer: House of Fame*, 1, 272.

All is not golde that shewyth goldishe hewe. —"*Chorle and Byrde*," *Lydgate* (*d. about* 1461).

Ce n'est pas or quant qui reluist.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Tout ce qui reluit n'est pas or.—(*Fr.*)

Aurea ne credas quæcunque nitescere cernis.—Think not all things gold which you see glittering. —(*Lat.*)

Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum,
Nec pulchrum pomum quodlibet esse bonum
—You shall not hold as gold everything which glitters as gold, nor every beautiful apple to be good.—(*Lat., Alanus de Insulis: Parabolæ.*)

Ne every appel that is fair at yĕ
Ne is not good.
—*Chaucer: Canon's Yeoman's Tale*, 410.

Non omne quod nitet aurum est.—(*Lat.*)

No es oro todo lo que reluce.—(*Span.*)

Non è oro tutto quel che luce.—(*Ital.*)

All is not lost that is in danger. (R.)

Ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu.—What is postponed is not lost.—(*Fr.*)

A' is na tint that's in peril. (R. Sc.)

All is not yet lost that lyeth in parell [peril].—*Melusine, ch.* 22 (*tr. of 14th Cent. Fr. romance.*)

All is not won that is put in the purse. (R.)

All is well with him who is beloved of his neighbours. (G. H.)

All keys hang not on one girdle. (G. H.)

All the keys in the country hang not at one belt. (R. Sc.)

Tout le clefs ne pendent pas à une ceinture. (*Fr.*)

Tutte le chiavi non pendono ad una cintura.—(*Ital.; also in Germ. and Dan.*)

All lay loads on a willing horse.

On touche toujours sur le cheval qui tire.—The horse which draws always gets the whip.—(*Fr.; also in Germ. See* "Do not spur," *p.* 752.*b*)

All mankind is beholden to him that is kind to the good. (*Gn.*)

All meat's to be eaten, all maids to be wed. (R.)

All married women are not wives.—*Japanese.*)

All rivers do what they can for the sea. (*Gn.*)

All on one side, like Takeley Street. (Takeley in Essex had its houses all on one side of the street.)

Partage de Montgomerie: tout d'un côté, rien de l'autre.—A Montgomery division; all on one side, nothing on the other.—(*Fr.*)

All o' one side; like Bridgnorth election.—*Shropshire Proverb.*

All overs are ill, but over the water. (R. Sc.)

A' o'ers are ill, but o'er the water an' o'er the hill. (R., *later ed.*)

All promises are either broken or kept. (R.)

All roads lead to Rome.

Tout chemin mène à Rome.—(*Fr.*)

Y á Roma por todo.—To Rome for everything.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 13, 55.)

A la Corte por todo.—To the Cortes for everything.—(*Span.*)

Mille viæ ducunt homines per sæcula Romam.—A thousand roads lead men for ever to Rome.—*Alain de Lille: Liber Parabolarum*, 591.

Every road leads to the Mikado's palace.—(*Japanese.*)

All shall be well, and Jack shall have Jill. (R.)

All sorrows are less with bread.

Todos les duelos con pan son buenos (*or* menos). —(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

All strive to give to the rich man. (*Gn.*)

All that shakes, falls not. (G. H.)

Tout ce qui bransle ne tumbe pas.—*Montaigne*, 3, 8.

All the arms of England will not arm fear. (G. H.)

All the fat's in the fire. (R.)

Olie in het vuur werpen.—To throw oil on the fire.—(*Dutch.*)

Or casten all the gruel in the fire.—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 3, 711.

All the honesty is in the parting. (R.)

All the months in the year
Curse a fair Februeer. (R.)

The Welshman had rather see his dam on the bier, than to see a fair Februeer. (R.) (*See* "February.")

The shepherd would rather see the wolf in his stable at Candlemas (Feb. 2) than the sun.—*See* "If Candlemas day be fair and bright."—(*Germ.*)

All the speed is in the spurs.

All the winning is the first buying. (R. Sc.)

All the wit in the world is not in one head.

All the world's a camera,—look pleasant, please!—(*American.*)

All the world and his wife.

Anstey's "*New Bath Guide*" (1766). *The phrase is also in Swift's* "*Polite Conversation*" (c. 1731).

Tout le monde et son père.—All the world and his father.—(*Fr.*)

All the world and Bingham.*

All the world and Little Billing.—*Northamptonshire saying.*

All things are easy that are done willingly. (*Gn.*)

A' thing [All things] angers you, and the cat breaks your heart. (Sc.)—*Hislop.*

All things are difficult before they are easy. (*Gn.*)

All things are gude unsaid. (R. Sc.)

All things are gude untried. (R. Sc.)

All things are soon prepared in a well-ordered house. (R.)

In a good house all is quickly ready. (G. H.)

All things in their being are good for something. (G. H.)

All things require skill but an appetite. (G. H.)

All things thrive but thrice. (R. Sc.)

All tongues are not made of the same flesh. (*Gn.*)

All truth is not always to be told.

All truths are not to be told. (G. H.)

Tout vrai n'est pas à dire.—All truth is not good to tell.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Ogni vero non è buono a dire.—All truth must not be told at all times. (R.)—(*Ital.*)

Die Wahrheit zu sagen ist nützlich dem der höret, schädlich dem der spricht.—Speaking the truth is useful to the hearer, harmful to the speaker.—(*Germ.*)

All will come out in the washing.

Todo saldrá en la colada.—(*Span.*)

A agoa tudo lava.—Water washes everything.—(*Port.*)

Pákpattan cloth, when you see it you will rejoice; when you wash it you will weep.—(*Punjábi.*)

Al freir de los huevos lo vera.—It will be seen in the frying of the eggs (which is good).—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 1, 37.)

All women are good—for something or nothing. (R.)

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. (R.)

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,
All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy.
—*Quoted in this form in Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy (concluded)," Vol.* 2. (1825).

All your eggs have two yolks apiece, I'll warrant you.

Seine Hühner legen Eier die zwei Dotter haben.—(*Germ.*)

All your geese are swans. (R.)

All's fair in love and war.

Fair chieve (comes) all where love trucks (bargains). (R.)

All policy's allowed in war and love.—*Mrs. Centlivre: Love at a Venture, Act i.* (*printed* 1706).

All's fish that comes to the net.

Salga pez, ó salga rana, á la capacha.—Come fish, come frog, all to the basket.—(*Span.*)

All's good in a famine. (*Gn.*)

All's lost that's put in a riven dish. (R.)

All's well that ends well.—*Title of Shakespeare's Play* (c. 1595).

Nothing is ill that ends well. (*Gn.*)

Almost and very nigh saves many a lie. (R.)

Almost and hard by
Saves many a lie. (*Gn.*)

Nær hielper mangen Mand.—" All but " saves many a man.—(*Dan.*)

Almost was never hanged. (R.)

Beinahe bringt keine Mücke um.—Almost never killed a fly.—(*Germ.*)

Nærved slaaer ingen Mand ihiel.—Almost kills no man.—(*Dan.*)

Almsgiving never made a man poor.*

Alms never make poor. (G. H.) (*See* " Giving to the poor," *p.* 765*a*.)

El dar limosna nunca mengua la boldà.—Almsgiving never lightens the purse.—(*Span.*)

Great almsgiving lessens no man's living. (G. H.)

Giving much to the poor doth enrich a man's store;
It takes much from the account to which his sin doth amount. (G. H.)

Almisse tömmer ei Pung, og ei Messe Dagsfærd.—Alms do not exhaust the purse, nor a mass the day's duty.—(*Dan.*)

Although it rain, throw not away thy watering pot. (G. H.)

Although the sun shine, leave not thy cloak at home. (G. H.)

Always at it wins the day.

Always say no, and you will never be married.

Dites toujours nenni, vous ne serez jamais mariée.—(*Fr.*)

Amendment is not sin.

Amendement n'est pas péché.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Amendment is repentance. (*Gn.*)

Among the blind the one-eyed is king.

Among the people Scoggin's a doctor. (*Gn.*)

Amongst good men two men suffice. (G. H.)

An ague in the spring is physic for a king. (R.)

De grande maladie vient on en grande santé.—From a great illness one comes to great health.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

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* Accounted for by a notice on a Newark hostelry: "Passengers and parcels conveyed to all parts of the world and Bingham."

* " Nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise." These words are sometimes added.

An ape's an ape though he wears a gold ring.—(*From the Dutch.*)*

> Affen bleiben Affen, wenn man sie auch in Sammet kleidet.—Apes are apes though you clothe them in velvet.
>
> An ape's an ape; a varlet's a varlet
> Though they be clad in silk or scarlet. (*Gn.*)

An alewife's sow is always well fed. (*Gn.*)

An angler eats more than he gets. (*Gn.*)

An apple, an egg, and a nut,
You may eat after a slut. (R.)

> Poma, ova, atque nuces, si det tibi sordida, gustes.—Apples, eggs, and nuts, you may eat if a slut gives them to you.—(*Latin.*)

An April flood carries away the frog and her brood. (R.)

An arch never sleeps.—*Architectural Maxim (referring to the "vis viva" or continual interdependence of the stones of an arch.)*

An archer is known by his aim, not by his arrows.

An army goes upon its belly.—*Attr. to Frederick the Great.*

An ass endures his burden, but not more than his burden. (G. H.)

An ass is but an ass though laden with gold. (*Gn.*)

An ass loaded with gold climbs to the top of the castle. (*Gn.*)

An ass that carries a load is better than a lion that devours men. (*Gn.*)

An Atheist is got one point beyond the devil. (*Gn.*)

An easy fool
Is a knave's tool. (*Gn.*)

An egg, and go to bed. (R.)

An egg will be in three bellies in twenty-four hours. (R.)

An empty bag will not stand upright.

> Sacco vuoto non sta ritto.—(*Ital.*)
>
> Ein leerer Sack steht nicht aufrecht.—(*Germ.*)

An empty purse fills the face with wrinkles. (R.)

> A toom [empty] purse makes a bleat [shame-faced] merchant. (R. Sc.)

An enemy does not sleep.

> Annemi ne dort.—(*Fr.*, V. 1493.)
>
> Ennemi ne s'endort.—(*Fr.*)

An Englishman's house is his castle.

> My house is my castle. (*Gn.*)
>
> *See* "My house, my house." (*Prov.*)

An evil conscience breaks many a man's neck. (R.)

An examined enterprise goes on boldly. (G. H.)

An honest darn is better than debt.

An honest man's word is as good as his bond. (R.)

> Een eerlijk man's woord is zijn zegel.—(*Dutch.*)
>
> Homem de bem, tem palavra, como Rei.—An honest man's word is as good as the king's.—(*Port.*)
>
> An Englishman's word is his bond.
>
> O kingis word shuld be o kingis bond.—*Lancelot of the Laik, l. 1673* (c. 1430–1500).

An hour may destroy what an age was a-building. (*Gn.*)

An hour of pain is as long as a day of pleasure. (*Gn.*)

An idle brain is the devil's workshop. (R.)

> Müssiggang ist des Teufels Ruhebank.—(*Germ.*)

An ill agreement is better than a good judgment. (G. H.)*

> A lean compromise is better than a fat law-suit.
>
> Besser ein magrer Vergleich als ein fetter Process.—(*Germ.*)
>
> Meglio è magro accordo che grassa sentenza.—Better a lean agreement than a fat judgment.—(*Ital.*)

An ill conscience can never hope well. (*Gn.*)

An ill deed cannot bring honour. (G. H.)

An ill hound comes limping home. (R. Sc.)

An ill labourer quarrels with his tools. (G. H.)

> An ill workman quarrels with his tools.
>
> Bad workmen find fault with their tools.
>
> Never had ill workman good tools. (G. H.)
>
> Mauvais ouvrier ne trouvera le bon outil.—A bad workman will not find a good tool.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)
>
> An ill shearer gat never a good hook. (R.)

An ill man is worst when he appeareth good. (*Gn.*)

An ill paymaster never wants excuse. (*Gn.*)

An ill servant will never be a good master. (R. Sc.)

An ill stake standeth longest. (R.)

An ill tongue may do much.—*Quoted as "a saying" by Swift. Letter, 1710.*

An ill turn is soon done. (*Gn.*)

An ill-willie cow should have short horns. (R.)

An inch breaks no squares. (R.)†

> An inch breaketh no square.—*Camden's Remains.* [An inch more or less does not matter.]

An inch of a nag is worth a span of an aver [colt]. (R.)

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* *See* Ben Jonson (p. 182*b*): "Apes are apes though clothed in scarlet."

* *See* "Agree for the law is costly," p. 732*a*.

† Ray, in giving this states: "*Some add*, in a burn of thorns" [*i.e.* in a boundary or hedge of thorns]. He gives as a French equivalent: "Pour un petit n'avant n'arrière" [meaning presumably, "ni avant, ni arrière."].

An insolent lord is not a gentleman. (*Gn.*)

An itch is worse than a smart.—(R.)

An oath that is not to be made is not to be kept. (G. H.)

An obedient wife commands her husband. (*Gn.*)

An old ape hath an old eye. (R.)

An old ass is never good.

On n'aura jamais bon âne vieux.—(*Fr.*)

An old cat laps as much as a young kitten. (R.)

An old cat sports not with her prey. (G. H.)

An old dog biteth sore. (R.)

An old hound bites sair. (Sc.)
An auld hound bites sicker [sure]. (R. Sc.)

An old dog cannot alter his way of barking. (R.)

An old dog does not bark for nothing.

If the old dog bark, he gives counsel. (G. H.)

Prospectandum vetulo latrante.—It is time to look out when the old dog barks.—(*Latin.*)

L'aboie d'un vieux chien doit on croire.—One ought to take heed of the bark of an old dog.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

An old dog barks not in vain. (G. H.)

Un vieil chien jamais ne jappe en vain.—An old dog never yelps in vain.—(*Fr.*)

Cane vecchio non abbaia indarno.—An old dog does not bark in vain.—(*Ital.*)

Can che morde non abbaia in vano.—A dog which bites does not bark in vain.—(*Ital.*)

Gammel Mands Sagn er sielden usand.—An old man's saying is rarely untrue.—(*Dan.*)

An old fox needs not to be taught tricks. (R.)

An old friend in a new house. (G. H.)

An old goat is never the more reverend for his beard. (*Gn.*)

An old knave is no babe. (R.)

An auld knave is nae bairn. (R. Sc.)

An old man in a house is a good sign in a house.—*This Proverb exists in Hebrew* (*ascribed to Ben Syra*).

An old man is a bed full of bones. (R.)

An old man is twice a child.—*J. Taylor's "The Old, Old, very Old Man," 1635.*

An old man's staff is the rapper of death's door. (G. H.)

An old nought will never be ought. (R.)

An old ox makes a straight furrow. (*Gn.*)

Buey viejo, sulco derecho.—(*Span.*)

An old physician and a young lawyer. (G. H.)

An old physician and a young barber. (R.) (*Given as an Italian Proverb.*)

Medego vechio, e chirurgo zovene.—An old physician and a young surgeon.—(*Ital.*, *Venetian.*)

An old poacher makes a good gamekeeper. (*See Chaucer* (*p.* 78*a*), "A theefe of venisoun," *etc.*)

An old sack asketh much patching. (R.)

An old sack is aye skailing. (R. Sc.)

An old sin, a new shame.

The newe shame of sinnes old.—*Gower: Confessio Amantis* (c. 1390), *Bk.* 7.

Vieux péché fait nouveau honte.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498). (*See* "Every sin," *p.* 757*b*.)

An old soldier, an old fool.—(*From the Fr.*)

Vieux soldat, vieil imbécile.—(*Fr.*)

Counsel dwells not under the plumed hat.—*Carlyle: French Revolution, Pt.* 1, *Bk.* 5, 4.

An old wise man's shadow is better than a young buzzard's sword. (G. H.)

An old wrinkle never wears out. (*Gn.*)

An open door may tempt a saint. (*Gn.*)

An open enemy is better than a false friend.

The greatest enmity is better than uncertain friendship.—(*Hindoo.*)

An ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit. (R.) (*See* "A handful of good life," *etc.*, *and* "Patience passes science.")

An ounce of patience is worth a pound of brains.—(*From the Dutch.*)

Val più un' oncia di discrezione che una libra di sapere.—An ounce of discretion is worth more than a pound of knowledge.—(*Ital.*)

Ciencia es locura,
Si buen senso no la cura.
—Science is madness if good sense does not cure it.—(*Span.*)

An ounce of favour is worth more than a pound of justice.—(*From the Fr.*)

An ounce of Fortune is worth a pound of Forecast. (*Gn.*)

An ounce of luck is better than a pound of wisdom.

Piu vale un' oncia di fortuna che una libbra di sapere.—(*Ital.*)

Mieux vaut une once de fortune qu'une livre de sagesse.—(*Fr.*)

That weygh (as thou mayst se) a chippe of chance more than a pound of wit.—*Sir T. Wyatt: Of the Courtier's Life* (c. 1530).

Gutta fortunæ præ dolio sapientiæ.—A drop of fortune rather than a cask of wisdom.—(*Latin.*) (*See* "Better be born lucky than wise," *p.* 742*a*.)

An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy.—*Quoted by Marvell* (*1678*) *as "the homely Scotch proverb."*

Eine Unze Mutterwiss ist besser als ein Pfund Schulwiss.—(*Germ.*)

Sin el buen natural no hay ciencia que valga.—Learning is worthless without mother-wit.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

An ounce of practice is worth a pound of preaching.

An ounce of vanity spoils a hundredweight of merit.

Une once de vanité gâte une quintal de mérite.—(*Fr.*)

An ounce of wisdom is worth a pound of wit. (*Gn.*)

An ox is taken by the horns, and a man by the tongue. (G. H.)

An unhappy man's cart is eith to tumble. (R. Sc.)

An unlawful oath is better broke than kept. (R.)

An upbraided (snatched) morsel never killed any. (G. H.)

Anger and haste hinder good counsel.

Zorn thut nicht mit Rath.—Anger has nothing to do with counsel.—(*Germ.*)

Anger is a sworn enemy. (*Gn.*)

Anger makes a rich man hated, and a poor man scorned. (*Gn.*)

Anger punishes itself. (*Gn.*)

Angry [or hasty] men seldom want woe. (R.)

The choleric man never wants woe. (G. H.)

Another's bread costs dear. (G. H)

Antiquity is not always a mark of verity. (R.)

Any little silly soul
Easily can pick a hole.

Any port in a storm.

Any water in the desert.—(*Arabic.*)

Any stick to beat a dog.

It is an easy thing to find a stick to beat a dog. (*Gn.*)

If you want a pretence to whip a dog, it is enough to say he ate up the frying-pan. (*Gn.*)

Qui veut battre son chien trouve assez de bâtons.—Who wants to beat his dog finds plenty of sticks.—(*Fr.*)
(*Similar proverbs in all modern languages.*)

Any time means no time. (*See* " One of these days.")

Anything for a quiet life.—*Title of play by Thos. Middleton* (*d. 1627*).

Apothecaries would not sugar their pills unless they were bitter.

Appetite comes with eating.

L'appétit vient en mangeant.*—(*Rabelais: Gargantua* (1534), 1, 5; also in *Montaigne* (1580), 3, 9; but said to have been also used by Amyot and Jerome de Hangest. It is also said that Amyot (1513–1593) replied in these words to Henri III., when the king expressed surprise that after being made Abbot of Bellozane Amyot had secured the bishopric of Auxerre.)

One shoulder of mutton draws down another. (R.)

One shoulder of mutton drives down another. (*Gn.*)

Taste, and you will feed.—(*Arabic.*)

Mangiando viene l'appetito.—(*Ital.*)

Ung quartier fait lautre vendre.—One quarter makes the other sell.—(*Old Fr.*, V. 1498.)

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* Rabelais adds, "disoit Angeston." He further adds, as his own remark, "mais la soif s'en va en beuvant" (but thirst departs with drinking).

Tuto sta nel comincia.—Everything stands till it is begun.—(*Ital.*, *Venetian.*)

Thirst comes with drinking, when the wine is good.—*E. Augier: La Cigue.*

New dishes beget new appetites. (R.)

New meat begets a new appetite. (R.) (*See* French: "Ce n'est que le premier pas.")

Applause is the beginning of abuse.—(*Japanese.*)

Apple blossom is beautiful but dumplings are better.—(*Japanese.*)

Apples, pears, and nuts spoil the voice.

From the Italian:
Pome, pere, e noce
Guastano la voce.

April and May are the key of the whole year. (*Gn.*)

April borrows three days of March, and they are ill. (R.)

April fools. (Possibly from an ancient notion that the springtime was specially fruitful in folly.)

Quand les fèvres sont en fleur,
Les fous sont en vigueur.
When beans are in flower, fools are in full strength.—(*Old Fr.*)

April showers bring forth May flowers. (R.)

Are they no a bonny pair?—as the devil said to his hoofs. (Sc.)

Armour is light at table. (G. H.)

Art hath an enemy called ignorance.—*Jonson: Every Man Out of his Humour, Act i.1* (1599).

Ars non habet inimicum nisi ignorantiam.—Art has not an enemy except ignorance.—(*Quoted as a proverb by N. Reusner, Symbol. Imp., Class.* 1, c. 1590.)

Art makes favour.—(*From the German.*)

Kunst macht Gunst.
The race is not to the swift, . . . nor yet favour to men of skill.—*Ecclesiastes* 9, 11 (*p.* 416*a.*)

As a man is friended, so the law is ended.

And nowadayes the lawe is ended as a man is frynded.—*H. Brinklow: Complaynt of Roderyck Mors* (c. 1542), *ch.* 11.

Me doth counforte a proverbe in myn entent, "Ech tale is endyd as it hathe favour."—(*Benedyct Burgh. Secrees of old Philisoffres* (c. 1475).)
(*See* "A friend in court," *p.* 721*a.*)

As a man lives, so shall he die;
As a tree falls, so shall it lie. (R.)

(*See Ecclesiastes* 11, 3, *p.* 416*a.*)

He that liveth wickedly can hardly die honestly. (R.)

Qualis vita, finis ita.—As the life is, so is its end.—*Latin.*

As a man makes his bed so must he lie.

He that makes his bed ill lies thereon. (R.)

As a wolf is like a dog, so is a flatterer like a friend. (*Gn.*)

As cold as charity. (R.)

As courteous as a dog in a kitchen.—*See Piers Plowman* (1372). *Passus 5, 261.*

Chen en cosyn [cuisine] compaigne ne desire.—A dog in the kitchen desires no company.—*Old French.*

Dum canis os rodit, sociari pluribus odit.—(*Lat. Medieval prov.*)

While the hound gnaws bone,
Companions would he none.
—*Old English version.*

As cross as nine highways.

As dead as a doornail.—*See Langland: Piers Plowman* (1362) (*p.* 194*a*); *also Shakespeare: Pt. 2, Henry VI., iv. 10.*

As deep drinketh the goose as the gander. (*Gn.*)

As drunk as a lord.

Ray (1757) states that this expression had arisen in his time owing to the prevalence of drunkenness among the Nobility and Gentry. The original expression, he states, was, "As drunk as a beggar." "As drunk as a tinker" is not given by Ray.

And dronkennesse is eek a foul record
Of any man, and namely [especially] in a lord.
—*Chaucer: Sommours Tale*, 341.

As drunk as a wheelbarrow. (R.)

As drunk as David's sow. (R.)

As fine as fivepence, as neat as ninepence. (R.)

As fine as fippence.—*Bullein's Dialogue* (1564).

As fit as a fiddle. (R.)

As fit as a fritter for a friar's mouth. (*Gn.*)

As full as an egg is of meat.—*From the Italian,* "È pieno quanto un uovo." (*See p.* 279*b*, *Shakespeare.*)

As good as a play.—*Saying ascribed to Charles II. whilst listening to a debate on Lord Ross's Divorce Bill. But see* "Better than a play," *p.* 279*b*.

As good be an addled egg as an idle bird. (*Gn.*)

As good haud [hold] as draw. (R. Sc.)

As good is he that heareth and understandeth not, as he that hunteth and taketh not.—*Eng. translation (temp. Henry VI.) of the French "Book of the Knight of La Tour Landry"* (1371). (*Referred to in the text as "an old proverb."*)

As good never a whit as never the better. (R.)

As good play for nothing as work for nothing. (R.)

As good twenty as nineteen. (R.)

As good water goes by the mill as drives it. (*Gn.*)

As great pity to see a woman weep, as a goose go barefoot. (R.)

As gude merchant tynes [loses] as wins. (R.)

As guid may houd the stirrup as he that loups on. (R. Sc.)

As hasty as Hopkins, that came to jail overnight, and was hanged the next morning. (*Gn.*)

As honest a man as any in the cards, when the Kings are out. (*Gn.*)

As hungry as a church mouse. (R.)

Povero come un topo di chiesa.—Poor as a church mouse.—(*Span.*)

As I brew so I must drink.

As they brew e'en so let them bake. (R.)

As he brews, so shall he drink.—*Every Man in his Humour, ii.* 2 (1598).

And who so wicked ale breueth,
Ful ofte he mot the worse drinke.
—*Gower: Confessio Amantis* (c. 1390), *Bk.* 3.

As is the garden such is the gardener.—(*Hebrew.*)

As is the gardener, so is the garden. (*Gn.*)

As joyful as a drum at a wedding.

Joyeulx comme tabour à nopces.—(*Old Fr., Rabelais.*)

As lazy as Ludlam's dog that leaned his head against the wall to bark. (R.)

As like as chalk to cheese.

As alike to compare in taste, chalk and cheese. (H. 1546.)

Ego te de caseo loquor, tu de cretâ respondes.—I speak to you of cheese, you reply about chalk.—(*Erasmus.*)

(*See More, p.* 234*b*.)

As like as two peas.—*Quoted in Centlivre's "Beau's Ideal" (printed* 1702).

As long as I live I'll spit in my parlour. (*Gn.*)

As long lives a merry heart as a sad. (R.)

As long lives the merry man as the wretch for all the craft he can. (R. Sc.)

As long runs the fox as he feet hath. (R. Sc.)

As mad as a March hare.—*Heywood, 1546; Skelton, 1520.*

As mad as a hatter.—*Origin unknown.*

As many mists as ye have in March, so many frosts in July.—*16th Century MS., Plume Library, Maldon, Essex.*

As poor as a sheep new shorn.—*Peele: Old Wives' Tale* (1595).

As rich as a new shorn sheep. (*Gn.*)

As poor as Job.—*Gower: Confessio Amantis* (c. 1390), *Book 5.*

As poor as Job's turkey.

As poor as Job's turkey that had to lean against a fence to gobble.—(*American.*)

As poor as a turkey in summer.

As poor as Job's turkey that had but one feather in its tail.—(*American.*)

As proud come behind as go before. (R.)

As safe as a thief in a mill. (*Gn.*)

As sober as a judge.

As soon as a man is born he begins to die.—(*From the German. Founded on Manilius.*)*

Man begins to die before he is born. (*Gn.*)

As soon as I was born I wept, and every day shows why. (G. H.)

Desque naci lloré, y cada dia nace porqué.—(*Span.; also found in most languages.*)

We are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed. (*Gn.*)

As soon as you have drunk you turn your back on the spring. (*Gn.*)

As soon comes the lamb's skin to market as the old sheep's. (R.)

As soon goeth the young lamb's skin to the market as the old ewe's.—(*Heywood*, 1546.)

Tan presto se va el cordero como el carnero.—As soon goes the lamb [to the butcher] as the sheep.—(*Span.*)

Aussitôt meurt veau que vache.—As soon dies the calf as the cow.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Cosi tosto muore il capretto come capra.—As soon dies the kid as the goat.—(*Ital.*)

As stout as a miller's waistcoat that takes a thief by the neck everyday. (*Gn.*)

As sure as a gun. (R.)

As the carle riches he wretches. (R. Sc.)

As the days lengthen so the cold strengthens. (R.)

Cresce dì, cresce 'l freddo, dice el pescatore.—The daytime grows, the cold grows, says the fisherman.—(*Ital.*)

" Wenn de Dage fangtan to langen
Kommt der Winter gegangen."—(*Germ.*)

As the days grow longer, the storms grow stronger;
As the days lengthen, so the storms strengthen.
—*Given as "from Lancashire" in Halliwell's Nature Songs.*

As the devil said to Noah, "It's bound to clear up."—*Proverbial saying.* (*According to a Yorkshire variant, a Pudsey man used the expression, when declining Noah's offer of a passage because the fare was so high.*)

As the fool thinks so the bell clinks [or tinks.]

Quoi que le fol se tarde, le jour ne se tarde.—However the fool delays the day does not delay.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

As the good man saith, so say we;
As the good woman saith, so must it be. (R.)

Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut.—What woman wills, God wills.—(*Fr.*)

As the market goes, wives must sell. (*Gn.*)

As the old cock crows, the young one learns. (R.)

As the auld cock crows, the young cock learns;
Aye tak' care what ye do afore the bairns. (Sc.)

Wie die Alten singen, so zwitschern die Jungen.—As the old birds sing, so the young ones twitter.—(*Germ.; also in Dan.*)

The young pig grunts like the old sow. (R.)

As the sow fills, the draff sours. (R. Sc.)

As the year is, your pot must seeth. (G. H.)

As weel be oot o' the world as oot o' fashion. (Sc.)

As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

As good be hanged for an old sheep as a young lamb. (R.) (*Given as a Somerset proverb.*)

As wise as Waltham's calf, that ran a mile (*or* nine miles) to suck a bull.

As wise as Walton's calfe.—*Colyn Cloute* (*Skelton*), 811.

As you make your bed, so you must lie on it.

He that makes his bed ill lies there. (G. H.)

Comme on fait son lit, on se couche.—(*Fr.; also in Germ., Span. and Dan.*)

As your wedding ring wears, so do your cares. (R.) (*Said to be a Somerset proverb.*)

Ask counsel of the dead (*i.e.* of books).

He is a great necromancer, for he asks counsel of the dead. (G. H.)

Ask much to get little. (G. H.)

Ask my companion if I be a thief. (R.)

Ask my mother if my father be a thief. (R.)

Domanda al hoste s'egl' ha buon vino.—Ask the host if he has good wine.—(*Ital.*)

Ask of God and not of the rich.—*Oriental. Hai Gaon* (*d.* A.D. 1038).

Ask the young people; they know everything.—*Fr. saying.*

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy. (*Gn.*)

Assail who will, the valiant attends. (G. H.)

Asses die and wolves bury them. (*Gn.*)

Asses that bray most eat least. (*Gn.*)

Assurance is two-thirds of success. (*Gaelic.*)

Astrology is true, but the astrologers cannot find it. (G. H.)

At a round table there's no dispute of place. (R.)

At a round table the herald's useless. (R.)

A tavola ronda non si contende del luogo.—(*Ital.*)

Ronde table ôte le débat.—(*Fr.*)

At dinner my man appears. (G. H.)

At length the fox turns monk. (G. H.)

At open doors dogs come in. (R. Sc.)

At sixes and sevens. (*Heywood, 1546.*)

At the end of the work you may judge of the workman. (*Gn.*)

At the first cup man drinks wine; at the second cup wine drinks wine; at the third cup wine drinks man.—(*Japanese.*)

At the game's end we shall see who gains. (G. H.)

Avoid evil and it will avoid thee.

Aye in a hurry and aye ahint. (Sc.)

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* *See* "Nascentes morimur," p. 584*b*.

Bachelors' wives and maids' children are always well taught. (R.)

Maidens' bairns and bachelors' wives are ay weel bred. (Sc.)

Chi no ha moglie ben la veste;
Chi non ha figliuoli ben li pasce.
—Who has not a wife clothes her well; who has not children feeds them well.—(*Ital.*)

Back again, like a bad penny.

Böser Pfennig kommt immer wieder.—(*Germ.*)

Bacchus hath drowned more men than Neptune. (*Gn.*)

Back to the draught is face to the grave. —*Chinese.*

Bacon of paradise for the married who repent not.

From the Spanish: "El tocino del Paraiso el casado no arrepiso." (The Dunmow flitch of bacon may be connected with this saying.)

Bad company is the devil's net.

Bad counsel confounds the adviser.

Quoted in this form, as a proverb, by Emerson (Essay on Compensation), but apparently a translation of the Latin, "Malum consilium consultori pessimum," see p. 573*a.*

Bad customs are better broke up than kept up. (*Gn.*)

Gâteau et mauvaise coutume se doivent rompre.—A cake and a bad custom ought to be broken.—(*Fr.*)

Bad excuses are worse than none. (*Gn.*) (*See* "A bad excuse is better than none at all," *which, however, is generally used sarcastically.*)

Bad luck often brings good luck. (*Gn.*)

Bad priests bring the devil into the church. (*Gn.*)

Bald heads are soon shaven. (*Gn.*)

Bare walls make giddy housewives. (R.)

Vides chambres font les dames folles.—Empty rooms make ladies foolish.—(*Fr.*)

Barking dogs seldom bite.

The greatest barkers bite not sorest. (R.)

Can ch'abbaia non morde.—(*Ital.*)

Chien qui aboie ne mord pas.—(*Fr.*)

Cave tibi a cane muto et aqua silente.—Beware of a silent dog and still water.—(*Latin.*) (*See* "Still waters.")

Caõ que muito ladra, nunca bom para a caça.—A dog which barks much is never good at hunting. —(*Port.*)

Dogs that bark at a distance never bite. (*Gn.*)

Barley straw's good fodder when the cow gives water. (R.)

Bashfulness is an enemy to poverty. (R.)

Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton. (*Gn.*)

Be a friend to thyself and others will be so too. (*Gn.*)

Be a good husband, and you will get a penny to spend, a penny to lend, and a penny for a friend. (R.)

Be always in time;
Too late is a crime.—*Old saying.*

Be always merry as ever you can,
For none delights in a sorrowful man. (*Gn.*)

Be as it may be is no banning. (R.)

Be it better or be it worse,
Be ruled by him that bears the purse. (*Gn.*)

Be it weal or be it woe,
Beans should blow before May go. (*Gn.*)

Be it weal or be it woe,
It shall not be always so.—*Ring inscription.*

Be just before you are generous.

Be not a baker if your head be of butter. (G. H.) (*See* "He that hath a head of wax.")

No seais hornéra si teneis la cabeza de manteca. —(*Span.*)

Be not ashamed of your handicraft.

Schäme dich deines Handwerks nicht.—(*Germ.*)

Be not the first to quarrel, nor the last to make it up.

Be not too hasty to outbid another. (R.)

Be slow in choosing a friend, but slower in changing him.

Be sure before you marry of a house wherein to tarry.

Be sure of hay
Till the end of May. (*Gn.*)

Be what thou wouldst seem to be. (G. H.)

Be the same thing that thou wald be cald. (R. Sc.)

Be you never so high the law is above you. (*Gn.*)

Bear wealth; poverty will bear itself. (R. Sc.)

Bear with evil, and expect good. (G. H.)

Beat the dog before the lion. (G. H.)

On bat souvent le chien devant le lion.—One often beats the dog in front of the lion.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Beautiful flowers are soon picked.

Schöne Blumen stehen nicht lange am Wege.—(*Germ.*)

Beauty and folly are often companions.

Bellezza e follia sovente in compagnia.—(*Ital.*)

Beauté et folie vont souvent de compagnie.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Fair and sluttish," *p.* 759*b.*)

Beauty carries its dower in its face.

Beauty draws more than oxen. (G. H.) (*See* "Nature draws more," *etc.; also Howell, p.* 175*a note.*)

Beauty is but skin-deep.[*] (*Found in Ralph Venning's Orthodox Paradoxes, 3rd edition,* 1650, *but doubtless of much earlier origin.*)

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[*] Herbert Spencer (*Essay on Personal Beauty*) says that this "is but a skin-deep saying."

Beauty is no inheritance. (R.)

Beauty is potent, but money is omnipotent. (R.)

Amour fait moult, argent fait tout.—Love does much, money does all.—(*Old Fr.*)

Beauty is the flower of virtue.

Beauty is a blossom. (R.)

Beauty may have fair leaves, yet bitter fruit. (*Gn.*)

Beauty will buy no beef. (*Gn.*)

Beauty without grace is a violet without smell.

Beaute sans bonte, blessed was it nevere;
Ne kynde *sans cortesie.*
—*Piers Plowman* (1362), *passus* 18, *l.* 162.

Bonté vault mieux que beaulté.—Kindness is worth more than beauty.—(*Melusine. Rom. compiled by Jean d'Arras*, 1382-1394.)

Goodness and bounty is better than fairness and beauty.

La beauté sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum.—(*Fr.*)

Fagerhed uden Tugt, Rose uden Lugt.—Beauty without discipline, a rose without scent.—(*Dan.*)

Beauté sans bonté ne vaut rien.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.

Beauty without bounty avails nought. (R. Sc.)

Bees that have honey in their mouths have stings in their tails. (*Gn.*)

Before one can say Jack Robinson.—The *origin of this proverbial phrase is unknown. It is quoted as an ordinary saying in Fanny Burney's "Evelina"* (1778).

Before St. Chad [March 2] every goose lays both good and bad. (R.) (*See* "On St. Valentine's day," *etc.*)

Before thou marry
Make sure of a house wherein to tarry. (*Gn.*)

Before you trust a man, eat a peck of salt with him.*

Before you make a friend, eat a bushel of salt with him. (G. H.)

Beggars are never out of their way. (*Gn.*)

Beggars' bags are bottomless.

Bettelsack ist bodenlos.—(*Germ.*)

Beggars breed and rich men feed. (R.)

Beggars fear no rebellion. (*Gn.*)

Beggars must be no choosers.—*Scornful Lady* (*Beaumont and Fletcher*) (c. 1609).

Beggars should not be choosers. (H. 1546.)

Borrowers must be no choosers. (R.) (*From the French.*)

Il ne choisit pas qui emprunte.—He who borrows does not choose.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A quien dan, no escoge.—(*Span.*)

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* From the Latin saying referred to by Cicero, *De Amicitia*, 19, 67. "Multos modios salis simul edendos esse, ut amicitiæ munus expletum sit."—Many measures of salt to be eaten together, that the function of friendship be fulfilled.

Beggary is valiant.—*Shakespeare: Part 2, Henry VI., iv. 2.*

Behold with how little wisdom the world is governed. (*See p. 275b;* and "Quam parva," *p.* 629*b.*)

Con poco cervello si governa il mondo.—The world is governed with little wisdom.—(*Ital.*)

Let's be jovial, fill our glasses;
Madness 'tis for us to think
How the world is ruled by asses,
And the wise are swayed by chink.
—*Song, "Let's be jovial," pub. in "Charms of Melody"* (*Dublin*, c. 1810).

Being on sea, sail; being on land, settle. (G. H.)

Believe well and have well. (R.)

Bells call others to church, but enter not in themselves. (R.)

Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the church. (G. H.)

Les cloches appellent à l'église, mais n'y entrent pas.—(*Fr.*)

Benefits please like flowers, while they are fresh. (G. H.)

Bernard the monk did not see everything. —*From Latin* (*mediæval*). *Quoted in Chaucer, "Legend of Good Women," Prol., l.,* 16.

Best is best.

Besser ist besser.—Better is better.—(*Germ.*)

Best is cheapest.

The best is best cheap. (R.)

Good cheap is dear.

Ou n'a jamais bon marché de mauvaise marchandise.—One never has a good bargain with bad ware.—(*Fr.*)

The cheap buyer takes bad meat. (*Gn.*)

The best is cheapest in the end.

Ill ware is never cheap. (G. H.)

Dear is cheap and cheap is dear.

Cheap purchase is money lost.—(*Japanese.*)

Best to bend while it is a twig. (R.)

Jonge rijs is te bulgen, maar geen oude boomen. —Young twigs will bend but not old trees.—(*Dutch.*)

Bestow on me what you will, so it be none of your secrets. (*Gn.*)

Better a bare foot than none. (G. H.)

Better a barn filled than a bed. (*Gn.*)

Better a blush on the face than a spot on the heart.

Melhor he rosto vermelho, que coração negro.—Better to have a red face than a black heart.—(*Port.*)

Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without.—(*Chinese.*)

Better a dog fawn nor bark on you. (R. Sc.)

Better a fair pair of heels than a halter. (*Gn.*)

Better a fortune in a wife than with a wife

Better a fremit* freend than a freend fremit. (Sc.)

Better a good expectation than a mean possession.

A good hope is better than a bad possession. (*Gn.*)

Mas vale buena esperanza que ruin posesion.—(*Span.*)

Better a lean jade than an empty halter. (*Gn.*)

Better a little fire that warms nor a meikle that burns. (R. Sc.)

Better a little loss than a long sorrow.—*Piers Plowman* (1362). *Passus 1, 388.*

Better a mouse in the pot than no flesh at all. (*Gn.*)

Better a penny with right than a thousand without.

Ein Pfennig mit Recht ist besser denn tausend mit Unrecht.—(*Germ.*)

Better a portion in a wife than with a wife. (*Gn.*)

Better a toom [empty] house than an ill tenant.

Better an egg to-day than a hen to-morrow. (*Ital.*)

Better an old man's darling than a young man's slave.

Better an auld man's darling than a young man's warling. (Sc.) (*So quoted in Ainsworth : Miser's Daughter, Bk.* 3, *ch.* 15.)

Better have an old man to humour than a young rake to break your heart. (*Gn.*)

Better apple given nor eaten. (R. Sc.)

Better bairns greet [weep] than bearded men. (R. Sc.)

Es ist besser das Kind weine, denn der Vater.—Better the child should cry than the father.—(*Germ.*)

Bedre er at Barn græder end gammel Mand.—Better the child cry than the old man.—(*Dan.*)

Bedre at Barn græder end at Moder sukker.—Better the child should cry than the mother sigh.—(*Dan.*)

(*See* " Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break."—*Shakespeare, p.* 287*b*.)

Better be a fool than a knave. (G. H.)

Better be a shrew than a sheep. (R.)

Better be alone than in ill company. (R. Sc.)

Nous sommes mieux seul qu'avec un sot.—We are better alone than with a fool.—(*Fr.*)

Better be at the end o' a feast than the beginning o' a fray. (Sc.)

Better be a fool at a feast than a wise man at a fray. (Sc. *Cheviot.*)

Better be born lucky than wise.

È meglio esser fortunato che savio.—(*Ital.*)

(*See* " An ounce of luck is better than a pound of wisdom," *p.* 736*b*.)

Better be denied than deceived. (*Gn.*)

Better be envied than pitied. (R.)

Il vaut mieux faire envie que pitié.—Better cause envy than pity.—(*Fr.*)

Piu tosto invidia che compassione.—(*Ital.*)

It is better to be envied than pitied.—(*Herodotus. In Thalia. A similar saying is found in Pindar.*)

Better be foolish with all than wise by yourself.—(*French.*)

Better be friends at a distance than neighbours and enemies.

Meglio amici da lontano che nemici d'appresso.—(*Ital.*)

Better be half hanged than ill-wed. (R.)

Better be idle than ill-employed.

Better be meals many than one too merry. (R.)

Better be proficient in one art than a smatterer in a hundred.—*Attrib. to Japanese.*

Better be stung by a nettle than pricked by a rose. (*Gn.*)

Better be the head of an ass, than the tail of a horse. (R.)

Better be the head of a dog than the tail of a lion. (R.)

Mieux vaut être tête de chien que queue de lion.—(*Fr.*)

Better be the head of a lizard than the tail of a lion. (G. H.)

Better be the head of a pike (*or* of a sprat) than the tail of a sturgeon. (R.)

Better be the head of the yeomanry than the tail of the gentry. (R.)

È meglio esser capo di gatto che coda di leone.—Better to be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion.—(*Ital.*)

È meglio esser capo di lucertola che coda di dracone.—Better to be the head of a lizard than the tail of a dragon.—(*Ital.*)

Mas vale cabeza de raton que cola de leon.—The rat's head is worth more than the lion's tail.—(*Span.*)

Choose rather to be the tail of lions than the head of foxes.—(*Hebrew.*) (R.)

Better belly burst than good drink lost. (*Gn.*)

Better buy than borrow. (R. Sc.)

Better cut the shoe than pinch the foot. (*Gn.*)

Better deny at once than promise long.

Better do it than wish it done. (*Gn.*)

Better fed than taught.—*John Taylor's "Jack a Lent,"* 1630.

Mieux nourri qu' instruit.—Better fed than taught.—(*Fr.*) (*See* " Better ill-fed," *p.* 743*a*.)

Better finger off nor ay warkin. (R. Sc.)

Better a finger aff as aye wagging.—*Scott: Heart of Midlothian.*

Better give a shilling than lend and lose half-a-crown. (*Gn.*)

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* Fremit = strange, foreign. (Better a stranger made a friend than a friend made a stranger.)

Better give the wool than the sheep. (R.)

Meglio è dar la lana che la pecora.—(*Ital.*)

Better go away longing than loathing. (*Gn.*)

Better go back than go wrong.

Better go back than lose yourself. (*Gn.*)

Better go to bed supperless than rise in debt. (R.)

Sleep without supping and wake without owing. (G. H.)

Better be without food than without honour (*Ital.*)

Better go to heaven in rags than to hell in embroidery. (*Gn.*)

Better go without medicine than call in an unskilful physician.—(*Japanese.*)

Better good afar off than evil at hand. (G. H.)

Better good sale nor good ale. (R. Sc.)

Better half an egg than an empty shell. (*Gn.*)

Better haud wi' the hound than rin wi' the hare. (Sc.)

Better have a mouse in the pot as no flesh. (R. Sc.)

Better have one plough going than two cradles. (*Gn.*)

Better ill-fed than ill-bred.

Highly fed and lowly taught.—*Shakespeare.* (*See* "Better fed than taught" p. 742*b*.)

Better is the enemy of good.—*Found in Fr., Ital., etc., and ascribed by Voltaire* (*La Bégueule,* 1772) *to* "*a wise Italian.*"

Better keep the deil oot than hae to turn him oot. (Sc.)

Better keep weel than make weel. (Sc.)

Better late ripe and bear than early blossom and blast. (*Gn.*)

Better late thrive than ne'er do weel. (*Sc.*)

Better late than never.—*Chaucer: Canon Yeoman's Tale, 857.*

Potius sero quam nunquam.—Better late than never.—*Livy*, 4, 211.

Better late than never, but better never late.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Il vaut mieux tard que jamais.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498. *Also in Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Danish, etc.*)

It is said in english proverbes, better to amende late than never.—*Petition to the Mayor of London* 1433.

Better late thrive than never. (R. Sc.)

Come late, come right.—(*Hindoo.*)

Better learn of your neighbour's skaith [injury] nor by your own. (R. Sc.)

Better leave than lack.

Better lose the saddle than the horse.

È meglio perder la sella che il cavallo.—(*Ital.*)

Better my hog dirty home than no hog at all. (R.)

Better nae ring nor the ring of a rush (*or* rash). (R. Sc.)

Better never begin than never make an end.

Qui commence et ne parfait sa peine perd.—Who begins and does not complete loses his pains.—(*Fr.*)

Thing never begun hath never end.—*Melusine, ch.* 38 (*tr. of French romance,* c. 1385).

Better old debts nor old sores. (R. Sc.)

Better one living word than a hundred dead ones.

Besser ein lebendiges Wort als hundert todte.—(*Germ.*)

Better one-eyed than stone-blind.

Better ride an ass that carries us than a horse that throws us. (*Gn.*)

Better say "Here it is" than "Here it was." (R. Sc.)

Better short of pence than short of sense.

Better sit still than rise an' fa'. (Sc.)

As good sit still as rise up and fall. (R.)
(*See* "Sit in your place," *etc.*)

Better small fish than an empty dish. (Sc.)

Better some of a pudding than none of a pie. (*Gn.*)

Better spare at the breird [brim] than at the bottom. (R. Sc.)

Better speak truth rudely than lie covertly. (G. H.)

Better suffer for truth than prosper by falsehood.—(*From the Danish.*)

Better suffer ill than do ill. (G. H.)

Better the feet slip than the tongue. (G. H.) (*Found in Fr., Ital., etc.*)

(*See* "A witless head," *p.* 730*a*.)

Better the ill ken'd than the gude unken'd. (R. Sc.)

Better thou perish than truth. (*Gn.*)

Better to ask than go astray.

È meglio domandare che errare.—(*Ital.*)

Besser zweimal fragen denn einmal irregehen.—Better ask twice than go wrong once.—(*Germ.*)

Better to be blind than to see ill. (G. H.)

Better to be done than wish it had been done. (R.)

Better to bend than to break. (*See Chaucer: Troilus, 1, 257.*)

Il vaut mieux ployer que rompre.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498. *Also in Ital., Span., Germ., etc.*)

Better to bow than break. (R.)

Better to die a beggar than live a beggar. (R.) (*From Ecclesiasticus 40, 28.*)

Rather sell than be poor.—(*Hebrew.*)

Better sell than live poorly. (*Gn.*)

Better to have than wish. (R.)

Better to rule than be ruled by the rout. (R.)

Better to trust in God than in his saints.

Vaut mieux avoir affaire à Dieu qu'à ses saints.—(*Fr.*)

Better two losses than one sorrow. (*Gn.*)

Better twa' skaiths than ae sorrow. (Sc.)

Better unborn than untaught.—*Symon's "Lesson of Wysedome"* (c. 1500). *The prov. is described as being "said by old men."*

For betere is childe unbore
Than unbuhsum [unbuxom, *i.e.* disobedient].
—*Proverbs of Alfred. Jesus Coll. MS.*, 449.

For betere is child unborn
Thenne unbeten.
—*Proverbs of Alfred. Wright and Kemble's Text.*

The common proverbe remember ye oughte,
"Better unfedde than un-taughte."
—*Seager's "School of Virtue"* (1557).

Better be unborn than unbred. (R.)

No con quien naces, sino con quien paces.—Not with whom you are born, but with whom you are bred.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 10.)

Better untaught than ill-taught.

Better wear out than rust out.

Better wear shoon than sheets. (Sc.)

Better wear out shoes than sheets. (*Gn.*)

Better woo over midden nor over moss. (R. Sc.)

Better you laugh than I greet (weep). *Sc. Cheviot.*)

Between a woman's Yes and No
There is not room for a pin to go.

Entre el Si y el No de la mujer no me atreveria yo á poner una punta de alfiler.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

(*See* "A woman's nay," *p.* 730*b*.)

Between dog and wolf.

Entre chien et loup.—(*Fr., said of dusk or twilight.*)

(*See* "Inter canem," *p.* 557*b*.)

Between hammer and anvil.*

Inter malleum et incudem.—(*Latin.*)

Between hawk and buzzard. (R.)

Between the shrine and the stone.

Inter sacrum saxumque sto.—(*Latin. From Plautus, Capteivei*, 3, 4, 86. *Also in Apuleius.*)

Zwischen Amboss und Hammer.—(*Germ.*)

Between promising and performing a man may marry his daughter. (R.)

Entre promettre et donner doit-on marier sa fille.—(*Fr.*)

Between the devil and the deep sea.

Between two friends two words.

Entre deux amis n'a que deux paroles.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Between two stools you fall to the ground.

But it is saide and ever shall,
Between two stooles is the fall.
—*Gower: Conf. Amantis* (c. 1390), *Prol.*, 336; *also Bk.* 4, 537).

Between twa stools the doup fa's down. (R. Sc.)

Entre deux selles le cul chet a terre.—(*Fr.* V. 1498. *Also in Rabelais: Gargantua, ch.* 11.)

Nager entre deux eaux.—To swim between two streams; to waver between two parties.—(*Fr.*)

Beware of a silent dog and still water. (*See* "Cave tibi," *p.* 501*b*.)

The bicche bitit [biteth] ille,
Than [when] he berke still.
—*Proverbs of Alfred. Wright and Kemble's text*, 652.

Mais il n'est, comme on dit, pire eau que l'eau qui dort.—But there is not, as they say, any worse water than water which sleeps.—(*Fr. Molière: Le Tartuffe, Act* 1, *sc.* 1.)

Beware of "Had I wist."—*Queen Elizabeth: Achad., p. 42.*

Had I wystis a thyng it servys of nought.—*Towneley Plays* (c. 1388), *No.* 13, *l.* 93. *See also Gower: Conf. Amantis* (c. 1390), *Bk.* 2, 470; *and Tottel's Miscell.* (*second Ed.*, 1557) *under* "*Totius mundus.*"

Had I wist cometh too late.—*Gabriel Harvey's Commonplace Book* (c. 1600.)

"Hätte ich gewusst," ist ein armer Mann.——"Had I wist" is a poor man.—(*Germ.*) "Habe gehabt" ist ein armer Mann.—"I have had" is a poor man.—(*Germ.*)

Beware of no man more than thyself. (*Gn.*)

Beware of one who flatters unduly; he will also censure unjustly.—(*Arabic.*)

Beware of one who has nothing to lose.

Guardati da chi non ha che perdere.—(*Ital.*)

Take heed of credit decayed and people that have nothing. (G. H.)

Guardati ben, guardati tutto.
L'uom senza danar quanto è brutto.
—Take good heed, take the utmost heed, the man without money is worthless indeed.—(*Ital.*)

Bind the sack before it be full. (R. Sc.)

Birchen twigs break no ribs. (R.)

Birds are entangled by their feet and men by their tongues. (*Gn.*)

Birds of a feather flock together. (R.)

Jackdaw with jackdaw.—(*Greek. Aristotle: Eth.* 8, 1, 6.)

Chaque ovaille avec sa pareille.—(*Fr.*)

Cada oveja con su pareja.—Every sheep with its fellow.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*) (*See* "Like will to like.")

Birds of prey do not flock together.—(*From the Portuguese.*)

Birds ready cooked do not fly into your mouth.

Gebratene Tauben, die einem in Maul fliegen?—Do pigeons, ready roasted, fly into one's mouth?—(*Germ.*)

Gebrade duijven vliegen niet door de lucht.—Roasted pigeons do not fly through the air.—(*Dutch.*)

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* A French proverb, used by Molière (*Médecin malgré lui*, Act i. 2), is: "Entre l'arbre et l'écorce il n'y faut pas mettre le doigt."—Between the tree and the bark it is better not to put your finger. (*See also* "Inter pontem et fontem," p. 557*b*.)

Birds sing on a bare bough;
O believer, canst not thou?
—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars*

Birth is much: breeding is more. (*Gn.*) (*See* "Better unborn.")

Bishop of gold, staff of wood; staff of gold, bishop of wood.

Évêque d'or, crosse de bois: évêque de bois, crosse d'or.—(*Fr.*)

Bitin' and scratchin' is Scots folk's wooing. (Sc.)

Black will take no other hue. (R.)

Lanæ nigræ nullum colorem bibunt.—*Pliny, Book* 8.

It is a bad cloth indeed will take no other colour. (R.)

Cattiva è quella lana che non si può tingere.—(*Ital.*)—It's an ill wool that will take no dye.

Blame is the lazy man's wages.—(*From the Danish.*)

Blamed but not shamed. (*Quoted as prov. by John Hall, c. 1560.*

Blessed be nothing.—*A proverb which* "*expresses the transcendentalism of common life.*"—*Emerson: Circles.*

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.—"*A ninth beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture.*" *So described in a letter from Alexander Pope to Gay, Oct. 6, 1727.*

Blessed are those that nought expect,
For they shall not be disappointed.
—*First lines of Ode to Pitt, by Peter Pindar* (*Wolcot*). *See* "They that desire but a few things."

Blessed is the eye
That is between Severn and Wye. (*Gn.*)

Blessed is the wooing
That is not long a-doing.
—*Quoted in Burton's* "*Anat. Melan.*," 1621. (*See* "Happy's the wooing.").

Blessings on the man who said "Right about face."

Buen siglo haya quien dijó volta.—(*Span.*)

Blind man's holiday (twilight). (R.)

Blind men can judge no colours. (R.)

Il cieco non giudica dei colori.—(*Ital.*)

Blind men must not run. (*Gn.*)

Blood is thicker than water. (R.)

Blut ist dicker als Wasser.—(*Germ.*)

Blow not against the hurricane. (*Gn.*)

Blow, smith, and you'll get money. (*Gn.*)

Blow the wind never so fast,
It will lower at the last. (R. Sc.)

Blow thy own pottage and not mine. (*Gn.*)

Blushing is virtue's colour. (R.)

Boden [wished-for] gear stinks. (R. Sc.)

Bodily labour earns not much. (*Gn.*)

Boil stones in butter and you may sip the broth. (*Gn.*)

Bonnie silver is soon spendit (*or* spent). (R. Sc. *and* Cheviot Collection.)

Books and friends should be few and good.

Libros y amijos pocos y buenos.—(*Span.*)

Borrowed cat catches no mice.—(*Japanese.*)

Borrowing thrives but once.

Borgen thut nur einmal wohl.—(*Germ.*)

Both folly and wisdom come upon us with years. (*Gn.*)

Bought wit is best, but may cost too much. (R.)

Better a wit bought than two for nought. (R. Sc.)

Wit once bought is worth twice taught.

Bourd [jest] not with bawty [the dog] fear lest he bite you. (R. Sc.)

Boys will be boys. (*See* "Lads will be men.")

Brabbling curs never want sore ears. (G. H.)

Brag's a good dog, but that he hath lost his tail. (R.)

Brag's a good dog, if he be well set on; but he dare not bite. (R.)

Brag's a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. (R.) (*See* "Holdfast is the only dog," *p.* 316*a*.)

Brave actions never want a trumpet. (*Gn.*)

Bread at pleasure;
Drink by measure.
—*See* "Eat at pleasure," *p.* 745*b*.

Bread with eyes and cheese without eyes. (R.) (*Given as a Spanish proverb; sometimes quoted with the addition:* "and wine that leaps up to the eyes.")

Brevity is the soul of wit.—*Shakespeare, Hamlet, ii.* 2.

Many wise things are bound up in short speech. —(*Greek. Sophocles: Aletes, fragm.*)

Nihil æque in causis agendis ut brevitas placet.—In the pleading of causes nothing pleases so much as brevity.—(*Latin. Pliny the Younger: Ep., Book* 1, 20.)

Bribes will enter without knocking. (*Gn.*)

Bring not a bagpipe to a man in trouble. (*Gn.*)

Bring something, lass, along with thee,
If thou intend to live with me. (*Gn.*)

Bring up a raven and it will peck out your eyes.—(*French and Span.*)

Broken friendships may be sowthered [soldered] but never sound. (Sc.)

Broken sacks will hold no corn. (*Gn.*)

Brothers quarrel like thieves inside a house, but outside their swords leap out in each other's defence.—(*Japanese.*)

Building and marrying of children are great wasters. (G. H.)

Building is a sweet impoverishing. (G. H.)

The charges of building and making of gardens are unknown. (G. H.) (*See* " Fools build.")

Chi edifica, sua borsa purifica.—Who builds cleans out his purse.—(*Ital.*)

" He (Marcus Crassus) used to say that those who love building will soon ruin themselves, and need no other enemies."—*Plutarch: Life of Marcus Crassus.*)

Bauen und Borgen,
Ein Sack voll Sorgen.
—Building and borrowing,
A sackful of sorrowing.—(*Germ.*)

Bullies are generally cowards.

Burn not your house to fright away the mice. (*Gn.*)

Business and action strengthen the brain, but much study weakens it. (*Gn.*)

Business is the salt of life. (*Gn.*)

Busy will have bands. (R.) (Busybodies must have restraints.)

Butter is gold in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night. (R.) (*There is a German proverb about cheese in the same terms.*)

Butter is an holsom mete, furst and eke last. *John Russell's " Boke of Nature "* (c. 1450), *l.* 89. (F. J. Furnivall says that " the Dutchmen have a by-verse amongst them to this effect :
" Eat Butter first, and eat it last,
And live till a hundred years be past."

Butter is mad twice a year (in the extremes of heat and cold). (R.)

Butter would not melt in his mouth.

As demure as if butter would not melt in his mouth. (Some add, " And yet cheese will not choke him.") (R.)

She looked as butter would not melt in her mouth. (H. 1546.)

Butter's once a year in the cow's horn (*i.e.* when the cow gives no milk). (R.)

Buy and sell and live by the loss. (*Gn.*)

Buy at a fair but sell at home. (G. H.)

Buy at market, but sell at home. (R.)

Man muss kaufen wenn es Markt ist.—Buy when it is market time.—(*Germ.*)

Buy what ye dinna want, an ye'll sell what ye canna spare. (Sc.)

Buyers want a hundred eyes ; sellers, none.

Buying and selling is but winning and losing. (R.)

Buying is cheaper than asking.

What is bought is cheaper than a gift.

Kaufen ist wohlfeiler als Bitten.—(*Germ.*)

Emere malo quam rogare.—I prefer buying to asking.—(*Latin.*)

By always taking out and never putting in, the bottom is soon reached.—(*Span.*)

By doing nothing we learn to do ill. (G. H.)

Nichts thun lehrt Uebel thun.—(*Germ.*)

Homines nihil agendo discunt male agere.—Men learn to do ill by doing nothing.—(*Latin. Cato.*)

By hawk and hound
Small profit is found. (*Gn.*)

By losing present time we lose all time.

By others' faults wise men correct their own.

By perseverance the snail reached the ark. —*C. H. Spurgeon : Salt-Cellars.*

By Tre, Pol, and Pen,
You shall know the Cornishmen. (R.)

For my bedauer (? partner) wyl to London to
try the law,
To sew (sue) Tre poll pen, for wagging of a straw.
—*Andrew Boorde : Of Cornewall, and Cornyshe men. Introd. of Knowledge, ch.* 1 (1542).

Ca' a cow to the ha' and she'll run to the byre. (Sc.) (*Gaelic.*)

Cadgers (pack-men) speak of pack-saddles (R. Sc.)

Cadgers are ay cracking o' crooksaddles. (R. Sc., *later edition.*)

Cadgers hae aye mind o' lade saddle.—*Scott : Rob Roy, ch.* 26.

Calamity is the touchstone of a brave mind. (*Gn.*)

Calf love, half love ; old love, cold love.

Call a spade a spade.* (*See Gifford, p.* 144*b.*)

Calling figs figs, and a skiff a skiff.
—*Aristophanes, quoted by Lucian, Quomodo Hist. sit Conscrib. See also Lucian, Jov. Trag.,* 32. *Also in Plutarch's Apophthegms.*

Ficum vocamus ficum, et scapham scapham. —We call a fig a fig, and a skiff a skiff.—*Erasmus. Colloquy, Philetimus et Pseudocheus.*

Ficus ficus, ligonem ligonem vocat.—We call figs figs, and a hoe a hoe.—(*Latin.*)

J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rolet un fripon.—*Boileau. Satire* 1 (1660).

Call me cousin but cozen me not.

Call not the devil ; he will come fast enough without.—(*From the Danish.*)

Calm weather in June
Sets corn in tune. (*Gn.*)

" Can do " is easily carried about wi' ane.—*Scott : Rob Roy.*

Canterbury's the higher rack, but Winchester's the better manger. (*Gn.*) (*Of the relative income of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester.*)

" Captain " is a good travelling name.—*Quoted in Farquhar's " Beaux Stratagem," iii.* 2 (1707) ; *also in Smollett's " Launcelot Greaves "* (1760).

Cards are the devil's prayer-book.

Kartenspiel ist des Teufels Gebetbuch.—(*Germ.*)

A Dutch proverb described cards as " the bible of 52 leaves."

Care killed the cat.

Care will kill a cat, but ye canna live without it. (Sc.) (*See Wither, p.* 390*b.*)

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* Ramp up my genius, be not retrograde,
But boldly nominate a spade a spade.
B. Jonson : Poetaster, v. 3 (1601).

Cry you mercy killed my cat. (R.)

Hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat.—*Ben Jonson: Every Man in his Humour*, i. 4 (1598).

They say it was care killed the cat,
That starved and caused her to die;
But I'll be much wiser than that,
For the devil a care will care I.
—*Miss Edgeworth: Rose, Thistle and Shamrock*, iii. 2.

Care's no cure. (R.)

Carrion crows bewail the dead sheep and then eat them. (R.)

Carry your knife even between the paring and the apple.

Cast not a clout ere May be out. (*See* "May, come she early.").

Button to chin
Till May be in;
Cast not a clout
Till May be out.—*Another form.*

If you bade (bathe) in May
You'll soon lig in clay.—*North country.*

Cast not forth the old water while [till] the new come in. (R. Sc.)

Castles are forests of stone. (G. H.)

Catch not at the shadow and lose the substance.—*Founded on the fable of the dog and the shadow.*

Catch the bear before you sell his skin.

Men moet de huid niet willen verdeelen voor dat de beer dood is.—(*Dutch*; *also in Ital. and Germ.*) The Danish version is, "Don't sell the skin till you have caught the fox."

Catch who catch can.

Catch that catch may. (R.)

Catholic charity makes us members of the catholic church. (*Gn.*)

Caution is the parent of safety.

La diffidenza è la madre della sicurtà.—(*Ital.*)

Prudent pauses forward business. (*Gn.*)

Chalk is na shears. (R. Sc.) (Marking the cloth with chalk is not cutting it out.)

Change of weather is the discourse of fools. (R.)

Change of women makes bald knaves. (R.)

Changing of words is lighting of hearts. (R. Sc.)

Changes o' wark is a lightening o' hearts. (Sc.)

Charity begins at home, but should not end there.* (*See Horace Smith, p.* 331*a.*)

After the reule of charite,
Which first beginneth of him selve.
—*Gower: Conf. Amantis* (c. 1390), *Bk.* 5.

Help thi kynne, Crist bit (biddeth), for ther bygynneth charitie.—*Piers Plowman* (1362), *passus* 18, *l.* 61.

La caridad bien ordenada comenza de si propia. —Charity well ordered begins at home.—(*Span.*)

Fe buona a te e tuoi,
E poi a gli altri se tu puoi.
—Do good to yourself and yours, and then to others if you can.—(*Ital.*)

Let them learn first to show piety at home.—1 *Tim.* 5, 4.

De liefde begint eerst met zich zelven.—Charity begins first with ourselves.—(*Dutch.*)

Charity gives herself rich; covetousness hoards itself poor.—(*From the German.*)

Cheat me in the price, but not in the goods. (*Gn.*)

Cheats never prosper.

Cheating play never thrives.

De grand vilain grande chute.—A great villain, a great fall.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

(*See* "Ill-got," *p.* 791*b.*)

Cheese it is a peevish elf,
It digests all things but itself. (R.)

Caseus est nequam, quia digerit omnia sequam. —(*Latin.*) (*See* "After cheese," "Butter is gold," "Toasted cheese," *etc.*)

Caseus est sanus quem dat avara manus.—Cheese is wholesome when it is given with a sparing hand.—*Precept of Salerno School of Health.*

Cherries are bitter to a surfeited bird.

A colombe soûl sont cerises amères.—(*Fr.* V., 1498.)

Children and chicken are always a-pickin'.

Children and chicken must be always picking. (R.)

Children pick up words as pigeons peas,
And utter them again as God shall please.
(R.) (*See* proverb, "Women, priests, and poultry.")

What children hear at home soon flies abroad. (*Gn.*)

Children and drunken folk speak the truth. —(*From the Danish.*)

Children and fools tell the truth. (R.)

Children and fools cannot lie. (H., 1546.)

Enfans et fous sout devins.—Children and fools are diviners.—(*Fr.*)

Kinder und Narren sagen die Wahrheit.—Children and fools say the truth.—(*Germ. Also in Span.*)

Children and fools have merry lives. (*Gn.*)

Children are certain cares, but very uncertain comforts.

Children, when they are little, make parents fools; when they are great, they make them mad. (G. H.)

Children are poor men's riches, certain cares, but uncertain comforts; when they are little they make parents fools; when great, mad. (R.)

Quien tiene hijos o ovejas no le fattan quexas.—He who has sons or sheep will not want vexations. —(*Span.*)

Börn er vis Sorg, men uvis Glæde.—Children are certain sorrow, but uncertain joy.—(*Dan.*)

Börn er fattig Mands Rigdom.—Children are the poor man's riches.—(*Dan.*)

Children are what you make them.

Les enfants sont ce qu'on les fait.—(*Fr.*)

Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

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* "Charité bien ordonné commence par soymême." —*Montluc: La Comedie de Proverbes*, iii. 7. *Sir T. Browne: Religio Medici*, 1642, refers to this proverb as the "voice of the world," because containing a worldly principle.

Choose neither a woman nor linen by candle-light.

La muger y la tela, no las cates á la candela.—(*Span.*)

Choose none for thy servant who have served thy betters. (G. H.)

Choose not a house near an inn, or in a corner. (G. H.)

Choose your love, and then love your choice.

Choose your wife as you wish your children to be.—(*Gaelic.*)

Christmas comes but once a year.* (*See Tusser, p.* 374*a*; *also* "Yule is good on Yule even," *p.* 880*b*.)

For Christmas comes but wanst a year,
And when it come it brings good cheer,
And when it goes it laves us here,
And what'll we do for the rest o' the year?
—*Irish version.*

Natale non viene che una volta l'anno.—(*It.*)

New Year comes but once a twelvemonth.—*Scotch Version.* (*Quoted by W. E. Henley: In Hospital*, 1873–5.)

St. Andrew's day will not come for another year. (Sc.)

Christmas is coming.

They talk of Christmas so long that it comes. (G. H.)

Tant crie l'on Noël qu'il vient.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Church-work goes on slowly. (*Gn.*)

Circumstances alter cases.

Non est turpe cum re mutare consilium.—"It is no folie to chaunge conseil when the thing is chaunged."—(*Chaucer's tr. of the Lat. of Seneca, De Beneficiis*, 4, 38, *sec.* 1.) (*Chaucer's Melibeus, sec.* 15.)

Cities are taken by the ears. (G. H.)

Cleanliness is a fine life-preserver.

Clear conscience, a sure card. (R.)

Cleverness seeks cleverness.

Vermögen sucht Vermögen.—(*Germ.*)

Close sits my shirt, but closer my skin. (R.)

Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin.

Tunica pallio propior.—The tunic is nearer than the mantle.—(*Latin.*)

Proximus egomet mihi.—I am nearest of all to myself.—(*Latin.*)

Near is my petticoat, but nearer is my smock. (R.)

The shirt is nearer than the coat. (*Gn.*)

La chemise est plus proche que le pourpoint.—(*Fr.*)

Tocca piu la camicia ch' il gippone.—(*Ital.*)

Near is the kirtle, but nearer is the sark. (R. Sc.)

Plus près est la chair que la chemise.—(*Fr.*)

Clothe thee in war, arm thee in peace. (G. H.)

Cloudy mornings turn to clear evenings.

Cobblers and tinkers are the best ale drinkers. (R.) (*See* "As drunk as a lord.")

Cobblers' law—he that takes money must pay the shot. (R.)

Cold broth hot again, that loved I never;
Old love renewed again, that loved I ever.

Cold pudding settles one's love.

Cold tea and cold rice may be endured, but not cold looks and words.—(*Japanese.*)

Cold weather and knaves come out of the north. (R.)

Out of the North,
All ill comes forth.—*Saying quoted* 1588. *See Cheviot's Sc. Proverbs.*

Three great evils come out of the North,
A cold wind, a cunning knave, and shrinking cloth.—*Hazlitt.*

Come not to the counsel uncalled. (R.)

Come uncalled, sit unserved. (R.)

Comfort is better than pride.

Mieux vaut aise qu'orgueil.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Common fame hath a blister on its tongue. (*Gn.*)

Common fame is seldom to blame. (R.) (*See* "What everyone says.")

Gemein Geplärr ist nie ganz leer.—Common fame is never quite unfounded.—(*Germ.*)

Gemeen gerucht is zelden gelogen.—Common fame seldom lies.—(*Dutch.*)

Common fame is mostly to blame. (*Gn.*)

Communities begin by establishing their kitchen.—(*French.*)

Company in distress
Makes the sorrow less. (*Gn.*)

Comparisons are odious. (G. H.)

Toda comparacion es odiosa.—Every comparison is odious.—(*Span., Don Quixote, Part* 2, *ch.* 23.)

Comparisons are odorous.—*Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 5.

Toute comparaison est odieuse.—Every comparison is odious.—(*Fr.*)

I paragoni son tutti odiosi.—(*Ital.*)

Comparison makes men happy or miserable. (*Gn.*)

Condition makes and condition breaks. (R. Sc.)

Confess and be hanged.

An evil conscience breaks many a man's neck.

Confidence begets confidence.

Fides facit fidem.—(*Latin.*)

Trust begets truth.

Constant dropping wears away the stone.—(*From the Latin. Found in most languages.*)

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* The dayes are very short, the year grows old,
Come, make a [blazing] fire, the weather is cold,
And fill up a full cup of nut brown beere,
Let's thaw our noses and our hearts upcheere,
For mery Christmas comes but once a year.
—*In MS., from a Family Bible of* 1666 (*dated* 1693).

Content is better than riches. (*See Common Prayer*, "Godliness is great riches.")

The greatest wealth is contentment with a little. (R.) (*See* "A man's discontent.")

Contentement passe richesse.—Content surpasses wealth.—(*Fr.*, *Molière : Médecin malgré lui*, ii. 2.)

È meglio il cuor felice che la borsa.—Better the happy heart than wealth.—(*Ital.*)

Content is the true philosopher's stone.

Conversation makes one what he is.

Conversation teaches more than meditation. (*Gn.*)

Cooks are not to be taught in their own kitchen.

Corbies and clergy are kittle shot (difficult to hit). (Sc.)

Corn and horn go together. (R.) (This refers to the prices of corn and cattle.)

Corn him weel he'll work the better. (R. Sc.)

Corn in good years is hay ; in ill years straw is corn. (R.)

(Cornwall.) In Cornwall are the best gentlemen.—*Cornish prov. as cited by Geo. Borrow : Lavengro. ch. 1.*

Correct accounts keep good friends. (*See* "Short reckonings.")

Counsel breaks not the head. (G. H.)

Rathen ist nicht zwingen.—(*Germ.*)

Counsel is no command.—*Chaucer : Wife of Bath's Prol., 67.*

Counsels in wine seldom prosper. (R.)

Counsel over cups is crazy. (R.)
Wine-counsels seldom prosper. (G. H.)
The counsels that are given in wine
Will do no good to thee or thine.—(*Gn.*)

Count siller after a' your kin. (R. Sc.)

Courage is often caused by fear.

Le courage est souvent un effet de la peur.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Foolhardiness," *p.* 762*a*.)

Courtesy costs nothing.

Words cost nothing, and go a long way

Doux parler n'écorche langue.—To speak kindly does not hurt the tongue.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Fair language grates not the tongue. (G. H.)

Good words cost nought. (R.)

Cool words scald not the tongue. (*Gn.*)

Parole douce et main au bonnet ne coûte rien et bon est.—Soft words and the hand to your cap cost nothing, and are of good service.—(*Fr.*)

Birretta in mano non fece mai danno.—Cap in hand never did anyone harm.—(*Ital.*)

No hay cosa que menos cueste, ni valga mas barata que los buenos comedimientos.—There is nothing which costs less or comes so cheap as civility.*—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

It hurteth not the tongue to give fair wordes.—(*John Heywood*, 1598.)

Compliments cost nothing; yet many pay dearly for them. (*Gn.*)

Good words are worth much and cost little. (G. H.)

Kind words don't wear out the tongue.

(*See* "Fair words," *etc.*)

Courtesy is cumbersome to him that kens it not. (Sc.)

Courtesy on one side only lasts not long. (G. H.)

Courtoisie qui ne vient que d'un côté ne peut longuement durer. (*See* "Love should not be all on one side.")—(*Fr.*)

Eau bénite du cour.—Court holy water (courtesy and nothing beyond).—(*Fr.*)

Courts have no almanacs. (R.) (*Also* G. H.)

Covetousness breaks the bag. (G. H.)

La codicia rompe el saco.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, I, 20.)

Too much breaks the bag. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

Covetousness brings nothing home.

Homme chiche, jamais riche.—(*Fr.*)

Covetousness is generally incurable. (*Gn.*)

Covetousness often starves other vices. (*Gn.*)

Cowardice is afraid to be known or seen. (*Gn.*)

Cowardice is the mother of cruelty.*

Craft against craft makes no living. (G. H.)

Craft bringeth nothing home. (R.)

Craft maun hae claes (clothes), but truth gaes naked. (Sc.)

Crafty men deal in generals (generalities). (*Gn.*)

Creaking shoes are not paid for.

Creaking waggons are long in passing. (*See* "A creaking cart," *p.* 719*a*)

Credit keeps the crown o' the causey (*i.e.* credit is not ashamed to show itself). (Sc.)

Creditors are a superstitious set, great observers of set days and times.—*Poor Richard*.

Creep before you gang. (Sc.)

Critics are like brushers of noblemen's (*or* other men's) clothes.

Crooked by nature is never made straight by education. (*Gn.*)

Crooked logs make straight fires.

A crooked log makes a straight fire. (G. H.)
Bûche tortue fait bon feu.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)
Torte bûche fait droit feu.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Crosses are ladders that do lead to Heaven. (R.)

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* Translated by some, "There is nothing which costs less or is worth less than civility."

* From Montaigne, who heads ch. 27 of his *Essays*, Book 2 (pub. 1580), "Couardise, la mère de cruauté." He refers to the saying as "one which he has often heard."

Crows are never the whiter for washing themselves. (R.)

Crows bewail the dead sheep and then eat them.

Crows do not pick out crows' eyes.

Corbies dinna pick oot corbies' een. (Sc.)

Corvos a corvos não se tirão os olhos.—(*Port.*)

Cruelty is a tyrant that's always attended with fear.

Cruelty is more cruel if we defer the pain. (G. H.)

Crumbs are also bread.

Smuler ere og Bröd.—(*Dan.*)

Cunning is no burden. (R.)

Cupboard love.

Creampot love. (R.)

Curse of Scotland.—*The nine of diamonds, the "Pope" in the game of Pope Joan. The expression is also alleged to be derived from the nine lozenges (diamonds) arranged in the form of a St. Andrew's cross in the arms of the Dalrymples, Earls of Stair.*

Curses are like chickens; they come home to roost.—*A Greek saying.* (*See Chaucer, p. 79a.*)

Evil that cometh out of thy mouth flieth into thy bosom. (R.)

Le bestemmie fanno come le procession; ritornano donde partirono.—Curses are like processions; they return whence they started.—(*Ital.*)

The evil wish is most evil to the wisher.—(*Greek, Hesiod, Works and Days, v.* 264.)

The ill that comes out of our mouth falls into our bosom. (G. H.)

Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools. (*Gn.*)

Custom is the guide of the ignorant. (*Gn.*)

Old custom without truth is but an old error. (*Gn.*)

Custom, without reason, is but ancient error. (*Gn.*)

Custom rules the law.

Mos regit legem.—(*Lat.*) (*See* "Habit," *and* "With customs.")

Costumbre hace ley.—Custom becomes law.—(*Span.*) (*See Latin:* "Gravissima est imperium," *also,* "Vetustas pro lege," p. 681*b*.)

Customs are lost for want of use.

Par non usage son perduz tous privileges, ce disent les clercs.—By non-usage all privileges are lost, so say the clerks.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel* (1533).

Cut large thongs of another man's leather. (R.)

Men cut large shives of other's loaves. (R.)

D'autruy cuir large courroye.—Of another's leather a large thong.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Del cuoio d'altri si fanno le corregge larghe.—(*Ital.*)

Ex alieno tergore lata secari lora.—To cut wide thongs from another man's leather.—(*Latin.*) (*Erasmus. Mentioned as a Dutch proverb.*)

Seek not to go beyond your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your leather.
—*Eastward Ho* (*printed* 1605), v. 1.

Cut off the head and tail, and throw the rest away. (R.)

Cut your coat according to your cloth. (R.)

Cut my coat after my cloth. (H., 1546.)

Faire de tel pain telle souppe.—To make your soup according to your bread.—(*Fr.*) (*Rabelais.*)

Snijd uw mantel naar uw laken.—Cut your coat according to your cloth.—(*Dutch.*)

Cut your loss. (*See* "Pay what you owe.")

Daffing (playing the fool) does naething. (R. Sc.)

Dainty dogs may eat dirty puddings.

Dally not with money or women. (G. H.)

Danger and delight grow on one stock. (*Gn.*)

Danger past, God forgotten. (R.)

The river past, and God forgotten. (G. H.)

Passato el pericolo, gabbato el santo.—When the danger is past the saint is cheated.—*Quoted by Rabelais, Pantagruel* (1533) *as a proverb of Lombardy.*

La fête passée, adieu le saint.—The saint's day over; farewell to the saint.—(*Fr.*)

El rio pasado, el santo olvidado.—The river passed, the saint forgotten.—(*Span.; also in Ital.*)

Noth lehrt beten.—Necessity teaches to pray.—(*Germ.*)

Dangers are overcome by dangers. (*Gn.*)

Danger is next neighbour to security. (*Gn.*)

Daub yourself with honey, and you will be covered with flies.

Daughters are fragile ware.

Dochters zijn broze waren.—(*Dutch.*)

Dawtit (petted) dochters mak' dawly (slovenly) wives. (Sc.)

A pitiful mother makes a scald head. (G. H.)

Mãi aguçosa, filha preguiçosa.—A diligent mother, a lazy daughter.—(*Port.*)

A gentle housewife mars the household. (G. H.)

An oleit (active) mother makes a sweird (difficult) daughter. (R. Sc.) (*See* "A light-heeled mother.")

Daylight will peep through a very small hole.—(*Japanese.*)

Dead men are of no family and are akin to none. (*Gn.*)

Dead men bite not.* (R. Sc.)

Todte Hunde beissen nicht.*—Dead dogs bite not.—(*Germ.; also found in Dutch.*)

A dog that's dead,
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite.
—*Custom of the Country* (c. 1619), iv. 1.

Dead men open the eyes of the living.—(*From the Spanish.*)

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* This is the saying of Theodotus, when counselling the death of Pompey.—*Plutarch: Life of Pompey.*

Dead men tell no tales.

La muerte es sorda.—Death is deaf.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

Deaf men are quick-eyed and distrustful. (*Gn.*)

Deaf men go away with the blame. (*Gn.*)

Dear as salmon.—(*South and East England.*)

Death and drouth come sindle together. (R. Sc.)

Death and marriage make term-day.—*Redgauntlet*, *Letter 11.* (*Equiv. to* "*Death and marriage settle debts.*")

Death and the sun are not to be looked on with a steady eye. (*Gn.*)

Death devours lambs as well as sheep. (*Gn.*)

Death is bitter to a man in prosperity or in much business. (*Gn.*)

Death is in the pot. (R.)

Het is de dood in de pot.—(*Dutch.*)

Death keeps no kalendar. (G. H.)

De dood kent geen' almanak.—(*Dutch.*)

Death meets us everywhere. (*Gn.*)

Death pays all debts.

La mort (dict on) nous acquitte de toutes nos obligations.—Death, they say, acquits us of all obligations.—(*Fr.*, *Montaigne*, 1580, *Bk.* 1, 7.)

La mort est la recepte a touts maulx.—(*Fr.*, *Montaigne*, 2, 3.)

Deaths foreseen come not. (G. H.)

Debt is an evil conscience. (*Gn.*)

Debt is the worst poverty. (*Gn.*)

Debtors are liars. (G. H.) (*See* "Debtes et mensonges," *p.* 691*b*; *also* "First comes owing," *p.* 761*b.*)

Lying rides upon debt's back.

The second vice is lying: the first is running into debt.—*Poor Richard.*

Debts belong to the next heir.—(*German.*)

Deceit is in haste, but honesty can stay a fair measure. (*Gn.*)

Deceiving a deceiver is no knavery. (*Gn.*)

Deeds are males and words are females. (R.)

Words are women, deeds are men. (G. H.)

Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves. (R.)

Words are the daughters of earth, and things are the sons of heaven.*

Les faits se montreront,
Et les ditz se passeront.

—Deeds will show themselves and words will pass away. (*Given in Le Roux de Lincy's Proverbes Français* (1859) *as from a 15th Century MS.*)

Deil stick pride, for my dog deed o't. (Sc.)

Delays are dangerous.

Peril is with drecching in y-drawe (drawn in with delay).—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 3, 853.

En la tardanza suele estar el peligro.—There is generally danger in delay.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

Periculum in mora.—There is danger in delay.—(*Latin. See Livy* 38, 25, 13.)

Delays increase desires and sometimes extinguish them. (*Gn.*)

Deliberating is not delaying.

Quicker by taking more time.

Dependence is but a poor trade. (*Gn.*)

Desert and reward seldom keep company. (R.)

Desires are nourished by delays. (R.)

Despair doubles our force.

Le désespoir redouble les forces.—(*Fr.*)

Despair gives courage to a coward. (*Gn.*)

Desperate diseases have desperate remedies

Desperate cuts must have desperate cures. (R.)

Aux grands maux les grands remèdes.—(*Fr.*)

Aux plus fortes maladies les plus forts remèdes.—*Montaigne*, *Book* 2, *ch.* 3.

Medici graviores morbos asperis remediis curant.—Physicians cure serious diseases with sharp remedies.—(*Latin*, *Curtius.*)

Teufel muss man mit Teufeln austreiben.—Devils must be driven out with devils.—(*Germ.*)

Poison drives out poison. (*See* "Venym fordoth venym," *p.* 194*b.*)

Despise not your enemy.

Every wys man dredeth his enemy.—*Chaucer: Melibeus*, *sec.* 31. (*See Proverbs* 23, 14; *also* "Inimicum quamvis," *p.* 556*a.*)

Despreza teu inimigo, serás logo vencido.—Despise your enemy and you will soon be beaten.—(*Port.*)

Ingen skal foragte lidet Saar, fattig Frænde, eller ringe Fjende.—Despise not a small wound, a poor relation, or a humble enemy.—(*Dan.*)

Destiny leads the willing but drags the unwilling. (*Gn.*)

Destroy all passions when you light Buddha's lamp.—(*Japanese.*)

Detractors are their own foes and the world's enemies. (*Gn.*)

Devil take the hindmost. (*See* "Occupet extremum," *p.* 608*b.*)

The devil take the hindmost.—*Philaster* (c. 1610), *Act* v.; *also Bonduca* (*printed* 1647), iv. 2.

Dieu garde le demourant!—God guard him that is left.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel*, 1533, *ch.* 4.

Diamond cut diamond.*

Iron must be used to fashion iron.—(*Arabic.*) (*See Prov.* 27, 17, "Iron sharpeneth iron," *etc.*)

Fort contre fort.—Strong against strong.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Fin contre fin.—Fine against fine.—(*Fr.*)

Ruse contre ruse.—Stratagem against stratagem.—(*Fr.*)

Art must be deluded by art. (*Gn.*)

Diet cures more than the lancet.

Mas cura la dieta que la lanceta.—(*Span.*)

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* Cited by Johnson in the Preface to his Dictionary and stated by Sir William Jones to be an Indian saying.

* "Diamonds cut diamonds."—*Ford: Lover's Melancholy*, i. 3 (1628).

Different sores must have different salves. (*Gn.*)

Difficulty makes desire. (*Gn.*)

Diffidence is the right eye of prudence. (*Gn.*)

Diligence is a great teacher.—(*Arabic.*)

Diligence makes an expert workman.—(*From the Danish.*)

Dine with Duke Humphrey (*i.e.* go dinnerless).

Ding doun the nests, and the rooks will flee awa'. (Sc.)—*Used in reference to the demolition of religious houses.*

Dinna gut your fish till you get them. (Sc.)

Dinna lift me before I fa'. (Sc. *Gaelic and Irish.*)

Dinna scald your ain mou' wi' ither folks' kail (broth). (Sc.)

Dirt parts gude company. (R. Sc.)—*Found in Lyndesay's Justing of Watson*, c. 1538, *l. 66.*

Dirty water does not wash clean.

Acqua torbida non lava.—(*Ital.*)

Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears. (G. H.)

La femme de bien n'a ni yeux ni oreilles.—(*Fr.*)

Discretion is the better part of valour. (*Shakespeare, see p.* 315*a.*)

Valour can do little without discretion. (R.)

Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua.—Force without counsel falls of its own weight.—(*Latin.*)

Diseases are the interests of pleasures. (R.)

Diseases are the tax on pleasures. (R.)

Disgraces are like cherries—one draws another. (G. H.)

Diversity of humours breedeth tumours. (R.)

Divine grace was never slow. (G. H.)

Do as I say, not as I do.—*Chaucer. See also p.* 275*b.*

Do as the friar saith, not as he doeth. (R.)

Haz lo que dice el fraile, y no lo que hace.—(*Span.*)

Haz lo que bien digo, y no lo que mal hago.—Do what I say well, and not what I do ill.—(*Span.*)

Do as most men do and men will speak well of thee. (R.)

Far som de Fleste, saa spotte dig de Færreste.—Do as most people do, and few will jeer at you.—(*Dan.*)

Do good, and then do it again. (R.)

Do evil and then look for it again. (*Gn.*)

Do good if you expect to receive it.

Do in hill as ye wad do in hall. (R. Sc.)

Do in the hole as you would do in hall. (R.)

Do it now.—*Modern.*

"Now" is the watchword of the wise.—*Salt Cellars.*

Do not be in a hurry to tie what you cannot untie.

Do not cut off your nose to spite your face.

He that smites his nose and hath it not, forfeits his face to the king.

Do not dwell in a city whose governor is a physician.—(*Hebrew.*)

Do not halloo till you are out of the wood.

Roep geen hei, voor gij over de brug zijt (*or* eer-gij overgekomen zijt).—Do not cry "Hi" till you are over the bridge (*or* till you have arrived).—(*Dutch.*)

Do not keep a dog and bark yourself. (R.)

Do not lose your friend for your jest. (*A very old proverb, formerly much in use.*)

Potius amicum quam dictum perdendi.—(*Lat.*) *Quintilian, Inst.* 6, 3, 28. *See also Boileau, Sat.* 9, 22.

Do not play with edged tools.

No jesting with edged tools. (R.)

No jesting with edged tools or with bell-ropes. (R.)

Do not put all your eggs into one basket.

Put not all your crocks on one shelf. (Sc.)

Lade nicht Alles in ein Schiff.—Do not embark your all in one vessel.—(*Germ.*)

Do not put the saddle on the wrong horse.

Do not put your finger in too tight a ring.

Do not reckon without your host.

[Il] comptoit sans son hoste.—*Rabelais: Gargantua, ch.* 11.

Also found in *German.*

Do not reckon your chickens before they are hatched.

Boil not the pap before the child be born. (*Gn.*)

Count not four except you have them in a wallet. (G. H.)

Count not your chickens before they be hatched. (R.)

Make not your sauce before you have caught the fish. (*Gn.*)

Aus ungelegten Eiern werden spät junge Hühner.—Chickens are slow in coming from unlaid eggs.—(*Germ.*)

Don't cry Herrings till they are in the net.—(*Dutch.*)

See "First catch your hare."

Do not rob Peter to pay Paul. (*Heywood, 1546.*)

Il ôte à Saint Pierre pour donner à Saint Paul.—He takes from Saint Peter to give to Saint Paul.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Praise Peter.")

Give not Peter so much, to leave St. Paul nothing. (G. H.)

Do not say go, but gaw. (R.)

He that by husbandry will tryue and tre [thrive
and prosper],
Must not trust in "go," but in "now gaw we."
—*Pilgrim's Tale* (c. 1536–40), *l.* 38.

This word "Gawe we," and goyng with them too,
Dyd six tymes more good then "goo ye" shulde
doo.
—*History of Joseph* (*Roxburghe Club*).

Do not spur a willing horse.—*From Latin.* (*See Pliny the Younger, Ep. 8.*)

À bon cheval point d'éperon.—(*Fr.*)

A gentle horse would not be over sair spurred. (R. Sc.)

Buon cavallo non ha bisogno de' sproni.—A good horse has no need of the spur.—(*Ital.*)

Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor.—(*From the Spanish.*)

Il ne faut pas parler Latin devant les cordeliers.—You should not speak Latin before Franciscan friars.—(*Fr.*)

Do not tell tales out of school. (*Heywood, 1546.*)

Do not throw the helve after the hatchet.

Jeter le manche après la cognée.—(*Fr.*)

Echar el mango tras el destral.—(*Span.*)

No arrojemos la soga tras el caldero.—Let us not throw the rope after the bucket.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 9)

Trar la cavezza dietro all' asino.—To throw the halter after the ass.—(*Ital.*)

Men moet de steel de bijl niet na werpen.—Do not throw the handle after the bill.—(*Dutch.*) (*See also* "Furor est," *p.* 537*a.*)

Do not tie up asses with horses.

On ne doit pas lier les ânes avec les chevaux.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Do not wear out your welcome.

Such a welcome, such a farewell. (R.)

Don't rely too much on labels,
For too often they are fables.
—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

Do that which is right, and let come what come may.

Do what is right, let come what come may.

Do what thou oughtest, and come what come can. (G. H.)

Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.—(*Fr.*)

Fay ce que tu dois advienne ce que peut.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Fa quel che devi, e n'arrivi ciò che potrà.—(*Ital.*)

Fa bene, e non guardati a chi.—Do good, and never mind to whom.—(*Ital.*)

Do the likeliest, and God will do the best. (R. Sc.)

Do the likeliest, and hope the best. (R.)

Do weel and doubt nae man; do ill and doubt a' men. (R. Sc.)

Do weel and have weel. (R. Sc.)

Doctor Luther's shoes don't fit every village priest.—(*From the German: "Doktor Luthers Schuhe sind nicht allen Dorfpriestern gerecht."*

Dog does not eat dog.

A wolf will never make war against another wolf. (G. H.)

Canis caninum non est.—(*Latin. Quoted by Varro.*)

It's a hard winter when dogs eat dogs. (*Gn.*)

Dogs are fine in the field. (G. H.)

Dogs gnaw bones because they cannot swallow them. (R.)

Dogs never go into mourning when a horse dies. (*Gn.*)

Dogs that hunt foulest, hit off most faults. (*Gn.*)

Dogs that put up many hares kill none. (*Gn.*)

Doing nothing is doing ill. (*See* "By doing nothing.")

Double-charging will break even a cannon. (*Gn.*)

Dover-Court: all speakers and no hearers. (R.)

Draw not thy bow before thy arrow be fixed. (*Gn.*)

Draw strength from weakness.

Saca fuerzas de flaqueza.—(*Span.*)

Dress slowly when you are in a hurry.

Habille-toi lentement quand tu es pressé.—(*Fr.*)

Drift is as bad as unthrift. (R.)

Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it.—(*Portuguese.*)

Drink till all is blue.

One that will drink till the ground looks blew.—*Heywood: Philocoth.*

We can drink till all look blue.—*Ford: Lady's Trial* (1638) *iv* 2.

Drink wine and have the gout: drink none and have it too. (R.)

Drought never bred dearth in England. (R.)

Whoso hath but a mouth shall ne'er in England suffer drouth. (R.)

Drought never brought dearth. (G. H.)

Drop by drop the sea is drained. (*Gn.*)

Drop by drop the lake is drained. (R.)

Drown not thyself to save a drowning man. (*Gn.*)

Drunk and drought come sindle (seldom) together. (R. Sc.)

Dry August and warm
Doth harvest no harm.—*Tusser* (*1557*).

Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad. (G. H.)

Dry shoes won't catch fish.

Ducats are clipped, pennies are not.—(*Germ.*)

Ducks fare well in the Thames. (R.)

Ducks lay eggs; geese lay wagers.

Dumb dogs are dangerous.

Dumb folks get no lands. (R.) (*See* "Spare to speak"; *also* "A close mouth," *p.* 719*a.*)

A dumb man wan never land. (R. Sc.)

A dumb man wins nae law. (Sc.)

The lame tongue gets nothing. (*Gn.*)

Dumbie winna lee. (Sc.)

Dummie cannot lie. (R. Sc.)

Dun's the mouse.—*Formerly a favourite saying.* (*The mouse is dun in colour and "done" quickly in courage.*)

Dun is in the mire.—*Chaucer: Manciple, Prol., 5.* (*Saying formerly much in use, meaning that things are at a standstill.*)

Dying is as natural as living. (*Gn.*)

Each bird loves to hear himself sing. (R.)

Each cross has its inscription. (R.)

Each day brings its own bread.

Chaque demain apporte son pain.—(*Fr.*)

Il ne viengne demain s'il naporte son pain. (*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Eagles catch nae flees. (R.Sc.) (*From the Latin.*)

Early master, soon knave (servant). (Sc.)

Early maister, lang knave. (R. Sc.)

Early ripe, early rotten. (R.)

Early sow, early mow. (R.)

Early start makes easy stages. (*American.*)

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise. (R.)

Früh zu Bett und früh wieder auf,
Macht gesund und reich in Kauf.—(*Germ.*)

Sanat, sanctificat, et ditat surgere mane.—To rise betimes makes one healthy, virtuous, and rich.—(*Latin.*) (*Quoted* (1598) *in* "*A Health to the Gentle Profession of Serving men.*")

Madruga e véras,
Trabalha e teras.
—Rise early and you will see: take pains and you will grow rich.—(*Port.*)

Early to rise has virtues three:
'Tis healthy, wealthy, and godlie.
—*Version in a 16th Century MS.*

Larikie, Larikie lee!
Wha'll gang up the heaven wi' me?
No the lout that lies in his bed,
No the doolfu' that dreeps (droops) his head.
—*Scottish Rhyme: The Lark's Song.*

Early up, and never the nearer. (R.)

Earth is the best shelter. (R.)

Ease and honour are seldom bedfellows.

Easier said than done.

Aisé à dire est difficile à faire.—(*Fr.*)

C'est bien dit mais gueres qui le face.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Entre fait et dit a moult.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.) (*See* "Saying is one thing.")

East and west, hame is best. (Sc.)

Ost und West, daheim das Best.—(*Germ.*)

Oost, west, t'huis best.—(*Dutch.*)

East wind is like a kite,
Up by day and down by night.
—*Kentish Saying.*

East wind is like an old man: lies down with the sun.—*Kentish Saying.*

Eat a bit before you drink. (R.)

Eat and drink measurely, and defy the mediciners. (R.)

Eat, and welcome; fast, and heartily welcome. (R.)

Eat at pleasure, drink by measure. (R.)

Pain tant qu'il dure, vin à mésure.—Bread as long as there is any, wine by measure.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Bread at pleasure.")

Eat to live, but do not live to eat. (R.) (*From Cicero.*) (*See* "Edere oportet.")

Eat well's drink well's brother. (Sc.)

Il mangiare insegna a bere.—Eating teaches drinking.—(*Ital.*)

Eat what you like, but pocket none.

Eaten bread is forgotten. (R.)

Il pane mangiato è presto dimenticato.—(*Ital.*)

Eaten meat is good to pay. (R. Sc.)

Eating and drinking take away one's stomach. (R.)

Education begins a gentleman; conversation completes him. (*Gn.*)

Eggs and oaths are easily broken.

Eeed og Æg ere snart brudte.—(*Dan.*)

Eident (diligent) youth makes easy age. (Sc.)

Eight hours' work, eight hours' play,
Eight hours' sleep, and eight bob a day.*
—*Said to be "perhaps of Australian origin."*†

Eild (age) and poortith (poverty) are ill to thole (suffer). (Sc.)

Eith (quickly) learned soon forgotten. (Sc.)

Either I will find a way or make one.—*Said to have been a motto underneath a crest consisting of a pickaxe.*

Either win the horse or lose the saddle. (R.)

Elbow-grease is the best polish.

Ell and tell is good merchandise. ("Ell and tell" = ready money.) (Sc.)

Employment is enjoyment.

Employment brings enjoyment.

Empty chambers make foolish maids. (G. H.) (*See* "Bare walls," *p.* 740*a*.)

Empty vessels make the most noise. (*See Jewel, p.* 177*b*; *Shakespeare: Hen. V., iv. 4.*)

Empty vessels sound most. (G. H.)

Toome (empty) bags rattle. (R. Sc.)

Les tonneaux vides sont ceux qui font le plus de bruit.—Empty casks are those which make the

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* In *Oceana* (1885), ch. 14, J. A. Froude writes: "The four eights, that ideal of operative felicity, are here [New Zealand] a realised fact." In a footnote Froude gives this version of "the four eights": "Eight to work, eight to play, eight to sleep, and eight shillings a day."

† *The Eight Hours Day*, S. Webb and H. Cox.—Henry Bradshaw (c. 1510), in *The Life of St. Werburge*, Bk. 2, l. 361, says of King Alured:

And of a day naturall he made trium division:
viii houres to rede and praye with fervent devocion,
viii houres occupied with businesse naturall,
And other viii houres to rule his realme riall.

> most noise.—(*Fr.; also in this form in Germ., Dutch, and Dan.*)
>
> Tomme Vogne buldre meest.—Empty waggons make the most noise.—(*Dan.*)

Emulation is a virtue.

Enemies may serve for witnesses as well as friends. (*Gn.*)

England is the Paradise of women. (R.)

> England, they say, is the only hell for horses, the only paradise for women.—*Dekker: Honest Whore, Pt.* 2, *iv.* 1 (1630).
>
> England is a paradise for women, and hell for horses; Italy a paradise for horses, hell for women. —*Burton's Anat. Melan., Pt.* 3, *sec.* 3.
>
> The wife of every Englishman is counted blessed. —*Old Ballad: The Spanish Lady's Love.*
>
> L'Inghilterra è il paradiso delle donne, il purgatorio degli uomini, e l'inferno dei cavalli.—England is the paradise of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of horses.—(*Ital., Old Tuscan.*)
>
> Another version runs: "England is a prison for men, a paradise for women, a purgatory for servants, a hell for horses." In this form the proverb is referred to in Fuller's *Holy State*, 1642.

Enough is as good as a feast.

> Enough is a feast; too much a vanity. (*See Tusser, p.* 375*a.*)
>
> Enough is as good as a feast; too much is as good as a banquet.—*Modern.*
>
> Enough's as good as a feast to one that's not a beast. (R.)
>
> That which sufficeth is not little. (G. H.)
>
> Enough is more than a sackful.—(*Germ.*)
>
> Anuch (enough) is a feast [of bread and cheese]. (R. Sc.)
>
> Assez y a si trop n'y a.—There is enough if there is not too much.—(*Fr.*)

England is not governed by logic, but by Acts of Parliament.—*Saying, quoted in King's Bench, London, April 13, 1923.*

Enough is better than too much.

> Mieux vaut assez que trop.—(*Fr.*)
>
> Assai basta, e troppo guasta.—Enough is enough, and too much spoils.—(*Ital.*)
>
> Genoeg is meer dan overvloed.—(*Dutch.*)

Enquire not what's in another's pot.

Envy and Idleness married together and begot Curiosity. (*Gn.*)

Envy does not enter an empty house.—*From the Danish:* "Avind kommer ikke i öde Huus."

Envy has no holidays.—*Bacon.* (*See p.* 13*a.*)

> Envy never dies.
>
> There is no rest to envy.—(*Arabic.*)
>
> Envieux meurt, mais envie ne mourra jamais.—The envious man dies, but envy will never die.—(*Fr*, V. 1498.)
>
> Les envieux mourront, mais non jamais l'envie. —*Molière: Tartuffe, Act* 5, 3.

Envy is so shameful and cowardly a passion that nobody ever had the confidence to own it. (*Gn.*)

Envy never enriched any man. (R.)

Error is always in haste. (*Gn.*)

Error is endless. (*Gn.*)

Errors in the first concoction are hardly mended in the second. (*Gn.*)

Estate in two parishes is bread in two wallets. (G. H.)

Even a fly hath its spleen.—(*Latin.*)

Even a haggis will run down-hill.—*Scott: Waverley, ch. 46.*

Even ill-luck is good for something in a wise man's hand. (*Gn.*)

Even in a village of eight there is one patriot. —(*Japanese.*)

Even Fuji is without beauty to one hungry and cold.—(*Japanese.*)

Even the lion must defend itself against the flies.—(*Germ.*)

Evening orts (oats) is good morning fodder. (R. Sc.)

Evening red and morning grey
Are the sure signs of a fine day.

> The ev'ning red, and the morning grey
> Are the tokens of a bonny day.
> —*Halliwell's Nature Songs.*
>
> Le rouge soir et blanc matin
> Font rejouir le pèlerin.
> —Evening red and morning white make the pilgrim rejoice.—(*Fr.*)
>
> Sera rossa e negro matino
> Allegra il pelegrino.
> —Evening red and morning black rejoice the pilgrim.—(*Ital.*)

Evening words are not like to morning. (G. H.)

Ever drunk, ever dry. (R.)

> Ever drink, ever dry. (*Gn.*)

Every age confutes old errors and begets new. (*Gn.*)

Every ass loves to hear himself bray.

Every ass thinks himself worthy to stand with the King's horses. (*Gn.*)

Every bean has its black. (R.)

> Ogni grano ha la sua semola.—Every grain has its bran.—(*Ital.*)

Every bird is known by its feathers. (*Gn.*)

Every bird must hatch her own egg. (R.)

Every bird thinks its own nest charming.

> À chacun oiseau son nid lui semble beau.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Every bullet has its billet.—*Attributed to William III.* (*See p.* 457*a.*)

> Every shot has its commission, d'ye see? We must all die at one time, as the saying is.—*Smollett: The Reprisal, iii.* 8.

Every cloud has a silver lining.

Every cock can crow (*or* fight) on his own dunghill. (*See* "A cock aye craws," *p.* 719*a.*)

> Every cock is proud on his own dunghill. (R.)
>
> Cada gallo canta en su muladar.—Every cock crows on his own dunghill.—(*Span.*)

Chien sur son fumier est hardi.—A dog on his own dunghill is bold.—(*Fr.*)

Dessous son fumier se fait le chien fier.—Being on his own dunghill makes the dog proud.—(*Fr.*, V., 1498.)

See also Latin: "Gallus in sterquilinio," p. 537*b*. Another Latin proverb, quoted by Montaigne, 3, 8, is: "Stercus cuique suum bene olet."—Everyone's dunghill smells well to himself.

Every country has its custom.—(*Span.*)

Every couple is not a pair.

Every craw thinks her ain bird whitest. (Sc.)

The craw thinks her awn bird fairest. (R Sc.)

The crow thinks her own birds fairest in the wood. (H., 1546.)

Every day brings its work.

Every day hath its night, and every weal its woe.

Nul jour n'est sans vêpre.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498; *also in Ital. and Dan.*)

No day passeth without some grief. (R.)

It is never a bad day that hath a good night. (R.)

The morning sun never lasts a day. (R.)

(*See* "The longest day must have an end.")

Every dog has his day.

Every dog hath its day and every man his hour. (R.)

Even the street-dog has his lucky days. (*Japanese.*)

(*See Shakespeare, p.* 297*a*, "The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.")

Every dog is a lion at home.

Ogni cane è leone a casa sua.—(*Ital.*)

Every dog is stout at his own door. (*Gn.*)

(*See* "Every cock can crow on his own dunghill.")

Every door may be shut but death's door.

Every fool can find faults which a wise man cannot remedy (*Gn.*)

Every fool is pleased with his own folly.

À chaque fou plaît sa marotte.—(*Fr.*)

Every fox looks after his own skin.

Hver Ræv varer sin Bælg.—(*Dan.*)

Every fox must pay his own skin to the flayer. (R.)

At length the fox is brought to the furrier. (G. H.)

Enfin les renards se trouvent chez le pelletier. —The foxes find themselves at last at the furrier's. —(*Fr.*)

Every generation needs regeneration.—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

Every good scholar is not a good schoolmaster. (*Gn.*)

Every heart knows its own bitterness. (*See Prov. xiv, 10.*)

Every heart hath its own ache. (*Gn.*)

Every herring must hang by his own gill. (R.)

Every hill has its valley.

Ogni monte ha la sua valle.—(*Ital.*)

Every honest miller has a golden thumb.[*]

A French proverbial expression, used by *Rabelais, Gargantua* (1534), is "Tiroit d'un sac deux moustures." "Took two grindings out of one sack."

Der Müller ist fromm, der Haare auf den Zähnen hat.—The miller is honest who has hair on his teeth.—(*Germ.*)

Cien sastres, cien molineros, y cien texederos son trecientos ladrones.—A hundred tailors, a hundred millers, and a hundred weavers are three hundred thieves.—(*Span.; also in Dutch with "a hundred bakers" instead of "weavers."*)

Müller und Bäcker stehlen nicht, man bringt's ihnen.—Millers and bakers do not steal; people bring it to them.—(*Germ.*)

Millers take aye the best mouter (grinding) with their ain hand. (R. Sc.)

Here lies an Israelite indeed;
  Match him if you can!
A neighbour good, a miller too,
  And yet an honest man.
—*Epitaph at Longbridge Deverell, Wiltshire.*

See "As stout as a miller's waistcoat" (p. 739*a*).

Every horse thinks his own pack heaviest. (*Gn.*)

Every inch of joy has an ell of annoy. (Sc.)

Every law has a loophole.

One may drive a coach and four through an Act of Parliament.

Es giebt kein Gesetz was hat nicht ein Loch, wer's finden kann.—There is no law without a loophole for him who can find it.—(*Germ.*)

Fatta la legge, trovata la malizia.—When a law is made the way to avoid it is found out.—(*Ital.*)

Every light has its shadow.

Every light is not the sun. (R.)

Every little helps.

Every little helps, as the old woman said when she put the water into the sea. (*See Ray.*)

Alle Baader hiælpe, sagde Soen, hun greb et Myg.—Every little helps, as the sow said when she snapped at a gnat.—(*Dan.*)

Alle baat helpt.—(*Dutch.*)

Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her.—*Quoted by Burton: Anat. Melan.*, 1621.

Every man can rule an ill wife but him that has her. (R. Sc.)

Every man for himself.

At the kinges court, my brother,
Eche man for himself.
—*Chaucer: Knightes Tale*, 323.

Every man for himself (quoth the Merteine).[†] (R. Sc.)

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[*] Ray states that the miller's reply was, "None but a cuckold can see it." Another version of the reply is: "Yes, that is true, but it takes a thief to see it." *See* "Though a man be a thief," p. 77*a*; *also* Chaucer, "Yet he had a thumb of gold," p. 77*a*.

[†] "Quoth the Merteine," an imaginary author of proverbs. In the old English as well as the old French collections of proverbs, it was usual to put them into the mouth of an imaginary personage. A survival of this custom is recorded by David Lloyd

Every man for himself and devil take the hindmost.

The auld fisher's rule—every man for his ain hand. (Sc.)

À [or En] la cour du roi chacun y est pour soi.—In the King's Court everyone is for himself.—(*Fr.*)

At court everyone for himself. (G. H.)

Every man for himself and God for us all. (R.)

Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous.—(*Fr.*)

Ognun per sè, e Dio per tutti.—(*Ital.*)

Jeder für sich, Gott für Alle.—(*Germ.; also in this form in Span., Port. and Dutch.*)

Every man is best known to himself. (R.)

Jeder ist sich selbst der Nächste.—Every man is nearest to himself.—(*Germ.*)

Selbst ist der Mann.—(*Germ.*)

Every man has his price.—(*See p.* 458*b*.)

Chacun vaut son prix.—Every man is worth his price.—(*Fr.*)

Every man has his weak side.

Every man hath his ill day. (G. H.)

Every man hath his own planet. (*Gn.*)

Every man is a little world.

Chaque homme est un petit monde.—(*Fr.*)

Every man is as God made him, and very often worse.

Cada uno es como Dios le hizo, y aun peor muchas veces.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 4.)

Every man is either a fool or a physician after thirty years of age. (R.)

This originated in a saying attributed to the Emperor Tiberius, who died A.D. 37, aged seventy-seven. The authorities are as follow, and it will be seen that they are contradictory:—

"I have heard that Tiberius used to say that that man was ridiculous who, after *sixty* years, appealed to a physician."—*Plutarch: De Sanitate tuenda, Vol.* 2.

"He (Tiberius) was wont to mock at the arts of physicians, and at those who, after thirty years of age, needed counsel as to what was good, or bad for their bodies." *Tacitus: Annals, Book* 6, *ch.* 46.

The version of Tacitus is corroborated by Suetonius ("Tiberius," ch. 68), who states the emperor was accustomed to have the most untailing good health, "so that from the age of thirty he ruled himself according to his own judgment, without the help or advice of the physicians."

Every man at forty is a fool or physician. (R. Sc.)

Every man is his own enemy.[*]

Enhver bær sin Fjende i egen Barm.—Everyone carries his enemy in his breast.—(*Dan.*)

Every man is the son of his own works.

Chacun est le fils de ses œuvres.—(*Fr., Balzac.*)

Cada uno es hijo de sus obras.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 1, 4.)

Every man must carry his own cross.

Chacun porte sa croix.—(*Fr.*)
(*See* "No life.")

Every man must eat a peck of ashes (*or* of dirt) before he dies.—*Quoted by Scott* (*Letter, Oct. 31, 1830*) *as a sailors' "uncouth proverb."*

Every man praises his own wares.—(*Germ., etc.*)

(*See* "Every potter," *infra.*)

Every man to his taste.

Chacun à son gibier.—Everyone to his fancy.—(*Fr.*)

Chacun à son gout.—(*Fr., Montaigne, Book* 1, *ch.* 16.)

Every one as they like, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow. (*Gn.*)

Every man to his trade, quoth the Boy to the Bishop. (*Gn.*)

Every man is most skilful in his own business.—(*Arabic.*)

Chacun à son métier.—(*Fr.*)

Chacun à sa marotte.—Everyone to his hobby.—(*Fr.*)

Chacun à son métier, et les vaches sont bien gardées.—Everyone to his own business, and the cows will be well looked after.—(*Fr.*)

Let each follow the trade which he understands—*Greek; also in Latin.*)

Every man's blind in his ain cause. (Sc.)

Every may-be hath a may-not-be. (*Gn.*)

Every medal has its reverse side.

Ogni medaglia ha il suo riverso.—(*Ital. Quoted by Montaigne*, 3, 11.)

Chaque médaille a son revers.—(*Fr.*)

Every mile is two in winter. (G. H.)

Every miller draws water to his own mill. (R.)

Tutto tira l'acqua al suo molino.—(*Ital.*)

Every man wishes the water to his own mylne. (R. Sc.)

Every monster hath its multitudes. (*Gn.*)

Every old woman bewails her own loss.

Chacune vieille son deuil plaint.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Every path hath a puddle. (G. H.)

Every people has its prophet.—(*Arabic.*)

Every potter boasts of his own pot.

Chaque potier vante sa pot.—Every potter praises his own pot.—(*Fr.*)

Cada ollero su olla alaba, y mas si la trae quebrada.—Every potter praises his pot, and the more if it be broken.—(*Span.*)

Every reed will not make a pipe. (*Gn.*)

Every shoe fits not every foot. (R.)

All feet tread not in one shoe. (G. H.)

Every sin brings its punishment with it. (G. H.)

A pecado nuevo, penitencia nueva.—For a fresh sin a fresh penance.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 1, 30). (*See* "An old sin," *p.* 736*b*.)

(1625–1691), who states that Sir Henry Washington (of the same family as George Washington) was so distinguished for his bravery in the Civil War, on the Royalist side, that it became a proverb when a difficulty arose: "Away with it, quoth Washington."

[*] Sir T. Browne, *Religio Medici*, 1642, puts it: "Every man is his own greatest enemy, and as it were his own executioner."

Every slip is not a fall. (*Gn.*)

Every sprat nowadays calls itself a herring. (*Gn.*)

Every soo (sow) to its ain trough. (Sc.)

Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful. (*Gn.*)

Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.

Let everie Fatte stande upon his owne bottome. —*Bullein's Dialogue* (1564).

Ethvert Kar maa staa paa sin egen Bund.—(*Dan.*)

Every tub smells of the wine it holds. (*Gn.*)

Every vice hath a cloak and creepeth in under the mask of a virtue.—*Gabriel Harvey's Commonplace Book*, c. 1600.

Every white hath its black, and every sweet its sour.

Everye white will have its blacke
And everye sweete its soure.
Sir Carline, 15th century ballad.

Sweet meat must have sour sauce.—*Jonson: Poetaster, iii.* 3. (1601).

Every why has a wherefore.—*Shakespeare: Comedy of Errors, ii. 2.*

Alle waarom heeft zijn daarom.—(*Dutch.*)

Every woman would rather be beautiful than good.

Jedes Weib will lieber schön als fromm sein.—(*Germ.*)

Everybody is wise after the event.

Nachher ist jeder klug.—Everyone is wise afterwards.—(*Germ.*)

Despues del daño cada uno es sabio.—When the damage is done everyone is wise.—(*Span.*)

Everybody's business is nobody's business. —*Quoted as an "old maxim" in Macaulay's Essay on Hallam's Constit. Hist.* (1828). (*See Isaac Walton, p.* 378*a*.)

Was Jeder thun soll, thut Keiner.—(*Germ.*)

Everybody's friend is nobody's.

Amico d'ognuno, amico di nessuno.—(*Ital.*)

Everyone basteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth.

Everyone bows to the bush that bields (shelters) him. (Sc.)

Everyone can find fault, few can do better.

It is easier to pick holes than to mend them.

Tadeln kann ein jeder Bauer,
Besser machen wird ihm sauer.
Every peasant can find fault; to do better would puzzle him.—(*Germ.*)

Everyone can keep house better than her mother, till she trieth. (*Gn.*)

Everyone fastens where there is gain. (G. H.)

Everyone hath a fool in his sleeve. (G. H.)

Chacun a un fou dans sa manche.—(*Fr.*)

Ciascuno ha un matto nella manica.—(*Ital.*)

Everyone hath a penny for the new alehouse. (*Gn.*)

Everyone is a master and servant. (G. H.)

Everyone is the maker of his own fate.

Chacun est artisan de sa bonne fortune.—Everyone is the author of his own good fortune.—(*Fr., Regnier*, c. 1600, *Sat.* 13.)

Found in almost every modern language; derived from "Faber quisque suæ fortunæ" (*p.* 528*b*).

Everyone is witty for his own purpose. (G. H.)

Everyone knows best where the shoe pinches. (*See p.* 452*b.*)

On ne sent bien que ses propres maux.—We can only feel properly our own troubles.—(*Fr.*)

À chaque pied son soulier.—To each foot its own shoe.—(*Fr., Montaigne*, 3, 13.)

Everyone puts his fault on the times. (G. H.)

Everyone should sweep before his own door.

Chacun doit balayer devant sa propre porte.—(*Fr.*)

Everyone talks of what he loves. (*Gn.*)

Everyone thinks his own burden the heaviest. (*See* "Every horse," *p.* 756*b.*)

À chacun son fardeau pèse.—To everyone his burden seems heavy.—(*Fr.*)

Everyone thinks his sack heaviest. (G. H.)

Ad ognuno par più grave la croce sua.—Everyone thinks his own cross the heaviest.

Each one thinks his lot the worst; but he is mistaken. If he thought himself the worst of the lot he might be right.—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

Everyone who dances is not happy.

Chacun n'est pas aise qui danse.—(*Fr.*)

Everyone's faults are not written in their foreheads. (R.)

Everything can be endured except ease.

Toutes choses peut on souffrir qu'aise.—(*Fr.*, V., 1498.)

Everything comes to those who wait.

Tout vient à poinct qui peult attendre.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel* (1533), 4, 48.

À l'aventure tout vient à point qui sait attendre. —*Motto of Denis Rose, printer, Paris*, c. 1510.

He that can stay, obtains.

(*See Italian:* "Il mondo è di chi ha pazienza"; *also* "Suffer and expect.")

Everything goes to him who wants nothing.

Tout va à qui n'a pas besoin.—(*Fr.*)

Everything hath an end, and a pudding hath two. (*Gn.*)

Toutes choses se meuvent à leur fin.—All things move on to their end.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel* (1533).

Alting har en Ende, uden Pölsen, den har to.—Everything has an end, except a sausage, which has two.—(*Dan.*)

Everything is as you take it.

Everything is good for something.

All things in their being are good for something. (G. H.)

Kein Ding ist so schlecht, dass es nicht zu etwas nützen sollte.—There is nothing so vile as not to be good for something.—(*Germ.*)

Ogni cosa serve a qualche cosa.—(*Ital.*)

Everything is good in its season. (*Gn.*)

Everything is of use to a housekeeper. (G. H.)

Everything is the worse for wearing. (R.)

Everything must have a beginning.

Ogni cosa vuol principio.—(*Ital.*)

Everything new is fine. (G. H.)

Everything passes away except what is well done. (*See* "Tout passe," *p.* 708*b*.)

Tout se passe fors que bien fait.—All passes except what is well done.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Cosa mala nunca muere.—A bad thing never dies.—(*Span.*)

Evil is soon believed. (*Gn.*)

Example is better than precept. (*See* "Exemplo plus," *p.* 527*b*.)

Excess of delight
Palls appetite. (*Gn.*)

Exchange is no robbery. (R.)

Tausch ist kein Raub.—(*Germ.*)

Exchange is no robbery;
But on it there is jobbery.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Expedition is the soul of business. (*See* "Despatch is the soul of business," Lord Chesterfield, *p.* 80*b*, *note*.)

Experience is a precious gift, only given a man when his hair is gone.—*Turkish* (?)

Experience is the mistress of fools.

Experientia stultorum magistra.—(*Latin.*),

Experientia docet.—Experience teaches.—(*Latin, founded on Tacitus, Hist., Book* 5, 6.)

Suffering brings experience.—(*Greek, Æschylus: Agamemnon*, 185.)

Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other.—*Poor Richard.*

Experience makes even fools wise.

Experience may teach a fool. (R. Sc.)

Experience must be bought. (*See* "Bought wit is best.")

Experience that is bought is good, if not too dear.

Extreme justice is often extreme injustice.

There is a point at which even justice does injury.—(*Greek, Sophocles: Electra*, 1043.) (*See* "Summum jus," *p.* 665*b*; *and* "Jus summum," *p.* 562*b*.)

Extremes are dangerous. (*The germ of this saying is in Aristotle,* "*Eudem. Ethic.*," *3, 7, where he states that extremes often occupy the same place.*)

When you have abandoned a thing, beware of its opposite.—(*Arabic.*)

Extremes meet.

Les extrêmes se touchent.—(*Fr., Mercier: Tableau de Paris*, 1782.)

Facts are stubborn things.

Necessity is a stubborn thing.—(*Greek, Euripides.*)
(*See* "Figures, *p.* 761*a*.")

Failure teaches success.

On apprend en faillant.—One learns by failing.—(*Fr.*)

Faint praise is disparagement. (*Gn.*)

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.—*Spenser.* (*See p.* 341*b*) ; *and Phineas Fletcher, p.* 139*b*).

Jamais couard n'aura belle amie.—(*Fr.*)

Blödes Herz buhlt keine schöne Frau.—(*Germ.; also in Danish.*)

But as men sain, where hert is failed,
There shall no castel be assailed.
—*Gower: Conf. Amantis* (c. 1390), *Bk.* 5; *see also Bk.* 4, 623.

Faith sees by the ears. (*Gn.*)

Fair and sluttish, black and proud,
Long and lazy, little and loud.
(R.) (*Of women.*)

The luttele (little) mon he is so rei (fierce),
Ne mai non him wonin nei (none may dwell near him),
So word (fiercely) he wole him selven bere,
That his louird (lord) maister he wolde tere.

* * * * *

The lonke (lanky) mon is lethe bei; (lithe to bend, *i.e.*, languid or pliable)
Selde comid his herte rei;
(Seldom is his heart disturbed)
He hauit (hath) stoni herte.

* * * * *

The rede mon he is a quede (devil),
For he wole the (thee) thin ewil rede (will counsel thee evil).
—*Provs. of Alfred: Jesus Coll. MS., lines* 682–5 692–4, 702–3.

Fair and foolish, little and loud,
Long and lazy, black and proud;
Fat and merry, lean and sad,
Pale and pettish, red and bad.
—*From Passions of the Mind, by Thos. Wr[ight]*, 1604.

(*See* "Beauty and folly," *p.* 740*b*; *also* "With a red man" (*p.* 462*a*).

Fair and softly, as lawyers go to heaven. (R.)

Fair and softly goes far in a day.

Soft and fair goes far. (G. H.)

Fair and softly wins the race.

Pas à pas, on va bien loin.—Step by step, one goes a long way.—(*Fr.*)

Chi va piano, va sano; chi va sano, va lontano.—Who goes softly, goes safely; who goes safely, goes far.—(*Ital.*)

Molle, molle, se vai longe.—Gently, gently, goes far.—(*Port.*)

Fair enough if good enough.

Fair fa' guid drink. (For it gars folk speak as they think.) (Sc.)

Fair folk are aye foisonless (pithless). (Sc.)

Fair in the cradle and foul in the saddle.

Fair is not fair, but that which pleaseth. (G. H.)

Non è bello quel ch'è bello, ma quel che piace.—(*Ital.*)

Fair maidens wear nae purses (*i.e.* Fair maidens require no purses.) (Sc.)

Fair words break never bone,
Foul words break many ane ! (R. Sc.)

Güte bricht einem kein Bein.—Kindness breaks no bone.—(*Germ.*)

(*See* "The evil wound," etc , "Courtesy costs nothing," *and* "Soft words break no bones.")

Fair words make fools fain (pleased). (R.)

Douces promesses obligent les fols.—Fair promises please fools.—(*Fr.*)

Belle promesse follie.—(*Fr.*, V., 1498.)

Fagre Ord fryde en Daare, og stundom fuldvis en Mand.—Fair words please a fool, and sometimes a very wise man.—(*Dan.*)

Bella promessa lega il matto.—A fair promise binds a fool.—(*Ital.*)

Politeness is excellent, but it does not pay the bill.—*C. H. Spurgeon : Salt-Cellars.*

Fair words make me look to my purse. (G. H.)

Belle parole, ma guarda la borsa.—Fair words, but look to your purse.—(*Ital.*)

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.—(*From Confucius.*)

Fall not out with a friend for a trifle. (R.)

False folk should ha' mony witnesses. (Sc.)

False friends are waur than bitter enemies. (Sc.) (*See* "A friend in need.")

Falsehood, though it seems profitable, will hurt you ; truth, though it seems hurtful, will profit you.—(*Arabic.*)

Falsehood never made a fair hinder end. (R . Sc.)

Fame is a magnifying glass. (*Gn.*)

Familiarity breeds contempt.

To much to oys (use) familiaritee
Contempnyng bryngith one to hie dugre.
—*Lancelot of the Lake*, *l.* 1701 (*Scottish Metrical Romance*, c. 1490–1500).

Men seyn that over-greet homlinesse (familiarity) engendreth dispreysinge.—*Chaucer : Melibeus, sec.* 55.

Over-great familiarity genders despite. (R. Sc.)

Nimia familiaritas parit contemptum.—(*Lat.*)

Fancy kills and fancy cures. (Sc.)

Fancy may kill or cure. (R.)

Fancy surpasses beauty. (R.)

Fanned fires and forced love ne'er did weel. (Sc.)

Far awa' fowls hae fair feathers. (Sc.)

Far from court, far from care.

Loin de la cour, loin du souci.—(*Fr.*)

Far from home is near to harm.

Far shooting never killed a bird. (G. H.)

Far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies.—*Stubbes : Anat. of Abuses*, 1583.

Far-sought and dear-bought is gude for ladies. (R. Sc.)

Far-off cows have long horns.

Fast bind, fast find. (*Heywood, 1546.*) (*Quoted by Shakespeare : Merchant of Venice*, c. 1596.)

For this proverb is ever newe
That stronge lockes maken trewe.
—*Gower : Conf. Amantis* (c. 1390), *Bk.* 5.

Fat hens are aye ill layers. (Sc.)

Fette Hühner legen wenig Eier.—(*Germ.*)

Fat housekeepers make lean executors. (*Gn.*)

Fat paunches make lean pates. (R. Sc.) (*See Shakespeare, p.* 276*b* ; *also Fletcher, p.* 139*a.*)

A gross belly does not produce a refined mind.—*Old Greek proverb* (*mentioned by St. Jerome*).

Capo grasso, cervello magro.—Fat heads, lean brains.—(*Ital.*)

Fate leads the willing but drives the stubborn.

Faults are thick when love is thin. (R.)

Ama l'amico tuo con il diffetto suo.—Love your friend with his faults.—(*Ital.*)

Faults of ignorance are excusable only when ignorance is so. (*Gn.*)

Favour will as surely perish as life. (G. H.)

Favours unused are favours abused. (Sc.)

Fear is the beadle of the law. (G. H.)

Fear keeps the garden better than the gardener. (G. H.)

Fear kills more than disease.

Fear kills more than the physician.

Stultitia est, timore mortis mori.—It is folly to die of the fear of death.—(*Latin, Seneca, Ep.*, 70.)

Fear nothing but sin. (G. H.)

Fears are divided in the midst. (G. H.)

Feasting makes no friendship. (R.)

Feather by feather the goose is plucked. (*See* "Hair and hair.")

February fill dyke,
Be it black or be it white ;
But if it be white it's the better to like. (R.)

Pluie de Février vaut égale de fumier.—Rain in February is worth as much as manure.—(*Fr.*)

Février, qui donne neige,
Bel été nous pleige.
—February which gives snow promises us a fine summer.—(*Fr.*)

Février le court, ch'est l' pire de tous.—February the short, that is the worst month of all.—*Gascon.*

(*See* "All the months in the year," *p.* 733b ; *also Tusser, p.* 374b.)

February makes a bridge, and March breaks it. (G. H.)

Februeer doth cut and shear. (R.)

Feed a cold and starve a fever.

Feed a pig and you'll have a hog. (*Gn.*)

Feed sparingly and defy the physician. (R.)

Eat measurelie and defy the mediciners. (Sc.)
See "Much meat," "Light suppers."

Feeling hath no fellow. (R.)

Few may play with the devil and win.

Few take wives for God's sake, or for fair looks.

Few hearts that are not double; few tongues that are not cloven. (*Gn.*)

Few men will be better than their interest bids them. (*Gn.*)

Few words are best. (R.)

Je weniger die Worte, je besser Gebet.—The fewer the words the better the prayer.—(*Germ.*)

(*See* "Brevis oratio," *p.* 499*a*.)

Fiddlers' dogs and flies come to feasts unasked. (R. Sc.)

Fiddlers' fare—meat, drink, and money. (R.)

Fields have eyes, and woods have ears. (*Heywood, 1546.*) *See Tusser, p.* 374*b*.)

But sooth is seyd, gon sithen many yeres
That feeld hath eyen, and the wode hath eres.
—*Chaucer: Knightes Tale*, 664.

Veld haueth hege, and wude haueth heare.—*Old Eng.* (Field hath eye and wood hath ear.) —*Trin. Coll. MS.*

Campus habet lumen, et habet nemus auris acumen.—(*Lat. From the same MS.*)—Field hath sight (*lit.*, light) and the wood hath the keenness of an ear.

Fields have eyes, and hedges ears. (R.)

Bois ont oreilles, et champs oeillets.—(*Fr.*)

Le champ a oeulx et le bois a oreilles.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Do not speak of secret matters in a field that is full of little hills.—(*Hebrew.*)

(*See* "Walls have ears.")

Figures can be made to prove anything.

There is nothing so false as facts, excepting figures.

Fill what you will,
And drink what you fill. (*Gn.*)

Findings are keepings.

Fine cage does not feed the bird.—*French prov.*

Fine cloth is never out of fashion.

Fine clothes wear soonest out of fashion. (*Gn.*)

Fine feathers make fine birds.

Fair feathers make fair fowls. (R.)

Bonny feathers dinna aye mak' bonny birds. (Sc.)

Robe refait moult lomme.—Clothes do much to make a man.—(*Old Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Fair fowles hes fair feathers. (R. Sc.)

La belle plume fait le bel oiseau.—(*Fr.*)

De schoone veêren maaken den schoonen vogel. (*Dutch.*)

Fine words dress ill deeds. (G. H.)

Fingers were made before forks.

Fire is a good servant but a bad master.

Fire and water are good servants but bad masters.

Feuer und Wasser sind gute Diener, aber schlimme Herren.—(*Germ.; also in Dan.*)

See "Money is a good servant," etc.

First catch your hare, and then cook it.

Bracton (c. 1220) (Book 4, tit. 1, c. 21, sec. 4 has the following:—"Et vulgariter dicitur, quod primum oportet cervum capere, et postea, cum captus fuerit, illum excoriare."—And it is a common saying that it is best first to catch the stag, and afterwards, when he has been caught, to skin him.

First come, first served.—*Used by Henry Brinklow (d. 1546), Complaint of Roderyck Mors, ch. 17; also in Bartholomew Fair, ii. 5* (1614).

Whoso that first to mille comth, first grint.—*Chaucer: Wife of Bath's Prol.*, 389.

Qui premier arrive au moulin, premier doit mouldre.—Who comes first to the mill ought to have the first grinding.—(*Fr.*)

Qui prior est tempore potior est jure.—Who is first in point of time is stronger in right.—(*Roman Law rule.*)

Les premiers vont devant.—The first go in front.—(*Fr.*)

First comes owing, and then comes lying.

(*See* "Debtors are liars," *p.* 751*a*.)

First deserve and then desire. (R.)

First impressions are most lasting.

Uomo di prima impressione, uomo di ultima impressione.—(*Ital.*)

Fish and guests smell at three days old. (R.) (*Also in Danish.*)

Fish are not to be caught with a bird-call. (*Gn.*)

Fish makes no broth. (*Gn.*)

Fish ought to swim thrice. (*Gn.*) (*In the water, in the sauce, in the wine in the stomach.*)

Fishes follow the bait. (R.)

Flattery brings friends, truth enemies. (*See* "Truth stings.")

Flattery sits in the parlour, when plain-dealing is kicked out of doors.

Flee ne'er so fast, your fortune will be at your tail. (Sc.)

Flies are busiest about lean horses. (G. H.)

Flies are easier caught with honey than with vinegar.

You will catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a cask of vinegar.—(*Eastern.*) (*Found in most languages.*)

Flowers in May, fine cocks of hay.

Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow. (G. H.)

Fly with your own wings.

Volez de vos propres ailes.—(*Fr.*)

Folk canna help a' their kin. (Sc.)

Folk wi' lang noses aye tak' till themsels. (Sc.)

Follow love and it will flee, flee love and it will follow thee. (R.)

Fly pleasure and it will follow thee. (R.)

Follow pleasure, and then will pleasure flee;
Flee pleasure, and pleasure will follow thee.
—(*Heywood*, 1506.)

Follow glory, and it will flee; flee glory, and it will follow thee.

Honor sequitur fugientem.—Honour follows him who flies from it.—(*Latin.*)

Courez toujours après le chien, jamais il vous mordra.—Keep on running after the dog and he will never bite you.—(*Fr.*)

"That conceit, elegantly expressed by the Emperor Charles V. in his instructions to the King, his son, 'that fortune hath somewhat the nature of a woman, that if she be too much wooed she is the farther off.'"—*Bacon: Adv. Learning, Book* 2.

Follow the river and you will find the sea.

Suivez la rivière et vous gagnerez la mer.—(*Fr.*)

Folly and learning often dwell in the same person. (*Gn.*)

Folly grows without watering. (G. H.)

Fools grow without watering.

Folly has more followers than discretion.

Mas acompañados y paniaguados debe di tener la locura que la discrecion.—Folly is wont to have more followers and comrades than discretion.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 13.)

Folly is a bonny dog. (R. Sc.)

Folly is the most incurable of diseases.

El mal que non tiene cura es locura.—(*Span.*)

Folly is the Queen Regent of the world. (*Gn.*)

The chief disease that reigns this year is folly. (G. H.)

Fooled thou must be, though wisest of the wise;
Then be the fool of virtue, not of vice.
—(*Persian saying.*)

Foolhardiness proceeds of ignorance.—*Proverb quoted by James I. of England in Preface to The Uranie.*
(*See* "Courage is often caused by fear," *p.* 749*b*.)

Foolish men have foolish dreams.

De sot homme sot songe.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Foolish pity spoils a city. (R.)

Foolish tongues talk by the dozen. (G. H.)

Fools and obstinate men make rich lawyers.

Necios y porfiados hacen ricos los letrados.—(*Span.*)

Fools are aye fond of flittin', and wise men o' sittin'. (Sc.)

Fools are fain of flitting. (R. Sc.)

Fools are aye seein' ferlies (wonders). (Sc.)

Fools are fain of right nought. (R. Sc.)

Fools are pleased with their own blunders. (*Gn.*)

Fools are wise men in the affairs of women. (*Gn.*)

Fools ask what's o'clock; wise men know their time.

De gekken vragen naar de klok, maar de wijzen weten hunnen tijd.—(*Dutch.*)

Fools bite one another, but wise men agree together. (G. H.)

Fools build houses, and wise men buy them. (R.)

Narren bauen Haüser, der Kluge kauft sie.—(*Germ.*)

He that buys a house ready wrought
Hath many a pin and nail for nought. (R.)

Il faut acheter maison faite et femme à faire.—One should buy a house ready made and a wife to make.—(*Fr.*)

On doit acheter pays et maison faite.—One should buy land and houses ready made.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

The spirit of building has come upon him. (R.)
See "Fools lade water," "A house made," and "Building is sweet impoverishing."

Fools go in crowds.

À la presse vont les fous.—(*Fr.*)

Fools invent fashions, wise men follow them.

Les fous inventent les modes et les sages les suivent.—(*Fr.*)

Fools lade out all the water and wise men take the fish. (*Gn.*)

Fools let for trust. (R. Sc.)

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them. (R. Sc.) (Some *add:* "Wise men make jests and fools repeat them.")

Les fols font la fête et les sages la mangent.—(*Fr.*)

I matti fanno le feste, ed i savj le godono.—(*Ital.*)

De ezels dragen de haver, en de paarden eten.—Asses fetch the provender and the horses eat it.—(*Dutch.*)

Fools ravel and wise men redd (unravel). (Sc.)

Fools tie knots and wise men loose them. (R.)

Fools refuse favours. (R.)

Fools should have no chappin' sticks (*i.e.* means of mischief). (R. Sc.)—*Scott: Rob Roy, ch.* 34.

For a bad tongue, the scissors.

Á má lingua, tesoura.—(*Port.*)

For a little child a little mourning.

De petit enfant petit deuil.—(*Fr.*)

For a morning rain leave not your journey. (G. H.)

For a tint (lost) thing care na. (Sc.)

For fashion's sake, as dogs go to church. (R.)

For fault o' wise men fools sit on binks (benches). (R. Sc.)

Por falta de hombres buenos, á mi padre hicieron alcalde.—For want of good men they made my father justice of the peace.—(*Span.*)

For long is not for ever.

Lange ist nicht ewig.—(*Germ.*)

For mad words deaf ears. (*Gn.*)

For one good deed a hundred ill deeds should be overlooked.—(*From the Chinese.*)

For one poor person there are a hundred indigent.—*Poor Richard.*

For one rich man content there are a hundred not. (*Gn.*)

For want of a nail the shoe is lost; for want of a shoe the horse is lost; for want of a horse the rider is lost. (G. H.)

Por un punto se pierde un zapato.—For want of a nail a shoe is lost.—(*Span.*)

For whom does the blind man's wife paint herself? (*Gn.*)

Forbear not sowing because of birds. (G. H.)

Forbidden fruit is sweetest.

Forbid a fool to do a thing and he will do it. (Sc.)

Chose défendue est la plus désirée.—(*Fr.*, V., 1498.)

Forecast is better than work-hard. (*Gn.*)

Force without forecast is of little avail. (*Gn.*)

Forced love does not last. (R.)

Forced prayers are no gude for the soul. (Sc.)

Fore-talk spares after-talk. (R.)

Forewarned is forearmed.

A man that is warned is half armed. (R. Sc.)

Qui dit averti, dit muni.—(*Fr.*)

Hombre apercebido medio combatido.—A man prepared has half fought the battle.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 17.)

Præmonĭtus, præmunītus.—(*Latin.*)

(*See* "Good watch.")

Forget others' faults by remembering your own.

Forgetting wrong is a mild revenge. (*Gn.*)

Forgive any sooner than thyself. (R.) (*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

Verzeih dir nichts, und den Andern viel.—Forgive yourself nothing; others much.—(*Germ.*)

Pardon all but thyself. (G. H.)

Ignoscito sæpe alteri, nunquam tibi.—Forgive another often, yourself never.—(*Latin.*)

Forgiving the unrepentant is like making pictures on water.—(*Japanese.*)

Forgotten pains, when follow gains.

Forsake not God until you find a better maister. (Sc.)

Fortune can only take what she gave.

Nihil eripit Fortuna nisi quod et dedit.—(*Latin*, *Publilius Syrus.*)

Fortune favours fools.* (*See* "A wise man is out of the reach of Fortune.")

La fortuna aiuta i pazzi.—(*Ital.*)

Glück und Weiber haben die Narren lieb.—Fortune and women have a delight in fools.—(*Germ.*)

Fortuna favet fatuis.—(*Latin.*)

Fortune favours the brave.

Hap helpeth hardy man alday.
—*Chaucer: Legend of Good Women*, 1773.

A osado favorece la fortuna.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

Fortuna favet fortibus.—(*Latin.*)

Fortune gives her hand to a bold man. (*Gn.*)

Audaces, fortuna juvat timidosque repellit.—Fortune helps the daring, but repulses the timid.—(*Latin.*) (*See also* Latin Quotations: "Audentem" *and* "Audentes," *p.* 494*a*; "Fortes fortuna adjuvat," *p.* 534*b*; "Fortuna meliores sequitur," *p.* 535*a*.)

Fortune gives too much to many, but to no one enough.

Das Glück giebt Vielen zu viel, aber Keinem genug.—(*Germ.*)

Fortune, good or bad, does not last for ever—(*Arabic.*)

Fortune has no reason.

En fortune n'a point de raison.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Fortune is weary to carry one and the same man always. (*Gn.*)

Fortune turns like a mill wheel; now you are at the top, and then at the bottom. (Sc.)

Fou (full) o' courtesy fou o' craft. (Sc.)

Foul water will quench fire. (R.)

Foul water slockens fire. (Sc.)

Four eyes see more than two.

Vedon più quattr' occhi che due.—(*Ital.; also in Germ. and Span.*)

Four things everyone has more of than he knows—sins, debts, years, and foes.—(*Persian.*)

Sins and debts are aye mair than we think. (Sc.)

Frae savin' comes havin'. (Sc.)

France is a meadow that cuts thrice a year. (G. H.)

Freits (predictions) follow those who look to them. (Sc.)

Fretting cares make grey hairs.

Carefulness bringeth age before the time.—(*Ecclesiasticus* 30, 24.)

Fridays in the week are never alike.

Now up, now doun, as boket (bucket) in a welle.
Right as the Friday, soothly for to telle
Now it shyneth, now it reyneth fast,

* * * * *

Selde is the Friday all the wyke y-lyke.
—*Chaucer: The Knightes Tale, lines* 675–7 *and* 681. (*Friday being regarded as changeable, because it is the day of* "*gery,*" *i.e.* "*changeable*" *Venus.*)

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* A Danish proverb says: "Fortune knocks, but fools do not answer."—Euripides states: "Fortune truly helps those who are of good judgment."

Vendredy de la semaine est
Le plus beau ou le plus laid.
—Friday is the finest or the foulest day of the week.—(*Fr. Recueil des Contes, by A. Jubinal.*)

Friday's a day as'll have his trick,
The fairest or foulest day o' the wik.
—(*Shropshire Folklore.*)

Friends are like fiddlestrings; they must not be screwed too tight.

Friends are lost by calling often and calling seldom.—(*Gaelic.*)

Longue demeure fait changer amy.—A long stay changes friendship.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Friends, like mushrooms, spring unexpected.

Friends may meet,
But mountains never greet. (R.)

Deux hommes se rencontrent bien, mais jamais deux montagnes.—(*Fr.*)

Entre deux montaignes vallée.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Friendship and company are a bad excuse for ill actions. (*Gn.*)

Friendship consists not in saying, "What is the best news?" (*Gn.*)

Friendship is love without its wings.

L'amitié est l'amour sans ailes.—(*Fr.*)

Friendship is not to be bought at a fair. (R.)

Friendship is stronger than kindred.

A good friend is better than a near relation.

Friends are the nearest relations. (*Gn.*)

Many kinsfolk, few friends. (R.)

È meglio un buon amico che cento parenti.—Better one true friend than a hundred relations.—(*Ital.*)

Un bon ami vaut mieux que cent parents.—(*Fr.*)

Mas vale buen amigo que pariente primo.—A good friend is worth more than a near relation.—(*Span.*)

On n'est jamais trahi que par ses siens.—One is never betrayed except by one's kindred.—(*Fr.*)

Wheresoever you see your kindred, make much of your friends. (R.)

Do no business with a kinsman.—*Oriental Hai Gaon* (*d.* A.D. 1038).

A good friend is my nearest relation.

(*See* "Præstat amicitia," *p.* 623*b*.)

Friendship that flames goes out in a flash. (*Gn.*)

Friendship should not be all on one side.

Friendship canna stand a' one side. (Sc.)

Love should not be all on one side.

(*See* "Courtesy on one side," *p.* 749*b*.)

From a bad paymaster get what you can.

From a choleric man withdraw a little; from him that says nothing, for ever. (G. H.)

From pillar to post.

"From post to pillar, wife, I have been tost."—(*Heywood*, 1546.) *Also found*, "From post to pillar" in Lydgate (1420). The earliest reference, "From pillar to post," is stated to be Skelton (c. 1520).

From poverty to wealth is a troublesome journey, but the way back is easy.—(*Japanese.*)

Froth is not beer.

Schuim is geen bier.—(*Dutch.*)

Frugality is an estate alone. (R.)

Economy is a great revenue.

Fruit is seed.

Fruit ripens not well in the shade. (*Gn.*)

Full of courtesy and full of craft. (R.)

Full thoughts cause long parentheses.—*Letter from Buckingham to James I.* (c. 1622); *apparently a proverbial saying.*

Full vessels give the least sound.

Volle Fässer klingen nicht.—(*Germ.*)

(*See* "Empty vessels.")

Funeral sermon, lying sermon.

Leichenpredigt, Lügenpredigt.—(*Germ.*)

Fury wasteth as patience lasteth.

Gadding gossips shall dine on the pot-lid.

Gae shoe the geese.* (R. Sc.)

Gain gotten by a lie will burn one's fingers.

Gambling and lying go together.

Mendaciorum et perjuriarum mater est alea.—Gaming is the mother of lies and perjuries. (*Lat. John of Salisbury, Bishop of Chartres* [*d.* 1180]: *Polycraticus, Bk.* 1.)

Hasard is verray moder of lesinges (lyings)
And of deceite and cursed forsweringes.
—*Chaucer: Pardoner's Tale*, 262.

Game is cheaper in the market than in the fields and woods. (*Gn.*)

Gamesters and racehorses never last long. (G. H.)

Gaming, women, and wine, while they laugh they make men pine. (G. H.)

Alea, vina, Venus, per quæ sum factus egenus.—Gaming, wine, and women, through which I have become a beggar.—(*Latin. Mediæval.*)

Gaming is the child of avarice and the parent of despair.

Le jeu est le fils de l'avarice et le père du désespoir.—(*Fr.*)

Garlands are not for every brow. (*Gn.*)

Gathering gear (wealth) is a pleasant pain. (Sc.)

Gear is easier gained than guided. (R.)

Generally we love ourselves more than we hate others. (*Gn.*)

Genius is patience.

Le génie c'est la patience.—(*Fr. See French*) "Le génie n'est autre chose," *p.* 699*b*; *also Carlyle:* "Genius, which means transcendent capacity for taking trouble.") There are many similar definitions, *e.g.*:

Genius is a capacity for taking trouble.—*Leslie Stephen.*

Genius is only protracted patience.—*Buffon.*

Genius is an intuitive talent for labour.—*Jan Walæus.*

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* "Shoeing the goose" was the ancient proverbial expression to indicate a futile and fruitless task.

Genius is the power of lighting one's own fire.—*John Foster*, 1770–1843.

Genius is nothing but labour and diligence.—*Hogarth.*

Genius is mainly an affair of energy.—*Matthew Arnold.*

Genius is one part inspiration, and three parts perspiration.—*American.*

Gentility is nothing but ancient riches. (G. H.)

Gentility without ability is waur than plain begging. (Sc.)

Get a good name and go to sleep.

Get a name to rise early, and you may lie all day.

Acquista buona fama e mettiti à dormire.—(*Ital.*)

Cobra buena fama, y échate á dormir.—(*Span.*)

Get an ideal! Life becomes real.

Gie a beggar a bed, and he'll repay you wi' a louse. (Sc.)

Gie a clown your finger, and he will take your whole hand. (H. 1546.)

Al villano dadle el pie, y tomarse ha la mano.—Give a clown your foot and he will take your hand.—(*Span.*)

Gie o'er when the play is gude. (R. Sc.) (*See* "Leave a jest.")

Giff-gaff (one gift for another) makes gude friends. (R. Sc.) (*Scott: Heart of Midlothian, ch. 16.*)

Give-gave was a good man.

Giff-gaff was a good man, but he is soon weary. (R.)

Gifts are sometimes losses.

Spesso i doni sono danni.—(*Ital.*)

Gifts make their way.

Gifts break a rock. (*Gn.*)—(*From Don Quixote.*

Gifts enter everywhere without a wimble (gimlet). (G. H.)

Par don on a pardon.—By giving comes forgiving.—(*Fr.*) (*See Horace, Odes, Book* 3, 16, 9.)

Honorem acquirit qui dat munera.—He gets honour who gives gifts.—*Quoted in Piers Plowman* (1362); *source unknown.*

Give a dog an ill name and hang him.

He that hath an ill-name is half hanged. (H. 1546.)

He that is evil deemed is half hanged. (R. Sc.)

(*See* "He that would hang his dog," *etc.*)

(*A great variety of similar proverbs in all modern languages.*)

Give a fool rope enough, and he will hang himself.

Give a rogue (or a thief) rope enough, and he will hang himself.

Give the devil rope enough, and he will hang himself. (R.)

Gie him tow enough, and he'll hang himsel."

Let him alone with the Saint's Bell, and give him rope enough. (R.)

Give a man luck and throw him into the sea. (R.)

Give a thing and take again,
And you shall ride in hell's wain. (R.)

Plato quotes, as a child's proverb: "It is not right to take away gifts."

Donde las dan, las toman.—Where they give they take—(*Span.*)

Give a thing, and take a thing,
To weare the divell's gold ring.
—*Cotgrave* (1632).

To give a thing, and take a thing,
You know is the devil's gold ring.
—*Homer à la mode* (1665).

Give a thing, take a thing,
That's an old man's plaything.
—*Halliwell, Proverb-Rhymes.*

Give an ass oats, and he runs after thistles.

Geef een' ezel haver, hij loopt tot de distels.—(*Dutch.*)

Give and spend,
And God will send.

Give him an inch and he'll take an ell. (R.)

If you give your wife a yard, she'll take an ell.—*Dekker: Honest Whore* (1630), *Pt.* 2, ii. 2.

Si on lui en donne un doigt, il en prend long comme le bras.—If you give him one inch he takes a piece as long as your arm.—(*Fr.*)

Giv Skalken et Spand, han tager vel heel Alen.—Give a rogue an inch and he'll take an ell.—(*Dan.; also in Dutch.*)

Si vous lui donnez un pied, il vous en prendra quatre.—If you give him a foot he will take four.—(*Fr.*)

Give losers leave to speak. (R.)

Give losers leave to speak and winners to laugh. (*Gn.*)

Give losers leave to talk. (G. H.)

A causa perduta parole assai.—Plenty of words when the cause is lost.—(*Ital.*)

(*See* "It is too late.")

Give me a footing and I will find elbow room.—*Gabriel Harvey, Note in copy of Erasmus*, c. 1600.

Give not counsel or salt till you are asked. (R.)

Give place to your betters.

Give the devil his due. (R.) (*Shakespeare, see p.* 313*a*.)

Gie the devil his due and ye'll gang to him. (Sc.)

It's a sin to belie the devil. (R.)

(*See* "The devil is not so black.")

Giving is an honour, asking is a pain.

El dar es honor, y el pedir dolor.—(*Span.*)

Giving is dead nowadays, and restoring very sick. (R.)

Giving is dead, restoring very sick. (G. H.)

Giving to the poor increaseth a man's store.

They who give have all things; they who withhold have nothing.—(*Hindoo.*)

Did anyone ever become poor by giving alms?—(*Hindoo.*)

The hand that gives, gathers. (R.)

(*See* "Almsgiving never made a man poor.")

Giving way stops all war.

Nachgeben stillt allen Krieg.—(*Germ.*)

Gluttony kills more than the sword. (G. H.)

Go early to the fish market, and late to the shambles. (R.)

Go farther and fare worse. (R.)

Go into the country and hear what news is in town. (R.)

Go not for every grief to the physician, nor for every quarrel to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot. (G. H.)

Go to Bath.—(*From an early period Bath was regarded as a resort of beggars, cripples, lepers, etc.*)

Go to Battersea to be cut for the simples. (R.)

Go to bed with the lamb and rise with the lark. (R.)

Gang to bed with the lamb, and rise with the laverock. (Sc.)

Goats are not sold at every fair. (*Gn.*)

God, and parents, and our master, can never be requited. (G. H.)

God blesses peace and curses quarrels.

Dios bendijo la paz y maldijo las riñas.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 14.)

God comes to see without a bell. (G. H.)

God comes when we think He is farthest.

God comes at last when we think he is farthest off. (R.)—(*Given as an Italian proverb.*)

Gud kommer tilsidst, naar vi troe han er længst borte.—God comes at length, when we think He is farthest off.—(*Dan.*)

(*See* "God stays long, but strikes at last.")

God complains not, but doth what is fitting. (G. H.)

God defend me from myself!

Defienda me Dios de my!—(*Span.*)

God does not measure men by inches.

God gives all things to industry. (*See* "God helps those.")

God gives his wrath by weight, and without weight his mercy. (G. H.)

God grant that this son be ours.

Quiéralo Dios que este hijo nuestro sea.—(*Span.*)

God has not said all that you have said.—(*Gaelic.*)

God heals, and the physician hath the thanks. (G. H.)

Dio guarisce, e il medico è ringraziato.—(*Ital.*)

El medico lleva la plata, pero Dios es que sana.—The physician takes the fee, but God sends the cure.—(*Span.; also in Germ.*)

(*See* "Who pays the physician.")

God help the fool, quoth Pedley. (R.)

God help the poor; the rich can help themselves. (Sc.)

God send us siller for they're little thought o' that want it. (Sc.)—*Alleged prayer of the Earl of Eglinton.*

God help the rich; the poor can beg. (Sc.)

God helps the strongest.

Gott hilft dem Stärksten.—(*Germ.*)

God helps those who help themselves. (G. H.)

Help thyself, and God will help thee. (R. Sc.)

God reaches us good things by our own hands. (*Gn.*)

Ayde toy dieu taidera.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera.—(*Fr.*)

Chi s'aiuta, Dio l'aiuta.—(*Ital.*)

Hilf dir selbst, so hilft dir Gott.—(*Germ.*)

Zu Gottes Hülfe gehört Arbeit.—By God's help the work is done.—(*Germ.*)

Quien se guarda Dios le guarda.—Who guards himself, God will guard him.

God is a good worker, but he loves to be helped.—(*Basque.*)

Trust in God, but look to yourself.—(*Russian.*)

Pray to God, but row to shore.—(*Russian.*)

Pray to God, sailor, but pull to the shore.

Pray to God, but keep the hammer going.

(*See* "Pray devoutly.")

A Dios rogando y con el mazo dando.—Praying to God, and hammering away.—(*Span.*)

A toille ourdie Dieu envoye le fil.—God sends the thread to cloth which is begun.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Tie up your camel as best you can, and then trust it to Providence.—(*Arabic.*)

(*See* "Prayer and practice"; *also* "Providence provides for the provident.")

To the man who himself strives earnestly God also lends a helping hand.—(*Æschylus: Persæ*, 742.)

God lends a helping hand to him who works hard.—(*Æschylus: Fragm.*)

God helps him who strives hard.—(*Euripides: Eumenidæ.*)

Ayude Dios con lo suyo á cada uno.—God helps everyone with what is his own.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 26.)

Quien se muda, Dios le ayuda.—God helps him who amends himself.—(*Span.*)

A qui se lève matin Dieu aide et prête sa main.—To him who rises early in the morning God gives help and lends His hand.—(*Old Fr. Said to be from Span.*)

(*See also* 2 *Maccabees* 15, 27: "Fighting with their hands, and praying unto God with their hearts.")

God is kind to fou (drunken) folk and bairns.

Dieu aide à trois sortes de personnes, aux fous, aux enfants, et aux ivrognes.—God helps three sorts of people, fools, children, and drunkards.—(*Fr.*)

God knows the truth, so there let it rest.

Dios sabe la verdad, y quedese aqui.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 1, 47.)

God knows who are the best pilgrims. (R.)

Dieu sait qui est bon pèlerin.—God knows who is a good pilgrim.—(*Fr.*)

God loves good accounts. (R.)

God made the country; man the town; the devil the little country town.—*Quoted in "East Anglian Daily Times," May* 20, 1922.

God makes the man. (R.)

God makes, and apparel shapes, but it's money that finishes the man. (R.)

God never sends mouths but he sends meat. (R.) (*See Tusser, p.* 374*a.*)

He who sends mouths will send meat.

Gud giver alle Mad som han giver Mund.—(*Dan.*)

They say Nature brings forth none but she provides for them.—*Beaumont and Fletcher: Scornful Lady* (1609 *or* 1610).

God never shuts one door but he opens another.—(*Irish.*)

God oft hath a great share in a little house. (G. H.)

En petite maison a Dieu grand part.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

God permits, but not for ever.

God provides for him that trusteth. (G. H.)

God saves the moon from the wolves.

Dieu garde la lune des loups.—(*Fr.*)

La luna non cura dell' abbaiar de' cani.—The moon does not trouble about the baying of the dogs.—(*Ital.*)

(*See Latin version*, "Latrantem," *etc., p.* 564*a.*)

God send me a friend that will tell me of my faults. (*Gn.*)

God send you mair sense and me mair siller. (Sc.)

God sends meat; the devil sends cooks. (R.)

God sent meat and the devil sent cooks.—*J. Taylor: Observations and Travels*, 1616.

Dio ci manda la carne, ma il diavolo cuochi.—(*Ital.*)

God zendt hem wel de spijzen, maar de duivel kookt ze.—God sent him meat, but the devil cooked it.—(*Dutch.*)

God stays long, but strikes at last.

Dios consiente, pero no para siempre.—God permits, but yet not for ever.—(*Span.*)

God cometh with leaden feet, but striketh with iron hands. (R.)

God is at the end when we think He is furthest off it. (G. H.)

God strikes with his finger, and not with all his arm. (G. H.)

God takes care of boys and Irishmen.—*Quoted as a prov. in "Daily Chronicle" (London), Oct.* 7, 1906.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. —*Given in this form in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey"* (1768).

A brebis tondue Dieu mesure le vent.—(*Fr.*)

To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind to measure. (G. H.)

God sends cold according to clothes. (G. H.)

Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue.—God measures the cold to the shorn lamb.—(*Fr.*)

Dio manda il freddo secondo i panni.—God orders the cold according to the cloth.—(*Ital.*)

Dieu donne le froid selon le drap.—(*Fr.*)

Dios dá la ropa conforme al frio.—God gives cloth according to the cold.—(*Span.*)

God sendeth cold after [*i.e.* according to] clothes.—*Camden's Remains.*

God sends men cold as they have clothes to. (R. Sc.)

Gott giebt die Schultern nach der Bürde.—God giveth the shoulder according to the burden.—(*Germ.*)

Dieu modère tout à son plaisir.—God moderates all at His pleasure.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel* (1533).

Selon le temps la tempeure.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.) (*See* "Minus in parvis," *p.* 577*b.*)

God trusts everyone with the care of his own soul. (Sc.)

God who sends the wound sends the medicine.

Dios que dá la llaga, dá la medicina.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 19.)

(*See* "There's a salve for every sore.")

God works in moments.—*Emerson's translation of the French proverb, "En peu d'heure Dieu labeure"* (*given below*).

God's help is better than early rising. (*Gn.*)

God's help is nearer than the door.

God's help is nearer nor the fair even. (R. Sc.)

God's mill grinds slow but sure. (G. H.)

God's mills grind slow, but they grind trouble.—(*Eastern saying.*)

God waits long but hits hard.—(*Russian.*)

The Divine Power moves with difficulty, but at the same time surely.—(*Euripides*, *Bacchæ*, 882.) Euripides has the same idea in *Ion*, *l.* 1615, "The ways of the gods are long, but in the end they are not without strength."

Ὀψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά. —The mills of the gods grind tardily but they grind small.—(*Greek.*)

Gottes Mühle geht langsam, aber sie mahlt fein.—God's mill goes slowly, but it grinds fine.—(*Germ.*)

En peu d'heure Dieu labeure.—God works in a very short space of time.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

(*See* "God stays long," *etc.*)

Going to ruin is silent work.—(*Gaelic.*)

Gold is proved by touch.

À la touche l'on épreuve l'or.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Gold is tested by fire; man by gold.—(*Chinese.*)

Gold is the sovereign of all sovereigns.

Geld beheert de wereld.—Money rules the world.—(*Dutch.*)

Money is the only monarch. (*Gn.*)

Money masters all things.

Gold opens all locks, no lock will hold against the power of gold. (G. H.)

Gold goes in at any gate, except Heaven's. (R.)

L'argent est une bonne passe-partout.—Money is a good passe-partout; *i.e.* gains admittance everywhere.—(*Fr.*)

A gold key opens every door.

No lock will hold against the power of gold. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

(*See* "A silver key," *p.* 728*a.*)

Gold will not buy everything.

L'oro non compra tutto.—(*Ital.*)

Golden dreams make men awake hungry. (R.)

Good advice
Is beyond price.

Bono consilio nullum est munus pretiosius.—No gift is more precious than good advice.—(*Latin. Erasmus : Convivium Religiosum.*)

Good advice may be given, but not good manners.—(*Turkish.*)

Good ale is meat, drink, and cloth. (R.) (*See* " He that buys land," *p.* 776*b*.)

Good and quickly seldom meet. (G. H.)

Le bien ne se fait jamais mieux que lorsqu'il opère lentement.—Good is never done better than when it takes effect slowly.—(*Fr.*)

Good beginnings make good endings.

De bon commencement bonne fin.—(*Fr.*)

De bonne vie bonne fin.—A good life has a good ending.—(*Fr.*)

Le bon commencement attrait la bonne fin.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Good blood cannot lie.

Bon sang ne peut mentir.—(*Fr.*)

Good cheir and good cheap garres many haunt the house. (R. Sc.)

Good clothes open all doors. (*Gn.*)

Good company on the road is the shortest cut.

Good company in a journey makes the way to seem shorter.—*Quoted by I. Walton as an Italian saying or proverb.*

Gefährte munter kürzet die Meilen.—Lively companionship shortens the miles.—(*Germ.*)

Mieulx vault amy en voye que denier en courroye.—A companion on the way is better than money in the purse.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Comes facundus in via pro vehiculo est.—A well-spoken companion on the road is as good as a carriage.—(*Latin : Pūblilius Syrus.*)

Con alegre compania se sufre la triste via.—With merry company the dreary way is endured.—(*Span.*)

No road is long with good company.—(*Turkish.*)

A merry companion on the road is as good as a nag.

A merry companion is music in a journey. (R.)

Make short the miles,
With talk and smiles.

Good courage breaks ill luck.

Good dancers have mostly better heels than heads. (*Gn.*)

Good finds good. (G. H.)

Him thar nat wene wel that yvel doth. (He need not expect good that doth evil.)—*Chaucer : Reve's Tale*, 400.

Good for the liver may be bad for the spleen. (*Gn.*)

Good fortune is never good till it is lost.

Bona magis carendo quam fruendo sentimus.—We feel good things more when we want them than when we enjoy them.—(*Latin.*)

Bona a tergo formosissima.—Good things look best from the back.—(*Latin.*)

Good gear goes in sma' book (bulk). (Sc.)

Good things are wrapped up in small parcels.

Good grows to better, and better to bad.

Bien vient à mieux, et mieux à mal.—(*Fr.*)

Good harvests make men prodigal, bad ones provident. (R.)

Good horses can't be of bad colour. (*Gn.*)

Good horses make short miles. (G. H.)

Good husbandry is good divinity. (R.)

Good is good, but better carries it. (G. H.)

Le mieux est ennemi du bien.—Better is the enemy of good.—(*Fr.*)

Good kail is half a meal. (R.)

Good luck comes by cuffing. (R.)

A puñadas entran las buenas hadas.—Good luck gets on by elbowing.—(*Span.*)

Good luck reaches further than long arms. (*Gn.*)

Good men are a public good. (*Gn.*)

Good mind, good find.

Good nature is a great misfortune if it want prudence. (*Gn.*)

Good news may be told at any time, but ill in the morning. (G. H.)

Good pastures make fat sheep.

Good people are scarce. (*See Latin,* " Rari quippe.")

Fromme Leute wohnen weit auseinander.—Good people live far apart.—(*Germ.*)

Gude folk are scarce, tak' care o' ane. (Sc.)

Make much of one, good men are scarce. (R.)

Nunca lo bueno fué mucho.—Good was never very abundant.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 1, 6.)

Good service is a great enchantment. (G. H.)

Beau service fait amis, et vrai dire ennemis.—Good service makes friends and speaking truth makes enemies.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

(*See Latin,* " Veritas odium parit.")

Good singing is often wearisome.

Beau chanter souvent ennuye.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Good swimmers at length are drowned. (G. H.)

Good swimmers are oftenest drowned. (*Gn.*)

Bons nageurs sont à la fin noyés.—Good swimmers are drowned at last.—(*Fr.*)

Good sword has often been in poor scabbard. —(*Gaelic.*)

Good take heed
Doth surely speed. (R.)

Good things come to some when they are asleep.

À aucun les biens viennent en dormant.

Good to be merry at meat. (R.)

Good to begin well, better to end well. (R.)

Good ware makes a quick market.—(*From the Latin, Plautus. See* "Invendibili merce," *p.* 558*b*.)

Pleasing ware is half sold. (R.)

Chose qui plaît est à demi vendue.—A thing which pleases is half sold.—(*Fr.*)

Mercanzia chi piace è mezza venduta.—(*Ital.*)

Goede waar prijst zichzelven.—Good ware sells itself.—(*Dutch.*)

Good watch prevents misfortune. (R.)

Good weight and measure is heaven's treasure. (R.)

Good will should be ta'en in part of payment. (R. Sc.)

Bonne volonté est reputée pour le fait.—Good will is taken for the deed.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Good wine needs no bush.—(*A garland or bunch of evergreen hung out as a vintner's sign.*)

Good ale (or wine) needs not a wisp. (R. Sc.)

Goede wijn behoeft geen kraus.—(*Dutch.*)

Guter Wein bedarf keines Kranzes.—(*Germ.*)

El vino bueno no ha menester pregonero.—Good wine has no need of a public crier.—(*Span.*)

Vino vendibili suspensa hedera non opus est.—Saleable wine needs no bush (*lit.* "no ivy hung out").—(*Latin: Columella.*)

A bon vin point d'enseigne.—To good wine no sign.—(*Fr.*)

À buon vino non bisogna frasca.—(*Ital.*)

Guter Wein verkauft sich selbst.—Good wine sells itself.—(*Germ.*)

Good wine needs no brandy.—(*American.*)

Good wits jump. (R.) (*See* "Great minds.")

Great wits will jump.

Good words and no deeds.

Good words without deeds
Are rushes and reeds. (R.)

(*See* "A man of words and not of deeds," *p.* 446*b*.)

Good words fill not a sack. (R.)

Bien dire fait rire, bien faire fait taire.—Good words make us laugh; good deeds make us silent.—(*Fr.*)

Good words cool more than cold water. (R.) (*See* "Courtesy costs nothing," *p.* 749*a*.)

Good words quench more than a bucket of water. (G. H.)

Good workmen are seldom rich. (G. H.)

Goods are theirs that enjoy them. (G. H.)—(*Given by Ray as an Italian proverb.*)

Gooid brade, botter, and sheese
Is gooid Halifax and gooid Friese.

Boeytter, Brea in griene Tzis,
Iz goed Ingelsch in eack goed Friesch.
(Butter, bread, and green cheese
Is good English and eke good Friese.)
—*Old Friesic saying. Scheltema's Spreckwoorden* (1831).

Goose, and gander, and gosling,
Are three sounds, but one thing. (R.)

Goslings lead the geese to water. (*Gn.*)

Gossip and lying go hand in hand.

Gossips are frogs, they drink and talk. (G. H.)

Gowd is guid only in the hand of virtue. (Sc.)

Grandfather's servants are never good. (*Gn.*)

Grasp all, lose all.

Qui nimis capit parum stringit.—Who takes too much retains too little.—(*Lat. Albertano of Brescia: Liber Consolationis.*)

Who-so mochel wol embrace
Litel ther of he shal distreyne.
—*Chaucer: Tale of Melibeus, sec.* 24.

Chi troppo abbraccia, nulla stringe.—Who grasps at too much secures nothing.—(*Ital.*)

Chi tutto vuole, tutto perde.—Who wants all loses all.—(*Ital.*)

Qui trop embrasse, peu étreint.—Who grasps at too much makes little secure.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498; *also Rabelais: Gargantua.*)

Wer Alles haben will, bekommt am Ende nichts.—(*Germ.*)

Quien todo lo quiere, todo lo pierde.—(*Span.*)

Grasp no more than thy hand will hold. (R.)

Grass grows not on the highway. (R.)

Op een' gebaanden weg groeit geen gras.—(*Dutch.*)

Grass does not grow in the market.—(*Japanese.*)

Gratitude is the least of virtues, ingratitude the worst of vices. (*Gn.*)

Great boast, small roast.

Gran fumo, poco arrosto.—Great smoke, little roast.—(*Ital.*)

Great boaster, little doer.

De grand vanteur petit faiseur.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Groot roemen, weinig gebraad.—(*Dutch.*)

(*See* "Much bruit," "Great talkers," and "Much cry," *etc.*)

Great bodies move slowly.

Great bodies have slow motions.—*Quoted as a prov. by Buckingham in letter to James I.*, c. 1622.

Great businesses turn on a little pin. (G. H.)

Great deeds are for great men.

Las grandes hazañas para los grandes hombres estan guardadas.—Great deeds are reserved for great men.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Great deservers grow intolerable presumers. (G. H.)

Great doings at Gregory's: heat the oven twice for a custard. (R.)

Great folks' servants are aye mair saucy than themselves. (Sc.)—*Scott: Heart of Midlothian, ch.* 27.

Great fortune brings with it great misfortune. (G. H.)

Great gifts are from great men. (R.)

Grosse Fische fängt man in grossen Wassern.—Great fish are caught in great waters.—(*Germ.*)

Great haste makes great waste.

Great hopes make great men. (*Gn.*)

Great marks are soonest hit. (R.)

Great men's servants think themselves great.—(*See Juvenal*, "Maxima quæque domus," *p.* 574*a*.)

Grosser Herren Leute lassen sich was bedünken. —(*Germ.*)

Great minds think alike.

Great wits jump together.

Les beaux esprits se rencontrent.—Great wits come together.— (*Fr.*)

Great profits, great risks.—(*Chinese saying.*)

Great ships require deep waters. (R.)

Great spenders are bad lenders. (R.)

Great strokes make not sweet music. (G. H.)

The greatest strokes make not the best music. (R.)

Great talkers are little doers.

Great talkers are like leaky pitchers, everything runs out.

Grand parleur, grand menteur.—A great talker, a great liar.—(*Fr.*)

Grosse Schwätzer sind gemeiniglich Lügner.—Great talkers are commonly liars.—(*Germ.*)

Much talkers, little walkers.
—*Quoted by Swift as a saying* (*Letter, March* 28, 1710–1).

Store Ord giöre sielden from Gierning.—Big words seldom accompany great deeds.—(*Dan.*)

Great thieves hang little ones. (*Also in Fr. and Germ.*)

Great trees are good for nothing but shade. (G. H.)

Gli alberi grandi fanno più ombra che frutto.—Great trees give more shade than fruit.—(*Ital.; also in Germ.*)

Great wits have short memories. (*See* "A man of great memory.")

Greed is envy's eldest brither;
Scraggy wark they mak' thegither. (Sc.)
—(*Hislop.*)

Greedy folk hae lang airms. (Sc.)

Green wood makes a hot fire. (G. H.)

Verde bûche fait chaud feu.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Ash, when green,
Is fire for a queen.—*Old saying.*

Grey and green make the worst medley. (R.) (*See* "Turpe senex miles" *and* "Turpis et ridicula res," *pp.* 673*a*, 673*b*.)

Grief divided is made lighter.

That grief is light which is capable of counsel.

Il plaidoye beau qui plaidoye sans partie.—He grieves sore who grieves alone.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

(*See Shakespeare, p.* 321*b*, "Grief best is pleased with grief's society"; *also* "Solamen miseris," *p.* 659*b*.)

Grin and bear it.

He is wise, so most I goo,
That can be mery and suffer woo.
—*Refrain of Song*, c. 1500. *Balliol MSS.*

Growing downward (*or* backward) like a cow's tail.

Heu quotidie pejus! haec colonia retroversus crescit tanquam coda vituli.—Alas, worse every day! this colony grows backward like the tail of a calf.—*Petronius* (*d.* A.D. 66), *Cena*, 44.

Grumbling makes the loaf no larger.

Growling will not make the kettle boil.

Gude advice is ne'er out o' season. (Sc.)

Guter Rath kommt nie zu spät.—Good counsel is never too late.—(*Germ.*)

Gude bairns are eith to lear (easy to teach). (Sc.)

Gude bairns get broken brows. (R.)

Gude breeding and siller mak' our sons gentlemen. (Sc.)

Gude foresight furthers the wark. (Sc.)

Guests that come by daylight are best received. (R.)

Guilt is always jealous. (R.)

Habit is second nature.

Custom is another nature. (R.)

The command of custom is great. (G. H.)

For in phisique this I finde,
That Usance is the seconde Kinde [Nature].
—*Gower: Conf. Amantis, Bk.* 6, 666.

Ciò che si usa, non ha bisogno di scusa.—What is in accordance with custom needs no excuse.—(*Ital.*)

Consuetudo est altera lex.—Custom is another law.—(*Latin.*)

Consuetudo est secunda natura.—Custom is second nature.—(*Latin. St. Augustine.*)

Vetus consuetudo naturæ vim obtinet.—An ancient custom obtains the force of nature.—(*Latin. Cicero: De Inventione.*)

Habit is ten times nature.—(*Attrib. to Duke of Wellington.*)

(*See* "Custom," "With customs.")

Habits are at first cobwebs, at last cables.

Hackney mistress, hackney maid. (R.)

Hail brings frost in the tail. (R.)

Hair and hair makes the carle's (old man's) head bare. (R. Sc.) (*See* "Feather by feather.")

Eet Haar efter andet, gjör Bonden skaldet.—One hair after the other makes the bumpkin bald.—(*Dan.*)

Half a loaf is better than no bread. (R.)

Throw no gift at the giver's head;
Better is half a loaf than no bread.
(*Heywood*, 1546.)

Better half an egg nor an empty shell. (R. Sc.)

Bannocks (oat-cakes) is better than na kind o' bread. (R. Sc.)

Half enough is half fill. (R. Sc.)

Half heart is no heart.

Half the world delights in slander, and the other half in believing it.—(*Fr.*)

Hall binks (benches) are sliddery (slippery). (R. Sc.)

Handsome is that handsome does. (R.)

He is handsome that handsome doth. (R.)

Weel is that weel does. (Sc.)

He is proper that proper doth.—*Dekker: Shoemaker's Holiday*, ii. 3 (1599).

He is proper that hath proper conditions. (R.) (*See* "Handsome is as handsome does," *p* 150*b*.)

Handsome women generally fall to the lot of ugly men.

Alle belle donne le più volte toccano i brutti uomini.—(*Ital.*)

Hang a thief when he is young, and he'll no steal when he is old. (Sc.)—*Said to have been a favourite saying with Lord Braxfield (1722–1799), Scottish Judge.*

Hang hunger, and drown drouth. (R.)

Hang not all your bells upon one horse. (R.)

Hanging and wiving go by destiny.

Wedding's destiny, and hanging likewise. (*Heywood*, 1546.)

Truly some men there be
  That live always in great horrour,
And say it goeth by destiny
  To hang or wed: both hath one hour;
  And whether it be, I am well sure,
Hanging is better of the twain;
Sooner done, and shorter pain.
—*The Schole-house. Published about* 1542.

The ancient saying is no heresy: Hanging and wooing goes by destiny.—(*Shakespeare; see p.* 282*b*.)

Hanging gang' be hap. (R. Sc.)

He that is born to be hanged shall never be drowned.

(*See* "A man may woo where he will," *p.* 725*a*.)

Hap and a halfpenny is warld's gear enough. (R. Sc.)

Hap and mishap govern the world.

Chance rules all.

Omnes cum fortuna copulati sumus.—We are all bound up with fortune (or chance).—*Seneca De Tranquilit. animi*, 10.

Happiness takes no account of time.

Dem Glücklichen schlägt keine Stunde.—To the happy man no hour strikes.—(*Germ.*)

Happy is he that chastens himself. (G. H.)

Happy is he that is happy in his children.

Happy is he that serveth the happy. (*Gn.*)

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth. (R.)

Happy is he whose friends were born before him. (R.)

Happy is the bride the sun shines on, and the corpse the rain rains on.—(*Contributed to Ray's Collection by A. Paschall; see, however, Herrick, p.* 165*a*.)

Happy is that child whose father goeth to the devil.—*Quoted as a prov.* (1584) *in Lupton's Dream of the Devil.*

Heureux sont les enfants dont les pères sont damnés.—Happy are the children whose fathers are damned.—(*Fr.*)

Happy for the son when the dad gaes to the deil. (Sc.)

Alas for the son whose father goes to heaven [because he will have been a poor man].—(*Port.*)

Happy is the nation which has no history.[*]—(*From the French.*)

Happy is the physician who is called in at the end of the illness.

Heureux est le médecin qui est appellé sus la declination de la maladie.—(*Quoted as "a common proverb" by Rabelais: Pantagruel, Book* 3, 41, 1553.)

Happy's the wooing that is not long in doing. (R.)

Frühe Hochzeit, lange Liebe.—Early marriage, long love.—(*Germ.*)

He that's needy when he is married, shall be rich when he is buried. (R.)

(*See* "It's good to marry late, or never," *p.* 797*b*; *also*, "Blessed is the wooing," *p.* 745*a*.)

Hard got, soon gone.—(*Quoted as a proverb by Carlyle.*)

Hard with hard makes not the stone wall.

Durum et durum non faciunt murum.—(*Latin, see p.* 520*b*.)

Duro con duro non fa buon muro.—*Ital.* (*Tuscan*) *proverb existing in 15th century.*

Hart gegen hart nimmer gut ward.—Hard against hard was never good.—(*Germ.*)

Hard words break no bones. (*See* "The tongue is not of steel"; *also* "Fair words.")

Heat breaks no bones.—(*Russian.*)

Harm watch, harm catch. (R.)—(*Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, 1614, v. 4.*)

Qui mal cherche, mal trouve.—Who looks for evil finds it.—(*Fr., also in Ital.*)

Haste comes not alone. (G. H.)

Haste is of the devil.[†]

Haste maketh waste.—(*Surrey, 15, 40; Heywood, 1546. Given by Ray as a Scottish proverb.*)

Haste makes waste, waste want, want strife,
Betwixt the good man and his wife. (R.)

Haast verkwist.—Haste is prodigal.—(*Dutch.*)

Haste trips up its own heels.

Hasty climbers have sudden falls. (R.)

Have an eye to the main chance. (*See Lyly, p.* 203*a*.)

Have few friends, though much acquaintance. (R.)

Conocidos muchos, amigos pocos.—(*Span.*)

Many friends in general, one in special. (G. H.)

Have two strings to your bow. (*Heywood, 1546.*)

Il fait bien avoir deux cordes à son arc.—It is well to have two strings in one bow.—(*Fr.*)

He bears poverty very ill, who is ashamed of it. (*Gn.*)

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[*] A paradoxical philosopher carrying to the uttermost length that aphorism of Montesquieu's, "Happy are the people whose annals are tiresome," has said, "Happy are the people whose annals are vacant."—*Carlyle: French Revolution, Pt.* 1, *Bk.* 2, *ch.* 1.

[†] Alleged to be from the Koran, but not found there.

He begins to die that quits his desires. (G. H.)

He behoves to have meal enow that sal stop ilka man's mou'. (Sc.)

Han skal have meget Smör, som skal stoppe hver Mand's Mund.—He needs much butter who would stop every man's mouth.—(*Dan., also in Dutch.*)

He buys honey dear that licks it off thorns.

It is dear bought honey that is licked off a thorn. (R. Sc.)

Hij koopt den honig wel duur, die ze van de doornen moet lekken.—(*Dutch.*)

He calls me scabbed because I will not call him scade. (R. Sc.)

He came safe from the East Indies and was drowned in the Thames. (*Gn.*)

He can give little to his servant that licks his knife. (G. H.)

He can put two and two together.

He can run ill that canna gang (walk). (Sc.)

He cannot be very fervent in love who is not a little cold in friendship.—*Cited as "a sort of proverb" by Aphra Behn: Lover's Watch* (1686).

He cannot demand a Flitch of Bacon at Dunmow. *Fuller: Worthies.*

He cannot say boh to a goose. (R.) (*See Swift, p.* 348*a*.)

He cannot say shooh to a goose. (R.)

He carries well to whom it weighs not. (G. H.)

He comes oftener with the rake than the shovel. (R.)

He is better with the rake than a fork. (R.)

He commands enough that obeys a wise man. (G. H.)

He complains wrongfully on the sea that twice suffers shipwreck. (G. H.) (*See Latin:* "Improbe Neptunum.")

He covers me with his wings and bites me with his bill. (*Gn.*)

He cries wine and sells vinegar. (*Gn.*)

He dances well to whom fortune pipes. (R.)

Assai ben balla à chi Fortuna suona.—(*Ital.*)

Wem das Glück pfeifet, der tanzet wohl.—(*Germ.*)

He deserves not the sweet that will not taste of the sour. (R.)

He does not believe that does not live according to his belief. (*Gn.*)

He does not lose his alms who gives it to his pig.

Il ne perd pas son aumone qui à son porceau le donne.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He frets like a gummed Taffety. (R.) (*Referring to the rustling of Taffetas, or silk.*)

He gains enough that loses a vain hope.

Assai guadagna chi vano sperar perde.—(*Ital.*)

He gangs early to steal that cannot say na. (R. Sc.)

He lernyd tymely to steyll [steal] that couth [could] not say nay.—*Towneley Plays* (c. 1388), *No.* 13,523.

Non è uomo chi non sa dir di nò.—He is no man that cannot say No.—(*Ital.*)

He giveth twice that gives in a trice. (R.)

Bis dat qui cito dat.*—(*Latin.*)

Chi dà presto, dà il doppio.—(*Ital.*)

Wer bald gibt, der doppelt gibt.—(*Germ.*)

Dono molto aspettato é venduto non donato.—A gift long expected is sold, not given.—(*Ital.*)

Quien da presto, da dos veces.—(*Span.*)

Qui tôt donne, deux fois donne.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

El que luego da, da dos veces.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

To give quickly is the best charity.—(*Hindoo.*)

(*See* "He that's long a-giving," *p.* 783*a*.)

He goes a great voyage that goes to the bottom of the sea. (*Gn.*)

He goes far that never turns.

Corre lontano chi non torna mai.—(*Ital.*)

He goes furthest that knows not where he is going.

On ne va jamais si loin que lorsqu' on ne sait pas où l'on va.—(*Fr.*)

He goes not out of his way that goes to a good inn. (G. H.)

Il ne se tort pas qui à bon hostel va.—He does not go wrong who goes to a good inn.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He had a finger in the pie, when he burnt his nail off. (R.)

He had better put his horns in his pocket than blow them. (R.)

He had need rise betimes that would please everybody. (R.)

He that would please all and himself too,
Undertakes what he cannot do. (R.)

Who seeks to please all men each way,
  And not himself offend,
He may begin his work to-day,
  But God knows when he'll end.
—*Saml. Rowlands: Epigrams.*

Qui veut plaire à tout le monde doit se lever de bonne heure.—(*Fr.*)

Hij moet vroeg op staan die alle man believen wil.—(*Dutch.*)

On ne peut à tous complaire.—One cannot please all.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Jupiter himself cannot please all men.—(*Greek, Theognis, p.* 476*b*; *Latin*, "Ipse Jupiter," *p.* 559*b*.)

He had not twopence to rub on a tombstone. [*More often quoted:* "to jingle on a tombstone."]—*J. J. Hissey: Untravelled English*, 1907. (*Given as a village saying.*)

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* This appears in Publilius Syrus, in the collection of proverbs known as the proverbs of Seneca, but the form is, "Inopi beneficium bis dat, qui dat celeriter" (He gives a benefit twice who gives quickly to a poor man).—*See also Chaucer: Legend of Good Women* 451.

He has a bee in his bonnet lug. (R.)

Il a la tête près du bonnet.—He has his head near his cap (*i.e.* He is of a hasty temper).—(*Fr.*)

Sure he has a ged-bee in his brain.—*Aphra Behn: False Count*, 1682, ii. 3.

He has a hole under his nose that all his money runs into. (*Gn.*)

He has ate up the pot and asks for the pipkin. (*Gn.*)

He has been out a-hawking for butterflies. (*Gn.*)

He has but a short Lent that must pay money at Easter. (*Gn.*)

He has given leg-bail. (R.)

He has great need of a wife that marries Mamma's darling. (*Gn.*)

He has mickle (much) prayer, but little devotion. (R. Sc.)

He has more guts than brains. (R.)

He has no guts in his brains. (R.)

He has no religion who has no humanity.—(*Arabic.*)

He has not done who has begun.

Il n'a pas fait qui commence.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He has not lost all that has one cast left. (R.)—(*A French pr.*)

He has seen a wolf (*i.e.* He is awed by some circumstance).

Hij heeft den wolf gezien.—(*Dutch.*)

He has the best end of the stick.

He has the best end of the string. (R.)

He has the Bible in his hand and the Alcoran in his heart. (*Gn.*)

He has upset my applecart.

If ever I catch his cart overthrowing, I'll give it one shove. (*Gn.*)

He has wit at will, that with angry heart can hold him still. (R. Sc.)

He has worked for the King of Prussia (*i.e.* in vain).

Il a travaillé pour le roi de Prusse.—(*Fr.*)

He hath a colt's tooth yet in his old head. (*Gn.*)

He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own. (*Gn.*)

He hath been in the sun to-day; his face looks roasted. (R.)

He hath fed too freely on a Neapolitan biscuit. (*Gn.*)

He hath great need of a fool that plays the fool himself. (G. H.)

Grand besoin a de fol qui de soi-même le fait.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He hath left his purse in his other hose. (R.)

He hath no leisure that useth it not. (G. H.) (*See* "Idle people," *p.* 787*b*.)

He hath not lived that lives not after death. (G. H.) (*See* "Quid quæris," *p.* 637*a*.)

He hath slept well that remembereth not that he hath slept ill. (*Gn.*)

He hath some wit, but a fool hath the guidance of it. (*Gn.*)

He hath swallowed a stake; he cannot bow. (*Gn.*)

He hath tied a knot with his tongue that he cannot untie with all his teeth. (R.)

He injures a fair lady that beholds her not. (*Gn.*)

He is a fish out of water.

He is as much out of his element as an eel in a sandbag. (*Gn.*)

He is a fool that will forget himself.—*Chaucer; Troilus, 5, 98.*

Fol est qui s'oublie.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He is a fool that is not melancholy once a day. (R.)

He is a fool that makes a wedge with his fist. (G. H.)

C'est folie de faire un maillet de son poing.—It is folly to make a mallet of one's fist.—(*Fr.*)

He is a fool that thinks not that another thinks. (G. H.)

Necio es quien piensa que otros no piensan.—He is a fool that thinks what others think not.—(*Span.*)

He is a poor smith that cannot bear smoke.

Ein schlechter Schmidt, der den Rauch nicht vertragen kann.—(*Germ.*)

Det er en ond Smed der ræddes for Gnister.—He is a poor smith that fears sparks.—(*Dan.*)

He is a representative of Barkshire. (R.) (*Said of one who coughs.*)

He is a slave of the greatest slave who serveth but himself. (*Gn.*)

He is a sorry beggar that may not gae by ane man's door. (R. Sc.)

He is all there when the bell rings.

He is as welcome as the snow in harvest. (R. Sc.)

Hij is zoo welkom als de eerste dag in de vasten.—He is as welcome as the first day in Lent.—(*Dutch.*)

He is as welcome as water in a riven ship. (R. Sc.)

He is better fed nor nurtured. (R. Sc.)

Bien nourri et mal appris.—Well fed, ill taught.—(*Fr.*)
(*See* "Better fed," *p.* 742*b*.)

He is desperate that thinks himself so. (*Gn.*)

He is false by nature that has a black head and a red beard. (*Gn.*)

He is happy that thinks himself so.

Felix est non qui aliis videtur, sed qui sibi.—He is not the happy man who seems so to others, but he who seems so to himself.—*Seneca : Excerpta, ad fin.*

Non est beatus, esse se qui non putat.—He is not happy who does not think himself so.—(*Latin : attributed to Publilius Syrus ; quoted by Seneca, Ep.* 9.)

Il n'est d'heureux que qui croit l'être.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

On n'auroit guère de plaisir, si l'on ne se flattoit point.—A man would scarcely have any pleasure if he never flattered himself.—(*Fr.*)

He is idle that might be better employed. (*Gn.*)

He is in great danger who, being sick, thinks himself well. (*Gn.*)

He is in mourning for his washerwoman (*i.e.* his linen is dirty).

Il porte le deuil de sa blanchisseuse.—(*Fr.*)

He is lifeless that is faultless. (R.)

He is gude that failed ne'er. (R. Sc.)

He is like the devil's valet, he does more than he is told.—*From the French,* "*C'est le valet du diable, il fait plus qu'on ne lui ordonne.*"

He is miserable that dieth not before he desires to die. (*Gn.*)

He is my friend that grinds at my mill.

He is no merchant who always gains.

Het is geen koopman die altijd wint.—(*Dutch.*

He is noble who does nobly.

He is noble that hath noble conditions. (R.)

Edel ist, der edel thut.—(*Germ.*)

Hij is wel edel, die edele werken doet.—(*Dutch.*)

He is not a mason who refuses a stone.

Il n'est pas maçon qui pierre refuse.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Non è buon murator chi rifiuta pietra alcuna.—(*Ital.*)

He is not a merchant bare,
That hath money, worth, or ware. (R.)

He is not free that draws his chain. (G. H.)

Il n'est pas échappé qui traîne son lien.—(*Fr.*)

Es sind nicht alle frei, die ihrer Ketten spotten.—They are not all free who scoff at their chains.—(*Germ.*)

He is not good himself who speaks well of everybody alike. (*Gn.*)

He is not laughed at that laughs at himself first. (*Gn.*)

He is not the best wright that hews the maniest speals. (R. Sc.)

He is not the fool that the fool is, but he that with the fool deals. (R. Sc.)

Bien fol est qui à fol demande sens.—He is a fool indeed who expects sense from a fool.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He is not thirsty who will not drink water.

Il n'a pas soif qui d'eau ne boit.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He is only bright that shines by himself. (G. H.)

He is poor indeed that can promise nothing. (*Gn.*)

He is poor that God hates. (R. Sc.)

Celui est bien pauvre que Dieu hait.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Celui est bien riche que Dieu aime.—He is rich indeed whom God loves.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He is rich enough that needeth neither flatter nor borrow. (*Gn.*)

He is richest that has fewest wants. (*From Cicero. See* "Dives est," *p.* 517*a.*)

Of alle men his wisdom is the hyeste
That rekketh never who hath the world in honde.
—*Chaucer : Wife of Bath's Prol.*, 326. (*Given as a prov.*)

He is rich that is satisfied. (*Gn.*)

He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much. (G. H.)

He is rich enough that wants nothing. (G. H.)

Assai è ricco à chi non manca.—(*Ital.*)

Assez a qui se contente.—(*Fr.*)

Est assez riche qui ne doit rien.—He is rich enough who owes nothing.—(*Fr.*)

Ce qui suffit ne fut jamais peu.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Enough.")

Rien n'a qui assez n'a.—He has nothing who has not enough.—(*Fr.*)

He is sairest dung (hardest hit) when his awn wand dings (hits) him. (R. Sc.)

Den sviges værst, som sviger sig selv.—He is most cheated who cheats himself.—(*Dan.*)

He is strong that can knock a man down ; he is stronger who can lift himself up.

Fort est qui abat, et plus fort est qui se relève.—(*Fr.*)

He is very blind that cannot see the sun.

Ben è cieco chi non vede il sole.—(*Ital.*)

He is wise enough that can keep himself warm. (R.)

He is wise that can make a friend of a foe. (R. Sc.)

He is wise that is ware in time. (R. Sc.)

He is wiser than most men are that is honest. (*Gn.*)

He is worth na weill that may not bide na wae. (R. Sc.)

He is Yorkshire. (R.) (*Said of a shrewd man.*)

È Spoletino.—He is of Spoleto (*i.e.* a sharp blade).—(*Ital.*)

He comes from Sheffield.*

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* "I know that man ; he comes from Sheffield."—*Sydney Grundy : A Pair of Spectacles* (1890). Charles Dickens seems to have had a similar saying in mind in his reference to "Brooks of Sheffield" "'Somebody's sharp.' 'Who is ?' asked the gentleman laughing. I looked up quickly, being curious to know. 'Only Brooks of Sheffield,' said Mr. Murdstone. I was glad to find it was only Brooks of Sheffield ; for at first I really thought that it was I."—*David Copperfield*, ch. 2. The proverbs given above are used either with good, bad or doubtful meaning.

Sir, I was born nere unto Tunbridge where fine knives are made; my name is Mendax.—*Bullein's Dialogue* (1564).

Il est de Châteaudun; il entend à demi-mot.—He is from Châteaudun; he understands a hint.—(*Fr.*)

He's as sharp as if he lived on Tewkesbury mustard. (*Gn.*)

It is a good knife; 'twas made at Dull-edge. (*Gn.*)

He kills a man that saves not his own life when he can. (*Gn.*)

He knocks boldly who brings good news.

He that brings good news knocks hard. (G. H.)

Hardiment heurte à la porte qui bonne nouvelle y apporte.—(*Fr.; also in Ital. and Dan.*)

He knows how many beans make five.

Saber quantas son cinco.—To know how many five are.—(*Span.*)

He knows it as well as his Lord's Prayer.

Saberlo como su Paternoster.—(*Span.; found in most Continental languages.*)

He knows most that knows he knows little.

Bien sabe el sabio que no sabe; el nescio piensa que sabe.—The wise man knows well that he does not know; the ignorant man imagines that he knows.—(*Span.*)

He knows most who speaks least.

He knows much who knows how to hold his tongue.

They are wise that speir not. (R. Sc.)

He cannot speak well who cannot hold his tongue. (*Gn.*)

He kens muckle wha kens when to speak, but fair mair wha kens when to haud his tongue. (Sc.)

Chi più sa, meno parle.—(*Ital.*)

Quien mas sabe mas calla.—Who knows most keeps silence most.—(*Span.*)

Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.—That man is wise who speaks little.—(*Latin.*) (*See* "He that talks much," *p.* 782*a*; *also* "He that speaks lavishly," *p.* 781*b*.)

Assai sa, chi non sa, se tacer sa.—He that knows nothing knows enough if he knows how to hold his tongue.—(*Ital.*)

Assez sait qui sait vivre et se taire.—He knows enough who knows how to live and be silent.—(*Fr.*)

He knows not love who has no children.

He knows which way the wind blows.

Pazzo è chi non sa da che parte vien il vento.—He is a fool who does not know which way the wind blows.—(*Ital.*)

He laughs best that laughs last.

Better the last smile than the first laughter. (R.)

Il rit bien qui rit le dernier.—He laughs well who laughs last.—(*Fr.*)

Rira bien qui rira dernier.—He will laugh best who will laugh last.—(*Fr.*)

Ride bene chi ride l'ultimo.—(*Ital. Also in Germ. and Dan.*)

He laughs ill that laughs himself to death.

A chi troppo ride gli duole il cuore.—Who laughs too much may have an aching heart.—(*Ital.*)

Ce n'est pas être bien aisé que de rire.—It is not mere laughter which proves a mind at ease.—(*Fr.*)

He lives long that lives till all are weary of him. (*Gn.*)

He lives longest that is awake most hours. (*Gn.*)

He lives unsafely that looks too near on things. (G. H.)

He looks not well to himself that looks not ever. (G. H.)

He loses his thanks who promises and delays. (R.)

A gift much expected is paid, not given. (G. H.)

A gift long waited for is sold and not given. (R.)

(*Cf.* Latin: "Gratiaque officio, quod mora tardet abest," *p.* 538*b*; *also* "He giveth twice," *p.* 772*b*.)

He loseth nothing that loseth not God. (G. H.)

He loseth indeed that loseth at last. (*Gn.*)

He loves bacon well that licks the swine-sty door. (R.)

He loves roast meat well that licks the spit. (R.)

He loves mutton well that eats the wool (R.)

(*See* "He buys honey dear," *p.* 772*a*.)

He loves me for a little that hates me for nought. (R. Sc.)

He may well go on foot who has to lead his horse by the bridle.

Il a bel aller à pied, dict on, qui mène son cheval par la bride.—(*Fr.*, *Montaigne*, 3, 3.)

He must have a long spoon that sups with the devil.

He must have a long spoon that shall eat with the devil. (H. 1546.)

He should have a long-shafted spoon that sups kail with the devil. (R. Sc.)

Therefore behoveth him a ful long spoon
That schal ete with a fend.
—*Chaucer: Squire's Tale.*

He must have iron nails that scratches a bear. (R.)

Han skal have Fingre af Jern, som Fanden vil flaae.—He must have fingers of iron that will flay the devil.—(*Dan.*)

He must have leave to speak that cannot hold his tongue. (R. Sc.)

He must needs go that the devil drives. (R.)—(*Shakespeare, see p.* 299*a*.)

He must serve himself that has no servant. —*Chaucer: Reves Tale, 106.*

He never broke his hour that kept his day. (R.)

He never lies but when the holly's green. (Sc.) [Holly being an evergreen.]

He paints the water.—(*Arabic.*)

He paints the dead. (R.)

He plays well that wins. (G. H.)

Qui gagne, joue bien.—Who wins, plays well —(*Fr.*)

Wer gewinnt, spielt am besten.—Who wins plays best.—(*Germ.*)

He preaches best who lives best. (*See* "Cujus vita," *p.* 508*b.*)

Bien predica quien bien vive.—He preaches well who lives well.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

He quits his place well that leaves his friend here. (G. H.)

He rides sicker (sure) that fell never. (R. Sc.)

He is good that failed never. (R. Sc.)

He rises over early that is hangit or noon (hanged before noon). (R. Sc.)

He rives (pulls to pieces) the kirk to thatch the choir. (R. Sc.)

He runs with the hound and holds with the hare. (R. Sc.)

He sendeth to the East Indies for Kentish pippins. (*Gn.*)

He shot at the pigeon and killed the crow.

He struck at Tib, but down fell Tim. (R.)

He should have a hail pow (a sound head) that calls his neighbour nikkienow. (R. Sc.)

He sits above that deals aikers. (R. Sc.)

He sits full still that has a riven breech, (R. Sc.)

He sits up by Moonshine, and lies abed in Sunshine. (*Gn.*)

He sleeps as dogs do when wives talk (spoken of pretended sleep). (Sc.)

He sleeps enough who does nothing.

Assez dort qui rien ne fait.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He stands not surely that never slips. (G. H.)

He that stumbles and falls not quite gains a step. (*Gn.*)

He teacheth ill who teacheth all. (R.)

He that asketh a courtesy promiseth a kindness. (*Gn.*)

He that banquets every day never makes a good meal. (*Gn.*)

He that believes all, misseth; he that believeth nothing hits not. (G. H.)

He that bewails himself hath the cure in his hands. (G. H.)

He that bites on every weed must needs light on poison. (R.)

He that blames would buy. (G. H.)

He that blows best bears away the horn. (R. Sc.)

He that blows in the dust fills his eyes with it. (G. H.)

He that boasts of his own knowledge proclaims his own ignorance. (*Gn.*)

He that brings up his son to nothing breeds a thief. (*Gn.*)

He that builds by the wayside has many masters.

Wer am dem Wege bauet, her hat viele Meister —(*Germ.; also in Dutch, with substitution of "advisers" for "masters."*)

He that builds a house by the highway side, it is either too high or too low.—(*R.*)

Wer da bauet an der Strassen, muss die Leute reden lassen.—Who builds on the street must let people talk.—(*Germ.*)

Quien en la plaza á labrar se mete, muchos adestradores tiene.—Who works in the public square will have many advisers.—(*Span.*)

He that burns his house warms himself for once. (G. H.) (*See* "He will burn his house.")

He that burns most shines most. (G. H.)

He that buyeth magistracy must sell justice. (R.)

Pretio parata, pretio venditur justitia.—Justice prepared at a price is sold at a price. —(*Latin. Quoted by Bacon.*)

Chi compra il magistrato, forza è che venda la giustizia.—(*Ital.*)

He that buys a house ready wrought
Hath many a pin and nail for nought.

Wer ein Haus kauft, hat manchen Balken und Nagel um sonst.—(*Germ.*)

(*See* "Fools build houses.")

He that buys land buys many stones;
He that buys flesh buys many bones;
He that buys eggs buys many shells;
But he that buys good ale buys nothing else.
(R.)

Bring us in no befe, for ther is many bonys,
But bring us in good ale, for that goth downe
at onys;

* * * *

Bring us in no eggys, for there are many schelles,
But bryng us in good ale, and gyfe us nothyng
ellys. (*From a MS. of the 15th century.*[*])

He that buys what he does not want must often sell what he does want.

Chi compra ciò che pagar non può, vende ciò che non vuole.—He who buys what he cannot pay for sells what he would rather not.—(*Ital.; also in Germ.*)

He that can make a fire well, can end a quarrel. (G. H.)

He that can master his thirst is master of his health.

Qui est maître de sa soif est maître de sa santé.—(*Fr.*)

He that cannot pay in purse must pay in person.

Wer nicht kann mit dem Beutel, muss mit dem Haut bezahlen.—Who cannot pay with his purse, must pay with his skin.—(*Germ.*)

He that cannot pay, let him pray. (R.)

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[*] A similar song, reprinted by Ritson, is in the Harleian MSS. It dates from about 1422–1461.

He that chastens one chastens twenty. (G. H.)

He that chastiseth one amendeth many. (R.)

He that cheateth in small things is a fool; but in great things is a rogue. (*Gn.*)

He that comes after sees with more eyes than his own. (*Gn.*)

He that comes first to the hill may sit where he will. (R. Sc.)

He that comes last makes all fast. (R.)

Le dernier ferme la porte ou la laisse ouverte.—The last shuts the door, or leaves it open.—(*Fr.*)

He that comes unca'd (uncalled) sits unsair'd (unserved). (R. Sc.)

Die komt ongeroepen gaat weg ongedankt.—He that comes unbidden goes unthanked.—(*Dutch.*)

He that commits a fault thinks everyone speaks of it. (G. H.)

He that converses not knows nothing. (*Gn.*)

He that could know what would be dear,
Need be a merchant but one year. (R.)

He who can see three days ahead may be rich for three thousand years.—(*Japanese.*)

Make me a prophet (or soothsayer) and I will make you rich.—(*From the Italian.*)

He that counts all costs will never put plough in the earth. (R. Sc.)

He that deals in the world needs four sieves. (G. H.)

He that dies pays all debts.

He that does anything for the public is accounted to do it for nobody. (*Gn.*)

He that does bidding deserves na dinging (beating). (R. Sc.)

He that does nothing finds helpers.

He that does what he can, does what he ought.

He that doth lend doth lose his friend.

Qui prête à l'ami perd au double.—(*Fr.*) (*See Shakespeare,* "For loan oft loses both itself and friend.")

He that doth well wearieth not himself. (R.)

He that doth what he should not shall feel what he would not.

He that doth what he will doth not what he ought. (G. H.)

Chi fa quel ch' e' può, non fa mai bene.—He who does all he may, does not do well.—(*Ital.*)

He that eats but ae dish seldom needs the doctor. (*Gn.*)

He that eats the hard shall eat the ripe. (G. H.)

He that eats the king's goose shall be choked with the feathers. (R.)

Qui mange de l' oye du roi, chiera una plume quarante ans après.—Who eats the king's goose will shed a feather forty years after.—(*Fr.*)

Qui mange du Pape en meurt.—He that eats what is from the Pope, dies of it.—(*Fr.*)

He that eats the poor will find a bone to choke him.

Celui qui dévore la substance du pauvre, y trouve à la fin un os qui l'étrangle.—(*Fr.*)

He that eats while he lasts will be the waur when he die. (R. Sc.)

He that endures is not overcome. (G. H.) (*See* "Suffer and expect.")

He that tholes (endures) overcomes. (R. Sc.)

He that excuses himself accuses himself.

Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.—(*Fr.*)

Chi si scusa, s' accusa.—(*Ital.*)

Die schuld ontkent, schuld bekent.—(*Dutch.*)

Quien te cubre te descubre.—Who covers thee discovers thee.—(*Span.*)

Too much asseveration is a good ground for suspicion. (*Gn.*)

Truth needs not many words; but a false tale, a long preamble. (*Gn.*)

Excusatio non petita fit accusatio manifesta.—An excuse which was uncalled for becomes an obvious accusation.—(*Latin : Law.*)

Qui capit, ille facit.—He does it who takes it to himself.—(*Latin*).*

He that falls into the dirt, the longer he stays there the fouler he is. (G. H.)

He that fears death, lives not. (G. H.)

He that fishes afore the net, lang or he fish get. (R. Sc.)

It is not good fishing before the net. (G. H.)

He that gets gear before he gets wit, is but a short time the master o' it. (Sc.)

He that gives me small gifts would have me live. (G. H.)

He that gives thee a bone would not have thee die. (G. H.)

He that gives thee a capon, give him the leg and wing. (G. H.)

He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. (G. H.) (*See Tusser, p. 374b.*)

He that borrows must pay again with shame or loss. (R.)

He that goes to church with brothers-in-law comes back without kindred. (*Gn.*)

He that goeth far hath many encounters. (G. H.)

He that gropes in the dark finds that he would not. (*Gn.*)

He that has a head of wax must not walk in the sun. (G. H.) (*See* "Be not a baker.")

Chi ha capo dicera non vada al sole.—(*Ital.*)

Qui a tête de cire ne doit pas s'approcher du feu.—Who has a head of wax must not come near the fire.—(*Fr.*)

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* *See* "If any fool," p. 988*a*.

He that has a great nose thinks everybody is speaking of it. (*Gn.*)

He that has a hundred-and-one, and owes a hundred-and-two, the Lord have mercy upon him. (*Gn.*)

He who owes a hundred, and has a hundred and one, fears nobody. (*Gn.*)

He that has but four, and spends five, has no need of a purse. (*Gn.*)

He that has a sword and goes home to fetch a better, never returns. (*Gn.*)

He that has a tongue in his mouth can find his way anywhere.

Chi ha lingua in bocca, può andar per tutto.—(*Ital.*)

Chi lingua ha, a Roma va.—Who has a tongue can go to Rome.—(*Ital.; also in Span.*)

He that has a wife has a master. (Sc.)

He that has gold may buy land. (R. Sc.)

He that has many servants has many thieves. (*See* "Quot servi," *p.* 642*a*.)

Die veel dienstboden heeft, die heeft veel dieven.—(*Dutch.*)

So many servants (*or* salves), so many enemies.

He that has most time has none to lose. (*Gn.*)

He that has muckle would aye hae mair. (Sc.)

He that has no conscience has nothing.

Qui n'a conscience n'a rien.—(*Fr., Rabelais: Pantagruel, Prologue.*)

(*See Walton:* "He that loses his conscience," *p.* 378*a*.)

He that has no heart ought to have heels. (*Gn.*)

He that has no shame has no conscience.

He that has nothing to sell loses his market.

Aquel pierde venta que no tiene que venda.—(*Span.*)

He that has nothing is frightened at nothing. (*Gn.*)

Naught is never in danger. (*Gn.*)

He that has nought can do nought.

Qui n'a ne peut.—(*Fr.*)

He that has partners has masters.—*Attrib. to Sixtus V.* (*Pope, 1585–1590*).

He that has suspicion is rarely at fault.

Chi ha sospetto, di rado è in diffetto.—(*Ital.*)

He that has teeth has not bread, he that has bread has not teeth.

Chi ha denti, non ha pane; e chi ha pane, non ha denti.—(*Ital.*)

He that has the worst cause makes the most noise. (*Gn.*)

He that has twa herds is able to get the third. (R. Sc.)

He that hath a fox for his mate, hath need of a net at his girdle. (G. H.) (*See* "Who hath a wolf.")

He that hath a good harvest may be content with some thistles. (R.)

He that hath a wife and children wants not business. (G. H.)

He that hath but one eye must be afraid to lose it. (G. H.)

He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own. (G. H.)

He that hath horns in his bosom let him not put them on his head. (G. H.)

He that hath lost his credit is dead to the world. (G. H.)

He that hath many irons in the fire, some of them will cool. (R.)

He that hath money in his purse cannot want a head for his shoulders. (R.)

He that hath no head needs no hat. (R.)

Qui n'a point de tête n'a que faire de chaperon.—(*Fr.*)

Wer keinen Kopf hat, braucht keinen Hut.—(*Germ.*)

A chi ha testa, non manca capella.—Who has a head will not lack a hat.—(*Ital.*)

He that has no head deserves not a laced hat. (R.)

He that hath no honey in his pot, let him have it in his mouth. (G. H.)

Chi non ha danari in borsa, abbia miel in bocca.—He that has not money in his purse must have money in his mouth.—(*Ital.; also in Dan.*)

He that hath no silver in his purse should have silver on his tongue. (*Gn.*)

He that hath no ill-fortune is troubled with good. (G. H.)

Quien malas hadas no halla, de las buenas se enhada.—Who has no ill luck grows tired of good.—(*Span.*)

He that hath not the craft let him shut up the shop. (G. H.)

He that hath nothing, is not contented. (R.) (*See* "Little gear," *p.* 803*b*.)

He that hath one foot in the straw hath another in the spittle. (G. H.)

He that hath one hog, makes him fat; and he that hath one son, makes him a fool. (G. H.)

Chi ha un sol porco, facilmente l'ingrassa.—He that has only one pig, fattens it easily.—(*Ital.*)

He that hath patience hath fat thrushes for a farthing. (G. H.)

He that hath right, fears; he that hath wrong, hopes. (G. H.)

He that hath shipped the devil must make the best of him. (R.)

He that takes the devil into his boat must carry him over the sound. (R.)

Chi è imbarcato col diavolo, ha da passar in sua compagnia.—Who is embarked with the devil must make the passage with him.—(*Ital.; also in Dutch.*)

Die de duivel op zijn hals haalt, moet hem werk geven.—Who has the devil on his neck must give him work.—(*Dutch.*)

He that hath some land must have some labour. (*Gn.*)

He that hath lands hath quarrels. (G. H.)

Chi compra terra, compra guerra.—Who buys land buys war.—(*Ital.*)

He that hath time, and looketh for a better time, loseth time. (*Gn.*)

He that hews over high, the spail (chips) will fall into his eye. (R. Sc.)

He that hinders not a mischief is guilty of it. (*See Seneca,* "Qui non vetat," *p.* 633*a; and* "Qui non prohibet," *p.* 633*a.*)

Crimen quos inquinat, æquat.—Crime equalises those whom it corrupts.—(*Lat.*)

The judge is condemned when the criminal is absolved. (*Gn.*)

He that holds let him hold fast.

Qui tient se tienne.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He that hopes not for good fears not evil. (G. H.)

He that hunts after Vanity, shall take Vexation. (*Gn.*)

He that invented the Maiden first hanselled (put a use to) it. (Sc.) (*The Maiden was an instrument used in Scotland for beheading persons.*)

He that is a blab is a scab. (R.)

He that is a master must serve. (G. H.)

He that is angry at a feast is rude. (G. H.)

He that is born of a hen must scrape for a living.

He that comes of a hen must scrape. (G. H.)

That which comes from a hen will scrape.

He that is born to be hanged shall never be drowned. (R.) (*See* "Hanging and wiving," *p.* 771*a.*)

Chi è nato per la forca, mai s'annegherà.—(*Ital.; also in Germ. and Dutch.*)

He that is busy is tempted but by one devil; he that is idle by a legion. (*Gn.*)

He that is disposed for mischief will never want occasion. (*Gn.*)

He that is fallen cannot help him that is down. (G. H.)

He that is far from his gear (goods) is near his skaith (injury). (R. Sc.)

He that is fed at another's hand may stay long ere he be full. (G. H.)

He that is full of himself is very empty.

He that is hated of his subjects cannot be counted a king. (R. Sc.)

He that is heady is ruled by a fool. (*Gn.*)

He that is in hell thinks there is no other heaven.—*Quoted by Bacon, Colours of Good and Evil,* 6.

Chi è in inferno non sà ciò che sia cielo.—Who is in hell knows not what heaven is.—(*Ital.*)

(*See* "Husbands are in heaven.")

He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise. (G. H.)—(*From the Spanish.*)

Qui n'a point de sens à trente ans n'en aura jamais.—He that has no sense at thirty will never have any.—(*Fr.*)

He that is not in the wars is not out of danger. (G. H.)

He that is silent, gathers stones. (R.)

He that is thrown would ever wrestle. (G. H.)

L'abattu veut toujours lutter.—(*Fr.*)

He that is too proud to ask is too good to receive. (*Gn.*)

He that is too secure is not safe. (*Gn.*)

He that is warm thinks all so. (G. H.)

He that is won with a nut may be lost with an apple. (*Gn.*)

He that is worst may still hold the candle. (R.)

Au plus débile la chandelle à la main.—(*Fr.*)

He that keeps his own makes war. (G. H.)

He that keeps malice harbours a viper in his breast. (*Gn.*)

He that kisseth his wife in the market-place shall have enough to teach him. (R.)

He that knows least presumes most. (*Gn.*)

He that knows little soon repeats it. (R).

Chi sa poco presto lo dice.—(*Ital.*)

He that knows nothing doubts nothing. (G. H.)

Chi più sa, meno crede.—Who knows much believes the less.—(*Ital.*)

Chi niente sa, di niente dubita.—Who knows nothing doubts of nothing.—(*Ital.*)

Chercher à connaître c'est chercher à douter.—To seek to know is to seek to doubt.—(*Fr.*)

He that knows what may be gained in a day, never steals. (G. H.)

He that labours and thrives spins gold. (R.)

He that labours and thrives spends gold. (G. H.)

He that laughs on Friday will weep on Sunday.

Qui rit Vendredi, Dimanche pleura.—(*Fr.*)

Tel rit au matin qui pleure au soir.—He who laughs in the morning, weeps in the evening.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He that sings on Friday will weep on Sunday. (G. H.)

He that leaves certainty, and sticks to chance,
When fools pipe, he may dance. (R.)

He that lends gives. (G. H.)

He that lies long abed his estate feels it. (G. H.)

He that lies with dogs rises with fleas. (G. H.)

Qui se couche avec les chiens se lève avec les puces.—(*Fr.; also in Ital., Span., and Dan.*)

He that lives ill fear follows him. (G. H.)

He that lives in hope danceth without music. (G. H.)

He that lives on hope has but a slender diet. (*Gn.*)

He that lives most dies most. (G. H.)

Qui vit longtemps, sait ce qu'est douleur.—Who lives long knows what pain is.—(*Fr.*)

He that lives not well one year, sorrows seven after. (G. H.)

He that lives well sees afar off. (G. H.)

He that lives with cripples learns to limp.

Die bij kreupelen woont, leert hinken.—(*Dutch.*)

He that lives with wolves will learn to howl.

Chi vive tra lupi, impara a urlare.—(*Ital.; also in Germ.*)

Il faut hurler avec les loups.—You must how when you are with the wolves.—(*Fr.*)

He that lives without account lives to shame.

Qui vit sans compte vit à honte.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He that looks not before, finds himself behind. (G. H.)

He that loseth his due gets not thanked. (G. H.)

He that loseth his wife and sixpence hath lost a tester. (R.)

Chi perde moglie e un quattrino, ha gran perdita del quattrino.—He that loseth his wife and a farthing hath great loss of his farthing.—(*Ital.*)

He that loves Glass without G,
Take away L, and that is he. (R.)

He that loves himself too much loves an ill man. (*Gn.*)

He that loves the tree loves the branch. (G. H.)

He that makes a good war makes a good peace. (G. H.)

De mortelle guerre fait on bien paix.—Of mortal war one makes peace well.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He that makes a thing too fine, breaks it. (G. H.)

He that makes himself a sheep shall be eat by the wolf. (G. H.)

Chi pecora si fa, il lupo la mangia.—(*Ital.*)

Qui se fait brebis, le loup le mange.—(*Fr.*)

He that makes himself dirt the swine will tread on him.

Chi si sa fango, il porco lo calpestra.—(*Ital.*)

Wie zich onder den draf mengt, dien eten de zwijnen.—Who mixes himself with the draff will be eaten by the swine.—(*Dutch; also in Dan.*)

He that marries a widow and three children marries four thieves. (R.) (*See* "Take heed of a person married.")

He that marries for wealth sells his liberty. (G. H.) (*Founded on Plautus*, "Dotatæ mactant," *p.* 518*b*; *see also* "Dotem accepi," *p.* 518*b*.)

Who wives for a dower resigns his own power.

A great dowry is a bed full of brambles. (G. H.) (*Ray says that this is a Spanish prov.*)

He that marries late marries ill. (G. H.)

He that marries or he be wise will die or he thrive. (Sc.)

He that may not as he would mon do as he may. (R. Sc.)

He that measures not himself is measured. (G. H.)

He that mocks a cripple ought to be whole. (G. H.)

Who laughs at crooked men should walk very straight.

He that on pilgrimage goeth ever,
Becometh holy late or never.

He that nothing questioneth nothing learneth. (*Gn.*)

He that once deceives is ever suspected. (G. H.)

The deceitful have no friends.—(*Hindoo.*)

He that overfeeds his senses feasteth his enemies. (*Gn.*)

He that passeth a winter's day escapes an enemy. (G. H.)

He that pays last never pays twice. (*Gn.*)

He that pities another remembers himself. (G. H.) (*Given by Ray as a Spanish proverb.*) (*See Plautus*, "Præmonstro tibi," *p.* 623*b*.)

He that plants trees loves others beside himself. (*Gn.*)

He that plays his money ought not to value it. (G. H.)

He that preacheth giveth alms. (G. H.)

He that preacheth up war, when it may be avoided, is the devil's chaplain. (R.)

He that promises too much means nothing.

Besser freundlich versagen, als unwillig gewähren.—Better a friendly refusal than an unwilling promise.—(*Germ.*)

He that reckons without his host must reckon again. (R.)

He that counts without his host counts twice. (R. Sc.)

He who reckons without his host
May chance to find his labour lost.

Chi fa il conto senza l'oste, gli convien farlo due volte.—He who reckons without his host must reckon twice.—(*Ital.; also in Fr.*)

Reckoners without their host must reckon twice. (H. 1546.)

He that repairs not a part builds all. (G. H.)

He that resolves to deal with none but honest men must leave off dealing. (*Gn.*)

He that respects not is not respected. (G. H.)

He that rewards flattery begs it. (*Gn.*)

He that rides behind another must not think to guide. (*Gn.*)

He that riseth betimes hath something in his head. (G. H.)

He that runs in the dark may well stumble. (R.)

He that runs in the night stumbles.

He that saveth his dinner will have the more for his supper. (R.)

Qui garde son dîner il a mieux à souper.—(*Fr.*)

Mal soupe qui tout dîne.—He sups ill who eats all at dinner.—(*Fr.*)

He that seeketh trouble never misses of it. (G. H.)

He that sends a fool expects one. (G. H.)

He that sends a fool means to follow. (G. H.)

He that serves the public serves no one.

He that serves everybody is paid by nobody. (*Gn.*)

Chi serve al comune, serve nessuno.—(*Ital.*)

Chi serve al comune, ha cattivo padrone.—Who serves the public has a bad master.—(*Ital.*)

Who serves the public serves a fickle master.—*Dutch pr.*

He that serves two masters has to lie to one of them.

Chi duo padroni ha da servire, ad uno ha da mentire.—(*Ital.*)

He that serves well need not ask his wages. (G. H.)

He who serves well need not be afraid to ask his wages. (R.)

He that shames shall be shent. (R. Sc.)

He that shames [his neighbour] let him be shent. (Sc.)

He that sharply chides is the most ready to pardon. (*Gn.*)

He that shoots always right forfeits his arrow.

He that slays shall be slain. (R. Sc.)

He that sows in the highway loses his corn.

He that sows thorns should not go barefoot.

Qui sème épines, n'aille déchaux.—(*Fr.*)

Chi semina spine, non vada scalzo.—(*Ital.*)

He that sows thistles shall reap prickles. (*Gn.*)

The busy brain that sows not corn, sows thistles. (*Gn.*)

He that sows, trusts in God. (G. H.)

Who sows his corn in the field, trusts in God. (R.)

He that spares the bad injures the good.

He harmes the good that doth the evill spare.—*The Times Whistle* (c. 1614), *l.* 1350.

Bonis nocet quisquis pepercerit malis.—*Latin.*

Honestum lædis cum pro indigno intervĕnis.—You injure an honourable man when you intervene on behalf of the unworthy.—(*Latin. Publilius Syrus.*)

Injuriam ipse facias ubi non vindices.—You are yourself guilty of an injustice when you do not punish it.—(*Latin. Publilius Syrus.*)

He that speaks ill of his wife dishonours himself. (*Gn.*)

He that speaks lavishly shall hear as knavishly. (R.)

He that speaks the thing he should not hears the things he would not. (R. Sc.) (*See Latin, Terence,* "Si mihi pergit quæ vult dicere," *p.* 655*a*; *also* "He that doth what he should not" *p.* 777*a.*)

He that speaks me fair and loves me not, I'll speak him fair and trust him not. (R.)

He that speaks sows, and he that holds his peace gathers. (G. H.)

He that speaks doth sow; he that holds his peace doth reap. (R.)

Chi parla, semina; chi tace, raccoglie.—(*Ital.; also in Fr.*)

He that stands high should not stir too quickly.

He that stalworthly stondes, stir not too swithe, —"*Gest Historiale*" *of the Destruction of Troy, tr.* (c. 1390) *from Guido delle Colonne* (c. 1270).

He that stays does the business. (G. H.)

He that stays in the valley shall never get over the hill. (R.)

Qui reste dans la vallée ne passera jamais montagne.—(*Fr.*)

He that steals can hide. (*Gn.*)

He that steals for others will be hanged for himself.

He that steals gold is put in prison; he that steals land is made a king.—(*Japanese.*)

He that strikes with his tongue must ward with his head. (R.) (*See* "The tongue talks at the head's cost.")

He that strikes with the sword shall be beaten with the scabbard. (R.)

He that studies his content wants it. (G. H.)

He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace. (G. H.)

Qui trébuche et ne tombe pas, avance son chemin.—(*Fr.*)

Quien estropieza y no cae, en su paso añade.—Who stumbles and does not fall mends his pace.—(*Span.*)

He that swells in prosperity will shrink in adversity. (*Gn.*)

He that takes a wife at Shrewsbury must carry her to Staffordshire, else she'll drive him to Cumberland. (*Gn.*)

He that takes all his gear fra himself and gives to his bairns, it were weill waird to take a mallet and knock out his brains. (R. Sc.)

He that talks much errs much.

Talk much and err much, saith the Spaniard. (R.) (*See* " He knows most who speaks least," *p. 775a.*)

He that talks to himself talks to a fool. (*Gn.*)

He that talks much of his happiness, summons grief. (G. H.) (*See* " Touch wood.")

He that tells a secret is another's servant. (G. H.)

He that tells his wife news is but newly married. (G. H.)

Who, like a fondling, to his wife tells news,
He hath not yet worn out his marriage shoes.
—*R. Watkyns*, 1662.

He that thinks amiss, concludes worse. (G. H.)

He that tieth not a knot upon his thread loseth his stitch.—(*Used in this form by Bacon as being from the Spanish, " Quien no da nudo, pierde punto."*)

He that travels far knows much. (R.)

Il ne sait rien qui hors ne va.—He knows nothing who does not go out.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He that trusts in a lie shall perish in truth. (G. H.)

He that wants hope is the poorest man alive. (*Gn.*)

He that was born under a three-halfpenny planet shall never be worth twopence. (R.)

He that will England win,
Must with Scotland first begin.
—*Hall's Chronicle*, 1548.

" Ireland " has been substituted sometimes for " Scotland," and in Shakespeare's *Henry V.* i. 2, it is said :

But there's a saying, very old and true,
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.

He that will deceive the fox must rise betimes. (G. H.)

He that will enter into Paradise must have a good key. (G. H.)

He that will not be counselled cannot be helped. (R.)

Wem nicht zu rathen ist, dem ist auch nicht zu helfen.—(*Germ.*)

He that will not be saved needs no preacher. (R.)

He that will not have peace, God gives him war. (G. H.)

He that will not hear motherhead shall hear step-motherhead. (R.)

He that will not be ruled by his own dame must be ruled by his step-dame. (R.)

Den som ei vil lyde Fader, faaer vel at lyde Stivfader.—Who will not obey father, will have to obey stepfather.—(*Dan.*)

He that will not sail till all dangers are over must never put out to sea. (*Gn.*)

He that will not serve one master will have to serve many.

Chi non vuol servir ad un sol signore, a molt ha da servire.—(*Ital.*)

He that will not stoop for a pin will never be worth a pound.—(*Quoted to Charles II. by Sir W. Coventry as " an old English proverb."—Pepys' Diary, Jan. 2, 1668.*)

He that will not stoop for a pin shall never be worth a point. (R.)

He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay. (H. *1546*.)
—*Also in Burton's Anat. Melan., 1621, and The Loyal Garland, song 28 (1686).*

The fool that will not when he may,
He shall not when he wold.
—*Blow the Winds, Heigho! Northumbrian ballad.*

" I have known many who could not when they would, for they had not done it when they could."
—*Rabelais : Pantagruel*, 3, 27 (1533).

Qui ne fait pas quand il peut, il ne fait pas quand il veut.—Who does not when he can, does not when he wishes.—(*Fr.*)

He that will steal a pin will steal a better thing. (R.)

It is a sin to steal a pin.

He that steals an egg will steal an ox. (G. H.)

He that will thrive must rise at five ;
He that hath thriven may lie till seven. (R.)

He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar. (Sc.)
—*Scott : The Antiquary, ch. 42.* (*Applied to an obstinate person.*)

He that wipes the child's nose kisseth the mother's cheek. (G. H.) (*Found in Span., Germ., etc.*)

He that woos a maid, must seldom come in her sight :
But he that woos a widow, must woo her day and night. (R.)

He that would be well needs not go from his own house. (G. H.)

He that would be well old must be old betimes. (G. H.)

He that would cheat a Jew, must be a Jew. —(*German.*)

He that would command must serve.

Non bene imperat nisi qui paruerit imperio.—He does not command well who has not obeyed command.—(*Latin, founded on Cicero. See* " Qui bene imperat," *p. 631b.*)

He that would England win,
Must with Ireland first begin. (R.)
—(*See* " He that will England win.")

He that would hang his dog gives out first that he is mad. (R.)

He that would have eggs must bear with cackling.

He that would have good luck in horses must kiss the parson's wife. (R.)

He that would have the fruit must climb the tree. (*Gn.*)

He that would have what he hath not should do what he doth not. (G. H.)

He that would know what shall be must consider what hath been. (*Gn.*)

He that would (or "will") learn to pray, let him go to sea. (G. H.)

> Qui veut apprendre à prier, aille souvent sur la mer.—(*Fr.*)

He that would live at peace and rest,
Must hear, and see, and say the best. (R.)

> Oy, voy, et te tais
> Si tu veux vivre en paix.
> —Hear, see, and hold your peace, if you would live in peace.—(*Fr.; also in Ital.*)

He that would live for aye
Must eat sage in May. (R.)

> Salvia salva.—Sage will save.—(*Venetian.*)
>
> Fermacies of herbes, and eke save [sage],
> They dronken, for they wolde hir limes [their limbs] have.
> —*Chaucer: Knightes Tale, l.* 1855. (Of knights when wounded, meaning that they drank a decoction of sage to prevent need for amputation.)
>
> Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horti? —Why should a man die who has sage growing in his garden?—(*Maxim of School of Salerno.*)

He that would right understand a man must read his whole story. (*Gn.*)

He that would the daughter win,
Must with the mother first begin. (R.)

> Wer die Tochter will gewinnen,
> Mit der Mutter soll beginnen.—(*Germ.*)

He that's always shooting must sometimes hit. (*Gn.*)

He that's down, down with him! (*See* "When the ox falls.")

> If a man once fall, all will tread on him. (R.)

He that's long a-giving knows not how to give. (G. H.)

He threatens many that is injurious to one. (*Gn.*)

He tint (lost) never a cow that grat (wept) for a needle. (R. Sc.)

He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.[*] (*See Swift, p.* 350*a*.)

He was born in a caul. (A token of luck.)

> Il est né coiffé.—(*Fr.*)

He was born in August. (Said of a "well-skilled person.") (R. Sc.)

He was hanged that left his drink behind. (R.)

He was scant o' news that told that his father was hanged. (Sc.)

He warms too near that burns. (G. H.)

He who ceases to pray ceases to prosper.

He who gives blows is master, he who gives none is dog.—(*Bengali.*)

He who has a bonny wife needs mair than twa een (eyes). (Sc.)

> Who hath a fair wife needs more than two eyes. (R.)

He who hath money and capers is well provided for Lent. (*Gn.*)

He who is born a fool is never cured. (*Gn.*)

He who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client.

> Wer sein eigener Lehrmeister sein will, hat einen Narren zum Schüler.—Who chooses to be his own teacher has a fool as his pupil.—(*Germ.*)

He who is not lucky let him not go a-fishing. (*Gn.*)

He who is weighty is willing to be weighed.

He who is willing to work finds it hard to wait.

He who killeth a lion when absent feareth a mouse when present. (*Gn.*)

He who laugheth too much hath the nature of a fool; he that laugheth not at all hath the nature of an old cat. (*Gn.*)

He who likes borrowing dislikes paying.

He who loves well obeys well.

He who oweth is all in the wrong. (R.)

He who trusts all things to chance makes a lottery of his life. (*Gn.*)

He who wants content cannot find an easy chair. (*Gn.*)

He who was never sick dies the first fit. (*Gn.*)

He whom God steers sails safely.

He whose belly is full believes not him whose is empty. (*Gn.*)

He whose father is judge goes safe to trial. (*Gn.*)

He will burn his house to warm his hands. (G. H.)

He will dance to nothing but his own pipe. (*Gn.*)

He will either make a spoon or spoil a horn. —*Scottish proverb.* (The meaning is that a man will either be a great success or a great failure. The making of horn-spoons required skill, and any failure in the process was irreparable and resulted in the horn being wasted.)

He will never get to heaven who desires to go thither alone. (*Gn.*)

He will never have enough till his mouth is full of mould. (*Gn.*)

He will never set the Thames on fire.

He will pass in a crowd.[*]

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[*] "Think of the man who first tried German sausage."—*Jerome: Three Men in a Boat*, ch. 14.

[*] "Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church?"—*Swift: Letter to Stella*, Feb. 9, 1710-1.

He will rather turn than burn. (*Gn.*)

I had rather my cake burn than that you should turn it. (*Gn.*)

He will spend a whole year's rent at one meal's meat. (G. H.)

He works hard who has nothing to do.

He would fain fly but he wants feathers. (R.)

No flying without wings. (R.)

Oiseau ne peut voler sans ailes.—A bird cannot fly without wings. (*Fr., V.* 1498.)

Sine pennis volare haud facile est.—(*Latin, Plautus.*)

He'll play a small game rather than stand out. (R.)

He's a blockhead that cannot make two verses and he's a fool that makes four. (*Gn.*)

He's a fool that is not melancholy once a day. (*Gn.*)

He's a good man whom fortune makes better. (*Gn.*)

He's a silly body that's never missed. (Sc.)

He's a wise man wha can take care o' himsel'. (Sc.)

He's an honest man and eats no fish.*

He's at a great loss for jests that is forced to rake hell for them. (*Gn.*)

He's free of Fumblers' hall. (R.)

He's got a stone frigate. (*Naval term for a shore command*).

He's idle that may be better employed. (Sc.)

He's in great want of a bird that will give a groat for an owl. (R.)

He's like a fox, grey before he is good. (*Gn.*)

He's my friend that grindeth at my mill. (R.)

He's so full of himself that he's quite empty. (*Gn.*)

He's up too soon
That's hanged e'er noon. (*Gn.*)

He's well worth (worthy of) sorrow that buys it wi' his ain siller. (Sc.)

He's sairest dung that's paid wi' his ain wand. (Sc.)

He's won with a feather and lost with a straw. (*Gn.*)

Health and money go far. (G. H.)

Health and sickness surely are men's double enemies. (G. H.)

Health is better than wealth.

Health is great riches. (*Gn.*)

Health and good estate of body are above all gold.—(*Ecclesiasticus* 30, 15.)

Valere malo quam dives esse.—I would rather be healthy than rich.—(*Latin. See* "Pauper enim," *p.* 617*a.*)

Chi ha sanità è ricco, e non lo sa.—He who has health is rich and does not know it.—(*Ital.*)

(*See also p.* 378*a.*)

Health is not valued till sickness come. (*Gn.*)

Sickness is felt, but health not at all. (*Gn.*)

Health without money is half an ague. (G. H.)

Sanità senza quattrini è mezza malattia.—Health without pence is half sickness.—(*Ital.*)

Hear all parties. (R. Sc.)

Hear God and God will hear you.

Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.

Hearsay is half lies.

Hörensagen ist halb gelogen.—(*Germ.; also in Dutch.*)

Hearts may agree, though heads differ.

Heat breaks no bones.—(*Russian.*)

Heaven favours good intentions.

Siempre favorece el cielo los buenos deseos.—(*Span., Don Quixote,* 2, 43.)

Heaven is a cheap purchase, whatever it cost. (*Gn.*)

Heaven is above all.

Quando Dios amanece, para todos amanece.—When God dawns he dawns for all.—(*Span., Don Quixote,* 2, 43. *See St. Matthew,* 5. 45.)

Heaven is as near by sea as by land.

Heaven protect us from a lawyer's *etcetera.*—*French proverb.*

Heaven without good society cannot be heaven. (*Gn.*)

Hedgehogs lodge among thorns, because themselves are prickly. (*Gn.*)

Hell and chancery are always open. (*Gn.*)

Hell is full of the ungrateful. (*Gn.*)

Hell is paved with good intentions.* (R.)—(*This is the form in which, as recorded by Boswell, the adage was used by Johnson, 1775*).

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings (G. H.)

Hell is paved with priests' skulls.—*From St. Chrysostom.*

Hopers go to hell.—*Jas. Kelly: Scottish Proverbs,* 1721.

El infierno es lleno de buenas intenciones.—Hell is full of good intentions.—(*Span.*)

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* A prov. phrase in Queen Elizabeth's time (according to Warburton) signifying that a man was no papist. *See King Lear,* i. 4, "To fear judgment . . . and to eat no fish."—"I did not like him when he called for fish"—*Beaumont Fletcher: Woman Hater,* iv. 3 (ptd. 1607).—"I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Fryday."—*Marston: Dutch Courtesan* (1605).

* "It has been more wittily than charitably said that hell is paved with good intentions; they have their place in heaven also."—*Southey: Colloquies on Society,* 5 (1824).—Prosper Mérimée (in *Arsène Guillot*) quotes as a Portuguese saying: "De boás intençónes esta o inferno cheio.—L'enfer est pavé de bonnes intentions."

L'enfer est plein de bonnes volontés ou désirs.—Hell is full of good wishes or desires.—(*Fr. St. Francis de Sales* (*d.* 1622) *ascribes the proverb to St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, b.* 1091, *d.* 1153).

Hell is paved with the skulls of great scholars, and paled in with the bones of great men.—(*Quoted as a "terrible" but too true proverb by Giles Firmin in The Real Christian,* 1670).

L'enfer est pavée de bonnes intentions.—Hell is paved with good intentions.—(*Fr.; this is Prosper Mérimée's adapted version of the Portuguese proverb. See note.*)

The road to hell is paved with good intentions.—(*In this form termed by Archbishop Trench "perhaps the queen of all proverbs."*)

Mit guten Vorsätzen ist der Weg zur Hölle gepflastert.—The way to perdition is paved with good intentions.—(*Germ.: Wander's Proverbs.*)

Hell is paved with good intentions and roofed with lost opportunities.—(*A version said to be of Portuguese origin.*)

Hell is paved with infants' skulls.—(*The Nonconformist divine, Baxter, was almost stoned to death by the women of Kidderminster for quoting this from the pulpit.—Hazlitt's Table Talk.*)

Die Hölle ist mit Mönchskappen, Pfaffenfalten, und Pickelhauben gepflastert.—Hell is paved with monks' cowls, priests' drapery, and spike-helmets.—(*German, stated by Wander to be traceable to* 1605.)

Di buona volontà sta pieno l'inferno.—Hell is full of good desire.—(*Ital.*) (*See* "Heaven favours good intentions," *p.* 784*b*.)

The way of sinners is made plain with stones, but at the end thereof is the pit of hell.—(*Ecclesiasticus* 21, 10.)

Help me to salt and you help me to sorrow.

If you ask for salt you ask for sorrow.—*Folklore superstitions.*

Help, hands!
For I have no lands.—*Old saying.*

Help the lame dog over the stile. (*Gn.*)

Help which is long on the road is no help.

Help yourself and your friends will help you. (*See* "God helps those," *p.* 766*b*.)

Her pulse beats matrimony. (*Gn.*)

Heresy is the school of pride. (G. H.)

Heresy may be easier kept out than shook off. (G. H.)

Hertfordshire kindness (*i.e.* kindness of heart). (*Gn.*)

Hide nothing from thy minister, physician, and lawyer. (R.)

Deceive not thy physician, confessor, nor lawyer. (G. H.)

Al confessore, medico, e avvocato,
Non tenere il ver celato.
—From your confessor, doctor, and lawyer hide not the truth.—(*Ital., Venetian.*)

À confesseurs, médecins, avocats, la verité ne cèle de ton cas.—(*Fr.*)

High buildings have a low foundation. (*Gn.*)

High-flying hawks are fit for princes. (*Gn.*)

His bark is worse than his bite. (*See* "Barking dogs seldom bite," *p.* 740*a*.)

His heart is in his boots.

Thy hart is in thy hose.—*Towneley Plays* (c. 1388), *No.* 12, *l.* 424.

His mill will go with all winds. (*Gn.*)

His trumpeter is dead. (Of a boaster.)

When you die, your trumpeter will be buried. (*Gn.*)

Hit or miss; luck is all.—*Dykes: Moral Reflexions* (1708).

Hobby-horses cost more than Arab steeds.

Steckenpferde sind theurer als arabische Hengste.—(*Germ.*)

Hobson's choice. ("It became a proverb, when your election was forced upon you, to say, 'Hobson's choice.'"—*Spectator, No.* 509, *Sir R. Steele.**)

Hold fast is the first point in hawking. (*Gn.*)

Home is home, though it be never so homely.† (R.) (*See* "My house, my house, though thou art small.")

Home is dear, home is best.—(*Greek.*)

Hame is hamelie. (R. Sc.)

East or west, home is best.

The bird loves her nest. (G. H.)

Home is best. (*See Tusser, p.* 375*a*; *also* "Domus sua cuique," *p.* 518*a*.)

Honest is the cat when the meat is upon the hook. (*Gn.*)

Honest men fear neither the light nor the dark. (*Gn.*)

Honest men marry soon, wise men not at all. (R.)—(*Given as an Italian proverb.*)

Honesty endures longest.

Ehrlich währt am längsten.—(*Germ.*)

Honesty is like an icicle; if once it melts that is the end of it.—(*American.*)

Honesty is the best policy. (*Gn.*) (*See Franklin, p.* 140*b*.)

Knavery may serve for a turn, but honesty is best at long-run. (R.)

He is wise that is honest. (R.) (*Given as an Italian proverb.*)

Of all crafts to be an honest man is the master-craft. (R.)

(*See also the Latin maxim of Quintilian,* "Dedit hoc providentia munus," *p.* 512*a*.)

Honesty is the poor man's pork and the rich man's pudding.

Honesty isna pride. (R. Sc.)

Honesty may be dear bought, but can ne'er be an ill pennyworth. (Sc.)

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* Ray states that Hobson was a noted carrier in Cambridge in King James's time, who became wealthy and did much good for Cambridge. According to Steele, he would only let out his horses for hire in rotation, refusing to allow his customers to choose. Hobson died January 1, 1631.

† "There 's no place like home." It's a great pity when either husband or wife is forced to answer, "I'm glad there isn't."—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

Honey catches more flies than vinegar.

On attrape plus de mouches avec du miel que vinaigre.—(*Fr.; also in Dutch, Dan., etc.*)

Honey is not for the ass's mouth. (*Gn.*)

Honey is sweet, but the bee stings. (G. H.)

Honey is too good for a bear. (*Gn.*)

Honour a physician before thou hast need of him.—(*Hebrew.*) (*Saying ascribed to Ben Syra.*)

Honour a physician with the honour due unto him.—(*Ecclesiasticus* 38, 1.)

Honour amongst thieves.

We men of intrigues [said Labranche] observe stricter faith to one another than honest folk.—*Le Sage: Crispin.*

Honour and ease are seldom bedfellows. (R.)

Honour and profit lie not all in one sack. (G. H.)

Honour without profit is a ring on the finger. (G. H.)

Better it is to have more of profit and less honour.—*Melusine, ch.* 34, *Eng. tr.,* c. 1500, *of Fr. Romance* (c. 1385).

Honours change manners.[*] (R.)

Lordships change manners. (R. Sc.)

Honores mutant mores.—(*Latin.*)

Gli onori mutano i costumi.—(*Ital.*)

Los oficios mudan las costumbres.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 4.)

Les honneurs changent les mœurs.—(*Fr.*)

Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper. (R.)—(*From Bacon, see p.* 12*a*.)

Hope is a waking man's dream.—(*Aristotle. Plato, etc., see p.* 471*b*, *note; see also* "Spes est vigilantis," *Latin. Found in most modern languages.*)

L'espérance est le songe d'un homme éveillé.—(*Fr.*)

Hope is as cheap as despair. (*Gn.*)

Hope is grief's best music.

Hope is the last thing that we lose.

L'ultima che si perde è la speranza.—(*Ital.*)

La speranza è l'ultima ch' abbandona l'infelice.—Hope is the last thing to abandon the unfortunate.—(*Ital.*)[†]

Hope is the poor man's bread. (G. H.)

Hope is worth any money. (*Gn.*)

Hope well and have well. (R.)

L'espoir est ma force.—Hope is my strength.—(*Old Fr. motto.*)

Horseplay is fools' play.

Jeux de mains, jeu de vilain.—(*Fr.*)

Burlas de manos, burlas de villanos.—(*Span.*)

Hot love, soon cold. (*Heywood, 1546.*)

Love ower het (hot) soon cools. (Sc.)

Gay love, God save it: so soon hot, so soon cold.—(*Udall, see p.* 375*b*.)

(*See* "Love me little, love me long.")

Hot men harbour no malice. (*Gn.*)

Hot men harbour no malice. (*Gn.*)

How can the cat help it if the maid is a fool? (R.)—(*From the Italian.*)

Che non può la gatta se la massaia è matta?

How do you do after your oysters? (R.)

How we apples swim!—(*From the Dutch.*)

Wij appelen zwemmen, zei de paardenkeutel.

However early you rise, the day does not dawn sooner.

No por mucho madrugar amanace mas temprano.—(*Span.*)

Humble hearts have humble desires. (G. H.)

Humility is the foundation of all virtues.—(*Confucius.*)

Hunger and cold betray a man to his enemies. (R.)—(*From the Spanish.*)

Hunger cannot bear contradiction. (*Gn.*)

Hunger drives the wolf from the woods.

La faim chasse le loup du bois.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

La fame caccia il lupo del bosco.—(*Ital.*)

Honger drijft den wolf uit het bosch.—(*Dutch.*)

Hunger is the best sauce. (*See Tusser, p.* 374*a*.)

Hunger makes hard bones sweet beans. (R.) (*See* "Fabas indulcet, *p.* 528*b*.)

Hunger is good kitchen meat. (R. Sc.)

Hunger finds no fault with the cookery. (*Gn.*)

Il n'y a sauce que d'appétit.—There is no sauce but that of appetite.—(*Fr.*)

A bon appétit il ne faut point de sauce.—(*Fr.*)

Appetito non vuole salsa.—Appetite does not need sauce.—(*Ital.*)

La fame è il meglior intingolo.—(*Ital.*)

Der Hunger ist der beste Koch.—Hunger is the best cook.—(*Germ.*)

Honger is de beste saus.—(*Dutch.*)

Hunger makes raw beans taste of sugar.—(*Given by Erasmus as a Dutch proverb.*)

La fame muta le fave in mandole.—Hunger changes beans into almonds.—(*Ital.*)

Fames optimum condimentum.—(*Latin.*)

Fames est optimus coquus.—Hunger is the best cook.—(*Latin.*)

La mejor salsa del mundo es la hambre.—Hunger is the best sauce in the world.—(*Span., Don Quixote* 2, 5.)

Cibi condimentum esse famem; potionis sitim.—Hunger is the best spice of food; thirst of drink.—(*Cicero: De Finibus, Book* 2, 28. *Given as a saying of Socrates.*)

Hunger makes dinners; pastime suppers. (G. H.)

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[*] Margaret More in her Diary, October, 1524, records that Lord Rutland said to her father (Sir Thomas More), "in his acute sneering way": "Ah, ah, Sir Thomas, Honores mutant *Mores*." To which Sir Thomas More replied, "Not so, in faith, but have a care lest we translate the proverb and say, 'Honours change *Manners*.'" "Manners" was Lord Rutland's family name.

[†] Epimetheus, according to the classical legend, when griefs and evils flew abroad, at last shut the lid, and kept Hope at the bottom of the vessel.

Hunger will break through stone walls.—(*Shakespeare ; see p.* 308*a*.)

Honger eet door steenen muuren.—Hunger eats through stone walls.—(*Dutch.*)

Hunger will break through stone walls, or anything except Suffolk cheese. (R.)

Hungry bellies have no ears.

La ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles.—(*Fr., Rabelais : Pantagruel, Book* 3, *ch.* 15.)

Hungry dogs will eat dirty puddings. (R.) —(*Dekker : Old Fortunatus* (1599), *ii.* 2.)

À la faim il n'y a point de mauvais pain.—To hunger there is no bad bread.—(*Fr.*)

L'asino che ha fame mangia d'ogni stramo.—The hungry ass will eat any sort of straw.—(*Ital.*)

Hungry men think the cook lazy. (*Gn.*)

Hunting has as much pain as pleasure. (*Gn.*)

Husband, don't believe what you see, but what I tell you. (*Gn.*)

Husbands are in heaven whose wives chide not. (R.)

Hypocrites are a sort of creatures that God never made. (*Gn.*)

I am black, but I am not the devil.

I am not the first, and shall not be the last. (R.)

Vous n'avez pas été sans doute la première,
Et vous ne serez pas, que je crois, la dernière.
—Undoubtedly you have not been the first, and you will not be, as I suppose, the last.—(*Fr.*) (*Molière : Le Dépit Amoureux*, iii. 9. *See Latin*, "Primus non sum.")

I cannot find you baith tales and ears. (R. Sc.)

I can't work for nothing and find thread.

I do not hear that a bribe on both sides is out of fashion. (*Gn.*)

I do not like noise unless I make it myself. —(*Fr.*)

I gave the mouse a hole and she is become my heir. (G. H.)

I had rather ride on an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me. (G. H.)

I have a bone in my arm. (An excuse for not working, etc.) (*See* "Were it not for the bone in my leg.")

I have a good cloak, but it is in France. (*Gn.*)

I have dined as well as my Lord Mayor of London. (R.)

I have saved the bird in my bosom (*i.e.* I have kept the secret).

I know he'll come, by his long tarrying. (*Gn.*)

I know of nobody that has a mind to die this year. (*Gn.*)

I know on which side my bread is buttered. (H., 1546.)

I like writing with a Peacock's quill, because its feathers are all eyes. (*Gn.*)

I love my friends well, but myself better.

I ne'er liked a dry bargain. (R.)

I never fared worse than when I wished for my supper. (R.)

I shall never turn my ninepence into a noble by this bargain. (*Gn.*)

I sucked not this out of my fingers' ends. (R.)

I taught you to swim and now you drown me. (*Gn.*)

I wasn't born in a wood to be scared by an owl.—*Belle's Stratagem, iii. 1* (1780).

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why. (G. H.)

When I was born, I did lament and cry,
And now each day doth show the reason why.
—*R. Watkyns : Flamma sine Fumo* (1662)

When we first see the light we weep ; when we leave it we groan. (*Gn.*)

I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin.—(*Quoted by Emerson as a proverb, Essay on Compensation.*)

I will give him a Roland for his Oliver.

(Roland and Oliver, two favourite heroes of the Charlemagne romances, the popular poems of France and England from about 1050 to 1400, were almost invincible in combat.)

Je luy baillerai Guy contre Robert.—I will engage Guy against Robert.—(*Fr.*)

I will give you a shirt full of sore bones. (*Gn.*)

I will keep no cats that will not catch mice. (*Gn.*)

I will lay a stone at your door. (I will bear a grudge.)

I will never keep a dog to bite me. (*Gn.*)

I wot well how the world wags ;
He is most loved that hath most bags. (*Gn.*)

I'll not make fish of one and flesh of another. (R.)

Iceland is the best land on which the sun shines.—(*Icelandic.*)

Idle bodies are generally busybodies.

Idle folks lack no excuses. (R.)

Idle people have the least leisure.

Il n'y a pas de gens plus affairés que ceux qui n'ont rien à faire.—There are no folks so full of business as those who have nothing to do.—(*Fr., founded on Ennius. See* "Otio qui nescit uti," *p.* 614*b* ; *also* "He hath no leisure that useth it not," *p.* 773*b* ; *and* "Ex otio," *p.* 527*a*.)

Idle men are dead all their life long. (*Gn.*)

Idle people take the most pains. (R.)

Idleness is the devil's bolster.

Idleness teacheth much evil.—*Ecclesiasticus* 33, 27.

If the devil catch a man idle, he'll set him to work. (*Gn.*)

Fais toujours aucune chose de bien, que le diable ne te trouve oyseux.—Do always some good deed that the devil may not find you idle.—(*Attrib. by Jehan de Vigny to St. Jerome.*)

Without business, debauchery. (G. H.)

Otia omnia vitia parit.—Idleness produces all vices.—(*Latin.*)

Lediggand er Fandens Hovedpude.—Laziness is the devil's pillow.—(*Dan.*)

(*See* "The devil tempts.")

Idleness is the key of beggary. (R.)

A slothful man is a beggar's brother. (R. Sc.)

Sloth is the mother of poverty.—(*Ignatius.*)

Slouthe bringeth in alle wo.—*Gower: Conf. Amantis* (c. 1390), 4, 424.

Of idleness cometh no goodness. (R.)

L'ozio è il padre di tutti i vizi.—Idleness is the father of all the vices.—(*Ital.*)

Be not idle and you shall not be longing. (G. H.)

Sloth is the key to poverty. (R.)

Faulheit ist der Schlüssel zur Armuth.—(*Germ.*)

Idleness turns the edge of wit. (R.)

Sloth turneth the edge of wit.

If a donkey bray at you, don't bray at him. (G. H.)

If a fool have success it ruins him. (*Gn.*)

If a good man thrive, all thrive with him. (G. H.)

If a man deceives me once, shame on him; if twice, shame on me.

If a wise man should never miscarry, the fool would burst. (*Gn.*)

If a woman were little as she is good,
A peascod would make her a gown and a hood.
(R.)

Se la donna fosse piccola come è buona,
La minima foglia la farrebbe una veste e una corona.—(*Ital.*)

If all fools had baubles we should want fuel. (G. H.)

If all fools wore white caps, we should seem a flock of geese. (G. H.)

If an ass goes a-travelling he'll not come home a horse. (*Gn.*)

If any fool find the cap fit him, let him wear it. (*Gn.*)

If better were within, better would come out. (*Gn.*)

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
If on Candlemas day it be shower and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again. (R.)

A fair Candlemas, a foul Lent.—*Gabriel Harvey* (*d.* 1630), *written in Grafton's "Brief Treatise."*

Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.
—If the sun is bright on the day of the Purification (Candlemas Day, Feb. 2), there will be more frost after the feast than has been before it.—(*Old Latin rhyme, quoted by Sir T. Browne, Vulgar Errors.*)

If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half of the winter's to come and mair:
If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule.
—(*Sc. version.*) (*See* "When Candlemas day is come and gone"; *also* "All the months in the year," *etc.*)

If coals do not burn they blacken.

If everyone would mend one, all would be amended. (R.)

If folly were grief, every house would weep. (G. H.)

If fools went not to market, bad ware would not be sold. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

Were there no fools bad ware would not pass. (G. H.)

E' va più d'un asino al mercato.—More than one ass goes to market.—(*Ital.*)

If God give, the devil daurna reave (bereave). (Sc.)

If great men would have care of little ones, both would last long. (G. H.)

If I am master, and you master, who shall drive the asses?—(*Arabic.*)

Yo dueña, y vos doncella, quien barrerá la casa?—I the mistress and you the young lady, who will sweep the house?—(*Span.*)

Vos doña, yo doña, quien botara á porca fora.—You a lady, and I a lady, who will put the sow out?—(*Span.*)

If all get into the palanquin, who will be the bearers?—(*Hindoo.*)

If I can't by might,
I'll do it by sleight. (*Gn.*)

If I had no plough, you would have had no corn. (*Gr.*)

If I had not lifted up the stone, you had not found the jewel.—(*Hebrew.*)

If ifs and ans were pots and pans,
There'd be no work for tinkers' hands.

Avec un "si" on mettrait Paris dans une bouteille.—With an "if" we might put Paris in a bottle.—(*Fr.*)

If my aunt had been a man, she'd have been my uncle. (R.)

Wenn meine Tante Räder hätte, wäre sie ein Omnibus.—If my aunt had wheels, she would be an omnibus.—(*Germ.*)

"In your propositions," said Pantagruel, "there are so many ifs and buts that I know not how to make anything of them."—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel, Book* 3, *ch.* 10)

Il ne faut qu'une queue de vache pour attendre le ciel, mais il faut qu'elle soit bien longue.—Only one cow's tail is needed to reach the sky, but it must be a very long one.—(*Fr.*)

If it is in print it must be true.

I love a ballad in print a' life; for then we are sure they are true.—(*Shakespeare; see p.* 310*b.*)

Cela est escrit. Il est vray.—The thing is written. It is true.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel,* 1533.) (*Writing formerly lent the same veri-*

*similitude to a statement as was afterwards ascribed to printing.)**

If it rains, well; if it shines, well.

If it were not for hope the heart would break.

If hope were not, hert shulde breke.—*Gesta Romanorum* (*15th Cent. MS.*), *Tale* 51, *Fredericus.*

It is hope alone that makes us willing to live. (*Gn.*)

Were it no for hope the heart wad break. (Sc.)

If it were not for the belly the back might wear gold. (*Gn.*)

Your belly will never let your back be warm (*Gn.*)

If Jack were better, Jill would not be so bad.

If men had not slept, the tares had not been sown. (*Gn.*)

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. (*Gn.*)

If on the eighth of June it rain,
It foretels a wet harvest, men sain. (R.)

(June 8, Old Style = June 18, Modern Style.)

If one but knew how good it were
To eat a pullet in Janiveer,
If he had twenty in his flock,
He'd leave but one to go with the cock. (*Gn.*)

If one door shuts, another will open.

If one's name be up, he may lie in bed. (R.)

Qui a bruit de se lever matin peut dormir jusqu'à dîner.—He who has the reputation of getting up in the morning can sleep until dinner-time.—(*Fr.*)

If our bodies were to cost no more than our souls, we might board cheap. (*Gn.*)

If people take no care for the future, they will soon have to sorrow for the present.—(*Chinese.*)

If slighted, slight the slight and love the slighter.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

If St. Paul be fair and clear,
Then betides a happy year.
—(*St. Paul's Day, Jan. 25. A prov. prevalent in the Middle Ages throughout W. Europe.*)

Clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni;
Si fuerint venti, designat prælia genti;
Si fuerint nebulæ, pereunt animalia gula (? gulla).

—A fine St. Paul's Day denotes fine weather for the year; if there be winds, it indicates battles to the nation; if there be cloud the animals perish by the water-flow.
—*Written by Gabriel Harvey* (*d.* 1630) *in R. Grafton's "Brief Treatise."*

If the beard were all, the goat might preach. —(*From the Danish.*)

It is not the beard that makes the philosopher. (*Gn.*)

The brains don't lie in the beard. (*Gn.*)

If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles. (G. H.)

If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He'll certainly rise with a watery head.

If the counsel be good, no matter who gave it. (*Gn.*)

If the doctor cures, the sun sees it; if he kills, the earth hides it. (Sc.)

If the First of July be rainy weather,
It will rain, more or less, for four weeks together. (*Gn.*)

If the frog and mouse quarrel, the kite will see them agreed. (*Gn.*)

If the grass grow in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for 't all the year. (R.)

If grass look green in Janiveer,
'Twill look the worser all the year. (*Gn.*)

Mieux vaut voir un chien enragé qu'un soleil chaud en Janvier.—Better to see a mad dog than a hot sun in January.

(*See* "All the months in the year.")

It is hope alone that makes us willing to live. (*Gn.*)

If the husband be not at home, there is nobody. (G. H.)

If the ice bears before Christmas, it won't bear a goose after.—(*Eastern Counties* [*?*])

If the mother had not been in the oven, she had never sought her daughter there. (G. H.)

If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. (R.)—(*Found in all modern languages. See Bacon's Essay, No. 12, on "Boldness."*)

If the old dog barks, he gives counsel. (*Gn.*)

If the partridge had the woodcock's thigh,
It would be the best bird that ever did fly. (R.)

If the sky fall, we shall catch larks. (R.)

Si les nues tomboyent esperoyt prendre les alouettes tous rousties.—(*Fr., Rabelais: Gargantua, Book* 1, *ch.* 11. *Also found in Italian.*)

Si el cielo se cae, quebrarse han las ollas.—If the sky falls, the pots will be broken.—(*Span.*)

If the staff be crooked, the shadow cannot be straight. (G. H.)

If the twenty-fourth of August be fair and clear,
Then hope for a prosperous autumn that year. (R.)

If the wife sins, the husband is not innocent.

Se la moglie pecca, non è il marito innocente.—(*Ital.*)

If there were no clouds, we should not enjoy the sun.

If there were no fools there would be no knaves. (*See* "If fools went not to market," *p.* 788*b*.)

Were there no hearers, there would be no backbiters. (G. H.)

If there were no receivers, there would be no thieves.—*Times Whistle* (1614), *l.* 2818.

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* Well, sir, our John's booke shall confounde your talke, for I did see it in writyng; and that whiche is written I will beleve, and follow by God's grace, and no more.—*Bullein's Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence* (1564).

No hay ladron sin encubridor.—There would be no thief if there were not a concealer.—(*Span.*)

If there were no listeners, there would be no liars.

Jamais ne seroit mesdisant s'il n'estoit nul escoutant.—There would never be evil-speaker if there were no listener.—(*Old Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Gäb es keine Narren, so gäb es keine Weisen.—Were there no fools there would be no wise men.—(*Germ.*)

If there are two fires in the room both will smoke.—(*Japanese.*)

If there were no fools there would be no war.

If all men were just, there would be no need for valour.—(*Saying of Agesilaus. Plutarch: Life of Agesilaus.*)

If there were no knaves and fools, all the world would be alike. (*Gn.*)

If things were to be done twice, all would be wise. (G. H.)

If thou do na ill, do na ill like. **(R. Sc.)**

If ye do nae ill, dinna be ill like;
If ye steal na my kail, break na my dike.
—*Sc. Hislop Coll.*

He that would no evil do,
Must do nought that's like thereto.
—*English version.*

If thou wouldest reap money, sow money. (*Gn.*)

If you put nothing into your purse, you can take nothing out. (*Gn.*)

If we are bound to forgive an enemy, we are not bound to trust him. (*Gn.*)

If we did not flatter ourselves, no one else would. (*Gn.*)

If wishes were horses, beggars might ride.

If wishes were butter-cakes, beggars might bite. (R.)

If wishes were thrushes, beggars would eat birds. (R.)

If wishes would bide, beggars would ride. (R.)

If wishes were horses, beggars wad ride,
And a' the warld be drowned in pride.
—(Sc.) (*Hislop.*)

Si souhaits furent vrais, pastoureaux seroient rois.—If wishes were true, peasants would be kings.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

If ye believe a' ye hear, ye may eat a' ye see. (Sc.)

If ye would know a knave give him a staff. (G. H.)

If you bow at all, bow low.—(*Chinese.*)

If you brew well, you can drink well. (R.)

If ye brew weel, ye'll drink the better.—(R. Sc.)

If you can be well without health, you can be happy without virtue. (*Gn.*)

If you cannot bite, never show your teeth. (R.)

Se non puoi mordere, non mostrar mai i denti.—(*Ital.*)

If you cannot make a man think as you do, make him do as you think,—(*American.*)

If you cannot see the bottom, do not cross the river.

Chi non vede il fondo, non passi l'acqua. (*Ital.*)

If you dinna see the bottom don't wade. (Sc.)

If you cut down the woods you'll catch the wolf. (*Gn.*)

If you don't say it, you won't have to unsay it.

If you had fewer friends and more enemies you had been a better man. (*Gn.*)

If you hate a man, let him live.—(*Japanese.*)

If you have done no ill the six days, you may play the seventh. (*Gn.*)

If you have a weak case, abuse the other side.*—*Legal saying.*

If you make Bacchus your god, Apollo will not keep you company. (*Gn.*)

If you must fly, fly well. (G. H.)

If you play with a fool at home, he'll play with you in the market. (R.)

If you run after two hares you will catch neither. (*See Latin*, "Duos qui sequitur," *p.* 520*a*.)

On ne court pas deux lièvres à la fois.—(*Fr. Balzac. Also in Dan.*)

For certayne a woman may not have two hertes, no more than a greyhound may renne after two bestes.—*Livre du Chevalier de la Tour* (1371): *English MS. trans., temp. Henry VI.*

He who hunts two hares, leaves one and loses the other.—(*Japanese.*)

If you say nothing, nobody will repeat it.

If you sell the cow you sell her milk too. (*Gn.*)

If you sing before breakfast you will cry before night.

If you slander a dead man, you stab him in the grave. (*Gn.*)

If you swear, you'll catch no fish. (R.)

If you tell every step, you will make a long journey of it. (*Gn.*)

If you throw crumbs on the fire, you are feeding the devil.—(*Old proverb.*)

If you touch pot, you must touch penny (R.)

If you trust before you try
You may repent before you die.

If you want a thing done, do it yourself.

If thou thyself canst do it, attend to no other's help or hand. (G. H.)

For that thou canst do thyself rely not on another. (R.)

If you would be well served, serve yourself.

Chi vuol presto e ben, faccia da se.—Who wants a thing done quickly and well let him do it himself.—(*Ital.*)

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* "When facts were weak, his native cheek
Brought him serenely through."
—*C. H. Spurgeon:* quoted as being "said of an eminent lawyer."

On n'est jamais si bien servi que par soi-même.—One is never so well served as by one's self.—(*Fr.*)

Chi vuol esser mal servito, tenga assai famiglia.—Who wants to be ill served, let him keep plenty of servants.—(*Ital.*)

If you wish a thing done, go; if not, send.

Who goes himself, is in earnest; who sends, is indifferent.

Chi va, vuole; chi manda, non se ne cura.—Who goes himself, wishes it; who sends someone else, does not care.—(*Ital.*)

"Gak med," og "see til," ere to gode Tyende i Bondens Gaard.—"I'll go myself," and "I'll see to it," are two good servants in a countryman's farm.—(*Dan.*)

Manda e descuida, naõ se farà cousa nenhuma.—Give orders, and leave it and no more will be done.—(*Port.*)

Manda, e faze-o, tirar-te-ha cuidado.—Give orders, and do it, and you will be free of anxiety.—(*Port.*)

If you want to know a man, travel with him.

If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—(*Poor Richard.*)

If you wish for peace prepare for war.—(*From the Latin.*)

Bâton porte paix.—The cudgel brings peace.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Qui porte épée, porte paix.—Who carries a sword, carries peace.—(*Fr.*)

De mortelle guerre fait on bien paix.—Of mortal war you can make peace well.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Si vis pacem, para bellum.—If you wish for peace make ready the battle.—(*Latin.*) (*See also* "Bellum ita suscipiatur," *p.* 496a; *also* "Peace with a cudgel in hand," *and* "One sword.")

If you wish to live and thrive,
Let the spider run alive.—*Old saying.*

If you would fruit have,
You must bring the leaf to the grave. (R.)
(*i.e. Transplant a tree about the fall of the leaf.*)

If you would have a hen lay, you must bear with her cackling. (*Gn.*)

If you would know secrets, look (*sic*) them in grief or pleasure. (G. H.)

If you would know the value of money, try to borrow it. (*See Franklin, p.* 140*b*).

Pour connaître le prix de l'argent, il faut être obligé d'en emprunter.—To know the price of money one must be compelled to borrow some.—(*Fr.*)

Se quieres ver quanto vale un ducado, buscalo prestado.—If you would know how much a ducat is worth, seek to borrow one.—(*Span.; also in Port.*)

If you would live for ever,
You must wash milk from your liver. (R.)

Vin sur lait, c'est souhait;
Lait sur vin, c'est venin.
—Wine on milk is desirable; milk on wine is poison.—(*Fr. Cotgrave.*)

Milke before wine, I would 'twere mine;
Milk taken after, is poison's daughter.

Wein auf Bier rath ich dir, Bier auf Wein das lass sein.—Wine upon beer I counsel thee; beer upon wine, let that be.—(*Germ.*)

If your shoe pinch you, give it your man. (*Gn.*)

If your wife be crust, mind that you are crumb.

If your wife is short, stoop to her.

If youth knew what age would crave,
It would both get and save. (R.)

Se il giovane sapesse, se il vecchio potesse, e' non c' è cosa che non si facesse.—If youth knew, if old age could, there would be nothing which might not be done.—(*Ital.*)

Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!—If youth knew! if old age could!—(*Fr.*)

Ignorance is the mother of devotion.—*According to Fuller (1608–1661) this was a remark made by Dr. Cole at a Convocation at Westminster, temp. Elizabeth. It is attributed in* "*Times Whistle*" (1614) *to* "*an erroneous papist.*" (*See* "Wonder is the daughter of Ignorance.")

Ignorance is the mother of impudence. (*See* "Foolhardiness," *p.* 762*a*.)

Ilka blade o' grass keps (catches) its ain drap o' dew. (Sc.)

Ill bairns are best heard at hame. (R. Sc.)

Ill comes in by ells and goes out by inches. (G. H.) (*See* "One is not so soon cured" *and* "Misfortunes come on wings.")

Ill comes upon war's back.

Ill doers are ill thinkers. (*Gn.*)

Ill got, ill spent.

And that with gyle was gete, ungraciousliche be dispended.—*Piers Plowman* (1362), *passus* 17, *l.* 278.

Evill gotten goodes are evill spent, saied our curate upon Sondaie.—*Bullein's Dialogue* (1564).

Evil gotten, evil spent. (R.)

Ill-gotten goods seldom prosper. (R.)

Unrecht Gut thut nicht gut.—Ill-gotten goods do no good.—(*Germ.*)

To naught it goes, that comes from naught.

Della roba di mal acquista non se ne vede allegrezza.—(*Ital.*)

Vien presto consumato l'ingiustamente acquistato.—(*Ital.*)

Ill-gotten gain brings loss. — (*Euripides: Cyclops*, 312.)

(*See also Sophocles, p.* 478*b*.)

Les biens mal acquis s'en vont à vau-l'eau.—Wealth ill-got goes to naught.—(*Fr.*)

Lo bien ganado se pierde, y lo malo ello y su dueño.—Well-gotten wealth may lose itself, but ill-gotten loses its master too.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

An ill-wan penny will cast down a pound. (R. Sc.)

Unjust gains may be sweet in the mouth, but will be bitter in the belly. (*Gn.*)

Uebel gewonnen, übel zerronnen.—Ill won, ill spent.—(*Germ.*)

De rebus male acquisitis non gaudebit tertius heres.—A third heir never enjoys ill-gotten goods.—(*Latin, Joh. Bonif., Lib. de furt.*)

(*See Latin,* "Male parta male dilabuntur"; *also Proverb,* "Lightly come, lightly go," *and* "De male quæsitis," *p.* 511*b*; *also* "Lucrum malum," *p.* 503*a*.)

Ill hearing maks wrang rehearsing. (Sc.)

Ill herds make fat wolves. (R. Sc.)

Ill luck is good for something. (*Gn.*)

Ill natures, the more you ask them the more they stick. (G. H.)

Ill natures never want a tutor. (*Gn.*)

Ill news are aye ower true. (Sc.)

Ill news travels (or comes) apace.

Ill news hath wings.—(*Drayton; see p.* 120*b.*)

It is an old saying that Ill News hath wings and Good News no legs.—*Duchess of Newcastle: Sociable Companions*, i. 1 (1668).

Les mauvaises nouvelles ont des ailes.—Bad news has wings.—(*Fr.*)

Assez tôt vient a l'hôtel qui mauvaises nouvelles apporte.—He comes quickly enough to the house who brings bad news.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Trop tôt vient à la porte qui mauvaises nouvelles apporte.—He comes to the door too quickly who brings bad news.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Novella trista arriva presto.—(*Ital.*)

Le cattive nuove sono le prime.—Bad news is the first to arrive.—(*Ital.*)

El bien suena, y el mal vuela.—Good news is reported, but bad news flies.—(*Span.*)

Ill manners produce good laws. (*Gn.*)

Ill vessels seldom miscarry. (G. H.)

Ill weeds grow apace.

Evyl weed ys sone y growe.—(*Harl. MS.*, 1490.)

Ille weed groweth faste. (H., 1546.)

Ill weeds waxes weel. (R. Sc.)

Erba mala presto cresce.—(*Ital.; also in Dutch.*)

Pazzi crescono senza inaffiargli.—Fools grow without watering.—(*Ital.*)

Mauvaise herbe croît volontiers.—An ill weed grows of its own accord.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Onde Urter voxe mest, og forgaae senest.—Ill weeds grow soonest and last longest.—(*Dan.*)

Yerba mala no la empece la helada.—Ill weeds are not injured by frost.—(*Span.*)

Ill-will never said well. (R.)

Immediately, if not sooner.—*19th century phrase.**

Impatience never gets preferment. (*Gn.*)

Impudence commonly makes a fortune. (*Gn.*)

In August and at vintage-time there are no Sundays or Saints' days.—(*French proverb.*)

In a calm sea every man is a pilot. (R.)

Wenn das Schiff gut geht, will Jeder Schiffherr sein.—(*Germ.*)

In a fiddler's house all are dancers. (*Gn.*) (*From Ital.*)

In the house of a fiddler all fiddle. (G. H.) (*Also in Fr.*)

In a leopard the spots are not observed. (G. H.)

In an ermine spots are soon discovered. (*Gn.*)

In an enemy spots are soon seen. (*Gn.*)

In a long journey weigh straws. (G. H.)

In a retreat the lame are foremost. (G. H.)

In a thousand pounds of law there is not an ounce of love. (R.)

En cent livres de plait n'a pas une maille d'amour.—In a hundred pounds of law there is not one ha'porth of love.—(*Old Fr.*, V. 1498.)

In a hundred ells of contention there is not an inch of love. (G. H.)

In a thousand pounds worth of law there is not a shilling's worth of pleasure. (*Gn.*)

In all companies there are more fools than wise.

En toutes compaignies, il y a plus de folz que de saiges.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel* (1533).

In at one ear and out at the other. (R.)

Dentro da un orecchio e fuori dall' altro.—(*Ital.; and in most modern languages.*)

In bad luck, hold out; in good luck, hold in.—(*German proverb.*)

In choosing a wife and buying a sword we ought not to trust another. (G. H.)

In every art it is good to have a master. (G. H.)

In every country dogs bite. (G. H.)

In every country the sun riseth in the morning. (G. H.)

Il ne change pas de pays celui qui voit toujours le soleil.—He does not change his country who always sees the sun.—(*Fr.*)

In every fault there is folly.

In excess nectar poisons.—(*Hindoo.*)

In for a penny in for a pound. (R.)

In for a mill in for a million.—(*Quoted as a proverb by Emerson, Essay on Experience.* A "mill" = the 1,000th part of a dollar, an imaginary amount of money of account in the U.S.)

In good years corn is hay; in ill years straw is corn. (G. H.)

In long treaty lieth sometimes great falsehood.—*Melusine, ch.* 20 (c. 1500).

In love's wars he who flieth is conqueror. (*Gn.*)

In much corn there is some cockle.

In prosperity, caution; in adversity, patience.

Evils have their comfort; good none can support. (G. H.) (*Herbert adds,* "To wit, with a moderate and contented heart.")

In doubtful matters courage may do much; in desperate, patience. (*Gn.*)

In smooth water God help me! In rough water I will help myself.

Del agua mansa me guarde Dios; que de la brava me guardaré yo.—(*Span.*)
Da chi mi fido mi guardi Iddio;
Da chi non mi fido mi guarderò io.
—From whom I trust may God guard me; from whom I do not trust I will guard myself.—(*Ital.*)

In space comes grace. (R. Sc.)

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* *Cf.* Henryson, *p.* 162*a*: "For evermore I wait and longer too."

In spending lies the advantage. (G. H.)

In sports and journeys men are known. (G. H.)

In the coldest flint there is hot fire. (R.)

In the deepest water is the best fishing. (R.)

In the end we shall find out who stole the bacon.

A dernier saura on qui a menge le lart.—(*Old Fr.*, V. 1498.)

In the evening the idle man begins to be busy.

Abends wird der Faule fleissig.—(*Germ.*)

In the kingdom of a cheater the wallet is carried before. (G. H.)

In the land of the blind the one-eyed is king. (*From the Greek.*)

En la terre des aveugles celui qui n'a qu'un œil y est roi.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

In het land der blinden is een-oog koning.—(*Dutch.*)

In terra di ciechi beato chi ha un occhio.—In the land of the blind blessed is he who has one eye.—(*Ital.*)

In the morning mountains, in the evening fountains. (G. H.)

In the mouth of a bad dog falls often a good bone. (G. H.)

In the world who knows not to swim goes to the bottom. (G. H.)

In time comes he whom God sends. (G. H.)

In time comes she whom God sends. (R.)

In too much disputing truth is lost.

Par trop débattre la vérité se perd.—(*Fr.*)

In two measures of dates there is one measure of stones and more.—(*Hebrew.*)

In vain is the mill-clack, if the miller his hearing lack. (G. H.)

In water you may see your own face; in wine, the heart of another.

Im Wasser kannst du dein Antlitz sehn,
Im Wein des andern Herz espähn.—(*Germ.*)

Indolence is often taken for patience.—(*Fr.*

Industry is Fortune's right hand, and Frugality her left. (R.)

La diligencia es madre de la buena ventura.—Industry is the mother of good fortune.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote* 1, 46.)

Industry is the parent of success.

Industry is the parent of virtue.

Do falta dicha, por demas es diligencia.—Where luck is wanting diligence avails nothing.—(*Span.*)

Inexperienced men think all things easy. (*Gn.*)

Infatuation precedes destruction.—(*Hindoo.*) (*See* "Quem Deus vult perdere.")

Ingratitude is the child of pride.

La ingratitud es hija de la soberbia.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

Injuries we write in marble; kindnesses in dust.

Chi offende scrive nella rena; chi è offeso nel marmo.—He who offends, writes in sand; he who is offended, in marble.—(*Ital.*)

For men use if they have an evil turn to write it in marble; and who so doth us a good turn we write it in dust.—*Sir Thos. More.*

Injuries don't use to be written on ice. (*Gn.*)

(*See* "Men's evil manners live in brass."—*Shakespeare: Henry VIII.*, iv. 2.)

Insolence is pride with her mask pulled off. (*Gn.*)

Insults are like bad coins; we cannot help their being offered to us, but we need not take them.—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

Into a mouth shut flies fly not. (G. H.)

Bouche serrée, mouche n'y entre.—(*Fr.*)

In bocca chiusa non c'entran mosche.—(*Ital.*)

En boca cerrada no entra mosca.—(*Span.*)

A regnard endormi rien ne cheut en la gueule.—Nothing falls into the mouth of a sleeping fox.—(*Fr.*)

Invention breeds invention.—(*Emerson.*)

It is easy to add to other men's inventions. (*See Latin,* "Facile est inventis," *p.* 529*a.*)

Is it necessary to add acid to the lemon?—(*Hindoo.*)

It chanceth in an hour that comes not in seven years. (R.)

Accidit in puncto quod non contingit in anno.—It happens in a moment that comes not to pass in a year.—(*Latin.*)

Accasca in un punto quel che non accasca in cento anni.—That may happen in a moment which will not happen in a hundred years.—(*Ital.*)

Lo que no acerta en un ano, acerta en un rato.—That which may not happen in a year may happen in a very short space of time.—(*Span.*)

I do but wait a time and fortune's chance;
Oft many things do happen in one houre.
—*Sir T. Wyatt:* "*Whether liberty or life in prison to be preferred*" (*Tottel's Coll.*, 1557).

Ce advient en une heure que n'advient pas en cent.—That happens in an hour which does not happen in a hundred.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

It costs more to do ill than well. (G. H.)

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them. (*Gn.*)

It costs no more to amass great wealth than little.

Il coûte peu à amasser beaucoup de richesse, et beaucoup à en amasser peu.—(*Fr.*)

It is a bad cause that none dare speak in. (R.)

It is a bad sack which cannot be patched.

Cattivo è quel sacco che non si può rappezzare.—(*Ital.*)

It is a bad soil where no flowers grow. (*Gn.*)

It is a base thing to tear a dead lion's beard off. (*Gn.*)

It is a blind goose that knows not a fox from a fernbush. (*Gn.*)

It is a bold mouse that nestles in the cat's ear. (G. H.)

It is a dirty bird that fouls its own nest.

It's an ill bird that bewrays its own nest. (R.)

It's an ill bird that files its ain nest. (Sc.) (*Skelton, 1529.*)

Never cast dirt into the fountain of which thou hast sometime drunk.—(*Hebrew.*)

It is a folly to fret; grief's no comfort.

It is a foolish bird that stayeth the laying salt upon her tail. (*Gn.*)

It is a foolish sheep that makes the wolf his confessor. (R.)—(*Given as an Italian proverb.*)

It is a good blade that bends well. (*Gn.*)

It is a good dog that can catch anything. (R.)

It is a good horse that never stumbles,
And a good wife that never grumbles. (R.)

Il n'y a si bon cheval qui ne bronche.—(*Fr.*)

It is a good ill that comes alone. (*Gn.*)

It is a good tenant that pays once a quarter. —*Aphra Behn: False Count*, ii. 2 (1682).

It is a great victory that comes without blood. (G. H.) (*See Spanish* "Gran victoria," *p.* 716*a*.)

It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.

It is a hard winter when one wolf eats another.

It is a long lane that has no turning.

'Tis a long run that never turns. (R.)

He runs far that never turns.

He runneth far indeed that never returneth. (*Gn.*)

It is a pain both to pay and pray. (R. Sc.)

It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling.*—("*Dialogues*" *of Thomas Heywood.*)

It is an ill dog that deserves not a crust. (*Gn.*)

It is a poor heart that never rejoices.

It is a poor stake that cannot stand one year in the ground. (G. H.)

It is a proud horse that will not carry his own provender. (G. H.)

Superbo è quel cavallo che non si vuol portar la biada.—(*Ital.*)

It is a sad house where the hen crows loudest.

It is a sad house where the hen crows louder than the cock. (R.)

Trista è quella casa dove le galline cantano e'l gallo tace.—(*Ital.*)

Brouille sera à la maison si la quenouille est maitresses.—There will be discord in the house if the distaff rules.—(*Fr.*)

If the hen crows instead of the cock, there will be no peace in the farmyard.—(*Japanese.*) (*See* "A whistling woman," *p.* 729*b*.)

It is a silly fish that is caught twice with the same bait. (*Gn.*)

It is a silly flock where the ewe bears the bell. (R. Sc.)

It is a silly game where nobody wins. (*Gn.*)

It is a sin to lie on the devil. (R. Sc.)

It is a sorry goose that will not baste itself. (*Gn.*)

It is a sweet sorrow to bury an outrageous wife. (*Gn.*)

It is a wicked thing to make dearth one's garner. (G. H.)

It is a wicked world and we make a part of it. (*Gn.*)

It is a wise child that knows its own father. (R.)

It is a wise father that knows his own child.—(*See Shakespeare, p.* 282*b*.)

It is a worthier thing to deserve honour than to possess it. (*Gn.*)

It is always term time in conscience court.

It is always time to do good.

En tous les temps fait il bon bien faire.—It is always time to do well.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

It is an equal failing to trust everybody and to trust nobody. (*Gn.*)

It is an ill counsel that hath no escape. (G. H.)

It is an ill guest that never drinks to his hostess. (*Gn.*)

It is an ill guest that never drinks to his host. (R.)

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good (or profit).

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—*Shakespeare: Pt.* 3, *Henry VI.*, ii. 5.

It's an ill wind that blaws naebody gude. (Sc.)

It's an ill air where we gain nothing. (G. H.)

It's an ill air where nothing's to be gained. (R.)

It is an ill wind turns none to good.—(*Tusser; see p.* 374*a*.)

A quelque chose malheur est bonne.—Bad fortune is good for something.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

There is nothing so bad in which there is not something of good.—(*Hebrew.*)

Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere.—Often bad fortune does not lead to harm.—(*Ital.*)

Spesso d'un gran male nasce un gran bene.—Often out of a great evil a great good is born.—(*Ital.*)

(*See* "When God will" (*prov.*).)

It is as long a-coming as Cotswold barley. (*Gn.*)

It is better to be beloved than honoured. (*Gn.*)

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* The idea of a whistle or whistling as implying small value or worthlessness is found in the old sayings: "You may pipe in an ivy leaf," *Chaucer: Troilus*, c, 1133; "You may blow the buck's horn," *Chaucer: Miller's Tale*, 201; also in the phrase "to go blow one's flute."

It is better to be happy than wise. (R.)

Better to be happy than wise. (H., 1546.)

È meglio esser fortunato che savio.—It is better to be lucky than wise.—(*Ital.*)

Mieux vaut une once de fortune qu'une livre de sagesse.—An ounce of luck is worth more than a pound of wisdom.—(*Fr.*)

I would rather be ignorant of evils than wise.—(*Greek. Æschylus: Supplices*, 454.)

Ignorance is an advantage in misfortunes.—(*Greek. Euripides: Antiope.*)

(*See* "Where ignorance is bliss," *etc., under Gray.*)

It is better to have a hen to-morrow than an egg to-day. (*Gn.*)

It is cheap enough to say "God help you!"

It is day still while the sun shines. (R.)

It is difficult to be strong and not rash.—(*Japanese.*)

It is easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one. (G. H.)

It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.—*Poor Richard.*

It's easier to big lums (build chimneys) than to keep them reeking. (Sc.)

It is easier to get money than to keep it.

Gewinnen ist leichter als Erhalten.—(*Germ.*)

Weise Hut behält ihr Gut.—Wise care keeps what it has gained.—(*Germ.*)

It is easier to pull down than build. (R.)

It is easier to ridicule than to command. (*Gn.*)

It is easier to rule a kingdom than a family.—(*Japanese.*)

It is easy to bear the misfortunes of others.

El mal ageno de pelo cuelga.—Another man's misfortunes hang by a hair.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

When another man suffers, a piece of wood suffers.—(*Arabic.*)

The comforter's head never aches. (G. H.)—(*From Italian.*)

It is easy to hurt; it is hard to cure.

Verletzen ist leicht, heilen schwer.—(*Germ.*)

It is easy to open a shop, but hard to keep it open.—(*Chinese.*)

It is easy to rob an orchard when none keeps it. (R.)

It is easy to keep a castle that was never assaulted. (*Gn.*)

It is eith (easy) to cry zule (Christmas) on another man's cost. (R. Sc.)

It is fair in hall where beards wag all. (R. Sc.)

It is folly to live in Rome and strive with the Pope.

It is for want of thinking that most men are undone. (*Gn.*)

It is fortune (*or* chance) chiefly that makes heroes. (*Gn.*)

It is God's blessing that makes the pot boil. (*Gn.*)

It is good fishing in drumbling (troubled) waters. (R. Sc.)

On pêche bien en eau troublé.—(*Fr.*)

A rio revuelto, ganancia de pescadores.—(*Span.*)

In troebel water is't goed visschen.—(*Dutch.*)

It is good sheltering under an old hedge. (R.)

It is good sleeping in a heal (whole) skin. (R. Sc.) (*See Aphra Behn's "Lucky Mistake"* (c. 1689): "It was safe sleeping in a whole skin.")

It is good to go cross-legged and say prayers backward.—*Saying quoted in "Old Wives' Tale"* (1595).

It is good to have some friends both in heaven and hell. (G. H.)

It is good to hold the ass by the bridle. (G. H.)

It is good tying the sack before it be full. (G. H.)

It is hard to be high and humble. (*Gn.*)

It is hard to be wretched, but worse to be known so. (G. H.)

It is hard to carry a full cup.

It is hard to wive and thrive both in a year. (R.)

It is sayde full ryfe (often),
A man may not wyfe
And also thryfe,
And all in a yere.
—*Towneley Plays* (c. 1388), *No.* 12, *Shepherd's Play*, 1.

It is height makes Grantham's steeple stand awry. (*Gn.*)

It is ill baking without meal or water.

Ohne Mehl und Wasser, ist übel backen.—(*Germ.*)

It is ill to drive black hogs in the dark. (R.)

It is ill waiting for dead men's shoes.

He that waits for dead men's shoes may go long barefoot. (R.)

Qui attend les souliers d'un mort risque d'aller pieds nus.—(*Fr.; also in Dan.*)

He should wear iron shoon that bides his neighbour's death. (R. Sc.)

A longue corde tire qui d'autrui mort desire.—He pulls with a long rope that waits for another's death.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.) (*Given in the English form by Geo. Herbert.*)

A lunga corda tira chi la morte altrui desidera.—(*Ital.*)

It is in vain to look for yesterday's fish in the house of the otter.—(*Hindoo.*)

It is in vain to mislike the current fashion. (*Gn.*)

It is in vain to speak reason where it will never be heard. (*Gn.*)

It is lost labour to play a jig to an old cat. (*Gn.*)

It is more difficult to praise rightly than to blame. (*Gn.*)

It is more pain to do nothing than something. (G. H.)

It is na play where one greets (one weeps) and another laughs. (R. Sc.)

It is na time to stoop when the head is off. (R. Sc.)

It is natural to a greyhound to have a long tail. (*Gn.*)

It is never a bad day that hath a good night. (R.)

It is never too late to mend.

> It's never too late to repent. (R.)
>
> " Woman, amends may never come too late."—(*A Looking Glass for London and England, by Thos. Lodge and Robt. Greene*, c. 1590.)
>
> (*See Æschylus: Agamemnon.* " It is always in season for old men to learn." *See also* " Better late than never.")

It is no injury that is not meant an injury. (*Gn.*)

It is no good planting boiled potatoes.—*John Ploughman* (*C. H. Spurgeon*).

It is no sure rule to fish with a crossbow. (G. H.)

It is no use crying over spilt milk.

> No weeping for shed milk. (R.)
>
> Dove bisognan rimedj, il sospirar non vale.—Where remedies are required, sighing is of no avail. —(*Ital.*)
>
> Il vaut mieux tâcher d'oublier ses malheurs que d'en parler.—It is better to try to forget your troubles than to speak of them.—(*Fr.*)

It is not as thy mother says, but as thy neighbours say.—(*Hebrew, signifying that a mother's report is likely to be biassed.*)

It is not enough for a man to know how to ride; he must know how to fall.—(*Mexican.*)

It is not everyone that can pickle well. (*Gn.*)

It is not fair to tell names.—*Mrs. Centlivre's Beau's Duel, i. 1* (*printed* 1702). (*Quoted as " a saying.*")

It is not for everyone to catch a salmon. (*Gn.*)

It is not good to want and to have. (R. Sc.)

It is not lost that comes at last.

It is not necessary to teach a fish to swim.

> Il ne faut apprendre aux poissons à nager.—(*Fr.*)
>
> (*See* " Piscem natare," *p.* 620*b*.)

It is not the longest sword but the longest purse that conquers.—" *Favourite maxim*," *repeated several times by Defoe*.

It is not the coat that makes the gentleman. (*See* " Meat and cloth.")

> It's not the gay coat makes the gentleman. (R.)

It is not the most beautiful women whom men love most.

> Ce ne sont pas les plus belles qui font les grandes passions.—(*Fr.*)

It is not tint (lost) that is done to friends. (R. Sc.)

> It's no tint that a friend gets. (Sc.)

It is possible for a ram to kill a butcher. (R.)

It is safer to hear and take counsel than to give it. (*Gn.*)

It is safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him.

It is sin not to be angry with sin. (*Gn.*)

It is sure to be dark if you shut your eyes.

It is the abilities of the horse that occasions his slavery. (*Gn.*)

It is the first step which is troublesome.

> Ce n'est (*or* Il n'y a) que le premier pas qui coûte.—(*Fr.*)
>
> Il più duro passo è quello della soglia.—The hardest step is over the threshold.—(*Ital.*)
>
> *See Greek*, " The beginning is half of the whole "; *also Latin*, " Hæc dum incipias," *p.* 540*a*.)

It is the men, not the houses, that make the city. (*Gn.*)

It is the nature of the beast. (R.)

It is the place that shows the man. (*Gn.*)

It is the riches of the mind only that make a man rich and happy. (*Gn.*)

It is time to be wise when you have a beard.

> Il est temps d'être sage quand on a la barbe au menton.—(*Fr.*)

It is time to cock your hay and corn,
When the old donkey blows his horn.
—*Halliwell* (*Nature-Songs*), *with the comment that " the braying of an ass is said to be an indication of rain or hail.*"

It is time to marry when the woman woos the man. (*Gn.*)

It is time to set in, when the oven comes to the dough. (R.)

> It is time to yoke when the cart comes to the caples.—(*Cheshire.*) (R.)

It is too late to shut the stable-door when the horse is stolen.

> Whan the grete stede
> Is stole, than he taketh hede
> And maketh the stable-dore fast.
> —*Gower: Conf. Amantis*, c. 1390, *Bk.* 4, 812.
>
> Good it is to shette the stable before the hors be lost.—*Melusine.* (*Eng. tr.*, c. 1500, *of French 14th Cent. romance.*)
>
> À tard on ferme l'étable quand les chevaux sont perdus.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)
>
> Il est temps de fermer l'étable quand les chevaux en sont allés.—It is full time to shut the stable when the horses have gone.—(*Fr.*)
>
> Het is te laat den stal te sluiten als het paard gestolen is.—(*Dutch.*)

Det er for sildigt at skyde Brönden igien naar Barnet er druknet.—It is too late to cover the well when the child is drowned.—(*Dan.*)

Serrar la stalla quando s'han perduti i buoi.—(*Ital.*)

À tard crie l'oiseau quant il est pris.—The bird cries out too late when it is taken.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

De chose perdue le conseil en es pris.—When a thing is lost people take advice.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Give losers leave," *p.* 765*b*.)

The dam must be made before the flood comes.—(*Hindoo.*)

To cut a stick when the fight is over.—(*Japanese.*)

It is truth makes a man angry.

It is very hard to shave an egg. (G. H.)

Il trouverait à tondre sur un œuf.—He would find something to shave on an egg.—(*Fr.*)

It is weel said, but who will bell the cat? (R. Sc.)

It is well to buy when someone else wants to sell.

È buon comprare quando un altro vuol vendere.—(*Ital.*)

It is working that makes a workman. (*Gn.*)

It is worse to do than to revenge an injury. (*Gn.*)

It matters less to a man where he is born than how he can live.—(*Turkish.*)

It matters not what religion an ill man is of. (*Gn.*)

It needs more skill than I can tell
To play the second fiddle well.
—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

It never rains but it pours.

Non tuona mai che non piova.—It never thunders but it rains.—(*Ital.*)

It ought to be a good tale that is twice told. (*Gn.*)

It takes the gilt off the gingerbread.

"Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread."—*Jonson: Bartholomew Fair*, ii. 2 (1614).

It takes two to make a quarrel.

The second blow makes the fray.
The second word makes the fray.—(*Japanese.*)
(*See* "When two quarrel.")

It was fear that first put on arms. (*Gn.*)

It was surely the devil that taught women to dance and asses to bray. (*Gn.*)

It will be a wet month when there are two full moons in it.

It will be all the same a hundred years hence.

It is all one a hundred years hence. (R.)

A thousand pounds and a bottle of hay
Is all one thing at Doom's-day. (R.)

In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings and pence;
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.
—*Anon. Ritson: English Songs*, *Vol.* 2, 16.

It will not happen in a week of Sundays.

La sepmaine tant renommé par les annales, qu'on nomme la sepmaine des trois jeudis.—The week so renowned in the annals, which is called the week of three Thursdays.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel* (1533), *Prologue.*

To-morrow come never,
When two Sundays come together.
—*Halliwell: Proverb Rhymes.*

Zu Sanct-Nimmerstag.—On St. Never's Day.—(*Germ.*)

It's a gude heart that says nae ill, but a better that thinks nane. (Sc.)

It's a hard battle where none escapes. (Sc.)

It's a poor man that always counts his sheep.—(*Ovid.* *See* "Pauperis est," *p.* 617*b*.)

It's a rank courtesy when a man is forced to give thanks for his own. (R.)

It's an ill procession where the devil holds the candle. (R.)

It's an ill battle where the devil carries the colours. (R.)

It's as good to be in the dark as without light. (R.)

It's good to marry late or never. (R.)

It's hard sailing where there's no wind.

It's hard to sail over the sea in an egg-shell. (R.)

It's ill healing an old sore. (R.)

It's ill killing a crow with an empty sling. (R.)

It's ill living where everybody knows everybody.

It's ill talking between a full man and a fasting.

It's lang ere the deil dee by the dyke-side. (Sc.)

It's no use killing nettles to grow docks.

It's no use pumping a dry well.

It's not "What has she?" but "What is she?" (*See* "Non quare," *p.* 600*a*.)

It's one beggar's woe to see another by the door go. (R.)

Etiam mendicus mendico invidet.—Even a beggar envies another beggar.—(*Latin: from the Greek, Hesiod.*)

It's pity fair weather should do any harm. (R.)

It's poor friendship that needs to be constantly bought.

It's the clerk makes the Justice. (R.)

It is the Justice's clerk that makes the Justice. (*Gn.*)

It's the life of an auld hat to be weel cockit. (Sc.)

It's too late to cast anchor when the ship's on the rocks.

Jack is as good as Jill.

Jack of all trades, and master of none.

Jack will never make a gentleman.

Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French. (*Gn.*)

Jack's as good as his master.

Jeerers must be content to taste of their own broth. (*Gn.*)

Jest not with the eye, or with religion. (G. H.)

Con los ojos y la fé nunca me burlaré.—(*Span.*)

"Nec patitur ludum fama, fides, oculus."—Fame, confidence and the eye do not endure trifling with.

(*See* "You should never touch your eye but with your elbow.")

Jest with an ass and he will flap you in the face with his tail.

Jesting brings serious sorrows.

Jesting lies bring serious sorrows.

Jests spare no one.

Bons mots n'épargnent nuls.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Joan is as good as my lady, in the dark.—*Duchess of Newcastle: Sociable Companions, ii. 4* (1668).

When the light is taken away every woman is the same.—(*Greek.*)

Job was no schoolmaster.—*Dykes: Moral Reflexions* (1708). (*The saying is said to be proved by Job's patience.*)

Job was not so miserable in his sufferings as happy in his patience. (*Gn.*)

Joke at your leisure: ye kenna wha may jibe yoursel'. (Sc.)

Jouk (duck) an' let the jaups (splashes of mud) gae by. (Sc.)

Jouk, and let the jaw gae o'er.—*Allan Ramsay's Scottish Proverbs* (1737).

Sae we had better jook, until the jaw
Gang o'er our heads, than stand afor't and fa'.
—*Alexander Ross* (1699–1784): *Helenore.*

Jurists are bad Christians.

Juristen. böse Christen.—(*Germ.*)

Justice hath a nose of wax.

Das Recht hat eine wächserne Nase.—(*Germ.*)

Les lois ont le nez de cire.—Laws have a nose of wax.—(*Fr.*)

Justice pleaseth few in their own house. (G. H.)

Kail (broth) spares bread. (R. Sc.)

Kame sindle (seldom), kame sair. (Sc.) (Combing is a painful process if neglected.)

Kamesters are aye greasy. (R. Sc.) (People are like their trade.)

Keep a thing seven years, and ye'll find a use for it. (Sc.)

Lay things by, they may come to use. (*Gn.*)

Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number. (G. H.)

Juntate á los buenos y seras uno de ellos.—(*Span., Don Quixote 2, 32.*)

Llegádvos á la compañia de los buenos è seredes uno dellos.—(*Span. Another form of the same proverb.*)

Keep not ill men company lest you increase the number. (G. H.)

Keep oot o' his company wha cracks o' his cheatery (boasts of his knavishness). (Sc.)

Keep some till more come.

Keep something for a sair fit. (Sc.)

Keep something for a rainy day.

Keep the common road and thou'rt safe. (*Gn.*)

Keep the dogs near when you sup with the wolf.—(*Oriental.*)

Keep the rake near the scythe, and the cart near the rake.—(*Quoted by Emerson, Essay on Prudence.*)

Keep well is as great as winning.

As great a craft is kepe wel as winne.—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 3, 1634.

Keep well thy tongue and keep thy friend.—(*Chaucer; see p. 79a.*)

Giem din Mund, og giem din Ven.—Keep your mouth and keep your friend.—(*Dan.*)

Keep well while you are well.

Keep your ain fish-guts to your ain seamaws (*i.e.*, Keep your leavings for your own friends). (Sc.)

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half-shut afterwards.—(*American.*)

Keep your gab (mouth) steeket (shut) when ye kenna your company. (Sc.)

Keep your hurry in your fist.—(*Irish.*)

Keep your mouth shut and your een (eyes) open.

Keep your purse and your mouth close. (*Gn.*)

Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.—*Attributed by Steele (Spectator, No. 509) to Sir William Turner, "that valuable citizen."*

Mind your till and till your mind.—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

Ken when to spend, and when to spare,
And when to buy, and you'll ne'er be bare. (Sc.)

Ken yoursel' and your neebours winna misken you. (Sc.)

Kill not the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Every man has a goose that lays golden eggs, if he knew it.—(*American.*)

Sie streiten um ein Ei, und lassen die Henne fliegen.—They quarrel about an egg and let the hen fly.—(*Germ.*)

Kill two birds with one stone (or shaft).

To stop two gaps with one bush. (R.)

To stop two mouths with one morsel. (R.)

To kill two flies with one flap. (R.)

D'une pierre faire deux coups.—To make two hits with one stone.—(*Fr.*)

Pigliar due colombe con una fava.—To take two pigeons with one bean.—(*Ital.*)

Di un' dono far duei amici.—To make two friends with one gift.—(*Ital.*)

Kindle not a fire that you cannot put out.

Kindness begets kindness.—(*Cicero. See* "Benignitate," *p.* 497*a*.)

Gratia gratiam parit.—(*Latin.*)

Kindness cannot be bought for geir. (R. Sc.)

Kindness comes o' will; it canna be coft (bought). (Sc.)

Kindness lies not aye in ane side of the house. (R. Sc.)

Kindness o'ercomes a dislike. (Sc.)

Kindness will creep where it may not gang. (R. Sc.)

Kings alone are no more than single men. (*See* "Rex est major singulis," *p.* 646*a*.)

Kings and bears oft worry their keepers. (R. Sc.)

Kings are out of play. (R. Sc.)

Kings' caff is better than ither folks' corn. (R. Sc.)

Mas vale migaja de Rey que merced de Señor.—The king's leavings are better than the lord's bounty.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 1, 39.)

Kings hae long lugs (ears). (Sc.)

Kings hes long ears. (R. Sc.)

Kings have long arms.

Les rois ont les mains longues.—Kings have long hands.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "An nescis," *p.* 490*a*.)

Fürsten haben lange Hände und viele Ohren.—Princes have long hands and many ears.—(*Germ.*)

Kiss and be friends.—(*This expression is used by Swift: Letter, Jan., 1711.*)

Kissing goes by favour. (R.)

Knaves and fools divide the world. (R.)

Knaves are in such repute that honest men are accounted fools. (*Gn.*)

Knotty logs must have hard beetles.—*Quoted by John Rogers* (1572 ?–1636): *Sermon at Dedham.*

Knowledge is a treasure, but practice is the key to it. (*Gn.*)

Knowledge without practice makes but half an artist. (*Gn.*)

Knowledge is folly except grace guide it. (G. H.)

Ciencia es locura si buen senso no la cura.—Knowledge is madness if good sense does not direct it.—(*Span.*)

Knowledge is power.—*Bacon.*

Knowledge makes one laugh, but wealth makes one dance. (G. H.)

Labour as long lived; pray as ever dying. (G. H.)

Labour has a bitter root but a sweet taste.

Arbeide har en bitter Rod, men söd Smag.—(*Dan.*)

Labour warms, sloth harms.

Arbeid verwarmt, luiheid verarmt.—(*Dutch.*)

Lads will be men. (R. Sc.)

Laith (loth) to the bed, laith out of the bed. (R. Sc.)

Laith (loth) to the drink and laith fra it. (R. Sc.) (Slow to begin, difficult to stop.)

Lang ill, soon weel. (Sc.)

Land was never lost for want of an heir. (R.)

Last come, worst served.

Au dernier les os.—To the last comer the bones.—(*Fr.*)

Chi tardi arriva, mal allogia.—Who comes late is lodged ill.—(*Ital.*)

Les derniers venus sont souvent les maîtres.—The last comers are often the masters.—(*Fr.*) (*See Latin,* "Tarde venientibus," *p.* 669*a*.)

Last in bed, best heard. (R.)

Late fruit keeps well.

Spät Obst liegt lange.—(*Germ.*)

Laugh and grow fat.

Il riso fa buon sangue.—Laughter makes good blood.—(*Ital.*)

Law cannot persuade where it cannot punish. (*Gn.*)

Law is a bottomless pit. (*Title of Pamphlet* c. 1700, *see p.* 4*a*.)

Law is a lottery. (*See* "The glorious uncertainty of the law.")

Law is king. (Sc.)—*Cheviot says that this was a favourite saying with the Covenanters. Samuel Rutherfurd* (c. 1600–1661) *published* "*Lex Rex*" *in* 1644.*

Law licks up a'. (Sc.)

Law's costly: tak a pint and 'gree. (Sc.)

Lawsuits consume time, and money, and rest, and friends. (G. H.)

Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools. (G. H.)

Les maisons des avocats sont faictes de la teste des folz.—(*Old Fr.*)

Lazy people take the most pains.

Idle folks have the most labour. (R.)

Leal (loyal) heart leed (lied) never. (Sc.)

Lean liberty is better than fat slavery. (*Gn.*)

Learn a bad habit, and ye'll ca' 't a custom. (Sc.)

Learn weeping and thou shalt laugh gaining. (G. H.)

Learn young, learn fair;
Learn auld, learn mair. (Sc.)

Learned fools are the greatest fools.

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* Founded on *Gower's* "Do lawe away, what is a king?"

Un sot savant est sot plus qu'un sot ignorant.—A learned fool is a greater fool than an ignorant fool.—(*Fr.*)

Die gelehrte Narren sind über alle Narren.—Learned fools are above all fools.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "Learning makes the wise wiser," *etc.*)

Learning is a sceptre to some, a bauble to others.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself. (*Gn.*)

Learning makes the wise wiser, but the fool more foolish.

Learning makes a good man better, and an ill man worse. (*Gn.*)

Jean a étudié pour être bête.—Jack has studied in order to be a fool.—(*Fr.*)

Least said, soonest mended.—(*See Wither, p.* 391*a.*)

Little said, soon amended. (R.)

Little said, soon mendit. (R. Sc.)

Little said, soon amended;
Little money, soon spended.—(*Gn.*)

Muckle spoken, part spilt. (Much spoken, part will be lost.) (Sc.)

Leave a jest when it pleases you best.

Leave jesting whiles it pleaseth, lest it turn to earnest. (G. H.)

Long jesting was never good. (G. H.)

Lascia la burla quando più piace.—Drop the jest when it pleases most.—(*Ital.*)

A la burla dejarla quando mas agrada.—(*Span.*)

Leave a welcome behind you.

Leave Ben Lomond where it stands. (Sc.).

Leave it if you cannot mend it.

Leave not the meat to gnaw the bones,
Nor break your teeth on worthless stones.

Leave something for manners.

Leave off first for manners' sake.—*Ecclesiasticus* 31, 17.

Leave the court before the court leave thee (R. Sc.)

Leave to-morrow till to-morrow.

Leaves enough, but few grapes.

Lend only what you can afford to lose.

Lend thy horse for a long journey; thou mayest have him return with his skin. (R.)

Lend your money to a city, but never to a man.—(*Japanese.*)

Less of your courtesy and more of your purse. (R.)

Weniger Rath und viele Hände.—Less counsel and more hands.—(*Germ.*)

Let a man say what he will,
An ill man will turn it ill.

Let ae deil ding another. (Sc.)

Let all live as they would die. (G. H.)

Let alone makes mony a loon. (R. Sc.)

Let an ill man lie in thy straw and he looks to be thy heir. (G. H.)

Let anger's fire be slow to burn.

Let bygones be bygones.

Erase que se era.—What hath been hath been—(*Span.*)

Let each tailor mend his own coat.

Let every fox take care of his own brush.

Let every herring hang by its own tail.—(*Irish.*)

Let every man talk of what he understands.

Cada qual hablé en lo que sabe.—(*Span.*)

Let every pedlar carry his own burden. (R.) (*See Galatians 6, 5, p* 429*a.*)

Let every man carry his own sack to the mill. (*Fr. and Germ.*)

Let every tailor keep to his goose.

Let George do it.—*American saying, specially current during the war, 1914–1918. It means "Let the other fellow do it," and comes from the French.*

Laissez faire à George, il est l'homme d'âge.—Leave it to George, he is the man of years.—(*Old Fr. Saying*, said to have been traced to the time of Louis XII (1498–1515.)

Let him fry in his own grease. (*Gn.*)

Let them cool in the same they grew hot in.—*Quoted as a prov. in* 1706 (*Letter by Earl of Mar to Sir D. Nairne.*)

Let him set up shop on Goodwin Sands. (R.)

Let him tak' his fling, and find oot his ain weeht (weight). (Sc.)

Let him who knows not how to pray, go to sea.

Let him who knows the instrument play upon it.

Quien las sabe las tañe. (*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Die 't spel niet kan
Die blijv 'er van.
—Who cannot play should not touch the instrument.—(*Dutch.*)

Let none say, I will not drink water. (G. H.)

No diga nadie, de esta agua no beberé.—Let no one say, "I will not drink of this water."—(*Span.*)

Let not plenty make you dainty.

Let not poverty part good company.

Let not the grass grow on the path of friendship.—(*American-Indian.*)

Let people laugh as long as I am warm.—(*From the Spanish.*)

Andeme yo caliente, y riase la gente.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Let people talk and dogs bite.

Lass die Leute reden und die Hunde bellen.—(*Germ.*)

Let sleeping dogs lie.

It is not good a sleeping hound to wake.—(*Chaucer: Troilus*, 1, 640.)

It is evil waking of a sleeping dog. (H., 1546.)

Wake not a sleeping lion.—(*From the Countryman's New Commonwealth*, 1647.)

Wake not a sleeping wolf.—(*Shakespeare, Henry IV., Part 2; see p.* 315*a*.)

It is ill to wakin sleeping dogs. (R. Sc.)

Il fait mal éveiller le chien qui dort.—(*Modernised from a French MS. of the 13th century.*)

N'eveille point le chat qui dort.—Do not wake a sleeping cat.—(*Fr.* 1555.)

Esveiller le chat qui dort.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel*, 1533.)

Quieta non movere.—Do not disturb things at rest.—(*Latin, see* "Stare decisis," *p.* 662*b*.)*

Non destare il can che dorme.—Do not wake the dogs who sleep.—(*Ital.*)

Non stuzzicare il can che dorme.—(*Ital.*)

Den slafenden Hund sal nymant wecken.—(*Old Germ.*)

Lass den Hund schlafen.—Let the dog sleep.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "When sorrow is asleep wake it not"; *also* "To stir up a hornets' nest.")

(*See also the Latin*, "Ne moveas Camarinam.")

Let the best horse leap the hedge first. (*Gn.*)

Let the church have leave to stand in the churchyard. (*Gn.*)

Let the cobbler stick to his last. (*See* "Ne sutor," *Latin.*)

Let the drunkard alone, and he will fall of himself.—(*Hebrew.*)

Let the tow (rope) gang wi' the packet. (Sc.)

Let those laugh that win.

He laugheth that winneth. (H., 1546.)

Give winners leave to laugh, for if you do not they'll take it. (R.)

They laugh aye that winnes. (R. Sc.)

Marchand qui perd ne peut rire.—The merchant who loses cannot laugh.—(*Fr.*)

Let us have a talk in my house, and dinner in yours.—(*Telugu.*)

Let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
The river Eden will run as it ran.
—*Old Rhyme.*

Let (*or* leave) well alone.

Chi sta bene non si muove.—Who stands well should not move.—(*Ital.*) (*Said to have been the reply of Nick. Poussin when asked to return from Rome to Paris.*)

Let women spin, not preach. (*Gn.*)

Cada puta hile.—Let every wench spin.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Let your purse be your master. (R.)

Liars have short wings. (R.)

Lügen haben kurze Beine.—Lies have short legs.—(*Germ.*)

Lies and Latin go round the world.

Lögn og Latin löbe Verden omkring.—(*Danish.*)

A lie travels round the world while truth is putting on her boots.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Lies hunt in packs.

Lies may be acted as well as spoken.

Lies take a deal of killing.

Life is half spent before we know what it is. (G. H.)

La vie est moitié usée avant qu'on ne sache ce qu'est la vie.—(*Fr.*)

Life lieth not in living, but in liking. (R.).

Il n'est vie que d'être aisé.—It is not life unless you are at ease.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.) (*See Latin, Martial*, "Non est vivere," *p.* 598*a*.)

Life without a friend is death without a witness. (G. H.)

Life without a friend is death with a vengeance. (*Gn.*)

Life would be too smooth without rubs in it.

Das Leben heisst Streben.—Life means strife.—(*Germ.*)

Light another's candle, but don't put your own out.

Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy. (G. H.)

Light burdens far heavy. (R.)

Petit fardeau poise à longue.—(*Fr.*)

Leichte Bürden werden ferne schwer.—(*Germ.*)

Light cheap, lither yield (*i.e.* What costs little yields badly). (R.)

And men say, Lyghte chepe letherly for-yeldys.
—*Towneley's Plays, No.* 13, *l.* 169.

Light Christmas, light wheatsheaf;
Dark Christmas, heavy wheatsheaf.
—(*Kentish, said to refer to full or new moon at Christmas.*)

A light Christmas a heavy sheaf. (R.)

Light gains make heavy purses—(*Bacon, Essay of Ceremonies.**)

Light gains make a heavy purse. (R.)

Le petit gain remplit le bourse.—(*Fr.*)

Klein gewin brengt rijkdom in.—Small gains bring in wealth.—(*Dutch*)

Kleiner Profit und oft, ist besser wie grosser und selten.—Small and frequent gains are better than large ones and seldom.—(*Germ.*)

Poco e spesso empie il borsetto.—Little and often fills the purse.—(*Ital.*) (*See* "Small profits and quick returns," *p.* 835*a*.)

Light supper makes long life.

He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy. (G. H.)

Come poco y ceno mas poco.—Dine lightly and sup more lightly still.—(*Span.*)

By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured. (G. H.)

He wrongs not an old man that steals his supper from him. (G. H.) (*Given as Span.*)

Come poco y ceno mas,
Duerme en alto y viviras.
—Dine lightly, and sup more plentifully; sleep high up and live long.—(*Span., Lorenzo Palmireno.*)

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* "Quieta movere magna merces videbatur."—To disturb things at rest seemed to be a great source of revenue.—*Sallust: Catilina*, 21.

* Bacon, in explanation, says: "For light gains come thick, whereas great come but now and then."

Qui couche avec le soif se lève avec la santé.—Who goes to bed thirsty rises healthy.—(*Fr.*)

Prandium exiguum cœna liberalior excipiat.—A more generous supper may follow a light dinner.—(*Latin.*)

Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating.—*Ecclesiasticus* 21, 20.

Chi ben cena ben dorme.—Who sups well sleeps well.—(*Ital.*) (*See* "Who goes to bed supperless.")

Ex magnâ cœnâ stomacho fit maxima pœna;
Ut sis nocte levis, sit tibi cœna brevis.
—From a great supper comes a great pain; that you may sleep lightly sup lightly.—(*Latin, Mediæval.*) (*See* "Feed sparingly," *p.* 760*b.*)

Light your lamp before it becomes dark.—(*Arabic.*)

Die keerse die voorgaet
Die licht liest.—(*Flemish.*)

Lightly come, lightly go.—*Times Whistle* (1614), *l. 2828.*

Lightly comes, lightly goes. (R. Sc.)

Soon gotten, soon spendit. (R. Sc.)

Ligt gekomen, ligt gegaan.—(*Dutch.*)

Lightly as it cometh, so mot it pace.—*Balade* (c. 1377) *Against Women Unconstant* (*prob. by Chaucer.*)

Losing money is begotten of winning.—(*Chinese.*)

Evil gotten, evil spent. (R.)

Ce qui vient de la flûte s'en retourne au tambour—What is gained by the flute goes by the drum—(*Fr., Ballet des Proverbes*, 1654.)

Levis impressio, levis recessio.—(*Latin. Quoted by Chaucer: Troilus*, 2, 1238.)

(*See* "Ill got, ill spent"; *also Seneca,* "*De Brev vit.*," 17: "Omne enim quod fortuito evenit instabile est."—All that comes by chance is unstable.)

Like a dying duck in a thunderstorm.

What meaneth he by winking like a Goose in the raine?—*Bullein's Dialogue against the Fever and Pestilence* (1564 *ed.*).

Like a hog, he does no good till he dies. (*Gn.*)

Like Ascension Day, it neither advances nor goes back.—*French proverb.* (*Ascension Day is always on a Thursday, whatever the month.*)

Like author, like book. (R.)

Like Banbury tinkers, that mend one hole and make three. (*Gn.*)

Like blood, like good, and like age
Make the happiest marriage. (R.)

Gleiches Blut, gleiches Gut und gleiche Jahre,
Machen die besten Heirathspaare.—(*Germ.*)

Like cures like.

Similia similibus curantur.—(*Latin.*)

Like draws to like, the whole world over.

Like father like son.

Tel père, tel fils.—(*Fr.*)

Qualis pater, talis filius.—(*Latin, quoted in Piers Plowman,* 1362.)

Such a father such a son. (R.)

Like mother like daughter.

We may not expect a good whelp from a bad dog.—(*Hebrew.*)

Like Cowe, like Calfe.—*Bullein's Dialogue* (1578 *ed.*)

Like Flanders mares, fairest afar off. (*Gn.*)*

Like lips, like lettuce. (R.)

A tal labbra tal lattuga.—(*Ital.*)

Wie das Maul, also der Salat.—(*Germ.*)

Like master, like land.

Tant vaut l'homme, tant vaut sa terre.—As a man is worth such is the worth of his land.—(*Fr*)

Like master, like man,
Like mistress, like Nan.—(*See Tusser, p.* 374*b.*)

Qualis dominus, talis est servus.—*Petronius Arbiter: Sat.* 58.

A tel seigneur, tels serviteurs.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.) (*See Isaiah* 24, 2.)

Wie der Herr, so der Knecht; wie die Frau, so die Magd.—(*Germ.*)

Il n'aura bon varlet qui ne le nourrît.—He will not have a good servant who does not treat him well.—(*Fr.*, V. 1948.)

Tel maître tel valet.—(*Fr.*)

Tel chapelain, tel sacristan.—(*Fr.*)

Al amo imprudente, el mozo negligente.—The imprudent master has a negligent servant.—(*Span.*)

Si bien canta el abad, no le va en zaga el monacillo.—If the abbot sings well the novice is not far behind him.—(*Span., Don Quixote,* 2, 25.)

Si l'abbé chante bien, le novice se mettra vite à l'unison.—If the abbot sings well the novice soon gets in harmony with him.—(*Fr.*)

Le moine répond comme l'abbé chante.—The monk responds as the abbot sings.—(*Fr.*)

Como canta el abad responde el monacillo.—As the abbot sings the monk replies.—(*Span.*)

Qualis hera, tales pedisequæ.—Like mistress, like waiting women.—(*Latin. Cicero.*)

The sleepy master makes his servant a lout. (G. H.)

Like priest, like people. (R.)

Ut populus, sic sacerdos.—Like people like priest.—(*Latin.*) (*Quoted by St. Bernard* (*b.* 1091, *d.* 1153) *as a saying. St. Bernard, however, adds in reference to the evil example of priests, that the saying no longer held good, because the people were not as bad as the priests.*)

Like prince, like people.

Qualis rex, talis grex.—Such a king, such a people.—(*Latin.*)

Quales in republica principes essent tales reliquos solere esse cives.—Such as the chief persons were in the republic such were wont to be the other citizens.—*Cicero: Sp. ad Lentulum, Bk.* 1. (*Quoted as Plato's saying.*)

Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.—The fickle crowd changes always with [the disposition of] the prince.—*Mediæval. Quoted in this form in Sir D. Lyndesay's "Satire of the Three Estates," l.* 1051.

Qual o Rei, tal a lei; qual a lei, tal a grei. Like king, like law; like law, like people.—(*Port.*)

Like saint, like offering. (R.)

Such a saint, such an offering. (G. H.)

A tel saint, tel offrende.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A tal santo, tal offerta.—(*Ital.*)

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* In allusion to Henry VIII.'s disappointment with Ann of Cleves when he saw her, and his reported reference to her as "a Flanders mare."

Like Teague's (the Irishman's) cocks, that fought one another, though all on the same side. (*Gn*).

Like to die mends not the kirk-yard. (R. Sc.)

Like will to like. (H., 1546).—(*From the Greek and Latin*)

Pares cum paribus facillime congregantur.—Like very readily gathers together with like.—(*Quoted by Cicero as an ancient proverb.*)

But like to like, the collier and the devill.—*The Times Whistle* (c. 1614), *l.* 3097.*

Like will to like, as the Devil said to the collier. (R.)

Gleich und Gleich gesellt sich gern, sprach der Teufel zum Köhler.—Like will to like, as the devil said to the charcoal-burner.—(*Germ.*)

Chacun cherche son semblable.—(*Fr.*)

Chacun demande sa sorte.—(*Fr.*)

Ogni simile appetisce il suo simile.—(*Ital.*)

Gelijk bij gelijk, Jan bij Lijs.—Like to like, Jack to Lizzie.—(*Dutch.*)

Like to like, and Nan for Nicholas. (R.)

Like draws to like, and a scabbed horse to an auld dyke. (R. Sc.)—(*From the Danish.*)

Qui se ressemble, s'assemble.—Those who resemble each other assemble with each other.—(*Fr.*)

For like to like, the proverb saith.—*Sir T. Wyatt: The Lover Complaineth*, c. 1525.

For as saith a proverb notable,
Each thing seeketh his semblable.
—*Sir T. Wyatt: The Re-cured Lover*, c. 1525.

Like pleases like.—(*Greek.*)

Like is dear to like.—(*Greek.*) (*See Homer*, 481.)

Simile gaudet simili.—(*Latin.*)

Likely lies in the mire and unlikely goes by it. (R. Sc.)

Lincoln was and London is.

There is a proverb, part of which is this,
They say that Lincoln was and London is.
—*Taylor's Merry-Wherry-Ferry Voyage* (1622).

Lions are not frightened by cats.

Lippen (trust) to me, but look to yoursel'. (Sc.)

Listeners never (*or* seldom) hear good of themselves. (R.)

He that listens after what people say of him shall never have peace. (*Gn.*)

Listen at a hole, and ye'll hear news o' yoursel'. (Sc.)

Look through a keyhole and your eyes will be sore.

Escuchas al agujero; oirás de tú mal y del ageno.—Listen at the keyhole; you will hear ill of yourself as well as of your neighbour.—(*Span.*)

He that keeks (peeps) through a keyhole may see what will vex him. (Sc.)

Little and good.

Little things are pretty. (R.)

That little which is good fills the trencher. (R.)

Peu et bien.—Little and good.—(*Fr.*)

There is grace in small things.—(*Greek.*)

Little and good.—(*Hebrew.*)

A little and good fills the trencher. (G. H.)

Little and often fills the purse. (R.)

I guadagni mediocri empiono la borsa.—Moderate gains fill the purse.—(*Ital.*)

Wenig und oft macht zuletzt viel.—Little and often make much at last.—(*Germ.*)

The greatest burdens are not the gainfullest (R.) (*See* "Light gains," p. 801*b*.)

Little bantams are great at crowing.

Little birds may pick a dead lion. (*Gn.*)

Little boats must keep the shore;
Larger ships may venture more. (R.)

Little bodies have great souls. (R.)

Little by little the bird builds its nest.

Petit à petit l'oiseau fait son nid.—(*Fr.*)

Little children, little sorrows; big children, big sorrows.

Smaae Börn, smaae Sorger; store Börn, store Sorger.—(*Dan.; also in Germ.*)

Fanciulli piccioli, dolor di testa; fanciulli grandi, dolor di cuore.—Little children, head-ache; big children, heart-ache.—(*Ital.*)

Little chips light great fires.

Little sticks kindle the fire; great ones put it out. (G. H.)

A little wind kindles; much puts out the fire. (G. H.)—(*Founded on Latin,* "Lenis alit flammam.")

Pequenas rachas accendem o fogo, e os madeiros grossos o sustentão.—Little chips kindle the fire, and great logs sustain it.—(*Port.*)

Little dogs start the hare, the great get her. (G. H.)

I picciol cani trovano, ma i grandi hanno la lepre.—The little dogs find, but the big ones get the hare.—(*Ital.*)

Little enemies and little wounds are not to be despised.

Kleine Feinde und kleine Wunden sind nicht zu verachten.—(*Germ.*)

Little fire burns up much corn.—*Quoted as an old proverb in Lytton's What will he do with it, Book 8, ch. 1.*

Little fish are sweet.

Klein vischje zoet vischje.—Little fish are fish.—(*Dutch.*)

Little fishes should not spout at whales.

Little folk are soon angry. (Sc.)

The little pot is soon hot.
Eene kleine pot wordt haast heet.—(*Dutch.*)

Little gear, less care.

Nothing have, nothing crave. (R.)
(*See* "He that hath nothing," *p.* 778*b*.)

Little good is soon spendit. (R. Sc.)

Little griefs are loud, great griefs are silent.

I gran dolori sono muti.—Great sorrows are silent.—(*Ital.*)

Little heads may contain much learning.

En petit tête gît grand sens.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

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* Grim the Collier figures in Ulpian Fulwell's morality, *Like will to Like* (1561).

Little intermeddling makes good friends. (R. Sc.)

Little is done when everyone is master. (*See* "Everybody's business," *p.* 758*a*.)

Little journeys and good cost bring safe home. (G. H.)

Little kens the wife, that sits by the fire,
How the wind blows cold in hurle burle swyre.
(R. Sc.)[*]

Little losses amaze, great tame. (G. H.)

Little may an old horse do if he may not neye. (R. Sc.)

Little odds between a feast an' a fu' wame (stomach). (Sc.)

Little pigs eat great potatoes.

Providence often puts a large potato in a little pig's way.

Die dümmsten Bauern haben die dicksten Kartoffeln.—The stupidest peasants have the biggest potatoes.—(*Germ.*)

Little pitchers have long ears.

Small pitchers have wide ears. (H. 1546.)

Little pitchers have wide ears. (G. H.)

Petit chaudron, grandes oreilles.—(*Fr.*)

Pitchers have ears.—(*Shakespeare; see p.* 276*b*.)

Little strokes fell great oaks.† (R.)

Multis ictibus dejicitur quercus.—The oak is felled by many strokes.—(*Latin*.)

Petit homme abat grand chêne.—A little man fells a great oak.—(*Fr.*)

Kleine houwen vellen groote eiken.—(*Dutch*.)

Little thieves we hang, great ones we let go free.—(*From the German*.)

Little things please little minds. (*See Ovid*, "Parva leves," *p.* 616*a*.)

A small heart hath small desires. (G. H.) (*See* "A small pack"; *also Disraeli, p.* 116*b*: "Little things affect little minds.")

Little troubles are great to little people.

Little troubles the eye, but far less the soul. (R. Sc.)—(*From Horace, see* "Quæ lædunt," *p.* 628*a*.)

Little wealth, little sorrow.

Little wealth, little care. (G. H.)

Peu de bien, peu de soin.—Little wealth, little care.—(*Fr.*)

Little wit in the head maks muckle travel to the feet. (Sc.)

Little wood, much fruit.

Weinig houts, veel vruchten.—(*Dutch*.)

Live and learn.

Vivendo s'impara.—(*Ital.*)

Il n'y a qu'à vivre pour apprendre.—(*Fr.*)

Live and let live. (R.)

Vivi, e lascia vivere.—(*Ital.*)

Leben, und leben lassen.—(*Germ.*)

Let-a-be (let alone) for let-a-be. (Sc.)

Live in to-day, not for to-day.

Live not to eat, but eat to live. (*See the maxim of Socrates, p.* 471*b*; *also* "Edere oportet," *p.* 521*a*.)

Live to learn, and learn to live.

Live with a singer, if you would learn to sing.

Liveless, faultless. (R. Sc.)

Living upon trust is the way to pay double (*Gn.*)

Living well is the best revenge. (G. H.)

Loans and debts
Make worries and frets.

Loaves put awry in the oven come out awry.

A mal enfourmer on fait les pains cornuz.—(*Fr.*) (*Quoted by Rabelais*, 1521.)

Lock your door and keep your neighbours honest. (*Gn.*)

London Bridge was made for wise men to pass over, and for fools to pass under. (R.)

Bridges were made for wise men to walk over and fools to ride over. (R.)

London lickpenny. (*See Lydgate, p.* 203*a*.)

Long absent, soon forgotten. (R.)

Longue demeure fait changer ami.—Long absence changes a friend.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Long expected comes at last.

Long looked for comes at last. (R.)

Man murmelt so lange von einem Dinge, bis es geschieht.—(*Germ.*)

Long hair, little wit.

Longues cheveux, courte cervelle.—(*Fr.*)

Long are a woman's locks, but short a woman's wits.—(*Russian*.)

Long lent is not given.

Long standing and little offering makes a good price. (R. Sc.)

Long talk makes short work.

Longer lives a good fellow than a dear year. (R.)

Look above you, and then about you.

Look after Number One.

Nemo sibi secundus.—No one is second to himself.—(*Latin*.) (*Quoted by Rabelais, Letter, Feb.* 15, 1536, *as being an old proverb*.) (*See* "Close sits my shirt," *p.* 748*a*; *and* "Self do, self have." p. 832*a*.

Look at the bright side.

Look at your corn in May,
And you'll come weeping away;
Look at the same in June,
And you'll come home to another tune. (R.)

Look before you leap.[*]

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[*] Harle-Burle-Swire, a gusty passage through a mountain ridge between Nithsdale and Tweeddale and Clydesdale. *See* Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor, ch.* 6.

See Shakespeare (p. 318*a*): "And many strokes, though with a little axe."

[*] Ray adds: "For snakes among sweet flowers do creep."

He that looks na ere he loup, will fa' ere he wit o' himsel'. (R. Sc.)

Look whair thou licht before thou lowp
And slip na certainty for howp.
—*Cherry and the Slae.* (Sc.)

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.—(*Heywood*, 1546; *also Tusser, see p.* 375*a*.)

Guarda innanzi che tu salti.—Take care before you leap.—(*Ital.*)

Erst besinn 's, dann beginn 's.—First consider, then begin.—(*Germ.*)

Look before you, or you'll have to look behind you.

Look not for musk in a dog's kennel. (G.H.)

Look not too high,
Lest a chip fall in your eye.
—*Dykes: Moral Reflexions* (1708).

Look high and fall low. (*Gn.*)

Look out for squalls, but don't make them.

Look to the main chance. (R.)

Lookers-on see most of the game.

A looker on may see more than a gamester.—(*Quoted by Bacon.*)

Lookers-on see more than the players.

Standers by see more than gamesters. (R.)

Lose nothing for asking. (R.)

Many things are lost for want of asking. (G. H.)

Loss of honour is loss of life.

He that loseth his honesty hath nothing else to lose.—(*Lyly: see p.* 203*a*.)

Fidem qui perdit, perdere ultra nil potest.—He who loses honour can lose nothing else.—(*Latin, Publilius Syrus, p.* 532*b*.)

Ehren und Leben kann Niemand zurück geben.—No man can restore honour and life.—(*Germ.*)

El hombre sin honra peor es que un muerto.—A man without honour is worse than dead.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

(*See Shakespeare,* "Mine honour is my life," *p.* 312*a*; *also,* "If I lose mine honour I lose myself."—*Antony and Cleopatra,* p. 307*b*.)

Lost time is never found. (*See Chaucer,* "For time ylost," *p.* 79*b*.)

Love and a cough cannot be hid. (G. H.)

Love and a sneeze can't be hid.

Love and a red nose cannot be hid.—(*Holcroft: Duplicity* (*1781*) *ii. 1.*)

Nature and love cannot be concealed.

Love and light winna hide. (Sc.)

Love and murder will out.—(*Congreve: Double Dealer* (*1694*) *iv 2.*)

Love and poverty are hard to hide.

Amor tussisque non celantur.—(*Latin.*)

Amor, la tousse et la galle ne se peuvent céler.—Love, a cough, and gall cannot be hid.—(*Fr.*)

Nè amor, nè tosse, nè rogna, nè panza, no se po sconder.—Love, a cough, the itch, and the stomach cannot be hid.—(*Ital., Venetian.*)

L'amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher.—Love and smoke cannot be hid.—(*Fr.*)

El amor verdadero no sufre cosa encubierta.—True love endures no concealment.—(*Span.*)

Lieben und Husten lassen sich nicht verbergen.—Love and a cough will not let themselves be hidden.—(*Germ.*)

Love and business teach eloquence. (G. H.)

Love and lordship like no fellowship.—*Chaucer: Knightes Tale, 767.*

Love and lairdship like nae marrows (rivals) (*Sc.*)

Love never desires a partner. (*Gn.*)

Amor e signoria non voglion compagnia.—(*Ital.*)

Amour et seigneurie ne se tiendriont jamais compagnie.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498; *also in Romaunt de Rose, l.* 8487.)*

Love and pride stock Bedlam. (*Gn.*)

Love asks faith, and faith firmness. (G. H.)

Chi ama, crede.—Who loves, believes.—(*Ital.*)

Love being jealous makes a good eye look asquint. (R.)

Love makes a good eye squint. (G. H.)

Love and jealousy are sindle sindry (seldom separated). (Sc.)

Amor è di sospetti fabro.—Love is the maker of suspicions.—(*Ital.*)

Chi ama, teme.—Who loves, fears.—(*Ital.*)

Love betters what is best.

Love does much, but money does more. (*Gn.*)

Liebe kann viel, Geld kann alles.—Love can do much, gold can do everything.—(*Germ.*)

Amour fait moult, argent fait tout.—(*Fr.*)

Amor fa molt, argent fa tot.—(*Span.*)

L'amour fait rage, mais l'argent fait mariage.—Love makes passion, but money makes marriage.—(Fr.)

Love has na luck. (R. Sc.)

Love is blind. (R.)

Amor è cieco ma vede da lontano.—Love is blind but sees afar.—(*Ital.*)

Love is master of all arts. (*See Gower, p.* 152*a*.)

Di tutte le arti maestro è amore.—(*Ital.*)

Love is not found in the market. (G. H.)

Love is not what it used to be.

On n'aime plus comme on aimait jadis.—(*Fr.*)

Love is the true price of love. (G. H.) (*See* "Amor gignit amorem," *p.* 189*b*.)

Love lives in cottages as well as in courts. (R.)

Love makes all equal.

Amor tutti eguaglia.—(*Ital.*)

El amor iguala todas las cosas.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Love makes all hearts gentle. (G. H.)

Love makes one fit for any work. (G. H.)

Love makes clever hands. (Sc.)

Love me little, love me long. (H., 1546.)

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* The meaning of the Italian and French maxims appears to be that love and high position do not go together; that of the English and Scottish, that love and rulership endure no rivalry. All are from Ovid's "Non bene conveniunt," *see* p. 596*a*.

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.—*Ballad*, c. 1570.

Aime-moi un peu, mais continue.—(*Fr.*)

Amami poco, ma continua.—(*Ital.*)

Elsk mig lidt og elsk mig længe.—(*Dan.*)

Love me, love my dog. (H., 1546.)

Whosoever loveth me loveth my hound.—(*Sir Thomas More, see p.* 234*b.*)

Qui m'aime il aime mon chien.—*Fr.* 13*th Century, according to Le Roux de Lincy's "Livre des Proverbes français," 2nd ed.*, 1859.

Qui me eyme eme mon chien.—*Old Fr. MS., Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge.*

Qui me amat amat et canem meum.—*St. Bernard* (*d.* 1153) : *Sermon, In Festo Sancti Michaelis, Sec.* 3.

Qui aime Jean aime son chien.—Who loves Jack loves his dog.—(*Fr.*)

Spesse volte si ha rispetto al cane per il padrone.—(*Ital.*)

He that strikes my dog would strike me, if he durst. (*Gn.*)

Love of wit makes no man rich. (*Gn.*)

Love rules without a sword;
Love binds without a cord.

Love rules his kingdom without a sword. (G. H.)

Amor regge il suo regno senza spada.—(*Ital.*)

Amor regge senza legge.—Love rules without law.—(*Ital.*)

Love speaks nae ill; envy thinks nae gude. (Sc.)

Love will creep where it cannot go.—*Wily Beguiled, l. 2445; Shakespeare: Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2.*

Love will make an ass dance.

L'amour apprend aux ânes à danser.—(*Fr.*)

Love without return is like a question without an answer.

Liebe ohne Gegenliebe ist wie eine Frage ohne Antwort.—(*Germ.*)

Love's fire, once out, is hard to kindle.

Lovers live by love as larks by leeks. (R.)

Lovers' purses are tied with cobwebs.

Gli amici legano la borsa con un filo di ragnatelo.—Friends tie their purse with spider's thread.—(*Ital.*)

Lovers' quarrels are soon adjusted.—*Aphra Behn: Emperor of the Moon* (1687), *ii. 1.*

Lowly sit, richly warm. (R.)

Loyalty is worth more than money.

Loyauté vaut mieux qu'argent.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Luck can never come of a half-drowned man or a half-hanged one. (Sc.)

It's best to let saut water tak its ain gate; luck never came o' crossing it. (Sc.)
They are wise that let wave and withy haud their ain. (Sc.)
—(*Superstition prevalent in Shetland and elsewhere that it was unlucky to save a drowning person. See Scott: The Pirate, ch.* 7 *and ch.* 11.)

Luck is a lord.—*Dykes; Moral Reflexions* (1708).

Lydford law.[*]

First hang and draw,
Then hear the case by Lydford law.—(*Fuller.*)

I oft have heard of Lydford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.—(*Wm. Browne.*)

Lying is weakness; truth is health.—(*Arabic.*)

Lying like a dentist.—(*From the French.*)

Menteur comme un arracheur de dents.—(*Fr.*)

Lying pays no tax.

O mentir não paga sisa.—(*Port.*)

Mad dogs cannot live long.

Chien enragé ne peut longuement vivre.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Mad people think others mad.

Maidens must be seen and not heard. (R.)

Children should be seen and not heard.

Maidens should be meek until they be married. (R. Sc.)

Maidens must be mild and meek,
Swift to hear and slow to speak. (*Gn.*)

Maids want nothing but husbands, but when they have them want everything.—(*Said to be a Somersetshire proverb.*)

Magistrates are to obey as well as execute laws. (*Gn.*)

Make a bridge of gold for a flying enemy.

A nemico che fugge, fa un ponte d'oro.—(*Ital.*)

Al enemigo, si vuelve la espalda, la puente de plata.—Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.—(*Span.*)[†]

Make a crutch of your cross.

Make a virtue of necessity.

To maken vertue of necessitie.—(*Chaucer, p.* 77*a.*)

There is no virtue like necessity.—(*Shakespeare, p.* 312*a.*)

Il savio fa della necessita virtù.—(*Ital.*)

Of need make virtue. (R. Sc.)

Il faisoit de necessité vertù.—He made virtue of necessity.—(*Rabelais.*)

Van den nood eene deugd maken.—(*Dutch.*)

Make all sure and keep all pure.

Make every bargain clear and plain
That none may afterwards complain.

Make good cheese if you make little.

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[*] The earliest reference appears in *Richard the Redeles* (1399), passus 3, l. 144, where it is suggested that "by the lawe of Lydfford" the fashionable fops of Richard II.'s time, who forestalled their incomes and spent more than their possessions were worth on jewellery and clothing, ought to thrive ill.

[†] The saying is attributed to the Spanish commander, Gonsalvo Fernandez de Cordova, d. 1515; but it appears in Rabelais, *Gargantua*, I, 43 (1534) as an old-established military principle: "Always leave all the doors and roads open to your enemies, and even make them a bridge of silver in order for them to cross." *See also* under "Waifs and Strays," p. 45:*a*, where it will be seen that the origin of the phrase is found in Plutarch.

Make haste to an ill way that you may get out of it. (G. H.)

Make hay while the sun shines.

When the sun shineth, make hay. (H., 1546.)

Man muss Heu machen, weil die Sonne scheint.—(*Germ.*)

Winnow while there is wind.—(*Hindoo.*)

Turn the mill while there is sugar-cane.—(*Hindoo.*)

Make your hay as best you may.

Be like the ant in the days of summer.—(*Arabic.*)

Wärme dich weil das Feuer brennt.—Warm yourself while the fire burns.—(*Germ.*)

Make not thy tail broader than thy wings. (R.)

Make not two sorrows of one.

Make your plans for the year at its beginning; correct your wife from the first day.—(*Japanese.*)

Malice is mindful. (*Gn.*)

Man is a bundle of habits.

Der Mensch ist ein Gewohnheitsthier.—Man is an animal of habits.—(*Germ.*)

Man is fire and woman tow; the devil comes and sets them in a blaze.

When the man's fire, and the wife's tow,
In comes the deil and blaws it in a lowe (blaze). (Sc.)

L'homme est de feu, la femme d'étoupe; le diable vient qui souffle.—Man is of fire, woman of tow; the devil comes and blows.—(*Fr.; also in Span. and Port.*)

Man is the child of error.—(*Arabic.*)

Man is the slave of beneficence.—(*Arabic.*)

Man learns little from victory, but much from defeat.—(*Japanese.*)

Man loves only once.

Der Mensch liebt nur einmal.—(*Germ.*)

Man proposes, God disposes.* (G. H.)

But as the wyse man saith, The fole (fool) proposeth and god dysposeth.—*Melusine.* (*Eng. trans.,* c. 1500, *of Jean D'Arras. Fr. version,* c. 1385.)

Man propons, but God dispons. (R. Sc.)

Man proposeth, God disposeth. (G. H.)

Der Mensch denkt, Gott lenkt.—(*Germ.*)

L'homme propose et Dieu dispose.—(*Fr.*)

El hombre pone, y Dios dispone.—(*Span.*)

Ordina l'uomo, e Dio dispone.—(*Ital., Ariosto, Orl. Fur. c.* 46, 35.)

While we meditate one thing, God determines another.—(*Hindoo.*)

At Athens, wise men propose, and fools dispose. —(*Anacharsis. See Bacon, p.* 12*a.*)

Man punishes the action, but God the intention. (*Gn.*)

Manners make the man. (*See Latin,* "Mores cuique," *p.* 579*b.*)

Manners make often fortunes. (R.)

Manners makyth man.—(*Motto of William of Wykeham,* 1324–1404.)

Good maners and conynge (knowledge) maken a man.—*Henry Bradshaw: Life of St. Werburge, Pt.* 2, *Prol.* 7 (c. 1510).

Manners and money make a gentleman. (*Gn.*)

Meat feeds, and claith cleeds, but manners mak a man. (R. Sc.) (*See* "Meat is good," *p.* 809*b.*)

Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Many a fine dish has nothing on it.

Many a good cow hath a bad calf.

Manche gute Kuh hat ein übel Kalb.—(*Germ.*)

Many a man asks the way he knows full well. (R. Sc.)

Many a one for land takes a fool by the hand. (R.)

Many a one threatens while he quakes for ear. (*See* "Barking dogs," *p.* 740*a.*)

Tel menace qui a grand peur.—(*Fr.,* V. 1498.)

Tal ha paura che minacciar osa.—(*Ital.*)

Tel rechigne des dents qui n'a nul talent à mordre.—He that shows his teeth has no skill in biting. (*Fr.,* V. 1498.)

Many acres will not make a wiseacre.

Many are the friends of the golden tongue. —(*Welsh Triads.*)

Many can bear adversity, but few contempt. (*Gn.*)

Many can make bricks, but cannot build.

Many can pack the cards that cannot play. (R.)

Many can pack the cards better than they can play.—(*Gn.*)

Many drops of water will sink a ship. (*Gn.*)

Many sands will sink a ship.

Many find fault without any end,
And yet do nothing at all to mend.

Many friends, few helpers.

Viele Freunde und wenige Nothhelfer.—(*Germ.*)

Many get into a dispute well that cannot get out well. (*Gn.*)

Many go out for clothes and come home stripped.

Many go out for wool and come home shorn. (R.)

Muchos van por lana y vuelven trasquilados.—(*Span., Don Quixote,* 1, 7.)

Mancher geht nach Wolle aus und kommt geschoren selbst nach Haus.—(*Germ.*)

Many hands make light (*or* quick) work. (R.)

Multorum manibus grande levatur onus.—By the hands of many a great work is lightened. —(*Latin.*)

The work of many is strong.—(*Greek, Homer.*)

Multæ manus onus levius faciunt.—Many hands make the burden light.—(*Latin.*)

Viele Hände machen bald ein Ende.—(*Germ.*)

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* Mediæval Proverb, twice quoted in *Piers Plowman* (1362), the author of which, William Langland, ascribes the saying to Plato. Also found in Thomas Kempis, *Imit. Christi,* 1, 19, sec. 2, in the form, "Homo proponit sed Deus disponit." Derived perhaps from *Proverbs* 16, 9: A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps."

Many kinsfolk, but few friends.—(R. Sc.)

Many kiss the child for the nurse's sake. (R.) (*See* "He that wipes," *p.* 782*b*.)

For love of the nurse mony kisses the bairn (R. Sc.)

Mange kysser Barnet for Ammens Skyld.—Many kiss the babe for the nurse's sake.—(*Dan.*)

Hvo der tager Barnet ved Haanden tager Moderen ved Hjertet.—Who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.—(*Dan.*)

Many kiss the hand they wish cut off. (G. H.)—(*Span.* ?)

Many laws in a state are a bad sign.

La moltiplicità delle leggi e dei medici in un paese sono egualmente segni di malore di quello.—A multiplicity of laws and of physicians in a country is equally a sign of its bad condition.—(*Ital.*)

Je mehr Gesetze, je weniger Recht.—The more laws the less justice.—(*Germ.*)

The more laws the more offenders. (*Gn.*)

Jo mere af Lov, jo mindre af Ret.—The more by law the less by right.—(*Dan.*) (*See* "Corruptissima republica," *p.* 506*b*.)*

Many lick before they bite.

Many littles make a mickle. (R.)

Mony littles mak a muckle. (Sc.) (*Correct form.*)

Mony pickles (small quantities) make a mickle. (Sc.)

Manye smale maken a great.—*Chaucer: Parson's Tale, sec.* 21.

Muchas pocos hacen un mucho.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Veel kleintjes maken een groot.—(*Dutch.*)

Many minds, one heart.—(*Motto of Borough of Chelmsford.*)

Many owe their fortunes to their enviers (*Gn.*)

Many rendings need many mendings.

Many speak much that cannot speak well. (R.)

Many straws may bind an elephant.—(*Hindoo.*)

Many talk like philosophers and live like fools. (*Gn.*)

Many talk of Robin Hood, that never shot in his bow,
And many talk of Little John, that never did him know. (R.)

Molti parlan di Orlando,
Chi non videro mai suo brando.
—Many talk of Orlando who have never seen his sword.—(*Ital.*)

Many ventures make a full freight. (R.)

Many without punishment, none without sin. (R.)

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* Another passage in Tacitus is "Ut olim flagitiis, sic nunc legibus laboramus." (As formerly we suffered from crimes, so now we suffer from laws.) Montaigne (Book 3, 13) says that in his time France had more laws than all the rest of the world put together, with the worst result in promoting licentiousness and undue liberty.

Many words hurt more than swords.

Sanan llagas, y no malas palabras.—Wounds heal, but not ill words.—(*Span.*) (*See* "Words are but wind," *p.* 878*a*.)

Many words wald have mickle drink. (R. Sc.)

Mony words muckle drouth (thirst). (Sc.)

Many words will not fill the bushel. (R.)

Mony words fills not the furlot. (R. Sc.)

Meikle crack fills nae sack. (Sc.)

Veele woorden vullen geen zak.—(*Dutch.*)

Daar gaan veel woorden in een zak.—Many words go to one sack.—(*Dutch.*)

Many would have been worse if their estates had been better. (*Gn.*)

March birds are best. (*Gn.*)

March borrows of April
Three days, and they be ill;
April borrows of March again
Three days of wind and rain.

March comes in like a lion, goes out like a lamb. (R.)

March hack ham, comes in like a lion, goes out like a lamb. (R.)

March in Janiveer
Janiveer in March I fear. (R.)

Märzen schnee thut den Saaten weh.—March snow hurts the seed.—(*Germ.*)

March, many weathers.* (R.)

March many weathers rained and blowed,
But March grass never did good. (R.)

March search, April try,
May will prove if you live or die.

March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

Mars venteux annonce un bon mai.—A windy March forecasts a fine May.—(*Fr.*) (*Used also in the sense that a violent war* [*Mars*] *is prelude to a prosperous peace.*)

Marriages are made in heaven.

Marriage is destinie, made in heaven.—*Lyly: Mother Bombie* (1594).

Les mariages se font au ciel, et se consomment sur la terre.—Marriages are made in heaven and completed on earth.—(*Fr.*)

Les mariages sont écrits dans le ciel.—(*Fr.*)

Nozze e magistrato dal cielo è destinato.—Weddings and magistracy are arranged by heaven.—(*Ital.*)

If marriages are made in heaven, you had few friends there. (*Gn.*)

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* The unknown author of *The Compleynt* (c. 1420 or 1430), apostrophising March, refers to its variety of weather:

Nowe canst thou reyne, now shyne,
And so wrongely drawest the lyne.

* * * * *

Nowe art thou hoot, now art thou colde,
Nowe canst thou loude and fully blowe,
Nowe smoothe and stilly bere the (thee) lowe,
Nowe canst thou snewe, now canst thou heyle,
And us with stormès sore assayle.

A French proverb expresses the reverse of these adages:

Au mariage et à la mort,
Le diable fait son effort.
—In marriage and in death the devil contrives to have his part.

(*See* "Hanging and wiving go by destiny," *p.* 771*a*.)

Marry a widow before she leave mourning. (G. H.)

Marry above your match, and you get a good master.

Cada uno case con su igual.—Let everyone marry an equal.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 5, 19.)

Go down the ladder when thou choosest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend.—(*Hebrew.*)

Marry first and love will follow.—*Quoted as "the good old maxim," in Hannah Cowley, "Belle's Stratagem," iii. 1* (1780).

Marry for love and work for siller.

Marry in haste, repent at leisure.

Qui se marie à la hâte, se repent à loisir.—(*Fr.*

Chi si marita in fretta, stenta adagio.—(*Ital.*)

Heiraten in Eile, bereut man mit Weile.—Marry in haste one repents at leisure.—(*Germ.*)

Haast getrouwd, lang berouwd.—(*Dutch.*)

Make haste when you are purchasing a field, but when you marry a wife be slow.—(*Hebrew.*) (*See* "It's good to marry late or never," *p.* 797*b*.)

Marry in Lent, live to repent.

Marry in May, repent alway.—(*This is quoted as a proverb by Ovid.*) (*See Latin,* "Si te proverbia tangunt," *p.* 656*a*.)

Marriage in May is unlucky.—(*Russian.*)

Good folks do not marry in May.—(*Russian.*)

The proverbs teach and common people say,
It's ill to marry in the month of May.
—(*Old Rhyme.*)

Marry the daughter on knowing the mother.—(*Hindoo.*)

Choose a good mother's daughter, though her father were the devil.—(*Gaelic.*)

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves. (G. H.)

Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can. (G. H.)

Marie ton fils quand tu voudras, mais ta fil quand tu pourras.—(*Fr.*)

Casa il figlio quando vuoi, e la figlia quando puoi.—(*Ital.*)

(*Also found in most other modern languages.*)

Marrying is easy, housekeeping is hard.

Marriage is honourable, but housekeeping's a shrew. (R.)

Marriage is honourable but housekeeping chargeable. (*Gn.*)

Heiraten ist leicht, Haushalten ist schwer.—(*Germ.*)

Casar, casar, soa bem e sabe mal.—Marriage, marriage, it sounds well but tastes ill.—(*Port.*)

Masters should be sometimes blind, and sometimes deaf. (*Gn.*)

Masters two
Will not do.

Mastery mawes the meadows down. (R. Sc.)

Matchmakers often burn their fingers.

May, come she early or come she late,
She'll make the cow to quake. (R.)

Who doffs his coat on a winter's day
Will gladly put it on in May.
—(*See* "Cast not a clout," *p.* 747*a*.)

May difference of opinion never alter friendship.

May flood never did good. (R.)

Agua de Mayo, pan para todo el año.—Rain in May makes bread for the whole year.—(*Span.*)

May it please God not to make our friends so happy as to forget us!—(*Gn.*)

May your shadow never grow less!—(*Oriental.*)

"May-be" is very well, but "Must" is master.

The buke (book) o' "May-be's" is very braid (broad). (Sc.)

Meanest reptiles are found on the highest pillars.—*Oriental.*

Measure is a merry mean. (R.)

Measure is a mery meene.—*John Russell's Boke of Nurture, l.* 107 (c. 1450); *also Wynkyn de Worde's Boke of Kervyng* (1508). *Compare also F. Seager: Schoole of Vertue* (1557): "For measure is treasure, the proverbe doth say." (*See* "Moderation in all things," *p.* 811*a*.)

Measure is treasure. (R. Sc.) (*Vide Langland, p.* 194*a*: "Measure is medicine.")

In everything, I wot, ther lyeth mesure.—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 2, 715.

Moderate things are best. (*Gn.*) (*See* "Moderation in all things," *p.* 811*a*.)

Measure men round the heart.

Measure thrice before you cut once.

Misura tre volte, e taglia una.—Measure thrice and cut once.—(*Ital.*)

Meet driemaal eer gij eens snijd.—(*Dutch.*)

Measure your cloth ten times; you can only cut it once.—(*Russian.*)

Measure thrice what thou buyest, and cut it but once. (R.)—(*Given as an Italian proverb.*)

Meat and matins (*or* mass) hinder no man's journey. (R.)

Prayers and provender hinder no journey. (G. H.)

Meat and mass never hindered no man. (R. Sc.)

Meat is good, but manners are better.

Meat is good, but mense (good manners) is better. (R. Sc.)

Medlars are never good till they be bad (*or* rotten). (R.)

Till we be roten can we not be rype.—*Chaucer: Reve's Prol.*, 21. (*Referring to the "open-ers," or medlars.*)

Meed (reward *or* bribery) is strong.—*Gower: Conf. Amantis* (c. 1390), *Book* 5.

Meekness is not weakness.

Men and asses must be held by the ears.—(*Alluded to by Swift as "the old Sclavonian proverb."*)

On prend le peuple par les oreilles comme on fait un pot par les anses.—One takes the people by the ears as one takes a pot by the handles. —(*Fr.*)

Men apt to promise are apt to forget. (*Gn.*)

Men are blind in their own cause. (R. Sc.) (*See* "A man's aye crousest," *p.* 725*b.*)

Men are never wise but returning from law.

Men are not to be measured by inches. (*Gn.*)

Men are rare.

Les hommes sont rares.—(*Fr.*)

Men are very generous with what costs them nothing.

Men chew not when they have no bread.

Men get wealth and women keep it. (*Gn.*)

Gli uomini fanno la roba, e le donne la conservano.—Men make wealth and women preserve it.—(*Ital.*)

Men go not laughing to heaven.

Men komt niet lagchende in den Hemel.—(*Dutch.*)

Men hate those they have hurt. (*Gn.*)

Men make houses, women make homes.

Men may meet sooner than mountains.—(*From the Greek, see p.* 476*a*; *also* "Friends may meet," *p.* 764*a.*)

I found the proverb true that men have more privilege than mountains in meeting.—*Taylor's Penniless Pilgrimage* (1618).

For alday meteth men at unset stevene (*i.e.* unexpectedly, at a meeting not prearranged).—*Chaucer: The Knightes Tale*, 666.

Hyt is sothe seyde, be God of heven,
Mony meten at on-sett stevyn.
—*Sir Eglamour of Artoys, l.* 1282

Men may the wyse at-renne (out-run), and not at-rede (surpass in counsel).—*Chaucer: Troilus, l. 1456* (*also Knightes Tale, l. 1591*).

One may out-ride the old man better than out-wit.—*Provs. of Alfred, ed. Morris.*

Men of business must not break their word twice. (*Gn.*)

Men rattle their chains to show that they are free. (*See* "He is not free," *p.* 774*a.*)

Men rule the world; women rule men.

Les femmes peuvent tout, parcequ'elles gouvernent les personnes qui gouvernent tout.—Women can accomplish all, because they rule the persons who govern all.—(*Fr.*)

Men speak of the fair, as things went with them there. (G. H.)

Mend your clothes and you may hold out this year. (G. H.)

Mendings are honourable, rags are abominable.

Besser ein Flick als ein Loch.—Better a patch than a hole.—(*Germ.*)

Mercy begets mercy. (*See* "Kindness," *p.* 799*a.*)

And mercy of mercy needes must aryse.—*Piers Plowman* (1362), *passus* 12, *l.* 233.

Merry is the feast-making till we come to the reckoning. (R.)

The reckoning spoils the relish.

Le coût en ôte le goût.—The cost takes away the relish.—(*Fr.*)

Mettle is dangerous in a blind horse. (R.)

Might is not always right.

Force n'est pas droit.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Force n'a pas droit.—(*Fr.*)

Geweld is geen recht.—(*Dutch.*)

Bon droit a bon mestier d'aide.—A good cause needs help.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.) (*See* "Possession is nine-tenths of the law," *p.* 826*a*; *also* "The weakest must go to the wall," *p.* 852*b.*)

Might is right.

Might overcomes right. (R.)

Ein Handvoll Gewalt ist besser als ein Sackvol Recht.—A handful of might is better than a sackful of right.—(*Germ.*)

No hay tal razon como la del baston.—There is no argument like that of the stick.—(*Span.*)

Der Stärkste hat Recht.—The strongest has right.—(*Germ.*)

Recht geht vor Macht.—Right goes before might.—(*Germ.*) (*See Latin,* "Vi verum vincitur.")

The stronger is most in the right.—(*Russian.*)

Milk says to wine, Welcome friend. (G. H.) (*See* "If you would live," *p.* 791*a.*)

Mills and wives ever want. (G. H.)

Al molino ed alla sposa
Sempre manca qualche cosa.
—A mill and a wife are always in want of something.—(*Ital.*)

Mind your P's and Q's.

Said to be due to the old custom of hanging up a slate in the tavern with P. and Q. (for pints and quarts), under which were written the names of customers and ticks for the number of "P's and Q's." Another explanation is that the expression referred to "toupées" (artificial locks of hair) and "queues" (tails).

Mint or ye strike (offer before you strike). (R. Sc.)

Miracles are to those who believe in them.

Pour qui ne les croit pas il n'est pas de prodiges.—To him who does not believe in them there are no miracles.—(*Fr.*)

A los bobos se les aperece la Madre de Dios.—The Mother of God appears to fools.—(*Span.*)

Mirth and mischief are two things. (*Gn.*)

Misfortunes come on wings and depart on foot.

Le mal vient à cheval et s'en va à pied.—Misfortune comes on horseback and goes away on foot.—(*Fr.*)

Mischiefs come by the pound and go away by the ounce. (R.)

Misfortunes never (*or* seldom) come singly.

One misfortune is the vigil of another.—(*Ital.*)

Misfortunes come by forties. (R.)

Welcome, misfortune, if thou comest alone.

Malheur ne vient jamais seul.—(*Fr.*)

Un mal attire l'autre.—One misfortune draws on another.—(*Fr.*)

Ondt bliver aldrig godt för halv værre kommer.—Bad never becomes good till something worse happens.—(*Dan.*)

Bien vengas mal, si vienes solo.—Well comes evil if it comes alone.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Benedetto è quel male che vien solo.—Blessed is the misfortune which comes alone.—(*Ital.*)

Nie kommt das Unglück ohne sein Gefolge.—Misfortune never comes without his retinue.—(*Germ., Heine.*)

Un mal llama à otro.—One misfortune calls another.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

One loss brings another.

Of ane ill comes many. (R. Sc.)

Après perdre perd on bien.—After losing one loses well. (*Fr.*)

Misreckoning is no payment. (R.)

Wrong compt is na payment. (R. Sc.)

De deniers mécontés ni grâce ni gré.—Of pence misreckoned no thanks and no good proceeds.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Missrechnung ist keine Zahlung.—(*Germ.*)

Misunderstanding brings lies to town. (R.)

Moderation in all things.*

Proportion in all things.

En toutes choses a mesure.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.) (*See* "Measure is a merry mean," *p.* 809*b*.)

Modest dogs miss much meat.

Modesty is the beauty of women.—(*Gaelic.*)

Modesty ruins all that bring it to court. (*Gn.*)

Bescheidenheit ist eine Zier,
Doch weiter kommt man ohne ihr.
—Modesty is an ornament, yet people get on better without it.—(*Germ.*)

Il n'y a que les honteux qui perdent.—None but the shamefaced lose.—(*Fr.*)

Modesty sets off one newly come to honour. (G. H.)

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all:
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

—*From Days Lucky or Unlucky (for Marriage), in Brand's Popular Antiquities.*

Monday is the key of the week.

Monday religion is better than Sunday profession.

Money borrowed is soon sorrowed. (*See* "He that goes a-borrowing.")

Argent emprunté porte tristesse.—(*Fr.*)

Money cures melancholy.

Geld im Beutel vertreibt die Schwermuth.—Gold in the purse drives away melancholy.—(*Germ.*)

Money breeds money.

L'argent ne se perd qu'à faute d'argent.—Money is only lost through want of money.—(*Fr.*)

Cobre gana cobre, que no huesos de hombre.—Money gains money, and not man's bones.—(*Span.*)

Dinero llama dinero.—Money brings money.—(*Span.*)

Danari fanno danari.—Money begets money.—(*Ital.*)

Il danaro è fratello del danaro.—Money is brother to money.—(*Ital.*)

If a little cash does not go out, much cash will not come in.—(*Chinese.*)

On ne prête qu'aux riches.—One only lends to the rich.—(*Fr.*)

Money does not go so far as it did.

Or va pis que devant.—Gold goes worse than formerly.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Money in purse will always be in fashion. (*Gn.*)

Money is a good servant, but a bad master.

L'argent est un bon serviteur et un méchant maître.—(*Fr.*) (*See Bacon,* "Wealth is a good servant, but a bad mistress," *p.* 13*a*.)

Ne'er let your gear owergang (master) ye. (Sc.)

Money is a merry fellow. (*Gn.*)

Money is flat and meant to be piled up. (Sc.)

Money is round and meant to roll.—*English version.*

Money is money's worth.

That is gold which is worth gold. (G. H.)

Or est qu'or vault.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Oro è che oro vale.—(*Ital.*)

A man hath no more good than he hath good of. (R. Sc.)

Money is the sinews of love as well as of war. (*Gn.*)

Money is the sinews of war.—(*From the Latin, see* "Nervi belli," *p.* 590*b*.)

Les nerfs des batailles sont les pécunes.—(*Rabelais: Gargantua* (1533), 1, 46.)

Dinheiro faz batalha, e naõ braço largo.—Money controls the battle and not the strong arm.—(*Port.*) (*See Bacon, p.* 11*a*.)

Money makes marriage. (*Gn.*)

Money makes the man.—*From the Greek* (*Pindar*).

Geld ist der Mann.—Money is the man.—(*Germ.*)

Divitiæ virum faciunt.—(*Latin.*)

God makes, and apparel shapes, but it's money that finishes the man. (R.)

Chi ha, è.—Who has, is.—(*Ital.*).

Chi non ha, non è.—Who has not, is not.—(*Ital.*)

Les affaires font les hommes.—Business makes men.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Magistratus indicat hominem," *Latin, p.* 569*b*.)

Celui est homme de bien qui est homme de biens.—He is a good man who is a man of goods.—(*Fr.*)

Dinheiro he a medida de todas as cousas.—Money is the measure of all things.—(*Port.*)

Money makes the mare to go.

I danari fan correre i cavalli.—(Ital.)

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* Fear less, hope more; eat less, chew more; whine less, breathe more; talk less, say more; hate less, love more; and all good things are yours.—*Lord Fisher; Quoted in "Records," Nov.* 25, 1919.

It is money makes the mare to trot.—(*Wolcot, Ode to Pitt*, c. 1790.)

Money refused loseth its brightness. (G. H.)

Money ruins many.

Money often unmakes its makers.

The abundance of money ruins youth. (R.) (*See* " Pecuniam perdidisti," *p.* 618*a*.)

Money taken, freedom forsaken.

Geld genommen, um Freiheit gekommen.—(*Germ.*)

Money will do more than my lord's letter. (R.)

Money is better than my lord's letter.

Money will make the pot boil. (*Gn.*)

More are slain by suppers than the sword. (*See* " Light supper," *p.* 801*b*.)

Flere Folk dræbes af Nadver end af Sværd.—More people are killed by supper than by the sword.—(*Dan.*)

More die by food than famine. (*Gn.*)

More by luck than gude guiding. (Sc.)

More cats than mice.

I will keep no more cats than will catch mice.—(*Somerset proverb.*)

More cost more worship. (R.)

Much worship, much cost.

Les honneurs comptent.—Honours count, *i.e.* cost money.—(*Fr.*)

Lo que cuesta poco, se estima in menos.—That which costs little is lightly esteemed.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 1, 34, 43.)

Nunca mucho costó poco.—Much never cost little.—(*Span.*, 1535.)

More cost than worship. (*Gn.*)

More grows in the garden than the gardener has sown.

Nace en la huerta lo que no siembra el hortelano. (*Span.*)

More haste less speed.*

The more haste the less speed. (H. 1546.)

Fool haste is no speed. (R. Sc.)

Good and quickly seldom meet. (R.)

Most haste, worst speed. (R.)

Ofte rap reweth. (Often haste repents.)—*Provs. of Hending, l.* 256.

He that sone demeth, sone shal repente.—*Chaucer: Melibeus.* (*Given as* "*a commune proverbe.*")

The more haste the worse speed,
Quoth the tailor to his long thread. (*Gn.*)

Presto e bene non si conviene.—(*Ital.*)

Festinatio tarda est.—Haste is slow.—(*Latin, Quintus Curtius*, 9, 9, 12.)

The mair haste the waur speed. (R. Sc.)

Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner. (G. H.)

Eile mit Weile.—Haste with leisure.—(*German version of* " Festina lente," *see p.* 532*a note.*)

Qui nimis propere, minus prospere.—He who does things too hastily does them the less effectually.—(*Latin.*)

More like the devil than to St. Lawrence. (*Gn.*) (*St. Lawrence was martyred on account of his devotion to the poor.*)

More malice than matter.—(*Given by Ray as a Somerset proverb.*)

More meat and less mustard.

More men die of drink than of thirst.

Es trinken tausend sich den Tod, ehe einer stirbt vor Durstes Noth.—A thousand will drink themselves to death before one dies of thirst.—(*Germ.*)

Im Becher ersaufen mehr als im Meer.—More are drowned in the goblet than in the sea.—(*Germ.*) (*See* " More are slain.")

More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows.

The wise man knows the fool, but the fool does not know the wise man. (R.)

More than we use is more than we want.

More words than one to a bargain. (*Gn.*) (*Also Dryden: Amphitryon, iii. 1.*)

Most felt, least said.

Most of our evils come from our vices. (*Gn.*)

Mothers' darlings make but milksop heroes. (*Gn.*)

Mouth of honey, heart of gall.

Boca de mel, coracaõ de fel.—(*Port.*)

Much bran and little meal. (R.)

Much bruit, little fruit. (R.)

Beaucoup de bruit, peu de fruit.—(*Fr.*)

The noise is greater than the nuts. (G. H.) (*See* " Much cry," and " Great boast.")

Much corn lies under the straw that's not seen. (R.)

Much corn lies in the chaff unseen. (*Gn.*)

Much (*or* great) cry, little wool.

Great cry but little wool, as the devil (*or* as the follow) said when he sheared his hogs.

Muckle din and little 'oo,
As the deil said when he clippit the sow.—(*Sc.*)

Assai romor e poca lana.—(*Ital.*)

Veel geschreeuws, en luttel wol.—(*Dutch.*)

Viel Geschrei und wenig Wolle, sagte der Narr und schor ein Schwein.—Much cry and little wool, said the fool as he sheared a pig.—(*Germ.*) (Found in this form in several modern languages.)

There is more talk than trouble. (G. H.)

Thou hast dived deep and brought up a potsherd.—(*Hebrew.*) (*See* " Much bruit.")

Much industry and little conscience make a man rich.

Gross Diligenz und klein Conscienz macht reich.—(*Germ.*)

Much law, but little justice. (*Gn.*)

Much meat, much malady. (*Gn.*) (*See* " Feed sparingly," *p.* 760*b*.)

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* This proverb is paraphrased by Sir T. Browne (*Christian Morals*, Part 1, sec. 23) in the curious verbiage of the 17th century: " Festination may prove Precipitation; deliberating delay may be wise cunctation." The original meaning of " speed " was " success."

Much religion, but no goodness. (*Gn.*)

Much praying, but no piety. (R.) (*See* "He has mickle prayer," *p.* 773*a.*)

Much rust needs a rough file.

Much spends the traveller more than the abider. (G. H.)

Much water goeth by the mill that the miller knoweth not. (H., 1546.) (*Shakespeare, p.* 276*a.*)

Assai acqua passa per il molino, che il molinaio non se n'accorge.—(*Ital.*)

Der löber meget Vand i Dammen, medens Mölleren sover.—Much water flows in the dam, whilst the miller sleeps.—(*Dan.*)

Muck and money go together. (R.)

Mud chokes no eels. (*Gn.*)

Muddy springs will have muddy streams. (*Gn.*)

Mules boast much that their ancestors were horses.

Maulesel treiben viel Parlaren
Dass ihre Voreltern Pferde waren.—(*Germ.*)

Mum's the word.—(*Found in G. Colman, jun.: Battle of Hexham, ii. 1, about* 1789.)

Schwamm darüber.—Sponge over it.—(*Germ.*)

Murder will out.

Mordre wol out.—(*Chaucer.*)

(*See Æschylus* (*Greek*), *Choëphoræ*, 324–9: "The funeral pyre quencheth not the spirit of a dead man, but after death he shows forth his anger; the dead maketh moan, and the murderer is brought to light.")

Music will not cure the toothache.

Music helps not the toothache. (G. H.)

Quien canta, sus males espanta.—He that sings drives away his troubles.—(*Span.*)

Must is a hard nut, but it has a sweet kernel.

Must is a king's word. (R.)

"Must" is for the king to say. (Sc.)

Muss ist eine harte Nuss.—Must is a hard nut.—(*Germ.*)

Mustard is a good sauce, but mirth is better. (*Gn.*)

Mutual help is the law of nature.

Il faut entr' aider; c'est la loi de nature.—(*Fr.*)

My dame fed her hens on thanks, but they laid no eggs.

My house, my house, though thou art small,
Thou art to me the Escurial. (G. H.)

Casa mia, casa mia, per piccina che tu sia, tu mi sembri una badia.—My house, my house, though you be small, you are an abbey to me.—(*Ital.*)

My name is Twyford; I know nothing of the matter. (*Gn.*) (Twyford = two-fold: *said of an alias or alibi.*)

My No is as good as your Yes.

Tanto vale il mio nò, quanto il tuo sì.—(*Ital.*)

My son is my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter for all her life. (R.)

Nae butter 'll stick to my bread. (Sc.)

Nae friend like the penny. (Sc.)

Nae man can baith sup and blaw at once. (R. Sc.)—(*From the Latin. See* "Simul flare," *p.* 658*a.*)

Nae man can be happy without a friend, nor be sure of him till he's unhappy. (Sc.)

Nae man can play the fule sae weel as the wise man. (R. Sc.)

Nae man has a tack (lease) of his life. (Sc.)

Naething is a man's truly,
But what he cometh by duly. (Sc.)

Naething is got without pains, except dirt and lang nails. (Sc.) (*See* "Nothing for nothing.")

Name not a rope in his house that hanged himself. (R.)

Mention not a halter in the house of him that was hanged. (G. H.)

Il ne faut point parler de corde dans la famille d'un pendu.—You should never speak of rope in the family of one who has been hanged.—(*Fr.*)

Non ricordar il capestro in casa dell' impiccato.—(*Ital.*)

Im Hause der Gehenkten soll man nicht vom Stricke reden.—(*Germ.*)

Nombrar la soga en casa del ahorcado.—To name the rope in the house of one who has been hanged.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 1, 25.)

Em casa do ladrão, não lembrar baraço.—Do not mention a rope in the house of a thief.—(*Port.*)

Natural folly is bad enough, but learned folly is intolerable. (*Gn.*)

Nature abhors a vacuum.

Natura abhorret vacuum.—(*Quoted in Latin in Rabelais: Gargantua, ch.* 5. *See p.* 584*b*, *note.*)

Nature draws more than ten teams. (G. H.)

Nature draws more than ten oxen. (R.)

(*See* "Beauty draws more," *p.* 740*b.*)

Natur zieht stärker denn sieben Ochsen.—Nature draws stronger than seven oxen.—(*Germ.*)

Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop.—Drive out nature and it comes back in a gallop.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Naturam expellas," *p.* 585*a.*)

Nature is beyond all teaching. (*Gn.*)

Nature never meant us for play and pleasure. (*Gn.*)

Nature passes nurture. (R. Sc.)

Nay stay, quoth Stringer, when his neck was in the halter. (R.)

Nearest is dearest.

Das Nächste das Liebste.—(*Germ.*)

Nearest the heart, nearest the mouth. (R. Sc.)

Nearest the king, nearest the widdie (strife). (R. Sc.)

Hiest in Court, nixt the weddie.—*Sir D. Lyndesay: Complaint of Bagsche* (c. 1536), *l.* 151.

Necessity breaks iron.

Noth bricht Eisen.—(*Germ.*

Nood breekt ijzer.—(*Dutch.*)

Durum telum necessitas.—Necessity is a hard weapon.—(*Latin.*)

Ingens telum necessitas.—Necessity is a tremendous weapon.—(*Latin, Seneca.*)

Necessity hath no law. (R.)

Necessitas non habet legem.—(*Latin; quoted* (*in Latin*) *in Piers Plowman*, 1362. *See* "Necessitas dat legem.")

Need has ne law. (R. Sc.)

Nede has na peer.—*Chaucer: Reve's Tale*, 106.

Nécessité n'a pas de loi.—(*Fr.*)

La necessità non ha legge.—(*Ital.*)

Noth kennt kein Gebot.—(*Germ.*)

Neede hath no lawe.—*Piers Plowman* (1362), *passus* 23, *l.* 10.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

Want is the mother of industry.

Want makes wit.

Necessity sharpens industry. (*Gn.*)

Want, the mistress of invention.—(*Mrs. Centlivre, The Busy Body* (1708), i. 1.)

Nécessité est mère d'invention.—(*Fr.*)

Noth lehrt Kunst.—Necessity teaches art.—(*Germ.*)

Artis magistra necessitas.—Necessity is the mistress of art.—(*Latin.*)

La peur est un grand inventeur.—Fear is a great inventor.—(*Fr.*)

(*See* "Poverty is the mither o' a' arts," *p.* 826*b*.)

Neck or nothing, for the king loves no cripples. (*Gn.*)

Need makes the old wife trot. (R.)

Need maks an auld wife trot. (Sc.)

Besoing fait vieille trotter.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Bisogno fa trottar le vecchia.—(*Ital.*)

De nood doet een oud wijf draven.—(*Dutch.*)

La necessidad hace á la viega trotar.—(*Span.; also in this form in Danish.*)

Modesty, as well as need, makes the old wife trot. (*Gn.*)

Need makes the naked man run. (R.)

Need makes the naked quean spin. (R.)

Need makes virtue. (R. Sc.)

Necessitas etiam timidos fortes facit.—Necessity makes even the timid brave.—(*Latin. Sallust: Catalina*, 58.)

Needs must when the devil drives. (R.)

He must needs go that the devil drives.—(*Marlowe: Dr. Faustus*, 1584.)

There is a proverb which trewe now preveth,
He must nedes go that the dyvell dryveth.
—(*John Heywood: Johan the Husband, printed* 1553.)

Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When a man's married his trouble begins.
—(*Also quoted*, "When a girl marries her trouble begins"; *see* "When a man's single.")

Ne'er put a sword in a wudman's (madman's) hand. (R. Sc.)

Neglect will sooner kill an injury than revenge. (*Gn.*)

Neither bribe, nor lose thy right. (G. H.)

Neither crow nor croak.

Neither eyes on letters, nor hands in coffers. (G. H.)

Neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring. (H., 1546.)

Il est chair et poisson.—He is flesh and fish.—(*Fr.*) (*Of a Protestant.*)

Neither lead nor drive.

Neither marry nor buy an old beast; the reason is plain. (*Gn.*)

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions serve the turn. (G. H.)

Neither wise men nor fools
Can work without tools.

Never a rose without a thorn.

No rose without a thorn. (R.)

Point de roses sans épines.—(*Fr.*)

Geene roozen zonder doornen.—(*Dutch.*)

Non v' è rosa senza spina.—(*Ital.*)

Never be ashamed to eat your meat.

Apud mensam verecundari neminem decet.—(*Quoted by Erasmus.*)

A tavola non bisogna aver vergogna.—(*Ital.*)

Qui a honte de manger a honte de vivre.—He who is ashamed to eat is ashamed to live.—(*Fr.*)

Never bolt your door with a boiled carrot.—(*Irish.*)

Never burn your fingers to snuff another man's candle.

Never buy a pig in a poke. (*See Tusser, p.* 374*b*.)

Never do things by halves.

Never give advice unasked.

Rathe Niemand ungebeten.—(*Germ.*)

Never grudge a penny for a pennyworth.

Never hang a man twice for one offence.

Never have an idle hour, nor an idle pound.

Never hit a man when he's down.

It is a base thing to tread upon a man that is down.—(*Gn.*)

Don't strike a man when he is down.—(*Russian. Quoted to the Empress Catherine on behalf of her former favourite, Orloff.*)

Never hold a candle to the devil.

Never is a long day.

Never is a lang term. (Sc.)

Cent ans n'est guère, mais jamais c'est beaucoup.—A hundred years are not long, but never is a great deal.—(*Fr.*)

Never look a gift horse in the mouth.

Noli equi dentes inspicere donati.—(*St. Jerome* (*d.* A.D. 420), *on the Epistle to the Ephesians. Quoted as a* "*common proverb.*")

Si quis dat mannos, ne quære in dentibus annos.—(*Latin, Mediæval.*)

A caval donato non guardar in bocca.—(*Ital.*)

A caval donato non si mira il pelo.—Do not trouble about the colour of a gift horse.—(*Ital.*)

À cheval donné, ne faut point regarder en la bouche.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

De cheval donné tousjours regardoit en la gueulle.—(*Rabelais: Gargantua, ch.* 11.)

Geschenktem Gaul sieht man nicht in 's Maul.—(*Germ.; also in Span., Dutch, and Dan.*)

Never meet trouble half-way.

Never pleasure without repentance. (R.)

Never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day. (*See Franklin, p.* 140*b*.)

Por la calle de Despues se acabe á la casa de Nunca.—By the street of "By and by" one comes to the house of "Never."—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Heute muss dem Morgen nichts borgen.—To-day must borrow nothing of to-morrow.—(*Germ.*)

Never refuse a good offer. (R.)

Never rode, never fell. (R. Sc.)

"Qui ne s'adventure n'a cheval ny mule, ce dist Salomon.—Qui trop, dist Echephron, s'adventure —perd cheval et mule, respondit Malcon."—He who has not an adventure has not horse or mule, so says Solomon.—Who is too adventurous, said Echephron—loses horse and mule, replied Malcon. —(*Rabelais: Gargantua* (1534), i. 33.)

Never say die.

Never say die!
Up, man, and try!

Never shirk the hardest work.

Never shoot, never hit.

Oft schiessen trifft das Ziel.—Shooting often hits the mark.—(*Germ.*)

Never sigh, but send.

Never spoil the ship* for a ha'porth of tar.

Don't lose your ship for a ha'porth of tar.

Ne'er lose a hog for an half-pennyworth of tar (R.)

(*Ray adds:* "Some have it 'Lose not a sheep, etc. Indeed, tar is used more about sheep than swine.")

Never swap horses while crossing the stream.

It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river.—*Abr. Lincoln: Speech,* 1864. (*Given as the remark of "an old Dutch farmer."*)

Never too old to learn;
Never too late to turn.

Never trouble yourself with trouble till trouble troubles you. (*See Defoe, p.* 108*b*.)

Never try to prove what nobody doubts.

Never was a mewing cat a good mouser.

Non fu mai cacciator gatto che miagola.—(*Ital.*)

Never was strumpet fair. (G. H.). (*See* "Non mala," *p.* 599*a*.)

Never write what you dare not sign.

New brooms sweep clean. (*See Lyly, 1553–1606.*)

A new bissome soupes clean.—(R. Sc.)

Au nouveau tout est beau.—All that is new is fine.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Neue Besen kehren gut.—(*Germ.*)

Der niuwe beseme kert vil wol.—(*Germ.*) *Freidank's Bescheidenheit* (*14th century*).

New things are fair. (G. H.)

Granata nuova spazza ben la casa.—A new broom sweeps the room well.—(*Ital.*)

Granata nuova, tre dì buona.—A new broom is good for three days.—(*Ital.*)

Neue Besen kehren gut.—(*Germ.; also in Dutch and Dan.*)

New grief awakens the old. (*Gn.*)

New laws, new frauds.

Neuem Gesetze folgt neuer Betrug.—New laws, new deceit.—(*Germ.*)

New lords, new laws. (R.)

De nouveau seigneur nouvelle mesnie.—(*Fr.*)

Of a new prince new bondage. (G. H.)

Night is the mither (mother) o' thoughts. (Sc.)

Nightingales can sing their own song best. (*Gn.*)

A nightingale cannot sing in a cage. (*Gn.*)

Nine tailors make a man. (R.) (*Proverbial Phrases relating to several trades.*)

Nine tailors make but one man. (R.)

Il faut neuf tailleurs pour faire un homme.—*Quoted by the Comte de la Villemarqué as a Breton proverb.*

Neun und neunzig Schneider gehen auf ein Pfund.
Wiegen sie noch weniger, so sind sie nicht gesund.
—Nine and ninety tailors ought to weigh a pound.
If they are lighter they are out of health.—(*Germ.*)

No alchemy to saving. (G. H.)

Thrift is the philosopher's stone. (*Gn.*)

No answer is also an answer.

Keine Antwort ist auch eine Antwort.—(*Germ.*)

Intet Svar er ogsaa Svar.—(*Dan.*)

Non ogni parola vuol risposta.—Not every word wants an answer.—(*Ital.*)

Nae reply is best. (Sc.)

Let the letter answer itself.—*Modern.*

No barber shaves so close but another finds work. (G. H.)

No bees, no honey;
No work, no money.

No better than you should be.

No carrion will kill a crow. (R.)

No choice amongst stinking fish. (*Gn.*)

No churchyard is so handsome that a man would desire straight to be buried there. (G. H.)

No churchyard is so handsome anywhere,
As will straight move one to be buried there.
—*R. Watkyns* (1662).

No cloth is too fine for moth to devour.

No corn without chaff.

Geen koorn zonder kaf.—(*Dutch.*)

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* This originally meant sheep; pronounced "ship" in Leicestershire and other parts of England.

No cross, no crown.—*Title of book by Wm. Penn* (1668).

No cut to unkindness.—*Quoted in Burton's Anat. Melan.*, 1621, *as "a saying."*

No dish pleases all palates alike. (*Gn.*)

No fence against a flail. (*Gn.*)

No fishing to fishing in the sea. (R.)

Il fait beau pêcher en eau large.—It is good fishing in waters which are large.—(*Fr.*)

No folly to being in love.

Where love's in the case, the doctor is an ass.

No fool like an old fool. (R.)

No fool to the old fool. (H. 1546.)

Nae fules like auld fules. (Sc.)

The older a fool is the worse he is. (*Gn.*)

Les vieux fous sont plus fous que les jeunes.—Old fools are bigger fools than young ones.—(*Fr. Rochefoucauld: Maxim* 444.)

No gains without pains. (R.)

Ohne Fleiss, kein Preis.—Without pains, no prize.—(*Germ.*)

No greater promisers than those who have nothing to give.

Nul n'est si large que celui qui n'a rien à donner —(*Fr.*)

Geen stouter belovers dan die niets te geven hebben.—(*Dutch.*)

No halting before a cripple. (R.)

Il fait mal cloicher devant boiteux.—It is ill to limp before the lame.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Ne clochez pas devant les boyteux.—(*Fr. Rabelais: Gargantua*, 1534.)

No honest man ever repented of his honesty. (*Gn.*)

No horse so blind as the blind mare.

No house without mouse; no throne without thorn.

Geen huis of 't heeft zijn kruis.—No house but has its cross.—(*Dutch.*)

No joy without alloy (*or* annoy).

No life without pain.

Nul vie sans peine.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

No longer pipe, no longer dance.

No love is foul nor prison fair. (G. H.)

No love to a father's. (G. H.)

No living man all things can. (*See Latin*, "Non omnia possumus omnes," *p.* 599 *b.*)

On ne peut contenter tout le monde et son père. —One cannot please all the world and his father.—(*Fr.*)

No man can make a good coat with bad cloth.

No man can see over his own height.

No man cries stinking fish. (R.)

No man ever thought his own too much.

Jedem das Seine ist nicht zu viel.—(*Germ.*)

No man hath a velvet cross.

No man is a good physician who has never been sick.—(*Arabic.*)

No man is a hero to his valet.[*]

Il n'y a point de héros pour son valet de chambre. —(*Fr.*)

No author is a man of genius to his publisher.—*Heine.*

No man is always wise, except a fool. (*See* "None is a fool always," *p.* 817*b.*)

Kein ist so klug, dass er nicht ein wenig Narrheit übrig hätte.—No man is so wise but that he has a little folly remaining.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "The wisest make mistakes," *p.* 853*a.*)

Weise sein ist nicht allzeit gut.—It is not good to be always wise.—(*Germ.*)

No man is born wise or learned. (*Gn.*)

Nadie nace enseñado.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

None is born master. (G. H.)

Nessuno nasce maestro.—No one is born a great master.—(*Ital.*)

Kein Meister fällt vom Himmel.—No master falls from heaven.—(*Germ.*)

No man is indispensable.

Il n'y a point d'homme nécessaire.—There is no man necessary.—(*Fr.*)

No man is so old but he thinks he will live one year.—(*From the Latin, see p.* 589*a.*)

'Tis late ere a man comes to know he is old. (*Gn.*)

No man is the worse for knowing the worst of himself. (*Gn.*)

No man is without enemies.—(*Arabic.*)

No man loveth his fetters, be they made of gold. (H., 1546.)

No man was ever as rich as all men ought to be.

No man was ever scared into heaven. (*Gn.*)

No man's religion ever survives his morals. (*Gn.*)

No mill, no meal. (*Gn.*)

No money, no Swiss (*i.e.* Swiss mercenaries will not fight without payment).

No pay, no Swiss. (*Gn.*)

No silver, no service. (*Gn.*)

Point d'argent, point de Suisse.—(*Fr.*)

No more mortar, no more brick;
A cunning knave has a cunning trick. (*Gn.*)

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[*] Hegel's comment: "That is true, not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet." The saying is attributed to the Prince de Condé (1621–1686), but its germ is to be found in Plutarch, who twice uses it as follows: "My personal attendant does not think so much of these things as I do."—*De Iside* and *Regum et Imperatorum Apothegmata.*—Montaigne, in his *Essays* (pub. 1580), Bk. 3, 2, thus amplifies the idea: "Tel a esté miraculeux au monde, auquel sa femme et son valet n'ont rien veu seulement de remarquable; peu d'hommes ont esté admirez par leur domestiques."—Such an one has been miraculous to the world, in whom his wife and valet have seen nothing even remarkable; few men have been admired by their servants.—(*See also* the Latin maxim, "Verior fama e domesticis emanat," *p.* 681*a.*)

No news is good news.

Point de nouvelles, bonnes nouvelles.—(*Fr.*)

Nulla nuova, buona nuova.—(*Ital.; also in Germ.*)

No offence taken where none is meant.

Naething is ill said if its nae ill ta'en. (Sc.)

No word is ill spoken if it be not ill taken.

There were no ill language if it were not ill taken. (G. H.)

That is well spoken that is well taken. (R.)

No pot without bacon; no sermon without St. Augustine.—(*A Spanish proverb. Olla is a dish composed of various meats; citations from St. Augustine were frequent in the pulpit.*)

No hay olla sin tocino, ni sermon sin Agostino.—(*Span.*)

No one claims kindred with the poor.

Poor folk hae neither ony kindred nor freends. (Sc.)

No one eats goldfish.

No one knows where the shoe pinches but he who wears it.

The wearer knows where the shoe wrings. (G. H.)

Every man wates best where his own shoe binds him. (R. Sc.)

(*This proverb is found in all modern languages. For its origin see under* " *Waifs and Strays,*" *p.* 452*b.*)

No one was ever ruined by speaking the truth.—(*Hindoo.*)

No one was ever ruined by taking a profit. —*Stock Exchange saying.*

No pains, no gains.

No sweet without some sweat. (R.) (*See* " He that hath some land," *p.* 779*a.*)

No penny, no paternoster. (R.)

Nae penny, nae pardon. (R. Sc.)

Point d'argent, point de Paternoster.—(*Fr.*)

De main vide, vide prière.—An empty hand, an empty prayer.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Nimmer Geld, nimmer Gesell.—(*Germ.*,

No priestling, small though he may be,
But wishes some day Pope to be.
Heine: Proverb cited in his Confessions.

No profit to honour, no honour to religion. (G. H.)

No religion but can boast of its martyrs. (*Gn.*)

No rogue like the godly rogue. (*Gn.*)

No villain like to the conscientious villain. (*Gn.*

No rose without a thorn.

No rose without a prickle. (*Gn.*)

No song, no supper.

No sunshine but hath some shadow. (R.)

No sweetness without sweat.

No hay dulzura sin sudor.—(*Span.*)

No tale so good but may be spoiled in telling.

A good tale, ill told, is marred in the telling. (*R.*)

No time was ever suitable in all points. (*Gn.*)

No tree falls at the first stroke.

Kein Baum fällt auf den ersten Schlag.—(*Germ.*)

No vice but hath its patron. (*Gn.*)

No vice goes alone.

No weather is ill if the wind be still. (R.)

No wisdom below the girdle.—*Attrib.* (*doubtfully*) *to Sir Matthew Hale* (*1609–1676*); *apparently proverbial in 1622. In* " *Polyolbion,*" *pub.* 1622, *Drayton in a list of* " *blazons of the shires*" (*Song 23*), *wrote:*

Northamptonshire of long hath had this blazon,—" Love
Below the girdle all, but little else above."

No wisdom to silence.

No work, no recompense.

No worse thief than a bad book.

Non v 'è peggior ladro d'un cattivo libro.—(*Ital.*)

Nobility constrains us.

Noblesse oblige.*—(*Fr.*)

But certes, yif there be any good in gentilnesse, I trowe it to be al-only this, that it semeth as that a maner necessitee be imposed to gentil men, for that they ne sholden nat out rayen (disgrace) or forliven (degenerate) fro the virtues of hir (their) noble kinrede.—*Chaucer: Tr. of Boethius, Bk.* 3, *Prose* 6.

Cause me oblige.—The cause constrains me.—(*Fr.*) *Ancient motto used by Thos. Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel.*

Noble birth compels. (*See Latin,* " Respondere nos decet," *p.* 646*a.*)

Noble housekeepers need no doors. (G. H.)

Nobody calls himself a rogue.

Nobody is fond of fading flowers. (*Gn.*)

Nobody's enemy but his own.

" We commonly say of a prodigall man, that hee is no man's foe but his owne."—*John Knight, Bishop of London,* 1611 (*Lectures upon Jonah*).

None are so well shod but they may slip.

None can be good too soon. (*Gn.*)

None ever gives the lie to him that praiseth him. (*Gn.*)

None is fool always, everyone sometimes. (G. H.)

None is so wise but the fool overtakes him. (R.)

Il n'est si sage qui ne foloye aucune fois.—None so wise but he is foolish sometimes.—(*Fr.*, v. 1498.)

None knows the weight of another's burden. (G. H.)

Other folks' burdens kill the ass.—(*Span., Don Quixote,* 2, 13.)

None knows what will happen to him before sunset. (*Gn.*)

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* The earliest occurrence in this form is said to be in 1808 in the Duc de Lévis' *Maximes et Reflexions, No.* 73.

None says his garner is full. (G. H.)

None so blind as those that will not see.

None so deaf as those that will not hear.

Il n'est si mauvais sourd que celui qui ne veut ouir.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Non ci è il più cattivo sordo di quel che non vuol udire.—(*Ital.*)

Non hay peor sordo que el que no quiere oir.—(*Span.*)

Ingen er mere döv end den som ikke vil höre.—(*Dan.*)

Who is so deaf as he that will not hear? (G. H.)

Not a long day, but a good heart rids work. (G. H.)

Not a word to throw at a dog.—(*See Shakespeare, p.* 288*a.*)

Not fit to hold a candle to him.—(*From the custom of holding candles before shrines, in processions, etc. A similar proverbial expression was, "Not worthy to carry the buckler unto him."—Religio Medici*, 1642, *Part 1, sec. 21.*) *See Byron:*

Others aver that he to Handel,
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.

Not God above
Gets all men's love.

Not to advance is to go back.

Non progredi est regredi.—(*Latin.*)

Qui non proficit deficit.—Who does not advance fails.—(*Latin.*)

Not so good to borrow as to be able to lend. (H., 1546.)

Nothing but what is ominous to the superstitious. (*Gn.*)

Nothing comes amiss to a hungry man.

Nothing comes fairer to light than what has been lang hidden. (Sc.)

Nothing costs so much as what is given us. (*Gn.*)

Nothing down, nothing up. (R.)

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.* (G. H.)

Niente più tosto se secca che lagrime.—(*Ital.*)

Nichts vertrocknet balder als Thränen.—(*Germ.*)

Nothing dries sooner than a woman's tears. (*Gn.*)

Nothing for nothing; and very little for a halfpenny.

Rien n'arrive pour rien.—Nothing comes for nothing.—(*Fr.*)

Aus Nichts wird Nichts.—(*Germ., and in most languages.*)

On n'a rien pour rien.—One gets nothing for nothing. (*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

La fortune vend ce qu'on croit qu'elle donne.—Fortune sells what we think she gives.—(*Fr.*)

Nothing in haste but catching fleas.

Nichts mit Hast als Flöhe fangen.—(*Germ.*)

Geen ding met der haast dan vlooijen te vangen.—(*Dutch.*)

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* Derived from Cicero: "Nihil enim lacryma citius arescit" (*p.* 591*a*). Cicero stated that he was quoting Apollonius, the Greek rhetorician.

Hurry is good only for catching flies.—(*Russian.*)

Mai si fa cosa ben in fretta, che il fuggir la peste e i rumori, e pigliar pulci.—Nothing is done well in haste except running from the plague and quarrels, and catching fleas.—(*Ital.*)

Nothing is bad if we understand it right.

Ein Ding ist nicht bös, wenn man es gut versteht.—(*Germ.*)

Nothing is certain but death and the taxes. (*See Dickens:* "As true as taxes," *p.* 114*a.*)

Nothing is certain but uncertainty.—(*From the Latin,* "Solum certum," *p.* 660*a.*)

Rien n'est sûr que la chose incertaine.—(*Fr.*)

Nothing is cheap if you don't want it.—(*Cato. See* "Quod non opus est," *p.* 641*a.*)

Nothing is difficile to a well willit man. (R. Sc.) (*See* "Where there's a will there's a way," *p.* 873*b*; *also* "Industriæ," *p.* 555*a.*)

Nothing is impossible to a willing mind. (R.)

A qui veut, rien n'est impossible.—(*Fr.*)

A cœur vaillant, rien d'impossible.—To a brave heart nothing is impossible.—(*Fr.*)

Der Wille ist des Werkes Seele.—The will is the soul of the work.—(*Germ.*)

Nothing is easy to the negligent. (*Gn.*)

Nothing is fine but what is fit. (*Gn.*)

Nothing is got without pains, except poverty. (*Gn.*)

Nothing is more like an honest man than a rascal.

Rien ne ressemble plus à un honnête homme qu'un fripon.—(*Fr.*)

Nothing is new. (*See Eccles. 1, 9, p.* 415*a.*)

Il n'y a de nouveau que ce qui a vieilli (*or* qui est oublié).—There is nothing new but what has grown old (*or* has been forgotten).—(*Fr.*)

Nichts ist so neu, als was längst vergessen ist.—Nothing is so new, as what has been long forgotten.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "Nothing's new.")

There nis (is not) no new gyse (fashion) that it nas (was not) old.—*Chaucer: Knight's Tale*, 1267.

What has been the fashion once will be the fashion again.—(*Japanese.*)

Nothing is ours but time. (*Gn.*)

Nothing is safe from fault-finders.

Nothing is to be presumed on or despaired of. (G. H.)

Nothing lasts but the Church. (G. H.)

Nothing secure unless suspected. (G. H.)

Nothing sharpens sight like envy. (*Gn.*)

Nothing stands in need of lying but a lie.

Nothing succeeds like success.

Rien ne réussit mieux que le succès.—Nothing succeeds better than success.—(*Fr.*)

Success is never blamed. (*Gn.*)

Nothing that is violent is permanent. (*Gn.*)

Nothing venture, nothing have. (R.)

Nothing venture, nothing win.

Qui ne hasarde rien, n'a rien.—(*Fr.*)

He that nought nassayeth, nought nacheveth.—*Chaucer: Troilus, Bk.* 5, 784; *also Bk.* 2, 807.

Nought lay down, nought take up. (H. 1546.)

For who that nought dare undertake,
By ryghte he shall no profit take.
—*Gower: Conf. Amantis*, c. 1390, *Bk.* 4, 319; *also* 4, 2434.

Wer wagt, gewinnt.—Who ventures wins.—(*Germ.*)

Qui ne s'aventure n'a cheval ni mule.—Who does not venture gets neither horse nor mule.—(*Fr.*)

Nothing stake, nothing draw. (*Gn.*)

Unhardy (unventuresome) is unsely (unlucky).—*Chaucer: Reves Tale*, 290.

Chi non s'arrischia non guadagna.—(*Ital.*)

Nothing's new, and nothing's true, and nothing matters.—(*Attributed to Lady Morgan, novelist, 1783–1859.*)

Novelty sets the people a-gaping. (*Gn.*)

Now is now; and Yule's in winter. (Sc.)

Now is the watchword of the wise.

"Now we are even," quoth Stephen, "when he gave his wife six blows for one."—(*Quoted by Swift in Letter to Stella, Jan. 20, 1710–11.*)

Nowadays truth is news. (Sc.)

Nowadays truth is the greatest news. (*Gn.*)

Number three is always fortunate.—(*Quoted as "the well-known maxim," in "Peregrine Pickle." Smollett, 1751.*)

All good things go in threes.

Ternarius numerus est perfectissimus.—Three is the most perfect number.—(*Latin, Mediæval.*)

Of all the numbers arithmeticall,
The number three is held for principall.
The Times Whistle (c. 1614), *No.* 18.

Third try, lucky try.

Nuts are given us, but we must crack them ourselves.

O.K. "Orl Korrect."—(*American.*)

M.W. = Machen wir.—We will do it (*i.e.* "Consider it done."—(*Germ.*)

Oaks may fall when reeds stand the storm. (*Gn.*)

Obedience is much more seen in little things than in great. (*Gn.*)

Of a little thing a little displeaseth. (G. H.)

Of a pig's tail you can never make a good shaft. (G. H.)

De rabo de porco, nunca bom virote.—(*Port.*)

Man giör ei godt Jagthorn af en Svinehale.—You cannot make a good hunting horn of a pig's tail.—(*Dan.*)

You can't make a horn of a pig's tail. (R.)

Aus des Esels Wadel wird kein Sieb.—You cannot make a sieve out of an ass's tail.—(*Germ.*)

It is ill to make a blown horn of a tod's (fox's) tail. (R.)

Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn. (R.) (*See* "You cannot make a silk purse," *p.* 879*a*.)

Of all birds give me mutton. (*Gn.*)

Of all crafts Downright is the best craft.

Of all tame beasts I hate a slut. (*Gn.*)

Of an ill wood take though it be but one stick.

De monte malo si quiera un palo.—(*Span.*)

Of anuch (enough) men leaves. (R. Sc.)

Of evil grain no good seed can come. (R.)

Of goods ill got
The third heir joyeth not.
—*Burroughs on Hosea* (1652), *Vol. 4, 319.* (*See the Latin,* "De male," *p.* 511*b*.)

Of him that speaks ill, consider the life more than the word. (G. H.)

Of ill debtors men take oaths. (R. Sc.)

O' ill debtors men get aiths (promises). (Sc.) (*Cheviot Coll.*)

Man maa tage suur Sild af onde Gieldinger.—You may take spoilt herrings of bad debtors.—(*Dan.*)

Of one ill comes many. (R. Sc.)

Of saving
Cometh having.

Of soup and love the first is the best. (*Gn.*)

Of two evils choose the less. (H., 1546.)

Ex malis eligere minima oportere.—Of evils one should select the least.—(*Latin. Cicero, De Officiis*, Book 3, 1.)

De duobus malis minus est semper eligendum.—Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.—(*Thomas Kempis: Imit. Christi*, Book 3, 12.)

Of two evylles men ought to choose the lasse.—*Melusine, ch.* 34, *tr. of Fr.* 14*th Cent. Romance.*

De deux maux il faut choisir moindre.—(*Fr.*)

De los enemigos los menos.—Among enemies choose the least.—(*Span.*)

Minima de malis.—(*Latin.*)

Of two evils choose neither.—*John Ploughman* (*C. H. Spurgeon.*)

Offences generally outweigh merits, with great men. (*Gn.*)

Offer not the pear to him that gave the apple. (*Gn.*)

Oft counting makes good friends. (R. Sc.) *See* "Over narrow counting," *p.* 824*a*; *and* "Short reckonings," *p.* 833*b*.)

Oft mouseth the cat after her mother.—*Provs. of Alfred.*

Often and little eating makes a man fat. (R.)

Souvent et peu manger,
Ce fait l'homme engraisser.—(*Fr.*)

Eat many meals, and you will grow fat.—(*Arabic.*)

Old age is a heavy burden.

Old age is honourable.

Eild should (*or* would) hae honour. (Sc.)

Old age makes us wiser and more foolish.

En vieillissant on devient plus fou et plus sage.—(*Fr.*)

Old age, though despised, is coveted by all. (*Gn.*)

Old bees yield no honey. (*Gn.*)

Old birds are hard to pluck.

Alte Vögel sind schwer zu rupfen.—(*Germ.*)

Old birds are not caught with chaff.

Nuova rète nòn piglia uccello vecchio.—An old bird is not taken with a new net.—(*Ital.*)

Old camels carry young camels' skins to the market. (G. H.)

Old customs are best.

Les vieilles coutumes sont les bonnes coutumes. —Old customs are good customs.—(*Fr.*)

Old friends are best.

Old wine and an old friend are good provisions. (G. H.)

Desert not old friends for new ones.—(*Hindoo.*)

Old wood, old friends, old wine and old authors are best.—*Attrib. by Bacon to Alonzo of Arragon.*

Pesce, oglio, e amico vecchio.—Old fish, old oil, and an old friend.—(*Ital.*)

Forsake not an old friend; for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.—(*Ecclesiasticus* 9, 10; *see p.* 420*a*.)

Vieilles amours et vieux tisons s'allument en toutes saisons.—Old loves and old brands kindle at all seasons.—(*Fr.*)

Old maids lead apes in hell. (R.)

Women, dying maids, lead apes in hell.—*The London Prodigall* (printed 1605). *The prov. is also used by Shakespeare in "The Taming of the Shrew," ii. 1* (c. 1594).

Old men are soon angry. (*Gn.*)

Old men are twice children.—(*From the Greek.*)

Once a man and twice a child.
Auld men are twice bairns. (R. Sc.)

Old men go to death, death comes to young men. (G. H.) (*See Bacon, p.* 12*a*.)

Old men have one foot in the grave, and many young men, too. (*Gn.*)

Old men, when they scorn young, make much of death. (G. H.)

Old ovens are soon hot.

Old oxen have stiff horns.

De Gamle Stude har de stive Horn.—(*Dan.*)

Alte Schweine haben harte Mäuler.—Old pigs have hard snouts.—(*Germ.*)

Old porridge is sooner warmed than new made. (*Gn.*)

Old praise dies unless you feed it. (G. H.)

Old shoes are easiest.

Old sin, new shame. (R. Sc.)

Olde sinne reneweth shame.—*Melusine* (*14th Cent.*), *ch.* 19.

Old vessels must leak. (*Gn.*)

Old women's gold is not ugly. (*Gn.*)

Old wounds soon bleed.

Contesa vecchia tosto si fa nuova.—An old feud soon becomes new.—(*Ital.*)

Alte Wunden bluten leicht.—Old wounds bleed easily.—(*Germ.*)

Old young and old long.

Mature fias senex si diu senex esse velis.—You must be old early if you wish to be old late.—(*Latin. Quoted as a proverb by Cicero.*)

They who would be young when they are old, must be old when they are young. (R.)

On a good bargain think twice. (G. H.)

On a long journey even a straw is heavy.

On painting and fighting look afar off. (R.)

On painting and fighting look aloof. (G. H.)

On the sea sail, on the land settle.

On Valentine's day will a good goose lay. (R.)

If she be a good goose, her dame well to pay,
She will lay two eggs before Valentine's Day.
(R.) (*See* "Before St. Chad," *p.* 741*a*.)

Once a knave, always a knave.

Once a thief, always a thief.

"For he that is ones a theef is ever more in daunger."—*Piers Plowman* (1362), *passus* 15, *l.* 146.

Wer einmal stiehlt, der bleibt ein Dieb.—Who steals once, remains a thief.—(*Germ.*)

Die eens steelt is altijd een dief.—Who steals once is ever a thief.—(*Dutch.*)

Once a whore and ever a whore. (*Gn.*)

Once a year a man may say, "On his conscience." (G. H.)

Once does not make a custom.

Une fois n'est pas coutume.—(*Fr.*)

Einmal ist keinmal.—One time is no time.—(*Germ.*)

Eenmaal is geen gewoonte.—(*Dutch.*)

Once in use, and ever after a custom. (*Gn.*)

Once in ten years one man hath need of another. (*Gn.*)

Once pay it, never crave it. (R. Sc.)

One and none is all one. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

Un homme, nul homme.—One man, no man.—(*Fr.*)

One ass nicknames another "Long ears."

Ein Esel schimpft den andern Lang-ohr.—(*Germ.*)

One barking dog sets all the street a-barking. (*Gn.*)

One beats the bush and another catcheth the bird. (R.)

Il bat le buisson sans prendre l'oisillon.—He beats the bush without taking the bird.—(*Fr.*)

Vous battez les buissons dont un autre a les oysissons.—You beat the bushes, but someone else gets the birds.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

One beggar grieves that another goes by the gate.*

Ane beggar is wae that another by the gate gae. (Sc.)

Dem einen Hund ist es leid wenn der andere in die Küche geht.—One dog growls when the other goes into the kitchen.—(*Germ.*)

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* *See* Greek (p. 473*a*.)

One can live on little, but not on nothing.

One cannot die twice.—(*Russian.*)

One cannot take true aim at things too high. (*Gn.*)

One chick keeps the hen busy.

One cloud may hide all the sun.

One dog can drive a flock of sheep.

One enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good.—(*Quoted by Swift as a saying. Letter, May 30, 1710.*)

One enemy is too much. (G. H.)

Il n'y a pas de petit ennemi.—There is no little enemy.—(*Fr.*)

È troppo un nemico, e cento amici non bastano.—One enemy is too many, and a hundred friends are not sufficient.—(*Ital.*)

Ein Feind ist zu viel, und hundert Freunde sind zu wenig.—One foe is too many, and a hundred friends are too few.—(*Found in this form in most modern languages. See Emerson, p.* 131*b*: "He who has a thousand friends.")

One eye of the master does more than both his hands.

Das Auge des Herrn schafft mehr als seine beiden Hände.—(*Germ.*)

One eye of the master's sees more than ten of the servants'. (G. H.)—(*Given by Ray as an Italian proverb.*)

Più vede un occhio del padrone che quattro del servitore.—One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of the servants.—(*Ital.*) (*See* "The master's eye," *p.* 848*a.*)

One fair day in winter makes not birds merry. (G. H.)

One false move may lose the game.

One wrong step may bring a great fall.

One father is enough to govern one hundred sons, but not a hundred sons one father. (G. H.)

One father is more than a hundred schoolmasters. (G. H.)

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.

Ein Vater ernährt eher zehn Kinder, denn zehn Kinder einen Vater.—One father supports ten children better than ten children one father.—(*Germ.*)

One favour qualifies for another. (*Gn.*)

One fire does not put out another.

Il fuoco non s'estingue con fuoco.—A fire is not extinguished by fire.—(*Ital.*) (*See, however, the Latin,* "Incendium," *p.* 554*a.*)

One flower makes no garland. (G. H.)

One fool makes many.

One fool makes a hundred. (G. H.)

Uno loco hace ciento.—(*Span.; also in Port., Germ., Dutch, and Dan.*)

One foot is better than two crutches. (G. H.)

Mieux vaut un pied que deux échasses.—(*Fr.*)

One gift well given recovereth many losses. (*Gn.*)

One good head is better than a hundred strong arms. (*Gn.*)

One good head is better than a hundred good hands.

One good turn deserves (*or* asks) another.

For one good turn another doth itch,
Claw my elbow and I'll claw thy breech. (R.)

Qui plaisir fait, plaisir requiert.—Who gives pleasure requires pleasure.—(*Fr.*)

Une bonté l'autre requiert.—One kindness requires another.—(*Fr.*)

À beau jour beau retour.—To a fine day a fine return.—(*Fr.*)

Ein Dienst ist des andern Werth.—(*Germ.*)

One shrewd turn asks another. (R.)

One slumber invites another. (R.)

One ill word asketh another. (R.) (*See Greek, p.* 480*b, Sophocles.*) *See also* "Scratch my back" (*p.* 831*b.*)

One good word can warm three winter months.—(*Japanese.*)

One grain fills not a sack, but helps his fellows. (G. H.)—(*Portuguese.*)

One grain of pepper is worth a cartload of hail. (*Gn.*)

One half the world does not know how the other half lives.

Et là commençay à penser qu'il est bien vray ce que l'on dit, que la moitié du monde ne sçait comment l'aultre vit.—And there I began to think that it is very true, which is said, that half the world does not know how the other half lives.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel, ch.* 32.)

Half the world knows not how the other half lives. (G. H.)

One half of the world wonders how the other lives. (*Gn.*)

Ae half o' the world doesna ken how the ither half lives. (Sc.)

Eine Hälfte der Welt verlacht die andere.—One half of the world laughs at the other half.—(*Germ.*)

La moitié du monde se moque de l'autre.—(*Fr.*)

One hand is enough in a purse.

One hand washes another.—(*From the Greek, see p.* 480*b.*)

One hand washes the other, and both the face. (G. H.)

Eine Hand wäscht die andere.—(*Germ.*)

Una mano lava l'altra, e tutt' e due lavano il viso.—One hand washes the other, and the two wash the face.—(*Ital.; also in Span., Port., and Dutch in this form.*)

One of his hands is unwilling to wash the other for nothing. (*Gn.*)

One has often need of a lesser than one's self.

One head cannot hold all wisdom.

One hour in doing justice is worth a hundred in prayer.—(*Mahometan.*)

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after. (G. H.)

Dormir une heure avant minuit vaut mieux que trois après.—(*Fr.*)

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after. (R.) (*Also in German in this form.*)

One ill weed mars a whole pot of pottage. (R.)

One ill word meets another, an it were at the bridge of London. (R.)

One ill word asketh another. (R.)

Una parola tira l' altra.—One word draws another.—(*Ital.*)

One is not so soon healed as hurt. (R.)

One is of Martin's religion, another of Luther's. (*Gn.*)

One keep-clean is better than ten make-cleans.

One lawsuit breeds twenty.

The worst of law is that one lawsuit breeds twenty. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

One leg of a lark's worth the whole body of a kite. (R.)

One lie makes many. (*See* " Nothing stands in need of lying but a lie," *p.* 818*b*.)

One lie needs seven to wait on it.

Una bugia ne tira dieci.—One lie draws ten after it.—(*Ital.*)

One mad action is not enough to prove a man mad. (*Gn.*)

One man can lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink.

A man may well bring a horse to the water; but he cannot make him drink without he will. (H., 1546.)

You may bring a horse to the river, but he will drink when and what he pleaseth. (G. H.)

A man may lead a horse to the water, but four-and-twenty cannot gar him drink. (R. Sc.)

On ne fait boire l'asne quand il ne veut.—You cannot make an ass drink when he does not wish to.—(*Fr.*)

On a beau mener le bœuf à l'eau s'il n'a soif — It is no good leading the ox to the water if he is not thirsty.—(*Fr.*)

One man can speak and seven can sing.*

Einer kann reden und sieben können singen.—(*Germ.*)

One man makes a chair; another man sits on it.

One man may steal a horse, but another may not look over the hedge.

One man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge. (R.)

One man's meat is another man's poison. (R. Sc.) (*See* " Quod cibus," *p.* 640*a*; *Fletche*, *p.* 139*a*.)

One man's breath is another man's death. (*Gn.*)

One may be confuted and yet not convinced. (*Gn.*)

One may sooner fall than rise. (R.)

One may understand like an angel and yet be devil. (*Gn.*)

One month doth nothing without another. (G. H.)

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* "God giveth speech to all, song to the few."—*Walter C. Smith* (p. 333*b*). *See* " Contra verbosos," *p.* 506*a*.

One nail drives out another. (R.)

Un clou chasse l'autre.—(*Fr.*)

Chiodo con chiodo da se si cava.—(*Ital.*)

Un chiodo caccia l'altro.—(*Ital.*)

(*See* " Clavus clavo," *p.* 503*a*.)

One never loseth by doing good turns. (R.)

One of these days is better than none of these days.

One of these days is none of these days.

One pair of ears draws dry a hundred tongues. (G. H.)

Un pajo d'orecchie seccherebbero cento lingue.—(*Ital.*)

One ploughs, another sows;
Who will reap no one knows.

Een plöier, en Anden saaer,
Den Tredie veed ei hvo det faaer.—(*Dan.*)

One pots sets another boiling.

Je sais à mon pot comment les autres bouillent.—I can tell by my pot how the others boil.—(*Fr.*)

One saddle is enough for one horse. (*Gn.*)

One sheep follows another.—(*Hebrew.*)

One shoe off and one shoe on.

Un pied chaussé et l'autre non.—(*Fr.*) *Dict. Univ., dit de Trévoux,* 1771. (*The French expression is used of a man who has escaped in great haste.*)

One sickly sheep infects the flock.—(*Dr. Watts. See p.* 382*b*.)

One scabbed sheep will mar a whole flock. (R.)

Il ne faut qu'une brebis galeuse pour gâter tout le troupeau.—(*Fr.*) (*Common to all modern languages.*)

One slumber finds another. (G. H.)

One slumber invites another. (R.)

One sound blow will serve to undo us all. G. H.)

One stroke fells not an oak. (G. H.)

One swallow maketh not summer. (H., 1546.)

One swallow makes not a spring nor one woodcock a winter. (R.)

One swallow does not make spring.—(*Greek, Aristotle: Ethic. Nicom., Book* 1.)

Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps.—(*Fr.*)

Una rondine non fa l'estate.—(*Ital.; also in Germ.*)

Una golondrina sola no hace verano.—One swallow alone does not make the summer.—(*Span., Don Quixote,* 1, 13.)

Eine Krähe macht keinen Winter.—One crow does not make a winter.—(*Germ.*)

One sword keeps another in the sheath.

Un coltello fa tener l'altro nella guaina.—One knife makes the other keep in the sheath.—(*Ital.*)

Ein Schwert hält das andere in der Scheide.—(*Germ.; also in Danish.*)

There is also a proverb: "One sword does *not* keep another in the scabbard."

One "Take this" is better than two "I will give."

Better is one *Accipe*, than twice to say *Daob tibi*. (G. H.)

Mieux vaut un "tenez" que deux "vous l'aurez."—(*Fr.*)

Mas vale un "toma" que dos "te daré."—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

Ein: "Nimm hin" ist besser, als zehn: "Helf Gott!"—One "Take this" is better than ten "God-help-you's."—(*Germ.*)

One tale is good till another is told. (R.)

One To-day is worth two To-morrows. (*See Franklin*, *p.* 140*b.*)

Ein Heute ist besser als zehn Morgen.—One To-day is better than ten To-morrows.—(*Germ.*) (*See Greek*, *p.* 474*a.*)

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow. (*Gn.*)

One tongue is enough for a woman. (R.)

One tongue is enough for two women. (*Gn.*)

One trick needs a great many more to make it good. (*Gn.*)

One wedding brings on another.

Bridesmaids may soon be made brides; one wedding brings on another.—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

One woman will take another woman's part. —*Bullein's Dialogue.* (1564 *ed.*).

One year a nurse, and seven the worse. (*Gn.*) (*Alluding to the arduous work of a nurse.*)

One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content. (R.) (*A marriage wish.*)

One's too few, three is too many. (*See* "Two is company, three is none," *p.* 864*b.*)

Open confession is good for the soul.

Open not the door when the devil knocks.

Opinion is the mistress of fools.

Opinion is the queen of the world.—*Referred to by Pascal (1623–1662) as the title of an Italian piece, "Della opinione regina del mondo."*

An ancient Greek sentence states that men are tormented by their own opinions of things, and not by the things themselves. (*See Montaigne*, 1, 40.)

Opinion governs all mankind.—*S. Butler.* (*See also* "Opinio veritate major," *p.* 613*b*; *and* "Plura sunt," *p.* 621*a.*)

Opinions are like fashions, beautiful when new, ugly when discarded.—(*Fr.*) (*From Theodore Jouffroy*, 1796–1842.)

Opportunity makes the thief. (R.)

Opportunity maketh a thief.—(*Bacon: Letter to the Earl of Essex*, 1598.)

The hole calls the thief. (G. H.)

L'occasion fait le larron.—(*Fr.*)

Gelegenheit macht den Dieb.—(*Germ.*)

La ocasion hace el ladron.—The opportunity makes the thief.—(*Span.*)

El agujero llama al ladron.—A hole tempts the thief.—(*Span.*)

Occasio facit furem.—(*Latin.*)

Ayse fait les larrons.—Convenience makes thieves.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Abandon fait larron.—(*Fr.*)

There is a *Dutch proverb:* "Een dief maakt gelegenheid."—A thief makes an opportunity.

Guardati dall' occasione, e ti guarderà Dio da' peccati.—Keep yourself from opportunities, and God will keep you from sin.—(*Ital.*)

Other fish to fry.

I have other fish to fry.—(*Swift: Letter to Stella*, *Feb.* 8, 1700–1.)

Other times, other manners.

Autres temps, autres mœurs.—(*Fr.*)

Altri tempi, altri costumi.—Other times, other customs.—(*Ital.*)

Altri tempi, altre cure.—Other times, other cares.—(*Ital.*)

Mudado o tempo, mudado o conselho.—As time changes, counsel changes.—(*Port.*)

Anden Tid giver andet Folk.—Different times, different folk.—(*Dan.*)

Oughts are nothings unless they have strokes to them.—(*Devonshire.*)

Our ancestors grew not great by hawking and hunting. (*Gn.*)

Our birth made us mortal; our death will make us immortal. (*Gn.*)

Our fathers, who were wondrous wise,
Did wash their throats before they washed
their eyes. (R.)

Our neighbour's hen seems a goose.

Your pot broken seems better than my whole one. (G. H.)

Our own opinion is never wrong. (*Gn.*)

Our whole life is but a greater and longer childhood. (*Gn.*)

Out nettle, in dock. (*Gn.*)

Out of debt out of danger. (R.)

He that gets out of debt grows rich. (G. H.)

Est assez riche qui ne doit rien.—He is rich enough who owes nothing.—(*Fr.*)

Out of sight out of mind.[*] (H., 1546.) (*See Clough*, *p.* 85*a.*)

Long absent, soon forgotten.

Seldom seen, soon forgotten.

For he that is ute bi-loken (shut out),
He is inne sone for-geten.
—*Provs. of Alfred.* *Jesus Coll. MS.* 554.

Fer from eye, fer from herte.—(*Hending.*)

Heart soon forgets what the eye sees not.—*Cursor Mundi* (c. 1250), *l.* 4508.

Loin des yeux, loin du cœur.—Far from the eyes, far from the heart.—(*Fr.*)

Aus den Augen, aus dem Sinn.—(*Germ.*)

(*And in most other modern languages.*)

Out of the frying pan into the fire.

But as the flounder doth—leap out of the frying pan into the fire. (H. 1546.)

Out of the mucksy (muckheap)
Into the pucksy (quagmire).
—(*Halliwell*, "*Proverb Rhymes.*")

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[*] Cum autem sublatus fuerit ab oculis, etiam cito transit a mente.—But when he (man) shall have been taken from sight, he quickly goes also out of mind.—*Thos. Kempis: Imit. Christi*, 1, 23, 1.

Cader della padella nelle bragie.—To fall from the frying pan into the burning coals—(*Ital.*)

Sauter de la poile (*or* poêle) et se jeter dans les braises.—To leap from the frying pan and to throw oneself into the coals.—(*Fr.*)

De fumo in flammam.—Out of the smoke into the fire.—(*Latin.*) (*Cited by Ammianus Marcellinus, according to Ray, as "an ancient proverb." It is also found in Greek, in Lucian, and exists in most modern languages in this form.*)

Out of the smoke into the smother.—(*Shakespeare; see p.* 288*a.*)

It is a sad choice, frying or fire. (*Gn.*)

I escaped the thunder, and fell into the lightning. (G. H.)

Andar de Ceca en Meca, y de zocos en colodros.—To go from Ceca to Mecca, and from bad to worse.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Over fast, over loose. (R. Sc.)

Over high, over low. (R. Sc.)

Over narrow counting culzies na kindness. (R. Sc.)

Ower narrow counting culyes (gains) nae kindness.—(Sc.) (*Cheviot Coll.*)

Overdone is worse than underdone.

Overdoing is nothing to the purpose. (*Gn.*)

Oysters are not good in a month that hath not an "r" in it. (R.) (*i.e.* from May to August, though some excuse their indulgence in the last-mentioned month by spelling it "Orgust.") *The saying is mentioned by Harrison; Description of England, Book 3, ch. 3, pub.* 1577.

Boir eau point ne devez
Au mois où "r" trouverez.
—You should never drink water in a month in which you can find an "r."—(*Old French.*)

A month without an R in it has nae richt being in the year.—*John Wilson: Noctes,* 16 (*Ettrick Shepherd.*)

Painted pictures are dead speakers. (R.)

Painters and poets have leave to lie. (R. Sc.)

Those who err follow the poets.—*Koran, ch.* 26. (*The Oriental belief being that devils prompt the poets with such scraps of angels' converse as they can hear by stealth.*)

Pardon is the choicest flower of victory.—(*Arabic.*)

Pardons and pleasantness are great revengers of slanders. (G. H.)

Parents are patterns. (*Gn.*)

Parnassus has no gold mines in it. (*Gn.*)

Parsons are souls' waggoners. (G. H.)

Patch, and long sit;
Build, and soon flit. (R.)

Paternoster built churches, and Our Father pulls them down. (R.)

Patience! and shuffle the cards!

Paciencia y barajar.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Patience conquers the world.

Il mondo è di chi ha pazienza.—The world is his who has patience.—(*Ital.*)

(*See* "He that endures.")

Patience is a flower that grows not in every one's garden. (R.)

Patience is a plaister for all sores. (R.)

Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog. (R.)

Patience is a stout horse, but it tires at last.

Patience is good for abundance of things besides the gout. (*Gn.*)

Patience is the greatest prayer.*—(*Hindoo: saying of Buddha.*)

Patience is the key of content.—(*Mahomet.*)

Patience is the key of Paradise.—(*Turkish.*)

Patience passes science.

Patience passe science.—(*Fr.*)

Patience surpasses learning. (*See* "An ounce of discretion," *p.* 736*a.*)

Geduld gaat boven geleerdheid.—Patience excels learning.—(*Dutch.*)

Patience, money, and time bring all things to pass. (*Gn.*)

Patience, time, and money accommodate all things. (G. H.)

Patience wears out stones.

Patience with poverty is all a poor man's remedy. (R.)

Patience wi' poverty is a man's best remedy (Sc.)

Patient waiters are no losers.

Paul Pry is on the spy.

Paul's will not always stand. (R.)

Pay beforehand and your work will be behindhand.

Pay-before-hand's never well served. (Sc.)—*Bride of Lammermoor, ch.* 3.

Chi vuol il lavoro mal fatto, paghi innanzi tratto.—Who wants his work ill done, let him pay beforehand.—(*Ital.*)

Paga adelantada, paga viciosa.—Payment in advance is evil payment.—(*Span.*) (*See* "When wages are paid.")

Pay well when you are served well.

Pay what you owe, and what you're worth you'll know.

Paga lo que debes, sabrás lo que tienes.—(*Span.*)

Paga lo que debes, sanarás del mal que tienes.—Pay what you owe, and be cured of your complaint.—(*Span.*)

Peace with a cudgel in hand is war.

Paz de cajado guerra he.—(*Port.*)

Peel a fig for your friend, a peach for your enemy. (R.)

All' amico mondagli il fico,
All' inimico il persico.—(*Ital.*)

Après la poire le vin ou le prêtre.—After a pear, wine or the priest.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

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* "The principal part of faith is patience."—*George Macdonald.*

Penny and penny laid up will be many. (R.)

Who will not keep a penny shall never have many. (R.)

Bonne est la maille qui sauve le denier.—Good is the farthing which saves the penny.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Pfennig ist Pfennigs Bruder.—Penny is penny's brother.—(*Germ.*)

Put twa pennies (*or* halfpennies) in a purse and they'll creep thegither. (Sc.)

Penny come quick soon makes twopence. (*Gn.*)

Penny goes after penny,
Till Peter hasn't any.

Penny in pocket is a merry companion. (*Gn.*)

Penny wise, pound foolish.

Mancher sucht einen Pfennig, und verbrennt dabei ein Pfund.—Many seek a farthing and thereby consume a pound.—(*Germ.*)

Cent wise, and dollar foolish.

Pension never enriched a young man. (G. H.)

People throw stones only at trees with fruit on them.

People who are too sharp cut their own fingers.

Perhaps you'd have cherries at Christmas? (*Gn.*)

Persevere and never fear.

Persuasion is better than force.

Sylla proceeded by persuasion, not by arms.—(*Plutarch's Lives. Lysander and Sylla compared.*)

Contrivance is better than force. (R.)

Engin mieulx vault que force.—Machination is worth more than force.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel, ch.* 27.)

List geht über Gewalt.—Cunning surpasses strength.—(*Germ.*)

Perverseness makes one squint-eyed. (G. H.)

Peter in, and Paul out. (R. Sc.)

Peter's in, Paul's out. (Sc.) (*Hislop*) *When one thing or person is at last found, another, also required, is missing.*

Peter is so godly that God don't make him thrive. (*Gn.*)

Pheasants are fools if they invite the hawk to dinner. (*Gn.*)

Pickpockets are sure traders, for they take ready money. (*Gn.*)

Pigs grow fat where lambs would starve.

Pigs grunt about everything and nothing.

Pigs love that lie together. (*Gn.*)

Pigs *might* fly (*i.e.* if they had wings).

Pigs might fly, but they're very unlikely birds.

Pigs when they fly go tail first.

That is as likely as to see a hog fly. (*Gn.*)

Pigs play on the organ at Hog's Norton. (*Gn.*)

Pills are to be swallowed, not chewed.

Pillen muss man schlingen, nicht kauen.—(*Germ.*)

Il faut avaler les pilules, sans les mâcher.—(*Fr.*)

Pinch yourself and know how others feel.—(*Japanese.*)

Pith (strength) 's gude at a' play but threadin' o' needles. (Sc.)

Pith is good in all plays. (R. Sc.)

Pity cureth envy. (*Gn.*)

Pity is akin to love.—(*Southern, p.* 335*a.*)

La plaincte et la commiseration sont meslees à quelque estimation de la chose qu'on plaind.—Pity and commiseration are mixed with some regard for the thing which one pities.—(*Fr. Montaigne*, 1, 50.)

Pity it is that no vanity should be put into the composition of womenkind. (*Gn.*)

Plain dealing's a jewel, but they that use it die beggars. (R.)

Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that wear it are out of fashion. (*Gn.*)

Plain dealing is dead, and died without issue. (*Gn.*)

Fair play is a jewel.

Consistency is a jewel.

Plain dealing is the best.—(*Prynne, see p.* 260*b*; *also Wycherley, p.* 403*b.*)

Plaster thick;
Some will stick.

Play may be good, but folly can never be of any use. (*Gn.*)

Play with your peers. (R. Sc.)

Play wi' your play fairs. (R. Sc.)

Play, women, and wine undo men laughing. (R.)

Pleasing ware is half sold. (G. H.)

Chose qui plait est a demy vendue.—(*Fr.* V. 1498.)

Pleasure tasteth well after service. (*Gn.*)

Plenty is na dainty. (R. Sc.)

Plenty is no fault.

Ce qui abonde ne vicie pas.—Abundance of a thing does no harm.—(*Fr.*)

Plenty makes dainty. (R.)

Abbondanza genera fastidio.—(*Ital.*)

Plough deep whilst sluggards sleep.—(*Franklin, see p.* 140*b.*)

Ara bien y hondo, cogerás pan en abondo.—Plough well and deep and you will have plenty of corn.—(*Span.*)

Plough or plough not, you must pay me my rent.

Ares, no ares, renta me pagues.—(*Span.*)

Pluck a gown o' gold and you may get a sleeve o't. (Sc.)

Point not at others' spots with a foul finger. (*Gn.*)

Policy may be virtuous as well as vicious. (*Gn.*)

Poor and liberal; rich and covetous. (G. H.)

Poor folks are glad of porridge. (Sc.)

Poor men are fain of little things. (R. Sc.)

Poor folks must say, Thank-ye for a little. (*Gn.*)

Poor folks seek meat for their stomachs, rich folks, stomachs for their meat. (*The Selkirk Grace is perhaps founded on this. See Burns, p. 47b, note.*)

Poor men are apt to think everybody flouts them. (*Gn.*)

Poor men have no souls. (R.)

Poor men, they say, hesna souls. (R. Sc.)

Poor men's reasons are not heard. (*Gn.*)

Poor men's tables are soon spread. (R.)

Poortith (poverty) is better than pride. (Sc.)

Popular opinion is the greatest lie in the world. (*Gn.*)

Positive men err most of any men. (*Gn.*)

Positiveness is an evidence of poor judgment. (*Gn.*)

Possession is nine-tenths of the law.

Possession, they say, is eleven points of the law.—(*Swift: Works, Vol. 17, p.* 270.)

Possession is eleven points of the law, and they say there are but twelve. (R.)

The first is most right.—(*Russian.*) (*See* "Might is right," *p.* 810*b*.)

Possession is worth an ill charter. (R. Sc.)

Possession vaut titre.—Possession is as good as title.—(*Fr.*)

Possibilities are infinite. (*Gn.*)

Postponed is not abandoned.

Aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben.—(*Germ.*)

Verschoben ist nicht aufgehoben.—To put off is not to let off.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "Quod differtur," *p.* 640*a*.)

Pour not water on a drowning mouse. (*Gn.*)

Poverty breaks covenants. (*Gn.*)

Poverty has no greater foe than bashfulness.

Poverty is an evil counsellor. (*Gn.*)

Poverty is no crime and no credit.

Armuth macht nicht Glücklich und Reichthum ist keine Schande.—Poverty is not happiness, and riches are not disgrace.—(*Germ.*)

Poverty is no sin, but twice as bad.—(*Russian.*)

Poverty is no sin. (G. H.)

La pauvreté n'est pas un péché;
Mieux vaut cependant la cacher.
—Poverty is not a sin; all the same, it is better to hide it.—(*Fr.*)

Probreza no es vileza, ma es ramo de picardia.—Poverty is no sin, but it is a branch of knavery.—(*Span.*)

Poverty is not a shame, but the being ashamed of it is. (*Gn.*)

Shame of poverty is almost as bad as pride of wealth.

Poverty is querulous. (*Gn.*)

Poverty is the mither (mother) o' a' arts. (Sc.)

Necessity is the mither o' a' arts. (Sc.)

Mater artium necessitas.—(*Latin.*)

The poor man's budget is full of schemes.

A poor man is all plans.—(*Span.*)

De moult se pourpense qui pain n'a.—He is very thoughtful who has no bread.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

(*See* "Necessity is the mother of invention," *p.* 814*a*.)

Poverty is the mother of crime.

Mater criminum necessitas tollitur.—Need is held to be the mother of crimes.—(*Latin. Cassiodorus: Variarum, Lib.* 9, *Epist.* 13.) (*Misquoted by Chaucer, in Melibeus, sec.* 50: "Poverte . . . the moder of ruine.")

Poverty is the mother of health. (G. H.)

Paupertas sanitatis mater.—*Vincent of Beauvais: Speculum Historiale*, 10, 71.

Povertà, madre de sanità.—(*Ital.*)

Poverty is a friend to health. (*Gn.*)

Poverty is the sixth sense.

Armuth ist der sechste Sinn.—(*Germ.*)

Poverty makes men poor-spirited. (*Gn.*)

Poverty makes men ridiculous. (*Gn.*)

Poverty parteth fellowship (*or* friends). (R.)

Poverty and death will part good fellowship.—*Bullein's Dialogue* (1564).

Poverty breeds strife.

Poverty parts good company, and is an enemy to virtue. (R. Sc.)

"This wrat I often, poverte partyth company." (*MS. of 14th Century.*)

Practice is better than precept. (*See* "Example," *p.* 759*a*; "Præcepta," *p.* 623*b*; "Homines amplius," *p.* 545*a*.)

Précepte commence, exemple achève.—Precept begins, example accomplishes.—(*Fr.*)

Practice makes perfect.

Use maketh perfiteness.—*Bullein's Dialogue*, c. 1564.

Use maks perfyteness. (Sc.) (*His'op.*)

Use of hand is father of lear (learning). (Sc.)

Custom makes all things easy.

Uebung bringt Kunst.—(*Germ.*)

Uebung macht den Meister.—Practice makes the master.—(*Germ.*)

El usar saca oficial.—Practice makes the workman.—(*Span.*)

Uso hace maestro.—(*Span.*)

Exercitatio potest omnia.—Practice can do all things.—(*Latin.*)

Exercitatio optimus est magister.—Practice is the best master.—(*Latin.*)

Practise thrift or else you'll drift.

Praise a fool and you water his folly.

Praise day at night, and life at the end. (G. H.)

Praise not the day before the night. (*Gn.*)

Ruse (praise) the fair day at een. (Sc.)

Call me not an olive till you see me gathered. (G. H.)

Attendez à la nuit pour dire que le jour a été beau.—Wait till night before saying it has been a fine day.—(*Fr.*)

Schönen Tag soll man loben, wann es Nacht ist.—You should praise a fine day when it is night.—(*Germ.; also in Dan.*)

Speak no ill of the year before it is gone.—(*Found in all languages.*)

Praise is always pleasant. (*Gn.*)

Praise makes good men better and bad men worse.

Praise none too much, for all are fickle. (G. H.)

Praise Peter, but don't find fault with Paul.

Who praiseth St. Peter doth not blame St. Paul. (G. H.) (*See* "Do not rob Peter," *p.* 752*b.*)

Praise the bridge which carries you over.

Ruse (praise) the foord as ye find it. (R. Sc.)

Praise not the ford till you are safe over. (*Gn.*)

(*See Hebrew proverb,* under "It is a dirty bird," *p.* 794*a.*)

Praise the hill, but keep below.

Praise a hill, but keep below. (G. H.)

Praise the sea, but keep on land. (G. H.)

Loda il mar, e tienti alla terra.—(*Ital.*)

Il faut louer la mer et se tenir en terre.—(*Fr.*)

Prate is prate, but it is the duck that lays the egg. (*Gn.*)

Pray devoutly, but hammer stoutly. (*See* "God helps those," *p.* 766*b.*)

A Dios rogando y con el mazo dando.—In praying to God you must use your hammer.—(*Span.*)

Joindre les mains, c'est bien; les ouvrir c'est mieux.—To join the hands (in prayer) is well; to open them (in work) is better.—(*Fr.*)

Beten und Arbeiten.—Pray and work.—(*Germ.*)

Laborare est orare.—(*Latin.*) (*See* "Qui laborat," *p.* 632*b.*)

None can pray well but he that lives well.

Work as though work alone thine end could gain;
But pray to God as though all work were vain.
—*D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson: tr. of Euripides.*

Pray to God, but row to shore.—(*Russian.*) (*See* "God helps those," *p.* 766*b; and* "Pray devoutly." *p.* 827*a.*)

Prayer and practice is good rhyme. (Sc.)

Prayer knocks till the door opens.

Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.

Precious things are not found in heaps. (*Gn.*)

Present company always excepted.

Good manners always to except my Lord Mayor of London. (R.)

Presents keep friendship warm.

Geschenke halten die Freundschaft warm.—(*Germ.*)

Presents endear absents.—(*Charles Lamb; see p.* 192*a.*)

(*See* "Gifts make their way.")

Press a stick and it seems a youth. (G. H.)

Prettiness dies first. (G. H.)

Prettiness dies quickly. (R.)

Prettiness is short lived. (*Gn.*)

Prettiness makes no pottage. (*Gn.*)

"Pretty pussy" will not feed a cat.

Prevention is better than cure.

Precaution is better than cure. (*See* "Præstat cautela," *p.* 623*b.*)

Pride and grace never dwell in one place.

Pride and poverty are ill met, yet often dwell together.* (*See* "Poortith," *p.* 826*a.*)

Poor and proud, fy, fy. (R.)

The devil wipes his tail with the poor man's pride. (R.)

There's nothing agrees worse
Than a proud mind and a beggar's purse. (R.)

A proud heart in a poor breast, he's meikle dollour to dree. (R. Sc.)

Three sorts of men my soul hateth . . . a poor man that is proud.—*Ecclesiasticus* 25, 2.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.—(*Poor Richard.*)

Pride feels no cold.

Pride feels no frost. (*Gn.*)

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.—(*Poor Richard.*)

Pride is scarce ever cured. (*Gn.*)

Pride is the sworn enemy to content. (*Gn.*)

Pride joined with many virtues chokes them all. (*Gn.*)

Pride may lurk under a threadbare cloak. (*Gn.*)

Pride must (*or* will) have a fall. (*See Shakespeare, p.* 313*a.*)

Pride never leaves his master till he gets a fa'. (Sc.)

Pride goes before a fall. (*See Prov.* 16, 18, *and* 11, 2.)

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* The Twelve Evils of the Age as set forth in an Homily, *De Octo Viciis*, etc., c. A.D. 1200 (*E.E.T.S.*, No. 34, p. 107), were: (1) Sapiens sine operibus bonis; (2) Senex sine religione; (3) Adolescens sine obedientia; (4) Dives sine elemosina; (5) Femina sine pudicitia; (6) Dominus sine virtute; (7) Christianus contentiosus; (8) Pauper superbus; (9) Rex iniquus; (10) Episcopus negligens; (11) Plebs sine disciplina; (12) Populus sine lege. (1, A wise man without good works; 2, An old man without religion; 3, A young man without obedience; 4, A rich man without charity; 5, A woman without modesty; 6, A lord without virtue; 7, A quarrelsome Christian; 8, *A poor man who is proud*; 9, An unjust king; 10, A negligent Bishop; 11, A populace without discipline; 12, A people without law.)

Pride goeth before, and shame cometh after (H., 1546.)

Hochmuth kommt zu Fall.—(*Germ.*)

Hovmod gaaer for Fald.—(*Dan.*)

Pride's an ill horse to ride. (Sc.)

Pride, perceiving humility honourable, often borroweth her cloak. (*Gn.*)

Pride will spit in pride's face. (*Gn.*)

Proud men can't bear with pride in others. (*Gn.*)

Pride with pride will not abide.

Pride's chickens have bonny feathers but bony bodies. (Sc.)

Priestcraft is no better than witchcraft.

Princes have no way. (G. H.)

Proffered service stinketh. (H., 1546.)

Merx ultronea putet.—*St. Jerome.*

See Chaucer: Canon's Yeoman's Tale, 513.

Promises are like pie-crust, lightly made and easily broken. (*See* "Bad customs," *p.* 740*a.*)

Promises engage more effectually than presents. (*Gn.*)

Promises make debts, and debts make promises.

Bihest (promise) is dette.—*Chaucer: Man of Lawe. Prol., Introd.*, 41.

And of a trewe man beheest is dette.—*Hoccleve: De Regim. Principum.*

Belofte maak schuld, en schuld maakt belofte.—(*Dutch.*)

Zusagen macht Schuld.—Promising makes debt.—(*Germ.*)

He who promises runs into debt. (R.)

Quien promete (*or* Quien fia ó promete), en deuda se mete.—(*Span.*)

Promising is the eve of giving. (G. H.)

Prosperity destroys fools and endangers the wise. (*Gn.*)

Prosperity has damned more souls than all the devils together. (*Gn.*)

Prosperity knows not the worth of patience. (*Gn.*)

Prosperity lets go the bridle. (G. H.)

Prosperity takes no counsel and fears no calamity. (*Gn.*)

Proverbs are the wisdom of the streets.

Spreekwoorden zijn dochters der dagelijksche ondervinding.—Proverbs are daughters of daily experience.—(*Dutch.*)

Providence is better than a rent. (G. H.)

Providence provides for the provident. (*See* "God helps those," *p.* 766*b.*)

Prudence is not satisfied with May-be's. (*Gn.*)

Prudent pauses.

Public money is like holy water—everyone helps himself.—(*From the Italian.*)

Public reproof hardens shame. (*Gn.*)

Puff not against the wind. (R.)

Chi sputa contra il vento, si sputa contra il viso.—Who spits against the wind spits in his own face.—(*Ital.*)

Who spits against heaven it falls in his face. (G. H.)

Pull devil, pull baker.

Tirer le diable par la queue.—To pull the devil by the tail; to be in great difficulty.—(*Fr.*)[*]

Pull down your hat on the wind's side. (G. H.)

Punctuality is the soul of business.

Tempus anima rei.—Time is the soul of the business.—(*Latin.*)

Punishment is lame, but it comes. (G. H.)

Il castigo puo differirsi ma non si toglie.—Chastisement may be deferred, but it is not put off for ever.—(*Ital.*)

Purchase the next world with this; you will win both.—(*Arabic.*)

Put a stout heart to a stey (steep) brae. (Sc.)

Put another man's child in your bosom and he'll creep out at your elbow. (R.)—(*Given as a Cheshire saying.*)

Put not your hand betwixt the rind and the tree. (R. Sc.)

Put not your trust in money; put your money in trust.—(*American.*)

Put off your armour and then show your courage. (*Gn.*)

Put your finger into the fire, and then say it was your misfortune. (*Gn.*)

Put your foot down where you mean to stand.

Put your hand quickly to your hat and slowly to your purse.—(*From the Danish.*)

Put your own shoulder to the wheel.

Quarrel and strife make short life.—(*Swedish.*)

Quarrellers do not live long.—*Scott: St. Ronan's Well, ch.* 8.

Quarrelling dogs come halting home. (*Gn.*)

Quarrelsome dogs get dirty coats.—*Quoted as "the old saying" in Lover's "Handy Andy," ch.* 46.

Queen Anne is dead.

Queen Elizabeth is dead.—*Earlier saying prevalent before Queen Anne.*

My Lord Baldwin's dead. (R.)—(*Sussex.*)

"Our story a secret! Lord help you—tell 'em Queen Anne's dead."—(*G. Colman, jun.: Heir at Law*, i. 1.)

Henri Quatre est sur le Pont Neuf.—Henry IV. ('s statue) is on the Pont Neuf.

C'est vieux comme le Pont Neuf.—That is old like the Pont Neuf—"the new bridge," but the oldest of the bridges of Paris.

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[*] Supposed to have originated in the old and favourite puppet-shows, in which a baker was consigned to the flames by the devil.

Quey caufs are dear veal. (Sc.) ("Queys" are young cows, and too valuable to be sold as veal.)

Quick at meat, quick at work. (R.)

Hurtig zum Imbiss, hurtig zur Arbeit.—(*Germ.*)

Slow at meat, slow at work. (R.)

Quick believers need broad shoulders. (G. H.)

Quick landlords make careful tenants. (*Gn.*)

Quick removals are slow prosperings.

Quick steps are best over miry ground.

Quickly too'd (toothed), and quickly go,
Quickly will thy mother have mo'.
—(*Yorkshire.*) (R.)

Quickly tod, quickly with God. (R.)

Soon tod, soon with God.—(*Northern.*)

Quietness is best.

Quiet persons are welcome everywhere. (*Gn.*)

Rain before seven, fine before eleven; fine before seven, rain before eleven. (*See* "For a morning rain," *p.* 762*b*.)

If it rains at eleven
It will last till seven.

Rain on Good Friday and Easter Day,
A good year for grass, and a bad year for hay.

Rain, rain, rattle stanes [hail],
Dinna rain on me,
But rain on Johnnie Groat's house,
Far owre the sea. (Sc.)

Raise no more spirits than you can conjure down. (R.)

Raise nae mair deils than ye're able to lay. (Sc.)

Man soll nicht mehr Teufel rufen als man bannen kann.—(*Germ.*)

Raw dads mak fat lads. (R. Sc.)

The soft dough makes the stiff buttock.—(*Gaelic.*

Ready money is a ready medicine. (G. H.)

Argent comptant porte médecine.—(*Fr.*)

Rien de plus éloquent que l'argent comptant.—Nothing more eloquent than ready money.—(*Fr.*)

Ready money will away. (R.)

Reason lies between the spur and the bridle. (G. H.)

Tra la briglia e lo sprone consiste la ragione.—Between the bridle and the spur consists reason.—(*Ital.*)

Rebuke should have a grain more of salt than of sugar.

Rebukes ought not to have a grain of salt more than of sugar. (*Gn.*)

Reckless youth makes rueful age.

Reckless youth makes a goustie age. (R. Sc.)

Reckon right and February hath one-and-thirty days. (G. H.)

Red herring ne'er spake word but e'en,
"Broil my back, but not my weam." (R.)

Reeds become darts.

Las cañas se vuelven lanzas.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

Reevers (thieves) should not be rewers (soft-hearted). (R. Sc.)

Rejoice Shrovetide to-day, for to-morrow you will be ashes. (*Gn.*)

Religion is a stalking horse to shoot other fowl. (G. H.)

Religion is the best armour in the world, but the worst cloak. (*Gn.*)

Religion lies more in walk than in talk.

Religion without piety hath done more mischief in the world than all other things put together. (*Gn.*)

Remove an old tree and it will wither to death. (R.)

Arbre souvent remué fait à piene bon fruit.—A tree often removed will hardly bear good fruit.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Alte Bäume soll man nicht verpflanzen.—Old trees must not be transplanted.—(*Germ.*)

Repentance costs very dear.

Le repentir coûte bien cher.*—(*Fr.*)

Repentance is good, but innocence is better.

Repentance is the May of the virtues.—(*Chinese.*)

Reproof never does a wise man harm.

Reputation is commonly measured by the acre. (*Gn.*)

Reputation is often got without merit and lost without crime. (*Gn.*)

Reputation serves to virtue as light does to a picture. (*Gn.*)

Reserve the master-blow. (R.)

Respect a man, he will do the more. (R.)

Respect yourself, or no one else will. (*See the Greek maxim of the Pythagoreans, p.* 477*a*; *also* "Rarum est," *p.* 643*a*.)

Autant vaut l'homme comme il s'estime.—A man's worth is as he esteems himself.—(*Fr.*)

An Italian proverb says: "Chi non se stima vien stimato."—Who does not esteem himself will gain esteem.

Rest and success are fellows.

Rest breeds rust.

Rast macht Rost.—(*Germ.*)

"Rast ich, so rost ich," sagt der Schlüssel.—"If I rest, then I rust," says the key.—(*Germ.*)

Rust maakt roest.—(*Dutch.*)

Revenge is a mouthful for a god.

Vendetta boccone di Dio.—(*Ital.*)

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* Derived from the well-known story of Demosthenes who informed Lais, "I do not buy repentance at so heavy a cost as a thousand drachmæ."—*Aulus Gellius*: Bk. 1, ch. 8, 6.

Revenge never repairs an injury. (*Gn.*)

Rice for good luck and bauchles (old shoes) for bonnie bairns. (Sc.) (*Referring to throwing of rice and old shoes at weddings.*)

Rich men feel misfortunes that fly over poor men's heads. (*Gn.*)

Rich men have no faults. (*Gn.*)

Riches are got wi' pain, kept wi' care, and tint (lost) wi' grief.

To have money is a fear, not to have it a grief. (G. H.)

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose. (G. H.)

Riches are like muck which stinks in a heap, but spread abroad makes the earth fruitful.* (R.)

Money, like dung, does næ good till 'tis spread. (*Gn.*)

Riches are often abused, never refused.

Rigdom bliver vel lastet, men aldrig forkastet.—(*Dan.*)

Riches breed care, poverty is safe.

Rigdom har Sorg, og Armod har Tryghed.—(*Dan.*)

Riches bring cares.

Gold hath been the ruin of many.—(*Ecclesiasticus* 21, 6.)

Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.

Riches do not come in a few hours.

Grand bien ne vient point en peu d'heures.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

He that would be rich in a year, will be hanged in half a year.

Riches have made more covetous men than covetousness hath made men rich. (*Gn.*)

Riches have wings.—(*Prov. 23, 5.*)

Riches rather enlarge than satisfy appetites.

Ridicule is the test of truth.

Right wrongs no man.

Richt wrangs nae man. (Sc.)

Rivers need a spring. (G. H.)

Rome was not built in a day.

Rome n'a été bâti tout en un jour.—(*Fr.*)

Rome ne fut pas fait en ung jour.—(*Old Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Rome was not biggit on the first day. (R. Sc.)

Troy was not took in a day. (*Gn.*)

On ne fait pas tout en un jour.—One cannot do everything in one day.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Paris n'a pas été fait en un jour.—Paris was not made in one day.—(*Fr.*)

No se ganó Zamora en una hora.—Zamora was not conquered in an hour.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 23.)

Rue an' thyme grow baith in ae garden. (R. Sc.)

Rumour is a great traveller. (*See* "Fama malum," *p.* 530*b.*)

Ouir dire va partout.—Hearsay goes everywhere.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Rumour is a liar.

"On dit" est souvent un grand menteur.—"People say" is often a great liar.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Common fame," *p.* 748*b*; "What everyone says," *p.* 867*b.*)

Rust wastes more than use.

La rouille use plus que le travail.—(*Fr.*)

Sacrifice not thy heart upon every altar. (*Gn.*)

Sadness and gladness succeed one another. (*Gn.*)

Lachen und Weinen in einem Sack.—Laughter and weeping in one bag.—(*Germ.*)

Sail, quoth the king; Hold, saith the wind. (*Gn.*)

St. Bartholomew [Aug. 24] brings the cold dew.*

St. Benedick [March 21], sow thy pease or keep them in the rick. (R.)

St. Luke was a saint and physician, yet he is dead. (G. H.)

St. Matthee [Sept. 21], shut up the bee. (R.)

St. Matthie [St. Matthias, Feb. 24] sends sap into the tree. (R.)

St. Mattho [Feb. 24], take thy hopper and sow. (R.)

St. Matthy [Feb. 24], all the year goes by. (R.)

Ray says: "Because in Leap-year the supernumerary day is then intercalated." The additional day in Leap-year was, under the Roman system, as introduced by Julius Cæsar, inserted between Feb. 24 and Feb. 25, the 25th being the 6th of the Kalends of March. The inserted day was called "bis-sexto calendas," whence the Latin "Bissextile." Until the introduction of New Style (1752), the legal year in England began on March 25. This usage holds good in the Treasury, and in the financial year of many companies, corporations, and other institutions.

St. Valentine [Feb. 14], set thy hopper by mine. (R.)

Safe bind, safe find.—(*Tusser: Points of Good Husbandry.*)

Sure bind, sure find. (R.)

Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
—*Merchant of Venice, Act* ii. 5.

Salmon and sermon have their season in Lent. (R.)—(*Given as a French proverb.*)

Salt spilt is seldom clean taken up. (*Gn.*)

Samson was a strong man, yet could not pay money before he had it. (*Gn.*)

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* Bacon uses a similar maxim in several forms. In his Essay on "Seditions," he has it: "And money is like muck, not good except it be spread."

* As to all these dates, it must be remembered that the change of style put them forward ten days in the season, thus altering the application of the proverbs.

Saturday's new and Sunday's full
Was always rough and always wull.
—*Old saying.*

New Moon, if on a Saturday, and comes once in seven years, is once too soon.—*Kentish saying.*

Save a thief from the gallows and he'll cut your throat. (R.)—(*Quoted in "Humphrey Clinker," Smollett*, 1761.)

This is trewe, by al halowes,
Delyver a theeff fro the galoos,
And he shall wayte the to rob or sloo.
—*Sir Beves of Hamtoun, 14th Century MS., l.* 969.

Dispicca l'impiccato, e impiccherà poi te.—(*Ital.*)

Otez un vilain du gibet, il vous y mettra.—Take an evil-doer from the gallows and he will put you there.—(*Fr.*)

Oignez villain, il vous poindra. Poignez villain il vous oindra.—Anoint a scoundrel and he will wound you; wound him and he will anoint you.—(*Rabelais: Gargantua,* 1, 32.)

Save me from my friends.

Amico, e guardati.—(*Ital.*)

Fra gli amici guardami Iddio, che fra' nemici mi guarderò io.—God preserve me from my friends; from my enemies I will preserve myself.—(*Ital.; also in Germ.*)

De qui je me fie Dieu me garde.—God save me from him in whom I trust.—(*Fr.*)

Save something against a rainy day.

The business of a poor waiting-woman . . . is to be scraping up something against a rainy day, called the day of marriage.—(*Dryden: Amphitryon,* i. 2.)

Save something for a sore foot.

Save something for the man that rides on the white horse. (R.)

Saving is getting. (*Gn.*)

Say nay, and take it.

Say no ill of the year till it be past. (G. H.) (*See* "Praise day at night," *p.* 827*a.*)

Say nothing, but think the more.

Though he says nothing, he pays it with thinking, like the Welshman's jackdaw. (R.)

"Say well" is good, but "Do well" is better.

"Say well" and "Do well" end with one letter;
"Say well" is good, but "Do well" is better. (R.)

Say well or be still.

Saying gangs cheap. (R. Sc.)

Saying is one thing, doing another.

Saying and doing are two things. (R.)

Le dire est aultre chose que le faire.—(*Fr. Montaigne: Essais* (1580), 2, 31.)

Dal detto al fatto v' è un gran tratto.—From saying to doing is a long step.—(*Ital.*)

Du dire au fait y a grand trait.—(*Fr.*)

Del dicho al hecho hay gran trecho.—There is great distance between saying and doing.—(*Span.*)

Sagen und Thun ist zweierlei.—Saying and doing are two different things.—(*Germ.*)

Fare e dire son due cose.—(*Ital.*)

Fra dir e far si guastano scarpe assai.—Between saying and doing a great many shoes are worn out.—(*Ital.*)

There is a long way between doing and saying.—(*Hindoo.*)

(*See also Montaigne's* "C'est sans doubte," *etc., p.* 690*b*; *also proverbs,* "Easier said than done," *and* "Between promising and performing.")

Scald not your lips in another man's pottage. (R.)

Scandal will rub out like dirt when it is dry. (*Gn.*)

Scanderbeg's sword must have Scanderbeg's arm. (*Gn.*) (Scanderbeg, *alias* Iskender Bey (1403–1467), whose real name was Georgio Castriota, was a distinguished warrior, who is national hero of Albania and was reputed to have slain 3,000 Turks with his own sword.)

Scorning is catching. (R.)

Hanging's stretching; mocking's catching. (R.)

Scotsmen aye reckon frae an ill hour. (Sc.)

Scratch my back, and I will scratch yours.

Tickle me, Bobby, and I'll tickle you.

Scratch my breech, and I'll claw your elbow. (R.)

Give me fire, and I will give you a light.—(*Arabic.*)

Ka me and I'll ka thee. (R.)

Claw me and I'll claw thee. (R.)

Caw me, caw thee. (R.)

Scraitch me and I'll scraitch thee. (Sc.)

Take heed of him that by the back thee claweth.
—*Sir T. Wyatt: Of the Feigned Friend,* c. 1540.

Il faut gratter les gens par où il leur démange.—One must scratch people where they itch.—(*Fr.*)

Mutuum muli scabunt.—Mules rub one another.—(*Latin.*) *Title of a lost writing by Varro* (116–27, B.C.)

Senes mutuum fricant.—Old men rub one another.—(*Lat.*) (*Erasmus: Adagia.*)

Fricantem refrica.—Rub the back of one who rubs you.—(*Lat.*) (*Ib. Referred to, by Erasmus, as a Greek prov.*)

Un âne gratte l'autre.—One ass scratches the other.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "One good turn," *p.* 821*b.*)

Seamen are the nearest to death and the farthest from God. (*Gn.*)

Search not for a good man's pedigree. (*Gn.*)

Second thoughts are best.—*Dryden: Spanish Friar* (1681), *Act* ii.

He thinks not well that thinks not again. (G. H.)

Second thoughts are certainly wiser.—(*Euripides: Hippolytus,* 436.)

Il secondo pensiero è il migliore.—(*Ital.*)

Prends le premier conseil d'une femme et non le second.—Take a woman's first advice and not the second.—(*Fr.*)

See a pin and let it lie,
You're sure to want before you die.

See a pin and let it lie,
You'll want a pin before you die.

Qui voit une épingle et ne le prend,
Vient un temps qu'il s'en repent.—(*Fr.*)

He that takes not a pin slights his wife. (G. H.)

See Naples and then die.

Vedi Napoli, e poi muori.—(*Ital.*)

Qui n'a pas vu Séville n'a rien vu.—Who has not seen Seville has seen nothing.—*Quoted as a prov. in "Gil Blas"* (1735), *Bk.* 10, *ch.* 10.

Seeing is believing.

Chi con l' occhio vede, di cuor crede.—Who sees with the eye believes with the heart.—(*Ital.*)

Seein's believin', but feelin's the naked truth. (Sc.) (*See* "Words are but wind, but seein's believin'," *p.* 878*a*.)

Seek till you find, and you'll not lose your labour. (R.)

Seek your salve where you got your sore.

Seek your saw where you gat your ail,
An' beg your barm where you buy your ale.
(R. Sc.)

Sel, sel, has half filled hell. (Sc.) ("*Sel*" = selfishness.)

Seldom rides tynes (loses) the spurs. (R. Sc.)

Self do, self have. (R.)—(*Quoted as a prov. by Burton, Anat. Melan.*, 1621, *with the comment, "As the saying is, they may thank themselves."*)

Self love makes the eyes blind.

Eigenliebe macht die Augen trübe.—(*Germ.*)

Self love is a mote in every man's eye. (R.)

Self praise is no recommendation.

Self praise is no praise.

Self praise is nae honour. (Sc.)

Self praise comes aye stinking ben. (Sc.) ("Ben" = inwards.)

Hast thou that ancient, true-said sawe forgot,
That a man's praise, in his owne mouth, doth stinke?
—*Times Whistle*, c. 1614, *Sat.* 3, 1089.

La alabanza propia envilece.—Self-praise disgraces.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

He that praiseth himself, spattereth himself. (G. H.)

Chi si loda s'imbroda.—Who praises himself fouls himself.—(*Ital.*)

Eigenlob stinkt, Freundes Lob hinkt.—Self-praise smells, friend's praise halts.—(*Germ.*)

Self-preservation is Nature's first law. (*Gn.*)

Self's allers at home.—*Suffolk saying.*

Self loves itself best.

Selbst ist der Mann.—Self is the man (*i.e.* I prefer to do a thing for myself).—(*Germ.*)

Sell not the bear's skin before you have caught him. (R.)

Non vender la pelle del orso innanzi che sia presa.—(*Ital.*)

Die Bärenhaut soll man nicht verkaufen the der Bär gestochen ist.—You must not sell the bearskin before the bear is killed.—(*Germ.*)

Verkoop den huid niet, voor gij den beer hebt gevangen.—Do not sell the hide before you have caught the bear.—(*Dutch.*)

Sælg ikke Bælgen för du har fanget Ræven.—Do not sell the hide before you have caught the fox.—(*Dan.*)

Send a fool to market, and a fool he'll return. (R.)

Send a fool to France and he'll come a fool back. (Sc.)

Chi bestia va á Roma, bestia ritorna.—He who goes to Rome a beast, returns a beast.—(*Ital.*)

Send not a cat for lard. (G. H.)

Send not for a hatchet to break open an egg. (*Gn.*)

Take not a musket to kill a butterfly. (*Gn.*)

Send not to market for trouble. (*Gn.*)

Do not buy trouble.—*Modern.*

Send your noble blood to market and see what it will buy. (*Gn.*)

September blow soft,
Till the fruit's in the loft. (R.)

Servants should put on patience when they put on a livery. (*Gn.*)

Service is no inheritance. (G. H.)

Service de seigneur n'est pas héritage.—Service of a lord is not inheritance.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Sirve á señor, y sabrás que es dolor.—Serve a lord and you will know what sorrow is.—(*Span.*)

Servizio de' grandi non è eredità.—Service of the great is not inheritance.—(*Ital.*)

(The English and French proverbs are supposed to refer to the old manorial right of claiming service before the successor to property was admitted to his inheritance.)

Service without reward is punishment. (G. H.)

Serving one's own passions is the greatest slavery. (*Gn.*)

Set a beggar on horseback and he will gallop. (R.)

Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil. (R.)

Wenn ein Bettler auf's Pferd kommt, so kann ihm kein Teufel mehr voreilen.—When a beggar gets on horseback the devil cannot outride him.—(*Germ.*)

Helpt gij een' bedelaar te paard, hij draaft niet, maar hij galoppeert.—Put a beggar on horseback, he does not trot but he gallops.—(*Dutch.*)

Quando el villano está en el mulo, ni conoce á Dios, ni al mundo.—When a clown is on a mule, he remembers neither God nor the world.—(*Span.*)

Vióse el villano en bragas de cerro, y él fiero que fiero.—The peasant saw himself in fine breeches, and he was as insolent as could be.—(*Span.*)

When the slave is freed he thinks himself a nobleman.—(*African.*)

Set a colt in ambling rings and he will use it while they are on. (*Eng. tr.*, c. 1450, *of "The Book of the Knight of La Tour-Landry."*)

Mettez poulain en ambleure,
Il la tendra tant comme il dure.
—*The French version of the foregoing* (1371).

Set a thief to catch a thief. (R.)

À fripon, fripon et demi.—To a rogue a rogue and a half.—(*Fr.*)

Schälke muss man mit Schälken fangen.—With a rogue you must catch a rogue.—(*Germ.*)

Met dieven vangt men dieven.—With a thief one catches a thief.—(*Dutch.*)

The authors of great evils know best how to remove them.—*Cato the Younger's remark when advising the Senate to put all power into Pompey's hands.*—(*Plutarch, Life of Cato.*)

(*See also Chaucer:* "A theef of venisoun," *p.* 78*a*.)

Set good against evil. (G. H.)

Set hard heart against hard hap. (R.)

Set not your loaf in till the oven's hot. (*Gn.*)

Set the hare's head against the goose's giblets. (R.)

Set trees at Allhallontide [Nov. 1], and command them to prosper; set them after Candlemas, and entreat them to grow.* (R.)

Seven may be company, but nine are confusion. (*Gn.*)

Seven shepherds spoil a flock.—(*Russian.*)

Shake a Leicestershire man by his collar, and you shall hear the beans rattle in his belly. (*Gn.*)

Shallow waters make most din. (R. Sc.)

> Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labuntur—The deepest river flows with the smallest noise—(*Latin. Curtius.*)

Shame is worse than death.—(*Russian.*)

> Ther smyt nothing so smarte, ne smelleth so soure,
> As shame.—*Piers Plowman, Passus* 11.

Shameless pray must have shamless Nay. (*Gn.*)

Share and share alike.†

Sharp stomachs make short devotion. (R.)

She had rather kiss than spin. (R.)

She has given them green stockings. (Sc.) (*Of a girl who marries before her elder sisters—green being the colour of jealousy.*)

She hath broken her elbow at the church door. (R.) (*Given as a Cheshire phrase applying to a woman who grows idle after marriage.*)

> She hath broken her elbow.‡ (R.)
>
> She hath broken her leg above the knee.‡ (R.)

She is as quiet as a wasp in one's ear. (*Gn.*)

> She is as quiet as a wasp in one's nose. (R.)

She simpers like a frumenty-kettle. (*Gn.*)

She spins well that breeds her children. (G. H.)

> She spins a good thread that brings up her daughter well. (*Gn.*)

She that hath an ill husband shows it in her dress. (*Gn.*)

She that is ashamed to eat at table, eats in private. (*Gn.*) (*See* "Never be ashamed to eat your meat," *p.* 814*b*.)

She that is born handsome is born married. (R.)

> Chi nasce bella, nasce maritata.—(*Ital.*)
>
> She that is born a beauty is half married. (*Gn.*)

She that marries ill never wants something to say for it. (*Gn.*)

"She" 's the cat's mother.

She wad na hae the walkers, and the riders gaed by. (Sc.) (*Of a woman who is unmarried through setting her expectations too high.*)

She was so hungry she could not stay for the parson to say grace. (*Gn.*)

She wears the breeches.

> She doeth rule the rost, she ware the keies (wears the Keys.)—*Bullein's Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence.* (1564 ed.)

She will as soon part with the cook as the porridge. (*Gn.*)

She will scold the Devil out of a haunted house. (*Gn.*)

She will stay at home, perhaps, if her leg be broke. (*Gn.*)

Shear your sheep in May, and shear them all away. (R.)

> Il faut tondre les brebis, non les écorcher.—The sheep should be shorn and not flayed.—(*Fr.; also in Dutch.*)

Ships fear fire more than water. (G. H.)

Shod in the cradle, barefoot in the stubble. (R. Sc.)

Shoemakers' wives are worst shod.

> Who is worse shod than the shoemaker's wife?—(H., 1546.)
>
> Who goes more bare
> Than the shoemaker's wife and the smith's mare? (R.)
>
> Quand nous veoyons un homme mal chaussé, nous disons que ce n'est pas merveille, s'il est chaussetier.—When we see a man with bad shoes, we say it is no wonder, if he is a shoemaker.—(*Fr., Montaigne: Book* 1, *ch.* 24.)
>
> Les cordonniers sont toujours les plus mal chaussés.—Shoemakers are always the worst shod.—(*Fr.*)

Short and sweet. (R.)

Short boughs, long vintage. (G. H.)

Short follies are best.

> La plus courte folie est toujours la meilleure.—The shortest folly is ever the best.—(*Fr.*)
>
> Les courtes folies sont les meilleures.—Short follies are best.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Short pleasure, long lament. (R.)

> Short pleasures, long pains. (*Gn.*)
>
> De court plaisir long repentir. (*Fr.*)

Short prayers reach heaven. (*See p.* 449*a*, "Brevis oratio.")

Short (*or* Even) reckonings make long friends.

> Oft compting makes good friends. (R. Sc.)
>
> Even reckoning keeps long friends. (R.)
>
> A vieux comptes nouvelles disputes.—From old accounts come new disputes.—(*Fr.*)
>
> Conto spesso e amicizia longa.—(*Ital.*)
>
> Kurze Rechnung, lange Freundschaft.—(*Germ.*)
>
> Conta de perto, amigo de longe.—(*Port.*)

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* Ray states that Dr. J. Beal "alledgeth this as an old English and Welch proverb."

† Ray adds to this: "Some all, some never a whit" (*or* "never a white").

‡ Ray gives as the meaning of these two phrases: "She hath had a bastard."

Effene rekeningen maken goede vrienden.—(*Dutch.*)

— Short reckonings are soon cleared.

Short shooting loses the game. (R.)

Show me a liar, and I will show thee a thief. (G. H.)

Montre-moi un menteur, je te montrerai un larron.—(*Fr.; also in this form in Germ. and Dutch.*)

Wer lügt, der stiehlt.—He who lies, steals.—(*Germ.*)

Lying and stealing are next-door neighbours.

Show me a man without a spot and I'll show you a maid without a fault. (*Gn.*)

Show me the man, and I shall show you the law. (R. Sc.)

Sick of the mulligrubs with eating of chopped hay. (R.)

Sickness is better than sadness. (*Gn.*)

Sickness tells us what we are. (*Gn.*)

Sike (such) a man as thou would be, draw thee to sike company. (R. Sc.)

Silence answers much.

Zwijgen antwoordt veel.—(*Dutch.*)

Silence catches a mouse. (*Gn.*)

Silence grips the mouse. (Sc.)

Silence gives consent.

Chi tace, acconsente.—(*Ital.*)

Chi tace, confessa.—(*Ital.*)

Qui tacet consentire videtur.—Who is silent is held to consent.—(*Latin Maxim, said to be from the Book of Decretals of Boniface VIII.* (1220–1303)). *See Seneca: Rhet. Controv.*, 10, 2, 6.

Assez consent qui ne mot dit.—He consents enough who does not say a word.—(*Fr.*)

Silence is a friend that will never betray.—(*Confucius.*)

Silence doth seldom harm. (R.)

Silence is wisdom, but the man who practises it is seldom seen.—(*Arabic.*)

Silence does not make mistakes.—(*Hindoo.*)

The tree of silence bears the fruit of peace.—(*Arabic.*)

Il tacer non fu mai scritto.—Silence was never written down.—(*Ital.*)

(*See* " Speech is silver," *p.* 837*a*.)

Silence is the best ornament of women. (R.)

Silence is a fine jewel for a woman, but it's little worn. (*Gn.*)

Silence is not the greatest vice of a woman. (*Gn.*)

Silks and satins put out the fire in the chimney.* (G. H.)

Silk doth quench the fire in the kitchen. (G. H., *added to 2nd Ed.*)

Sammt und Seide löschen das Feuer in der Küche aus.—Silk and velvet let the kitchen fire out.—(*Germ.*)

Silly bairns are eith (easy) to learn. (R. Sc.)

Silly dogs are more angry with the stone than with the hand that flung it. (*Gn.*)

Singularity always seems to have a spice of arrogancy. (*Gn.*)

Sink or swim. (R.)

Sin is sin, whether it be seen or no. (*Gn.*)

Sin makes ugly.

Péché enlaidit. (*Fr.*)

Sins and debts are always more than we think them to be. (*Gn.*)

Sins are not known till they be acted. (G. H.)

Sir John Barleycorn's the strongest knight. (R.)

Sit in your place, and none can make you rise. (G. H.)

Chi sta bene non si muova.—Who stands well, let him not shift.—(*Ital.*)

Wer wohl sitzt, der rücke nicht.—Who is well seated, let him not stir.—(*Germ.*)

Sit still rather than rise and fall down. (*Gn.*)

Six awls make a shoemaker. (R.)

Six of one, and half a dozen of the other.

Dasselbe in grün.—The same in green.—(*Germ. Used in much the same sense as the English proverb.*)

Skill is stronger than strength.

List geht über Gewalt.—Cunning overcomes might.—(*Germ.*)

L'adresse surmonte la force.—Skill surpasses force.—(*Fr.*)

Was der Löwe nicht kann, das kann der Fuchs.—What the lion cannot, the fox can.—(*Germ.*)

Skill and confidence are an unconquered army. (G. H.)

It is skill, not strength, that governs a ship. (*Gn.*)

Slander flings stones at itself. (*Gn.*)

Slander leaves a score behind it. (R.)

Slander leaves a sair behint. (*Sc.*)

Sleep is better than medicine.

El leto xe' una medicina.—Bed is a medicine.——(*Venetian.*)

Sleep over it.

Night is the mother of counsels. (G. H.)

La nuit a conseil (*or* donne conseil).—Night has (*or* gives) counsel.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

In nocte consilium.—(*Latin.*)

The difference is very wide
That the sheets will not decide. (*Gn.*)

La notte è madre di pensieri.—Night is the mother of thoughts.—(*Ital.*)

Guter Rath kommt über Nacht.—Good counsel comes overnight.—(*Germ.*) (*See* " Evening words " and " Evening orts," *p.* 755*b*.)

In night there is counsel.—(*Greek.*)

Dormireis sobre ello y tomareis acuerdo.—Sleep over it and you will come to a decision.—(*Span.*)

Slippery is the flagstone at the great house door.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy.

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* Ray gives it, " the fire in the kitchen."

Slow and steady wins the race. (*See D. Lloyd, p.* 196*b.*)

Slow and sure.

Langsam und gut.—(*Germ.*)

Slow and sure like Pedley's mare. (R.)

Slow fire makes sweet malt. (R.)

Soft fire maketh swete malte.—*Bullein's Dialogue*, 1564 *ed.*

Slow help is no help.

Sluggards are never great scholars. (*Gn.*)

Sma' fish are better than nane. (Sc.) (*See* "Little fish are sweet," *p.* 803*b.*)

Small beginnings make great endings.

Sur petit commencement fait on grant finee.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Du petit on vient au grand.—From little one comes to great.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Peu de moyens, beaucoup d'effet.—Slight means, great effect.—(*Fr.*)

Small faults let in greater.

Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater. (*Gn.*)

Small people love to talk of great people.

Die Kleinen reden gar so gern von dem, was die Grossen thun.—(*Germ.*)

Small profits and quick returns.

Quick returns make rich merchants. (R.) (*See* "Light gains make a heavy purse," *p.* 801*b.*)

Liden Vinding smager vel.—Small profits are sweet.—(*Dan.*) (*See* "Little fish are sweet," *p.* 803*b*).

Small rain allays a great wind.

Small rain lays great dust. (R.)

A lytel rayne leyeth down grete wynd.—*Melusine, ch.* 36. (*Eng. trans.*, c. 1500, *of Jean D'Arras' French version*, c. 1385.)

Petite pluie abat grand vent.—Small rain lays a great wind.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498 *; also in Rabelais : Gargantua, ch.* 5.)

Piccola pioggia fa cessar gran vento.—(*Ital.*)

Smooth words make smooth ways.

So many countries, so many customs. (R.)

Forthy (therefore) men seyn (say) ech contree hath his laws.—*Chaucer : Troilus*, 2, 42.

As fele thedes, as fele theives, quoth Hendyng.—(*Hending.*)

In sondry londes sondry ben usages.—*Chaucer : Troilus, Bk.* 2, 28.

En tant de pays tant de guises.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

En cada tierra su uso.—In every country its own custom.—(*Span.*)

So mancher Mensch, so manche Sitte.—(*Germ.*)

So many men in court, and so many strangers. (G. H.)

So many men, so many opinions.

So many heads, so many wits. (H., 1546.)

So many heads, so many arts—fie, fie!
Is't not a shame for Proverbs thus to lie?
Myselfe, though my acquaintance be but small,
Know many heads that have no wit at all.
—*Epigram in Camden's "Remaines Concerning Britain," ed.* 1657.

Viele Köpfe, viele Sinne.—(*Germ.*)

Autant de têtes, autant d'avis.—So many heads, so many counsels.—(*Fr.*)

Tante teste, tanti cervelli.—So many heads, so many brains.—(*Ital.*)

Quot homines, tot sententiæ.—(*Latin. See p.* 642*a.*)

(*Found in most modern languages.*)

So much as there is of the more, so much there is of the less.—(*Spanish.*) (*According to Sir A. Helps : Friends in Council, 2nd series, ch. 10.*)

So much is mine as I enjoy and give away for God's sake. (*Gn.*)

So the miracle be wrought, what matter if the devil did it? (*Gn.*)

Soft and fair goes far.—*Dryden : Sir Martin Mar-All, ii.* 2 (1667).

Chi va piano, va sano, e anche lontano.—Who goes softly goes safely and also far.—(*Ital.*)

Soft words, and hard arguments. (R.)

Soft words are hard arguments. (*Gn.*)

Soft words break no bones. (R.)

Soft words (*or* good *or* fair words) butter no parsnips. (*See* "Good words," *p.* 769*a.*)

Schöne Worte machen den Kohl nicht fett.—Fine words do not grease the cabbage.—(*Germ.*)

Soft words hurt not the mouth.

Douces (*or* Belles) paroles n'écorchent pas la langue.—Soft words do not flay the tongue.—(*Fr.*)

Non scortica la lingua il parlar dolce.—Speaking sweetly does not flay the tongue.—(*Ital.*)

Soft words win hard hearts.

"Softly, softly" caught the monkey.—(*Negro.*)

Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer. (G. H.)

Solid pudding is better than empty praise.—*Pope : Dunciad, 1, 52.*

Solitude is often the best society.*

Solitude is better than bad company.—(*Arabic.*)

Meglio è solo che mal accompagnato.—(*Ital.*)

Something hath some savour. (*Gn.*)

Some are atheists only in fair weather. (*Gn.*)

Some evils are cured by contempt. (G. H.)

Some had rather lose their friend than their jest. (G. H.)

Some will lose rather their best friend than their worst joke. (*Gn.*)

I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we say'n at sea.—*Congreve : Love for Love* (1695), iii. 3.

Some have been thought brave because they were afraid to run away. (*Gn.*)

Some make a conscience of spitting in church, yet rob the altar. (G. H.)

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* "Omnia nobis mala solitudo persuadet."—Solitude leads us into all manner of evil.—*Seneca : Ep.* 25

Some men are wise, and some are otherwise. (R.)

Some men go through a forest and see no firewood.

Some men plant an opinion they seem to eradicate. (G. H.)

Some rain, some rest. (R.) (*Described as "a harvest proverb."*)

Some that speak no ill of any do no good to any. (*Gn.*)

Some wits can digest before others can chew. (*Gn.*)

Sometimes the best gain is to lose. (G. H.)

Soon enough if well enough. (R.)

We do it soon enough if that we do be well. (G. H.)

Assez tôt si assez bien.—(*Fr.*)

Quick enough, if good enough. (*See* "Well done soon done"; and "Deliberating is not delaying," *p.* 751*b*.)

Soon hot, soon cold.

Cold cools the love that kindles over hot (R. Sc.)

Over hot over cold. (R. Sc.)

Vroeg vuur, vroeg asch.—Soon fire, soon ash.—(*Dutch.*)

Gedwongen liefde vergaat haast.—Love that is forced does not last.—(*Dutch.*)

Anfang heiss, Mittel lau, Ende kalt.—Beginning hot, middle lukewarm, ending cold.—(*Germ.*)

Soon ripe, soon rotten. (R. Sc.)

Presto matura, presto marcio.—(*Ital.*)

Vroeg rijp, vroeg rot; vroeg wijs, vroeg zot.—Soon ripe, soon rotten; soon wise, soon foolish.—(*Dutch.*)

Vroeg gras, vroeg hooi.—Soon grass, soon hay.—(*Dutch.*)

Quod cito fit, cito perit.—What is soon done, soon perishes.—(*Latin.*)

Sooner said than done.

Sorrow and an evil life
Maketh soon an old wife. (*Gn.*)

Sorrow and night watches are lessened when there is bread.

Todos los duelos con pan son buenos (*or* son menos).—All sorrows are good (*or* are less) with bread.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 13, 55.)

Duelos y serenos con pan son menos.—(*Span.*)

Sorrow comes unsent for. (*Gn.*)

Sorrow and ill weather come unca'ed. (Sc.)

Sorrow for a husband is like a pain in the elbow, sharp and short. (*Gn.*)

Sorrow is good for nothing but sin. (R.)

Sorrow hath killed many, and there is no profit therein.—(*Ecclesiasticus* 30, 23.)

Sorrow kills not, but it blights.—(*Russian.*)

Sorrow will pay no debt. (R.)

Sorrows are dry.

Sorrow is always dry. (R.)

Sour grapes ne'er make sweet wine. (*Gn.*)

Sow beans in the mud, and they'll grow like wood. (R.)

Sow (*or* set) beans in Candlemas waddle. (R.)

Sow wheat in dirt and rye in dust. (*Gn.*)

Sow good work and thou shalt reap gladness. (*Gn.*)

Sow in the slop, sure of a crop.

Siembra trigo en barrial, y pón viña en cascajal.—Sow corn in clay, set vines in sand.—(*Span.*)

Sow thin, and mow thin. (R. Sc.)

Sowing with the basket rather than with the hand (*i.e.* wholesale rather than with individual attention).—(*From Plutarch, see p.* 479*a*.)

Spare at the brim, not at the bottom. (*Gn.*)

Too late to spare
When the bottom is bare. (*Gn.*)

Spare the rod and spoil the child. (R.) (*Founded on Prov.* 13, 24. *Found in all early collections of proverbs.*)

For whoso spareth the spring (switch) spilleth his children.—(*Piers Plowman*, 1362.)

Qui aime bien châtie bien.—(*Fr.*)

Spare to speak and spare to speed. (R.) (*See* "Dumb folks get no lands," *p.* 753*b*.)

Jamais n'a bon marché qui ne l'ose demander.—He never gets good business who does not dare to ask for it.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

A peu parler bien besoingner.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Qui ne veut parler ne veut gagner.—(*Fr.*)

A man may lose his goods for want of demanding them. (R.) (*See* "Ask much," *p.* 739*b*.)

Spare to spend, and only spend to spare.

Spare your breath to cool your pottage. (R.)

Keep your breath to cool your own crowdie (porridge). (Sc.)

Spare your rhetoric and speak logic. (*Gn.*)

Sparrows fight for corn which is none of their own. (*Gn.*)

Speak little and to the purpose.

Schweig, oder rede etwas, das besser ist denn Schweigen.—Keep silence, or say something better than silence.—(*Germ.*)

Speak little, but speak the truth.

Rede wenig, rede wahr,
Zehre wenig, zahle baar.
—Speak little, speak the truth; spend little, pay cash.—(*Germ.*)

Speak not of a dead man at the table. (G. H.)

Speak not of my debts unless you mean to pay them. (G. H.)

Speak of a man as you find him. (*See* "Speak of me as I am," *p.* 303*a*, *and* "Take things as you find them," *p.* 838*b*.)

Let every man speak as he finds. *Dryden: Wild Gallant* (1663), ii. 2.

Ruse (praise) the foord as ye find it. (R. Sc.)

On doit dire le bien du bien.—One ought to speak well of what is well.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Speak weel o' the Hielands, but dwell in the Laigh (low). (Sc.)

Speak well of your friend, and of your enemy nothing.

Dell' amico bene; del nemico nè bene nè male.—(*Ital.*)

Speak when you're spoken to; come when you're called. (R.) *See Edgeworth, p.* 129*b*.

A well-bred youth neither speaks of himself, nor being spoken to is silent. (G. H.)

Speak when ye're spoken to, do what ye're bidden,
Come when ye're ca'd, an' ye'll no be chidden.
(Sc.)

Speak when ye're spoken to,
Drink when ye're drucken to. (Sc.)

Speaking without thinking is shooting without aim.

Spears are not made of bulrushes. (*Gn.*)

Spectacles are death's arquebuse. (G. H.)

Speech is silver, silence is golden.

If a word be worth one shekel, silence is worth two.—(*Hebrew.*)

Reden ist Silber und Schweigen ist Gold.—(*Germ.*)

Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden.——(*Germ., Swiss.*) (*The proverb is alleged to be of Persian origin.*)

Speech is the picture of the mind. (R.)

Spend, and God will send. (R.)

Spies are the ears and eyes of princes. (G. H.)

Spilt salt is never all gathered.*

Sal vertida, nunca bien cogida.—(*Span.*)

Spilt wine is worse than water. (R.)

Spread the table and contention will cease. —(*Hebrew, from Ben Syra.*)

Spring has come when you can place your foot on three daisies at once.—(*Old saying.*)

Spurs are the first part of armour.

Nous disons que par esperons on commence soy armer.—We say that a man begins arming himself with spurs.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel*, 3, 8, 1533.)

Standing pools gather filth. (R.)

L'eau dormant vaut pis que l'eau courant.—Stagnant water is worth less than running water.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Stars are not seen by sunshine. (*Gn.*)

Stay a little and news will find you. (G. H.)

Stay till the lame messenger come, if you will know the truth of a thing. (G. H.)

Steal the goose and give the giblets in alms. (R.) (*See* "To steal the pig," *p.* 862*a*.)

Steer not after every mariner's direction. (*Gn.*)

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* To spill salt is "unlucky," and to do so is regarded as foreboding a quarrel with those between whom the salt is spilt. To avert this it is necessary for the person spilling the salt to throw a pinch of it over the left shoulder. (*See* "Help me to salt.")

Step by step one goes far.

Step after step the ladder is ascended. (G. H.)

Pas à pas on va bien loin.—(*Fr.*)

Passo a passo si va a Roma.—Step by step one gets to Rome.—(*Ital.*)

Wer die Leiter hinauf will, muss bei der untersten Sprosse schön beginnen.—Who will mount the ladder must needs begin at the lowest step.—(*Germ.*)

Maille à maille est faict l'aubergeon.—Plate by plate the armour is made.—(*Fr., Rabelais: Pantagruel*, 1533. *Quoted as a proverb.*)

Still fisheth he that catcheth one. (G. H.)

Still waters run deep.

Smooth waters run deep.

Waters that are deep do not bubble.

Take heed of still waters, the quick pass away. (G. H.)

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep. —*Shakespeare: Pt.* 2, *Henry VI.*, iii. 1.

God defend me from the still water and I'll keep myself from the rough. (*Gn.*)

Silent men, like still waters, are deep and dangerous. (*Gn.*)

Stille Wasser sind tief.—(*Germ.*)

Stille waters hebben diepe gronden.—(*Dutch.*)

Acqua cheta vermini mena.—Still water breeds worms.—(*Ital.*)

Stumme Hunde und stille Wasser sind gefährlich. —Dumb dogs and still waters are dangerous.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "Barking dogs.")

The stillest humours are always the worst (R.) (*See* "Shallow waters," *p.* 833*a*.)

Stolen kisses are sweet.

Stolen apples are sweet.

Stolen waters are sweet. (*Prov.* 9, 17.)

The apples on the other side of the wall are sweetest.

Stones are thrown only at fruitful trees.

On ne jette des pierres qu'à l'arbre chargé de fruits.—(*Fr.*)

Stop a little to make an end the sooner. (*Gn.*) (*See* "More haste," p. 812*a*.)

Storms make oaks take deeper root.

Straight trees have crooked roots. (*Gn.*)

Stretch your arm no further than your sleeve will reach. (R.)

Stretch your legs according to your coverlet. (R.)

Everyone stretcheth his legs according to his coverlet. (G. H.)

Cada uno estiende la pierna como tiene la cubierta.—Everyone stretches his leg according to his coverlet.—(*Span.*)

Man muss sich nach der Decke strecken.—(*Germ.; also in Dutch.*)

Strike while the iron's hot. (*See Dryden,* 128*a*.)

When the iron is hot, strike. (H., 1546.)

When the yron is hoot it moste be wrought and forged.—*Melusine, ch.* 27. (*Tr.*, c. 1500, *of 14th cent. Fr. Romance.*)

Pandare, which that stood hir faste by
Felte iren hoot, and he bigan to smyte.
—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 2, 1276. (*See also Melibeus, sec.* 12.)

Beat out the iron while it is hot.—(*Arabic.*)

On doit battre le fer quand il est chaud.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Batti il ferro quando è caldo.—(*Ital.*)

Nunc tuum ferrum in igni est.—Now your iron is in the fire.—(*Latin; also in Germ.*, *Span.*, *Dutch, and Dan.*)

Study sickness when you are well. (*Gn.*)

Study the past if you would divine the future.—(*Chinese, Confucius.*)

Stuffing is good for geese.

Stumbling is the excuse of a lame horse.—(*Hindoo.*)

The losing horse blames the saddle.—*Quoted as a prov. in Lover's Handy Andy, ch.* 34.

Such a pot must have such a lid. (*Gn.*)

Such a welcome, such a farewell. (R.)

Such carpenter such chips.—*Bullein's* "*Dialogue*" (1564 *ed.*).

Sudden friendship, sure repentance. (R.)

Sudden acquaintance
Brings long repentance. (*Gn.*)

Sudden glory soon goes out. (*Gn.*)

Suffer and expect. (G. H.)

Suffer that you may be wise; labour that you may have. (*Said to be from the Spanish.*)

Sugar itself may spoil a good dish. (*Gn.*)

Sunday words and Saturday cheer.—*Pr. quoted by Gabriel Harvey in his copy of Foorth's Synopsis, in illustration of* "Liberality promiseth (*Sunday words*) and Covetousness performeth" (*Saturday cheer*).

Supple knees feed arrogance.

Surgeons cut that they may cure. (*Gn.*)

Suspicion is the bane of friendship.

Soupçon est d'amitié poison.—(*Fr.*, *said to be from Petrarch.*)

Suspicion raises hobgoblins in the dark.—(*Japanese.*)

Suspicion may be no fault, but showing it may be a great one. (*Gn.*)

Sweep before your own door. (R.)

Sweep under your own mats.—(*Germ.*)

Sweet discourse makes short days and nights. (G. H.)

Sweet meat must have sour sauce. (*Gn.*)—(*Quoted in Centlivre's* "*The Artifice,*" *printed* 1724.)

Dolce vivanda vuole salsa acerba.—(*Ital.*)

Sweetest wine makes sharpest vinegar.

Take heed of the vinegar of sweet wine. (G. H.)

Süsser Wein giebt sauern Essig.—(*Germ.*)

Guardati da aceto di vin dolce.—(*Ital.*)

Forte è l'aceto di vin dolce.—Strong is vinegar made from sweet wine.—(*Ital.*)

Sweetheart and Honeybird keeps no house. (R.)

Swine, women, and bees cannot be turned. (R.)

Sympathy without relief
Is like mustard without beef.

Feel for others—in your pocket.—*C. H. Spurgeon: Salt-Cellars.*

Table friendship soon changes.

Ami de table est variable.—(*Fr.*)

Tailors and writers must mind the fashion. (*Gn.*)

Take a farthing from a thousand pounds, it will be a thousand pounds no longer.—(*Saying quoted by Goldsmith.*)

Take a man by his word and a cow by her horn. (R. Sc.)

Le bœuf par la corne et l'homme par la parole.—(*Fr.*)

Men vangt het paard bij den breidel, en den man bij zijn woord.—Take a horse by his bridle and a man by his word.—(*Dutch.*)

Take all and pay the baker. (R.)

Take away fuel and you take away fire. (*Gn.*)

Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.* (*See* "Penny and penny," *p.* 825*a.*)

He that regards not a penny will lavish a pound. (*Gn.*)

Take courage! younger than thou have been hanged. (*Gn.*)

Take heed is a good rede. (R.)

Take heed doth surely speed.

Take heed of a person marked and a widow thrice married. (G. H.)

Take heed of a stepmother; the very name of her sufficeth. (G. H.)

Take heed of a young wench, a prophetess, and a Latin-bred woman. (G. H.)

Take heed of an ox before, an ass behind, and a monk on all sides. (R.) (*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

Take heed of enemies reconciled, and of meat twice boiled. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

Take heed of wind that comes in at a hole, and a reconciled enemy. (G. H.)

Take heed you find not that you do not seek. (R.)

He that gropes in the dark finds that he would not. (R.)

Take me upon your back and you'll know what I weigh. (*Gn.*)

Take things as you find them.

On prend son bien où on le trouve.—(*Fr.*)

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* "A very just and sensible remark of old Mr. Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treasury under William III., Anne, and George I."—*Lord Chesterfield: Advice to his Son.* (*Employment of Time.*)

Nimm die Welt wie sie ist, nicht wie sie sein sollte.—Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be.—(*Germ.*)

Tel le voyez, tel le prenez.—As you see a thing so take it.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

That's my good that does me good. (R.)

The world is as you take it.

We must take the world as we find it.

Take time in time ere time be tint (lost). (Sc.)

Take time while time is, for time will away. (R. Sc.)

Take time in turning a corner.

Talent works, genius creates.

Das Talent arbeitet, das Genie schafft.—(*Germ.*)

Tales of Robin Hood are good enough for fools. (R.) (*See* " Many talk," *p.* 808*a.*)

Talk much and err much, says the Spaniard. (G. H.)

A mucho hablar, mucho errar.—(*Span.*)

Talk of camps, but stay at home. (*Gn.*)

Talk of the devil and he'll appear.

Talk of the devil and he'll either come or send. (R.)

Speak of a person and he will appear,
Then talk of the dule and he'll draw near.
—*Halliwell, Proverb-Rhymes.*

Talk of the devil and see his horns.

Evil comes by talking of it. (*Gaelic.*)

Talk of the absent and he will appear.—(*Arabic.*)

When the wolf comes into your mind prepare a stick for him.—(*Arabic.*)

Speak o' the deil and he'll appear. (Sc.)

A force de peindre le diable sur les murs, il finit par apparaître en personne.—By dint of painting the devil on the walls he ends by appearing in person.—(*Fr.*)

Parlez du loup et vous en verrez la queue.—Talk of the wolf and you will see his tail.—(*Fr.*)

Fallai no lobo ver-lhe-heis a pelle.—Talk of the wolf and behold his skin.—(*Port.*)

Wenn man den Wolf nennt, so kommt er gerennt.—When you mention the wolf, then he comes.—(*Germ.*)

Als men van den duivel spreekt, dan rammelt reeds zijn gebeente.—When you talk of the devil you will hear his bones rattle.—(*Dutch.*) (*See* " Oculus dexter," *p.* 608*b.*)

Talking comes by nature, silence by wisdom.

Reden kommt von Natur, Schweigen vom Verstande.—(*Germ.*)

Talking of love is making it.

Talking pays no toll. (G. H.)

Tall trees catch much wind. (*See* " Sæpius ventis," *p.* 647*b.*)

Hooge boomen vangen veel wind.—(*Dutch.*)

Tarrying (*or* tarrowing, *i.e.* murmuring) bairns were never fat. (R. Sc.)

Tarry-long brings little home. (*Gn.*)

Taxes and gruel will continually grow thicker.—(*Hindoo.*)

Teach your grandmother to suck.

Jack Sprat would teach his grandame. (R.)

Teach your grandame to grope her ducks (*or* to sup sour milk). (R.)

Teach your grandame to suck eggs. (R.)

Teach your grandame to spin.

Teach your father to get children. (R.)

Shall the goslings teach the goose to swim? (*Gn.*)

Teaching others teacheth yourself.

Teaching of others teacheth the teacher. (*Gn.*)

Lord, teach my teacher that he may teach me.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Tell a lie and find the truth. (R.)

Di mentira, y sacarás verdad.—(*Span.*)

Sag eine Lüge, so hörst du die Wahrheit.—(*Germ.*)

Tell a lie and stick to it.

" Thou shalt tell a lie and stick to it " was once, we are told, the schoolboy's eleventh commandment.—*Swinburne: Journal of Sir Walter Scott* (1891).

Tell a woman she's a beauty and the devil will tell her so ten times. (*Gn.*)

Some ane has tauld her she was bonny. (Sc.)

Tell money after your own father. (R.)

Tell (*or* speak) the truth and shame the devil.—(*Quoted in Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV., iii. 1.*)

Truth shames the devil. (*Gn.*)

Truth makes the devil blush. (*Gn.*)

Telling the truth loses the game.

Au vray dire perd on le jeu.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Truth is victim of its own simplicity.—(*Arabic.*)

That cake came out of my oven. (*Gn.*)

That dog barks more out of custom than care of the house. (*Gn.*)

That fish will soon be caught that nibbles at every bait. (*Gn.*)

That is but an empty purse that is full of other men's money. (R.)

That is not good language that all understand not. (G. H.)

That is the best gown that goes up and down the house. (G. H.)

That is the upper end where the chief person sits (*Gn.*)

That is the way to Beggar's Bush. (*Gn.*)

That is well spoken that is well taken. (*Gn.*) (*See* " No offence taken," *p.* 817*a.*)

That suit is best that fits me. (R.)

That which a man knows best he must use most.—*Cotgrave's Dict.*

L'herbe qu'on cognoist, on la doit lier à son doigt.—The herb one knows one should bind to one's finger.—(*Fr.*) (*Cotgrave.*)

Therfor I wol seye a proverbe,
That he that fully knoweth therbe (the herb)
May safely leye hit to his eye.
—*Chaucer: House of Fame* (c. 1383), *Bk.* 1, 291.

That which cometh from the heart will go to the heart.—*Proverb quoted in Burroughes' In Hosea, published* 1652.

> Was vom Herzen kommt, das geht zu Herzen.—What comes from the heart goes to the heart.—(*Germ.*)

That which hussies spare, cats eat.

That which is easily done is soon believed. (R.)

That which is evil is soon learnt. (R.)

That which is good for the back is bad for the head. (R.)

That which proves too much proves nothing. (*Gn.*) (*Also in French.*)

That which two will, takes effect.—(*From Ovid, see* "Non caret," *p.* 596*b*.)

That which was bitter to endure may be sweet to remember. (*Gn.*)

That which will not be butter must be made into cheese.

That's another pair of shoes.

> C'est une autre paire de manches.—That's another pair of sleeves.—(*Fr., Cotgrave,* 1611.) *The English form has been thought to be a corruption of the French* "Tout à fait une autre chose."—Quite another matter.)

The absent party is still faulty. (G. H.)

> Les absents ont toujours tort.—The absent are always in the wrong.—(*Fr.*)
>
> De afwezigen krijgen altijd de schuld.—(*Dutch.*)
>
> Nunca los ausentes se hallaron justos.—Never were the absent in the right.—(*Span.*)
>
> Absens hæres non erit.—The absent shall not be made heir.—(*Latin.*)
>
> Absent n'est point sans coulpe, ni présent sans excuse.—The absent is never without blame, nor the present without excuse. (*Fr.; also in this form in Span.*) (*See also* "Sævit in absentes," *p.* 648*a*.)

The air of a window is like a shot from a crossbow.

> Aria di finestra colpo di balestra.—(*Ital.*)

The anvil fears no blows. (*Gn.*)

The apothecary's mortar spoils the luter's music. (G. H.)

The apple had not fallen far from the tree. —*Quoted as a Danish saying or proverb by Borrow: Bible in Spain, ch. 40.*

The archer who overshoots misses as well as he that falls short.

The ass dreams of thistles.

> Der Esel träumt von Disteln.—(*Germ.*)

The ass that carrieth wine drinketh water. (*Gn.*)

The axe goes to the wood where it borrowed its helve. (*Gn.*)

The back is made for the burden.—*Quoted by Carlyle as "a pious adage."*

The back of one door is the face of another.

The balance distinguisheth not between gold and lead. (G. H.)

> Faisant son office, la balance
> D'or ni de plomb n'a connaissance.
> —In doing its office, the balance does not distinguish between gold and lead.—(*Fr.*)
>
> The balance will decide the matter. (*Gn.*)

The beads in the hand, and the Devil in capuch (*or* cape of the cloak). (G. H.)

The beast that goes always never wants blows. (G. H.)

> La bestia que mucho anda, nunca falta quien la taña.—The beast which goes well never wants someone to try him.—(*Span.*)

The beaten road (*or* path) is the safest.

> Via trita est tutissima.—(*Latin, Coke.*)

The belly hates a long sermon. (*Gn.*)

> A pudding sermon.—*Essex expression, meaning a short sermon.*

The belly hath no ears. (R.)

> Venter famelicus auriculis caret.—The hungry belly wants ears.[*]—(*Latin, Cato the Elder.*)
>
> Venter non habet aures.—(*Latin.*)
>
> Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles.—(*Fr.*)

The best bred have the best portion. (G. H.)

The best fish swim near the bottom (*or* swim deep).

> In the deepest water is the best fishing. (R.)
>
> The best is at the bottom. (*Gn.*)

The best friends are in the purse.

> Die besten Freunde stehen im Beutel.—(*Germ.*)

The best metal is iron, the best vegetable wheat, and the worst animal man. (*Gn.*)

The best mirror is an old friend. (G. H.)

> A friend's eye is a good mirror.—(*Gaelic.*)

The best of friends must part.

> Il n'y a si bonne compagnie qui ne se quitte, comme disait le roi Dagobert à ses chiens.—The best company must part, as King Dagobert said to his dogs.—(*Fr.*)

The best of the sport is to do the deed and say nothing. (G. H.)

The best patch is off the same cloth. (*Gn.*)

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. (R.)—*Trans. of Latin Maxim of School of Salerno.* (*See* "Si tibi," *p.* 656*b*.)

> Mas cura la dieta que la lanceta.—Diet cures more than the lancet.—(*Span.*) (*See* "Feed sparingly," *p.* 760*b*.)
>
> Use three physicians' skill: first Dr. Quiet,
> Then Dr. Merriman, and Doctor Diet.
> —*Old Rhyme.*

The best remedy against an ill man is much ground between both. (G. H.)—(*From the Spanish.*)

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[*] "It is difficult to speak to the belly, because it has no ears."—Saying of Cato the Censor (234 B.C.-149 B.C.) when the Romans clamoured for a distribution of corn (*Plutarch: Life of Cato the Censor.*)

The best remedy against ill fortune is a good heart.

> Contre fortune bon cœur.—(*Fr.*)
>
> Contre fortune nul ne peut.—Against fortune nothing avails.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

The best smell is bread, the best savour salt, the best love that of children. (G. H.)

The best that can happen to a poor man is that ae bairn dee and the rest follow. (Sc.)

The best things are hard to come by. (*Gn.*)

> The best things are worst to come by. (R.)
>
> The best fruits are slowest in ripening. (*Sc.*)

The best things are most difficult.—*Quoted as a proverb by Plutarch : Morals, Book 1, Of the Breeding of Children.*

The best way to see divine light is to put out thy own candle. (*Gn.*)

The best work in the world is done on the quiet.

The better the day the better the deed. (R.)

> The better day the better deed.* (R.)
>
> A bon jour bonne œuvre.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)
>
> En buen dia buenas obras.—(*Span.*)
>
> Dicenda bonâ sunt bona verba die.—On a good day good things are to be spoken.—(*Latin.*)

The better workmàn the worst husband. (*Gn.*)

The biggest horses are not the best travellers. (*Gn.*)

The bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing. (R.)

The biter bit. (*See* "Diamond cut diamond," *p.* 751*b*; *also* "The gyler," *etc.*, *p.* 152*b*.)

The black ox never yet trod on your feet. (*Gn.*) (*Said to be a Scottish proverb used towards an unsympathetic person. Tusser applies it to a man who has not had the troubles of marriage* (*Points of Husbandry, Wooing and Thriving*).)

The blind eat many a fly. (R.)

The blind man's wife needs no painting. (R.)

The body is more dressed than the soul. (G. H.)

> The body is sooner dressed than the soul. (G. H.)

The boughs that bear most hang lowest. (*Gn.*)

The camel going to seek horns lost his ears. —(*Hebrew.*)

The candle before lights better than the candle behind.—(*Fr.*) (*Used in reference to posthumous charity.*)

The cards beat all the players, be they never so skilful. (*See Emerson : Essay on Nominalist and Realist.*)

The cat sees not the mouse ever. (G. H.)

> The cat sees not every mouse. (*Gn.*)

The cat shuts its eyes when stealing the cream.

The cat would eat fish, but is loth to wet her feet.*—*Chaucer : House of Fame* (c. 1383), *Book 3, 1783. (Found in most languages.)*

> The cat is fain the fish to eat,
> But hath no will to wet her feet.
>
> "Truly," quoth the frere, "a fol I thee holde!
> Thou woldest not weten thy fote, and woldest fich kacchen."
> —*Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*, 405 (c. 1394).

The cause is gude and the word's "Fa' on." (R. Sc.)—(*Said to be "a profane grace."*)

The chamber of sickness is the temple of devotion. (R.)

The Charing Cross of the Highlands. (*Oban.*) —(*Cheviot's Scottish Proverbs.*)

The charitable give out at the door, and God puts in at the window. (R.)

The chickens are the country, but the city eats them. (R.)

The chief box of health is time. (G. H.)

The child says nothing but what it heard by the fire. (G. H.)

The citizen is at his business before he rises. (G. H.)

The clock goes as it pleaseth the clerk. (*Gn.*)

The cloth gives out at the end of the ell.—(*French proverb.*)

The coaches won't run over him (*i.e.* he is in gaol). (R.)

The coat makes the man.

> Vestis virum facit.—(*Latin.*)
>
> Kleider machen Leute.—Clothes make people.—(*Germ.*)
>
> The tailor makes the man.—*B. Jonson : Staple of News*, i. 2.
>
> De Kleederen maken den man.—The clothes make the man.—(*Dutch.*) (*See* "It is not the coat," *p.* 796*a*.)
>
> Meat and cloth make the man. (R. Sc.)

The coin that is most current is flattery. (*Gn.*)

The commandments have made as many good martyrs as the creed. (*Gn.*)

The company makes the feast.† (*Gn.*)

> The company, and not the charge, makes the feast.—(*Quoted by Isaak Walton.*) (*See Swift, p.* 350*b*.)

The complaint of the present times is the general complaint of all times. (*Gn.*)

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* Used in this form by Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice, c. 1700.

* "The poor cat i' the adage."—*Shakespeare.* (*See p.* 303*b*.)

† Founded on a saying of Epicurus : "Ante, inquit, circumspiciendum est, cum quibus edas et bibas, quam quid edas et bibas."—He (*i.e.* Epicurus) says that you should rather have regard to the company with whom you eat and drink, than to what you eat and drink.—*Seneca : Epistle*, 19.

The cord breaketh at last by the weakest pull.—(*Quoted by Bacon as a Spanish proverb, Essay on Seditions.*) (*See* " The strength of a chain," *p.* 851*b.*)

The counsel you would have another keep, first keep thyself.*

The covetous spends more than the liberal. (G. H.)

> Autant despent chiche que large.—A niggard spends as much as a generous man.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

The cow knows not what her tail is worth till she has lost it. (G. H.)

> Vache ne sait que vaut sa queue,
> Jusqu'à ce qu' elle l'ait perdue.—(*Fr.*)

> D'une vache perdue c'est quelque chose de recouvrer le queue.—Of a lost cow it is something to recover the tail.—(*Fr.*)

> L'asino non conosce la coda se quando non l'ha più.—The ass does not know what his tail is worth until it has gone.—(*Ital.*)

The cow (*or* goat) must browse where she is tied.—(*French proverb.*)

The crow bewails the sheep, and then eats it. (G. H.)

The crow thinks her own bird fairest. (R.)

> The owl thinks all her young ones beauties. (*Gn.*)

The crutch of Time does more than the club of Hercules. (*Gn.*)

The cunning wife makes her husband her apron. (R.)

The darkest hour is nearest the dawn.

The day has eyne, the night has ears. (R. Sc.)

The day is short, the work is much.—(*Hebrew. Saying of Ben Syra.*) (*See* " Ars longa," *p.* 492*b.*)

The deaf gains the injury. (G. H.)

The dead, and only they, should do nothing. (*Gn.*)

The dearer it is, the cheaper to me, for I shall buy less. (*Gn.*)

The death of wolves is the safety of the sheep. (G. H.)

The death of youth is a shipwreck. (*Gn.*)

The Devil, as the common people say,
Doth go a-nutting on Holy-Rood day.
—*Poor Robin* (1709). (*In allusion to the custom of young people going nutting on Sept. 14, Holy-Rood Day.*)

The devil divides the world between atheism and superstition. (G. H.)

The devil is a busy bishop in his own diocese.—(*Proverb quoted by Bishop Latimer. Given by Ray as a Scotch proverb.*)

The devil is ae gude to beginners. (Sc.)

The devil is an ass.—(*Title of a play by Ben Jonson, acted 1614.*)

The devil is good to his own.

> The devil is good to some. (R.)

The devil is not always at one door. (R.)

> Le diable n'est pas toujours à la porte d'un pauvre homme.—The devil is not always at a poor man's door.—(*Fr.*)

The devil is not so black as he is painted.

> Il diavolo non è cosi brutto come si dipinge.—The devil is not so ugly as he is painted.—(*Ital.*)

> Der Teufel ist nie so schwarz, als man ihn malt.—The devil is not so black as they paint him.—(*Germ.*; *also in Dutch, Port., etc.*)

> The deil's nae waur them he's ca'd. (Sc.)

> Report makes the crows blacker than they are.

> On crie toujours le loup plus grand qu'il n'est.—One always proclaims the wolf bigger than he is. (*Fr.* V. 1498.)

> Geschrei macht den Wolf grösser als er ist.—Clamour makes the wolf bigger than he is.—(*Germ.*; *also in Spanish and Dutch.*) (*See* " The lion is not so fierce," *p.* 847*b* ; " Though I am black," *p.* 858*a.*)

The devil lurks behind the cross.

> Derrière la croix souvent se tient le diable.—(*Fr.*; *also in Germ., Span., and Dutch.*)

The devil may get in by the keyhole, but the door won't let him out.

The devil's meal goes half to bran.

> La farine du diable s'en va moitié en son.—(*Fr.*)

> La farina del diavolo va tutta in crusca.—The devil's flour goes all to chaff.—(*Ital.*)

The devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil.*—(*Arabic.*)

> Il diavolo tenta tutti, ma l'ozioso tenta il diavolo.—(*Ital.*)

> (*See* " Idleness is the devil's bolster," *p.* 787*b*.)

The devil was handsome when he was young.

> Le diable était beau quand il était jeune.—(*Fr.*)

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be ;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

> Ægrotat Dæmon ; monachus tunc esse volebat.
> Dæmon convaluit ; Dæmon ut ante fuit.—
> (*Latin, Mediæval.*) (R.)

> Il diavolo, quand' è vecchio, si fa romito.—The devil, when he is old, becomes a hermit.—(*Ital.*)

> The heron's a saint when there are no fish about. —(*Japanese.*)

> In time of affliction, a vow ; in the time of prosperity, an inundation (*or* increase of wickedness).—(*Hebrew.*)

> Dum fero langorem, volo religionis amorem ;
> Expers langoris, non sum memor hujus amoris.
> Heu ! cum languebat lupus, agnus ut esse volebat ;
> Postquam convaluit, talis ut ante fuit.

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* If so be that thou ne mayst nat thyn owene conseil hyde, how darston prayen any other wight thy conseil secreely to kepe ?—*Chaucer : Melibeus, sec.* 20. (Tr. from Albertano of Brescia, who attributes it to Seneca. The passage is, however, from *Martinus Dumiensis : De Moribus*, *Sent.* 16 : " Si tibi ipsi non imperasti, ut taceres, quomodo ab alio silentium quæris ? " The idea is also in *Plutarch. Ed. Hutten, Tubingæ,* 1814, Vol. 14, p. 395.)

* " The devil tempts us not, 'tis we tempt him,
Beckoning his skill with opportunity."
—*Mrs. Cross* (George Eliot).
(*See* " Opportunity makes the thief.")

—While I am sick I desire the love of religion; free from sickness, I am not mindful of this love. Alas! when the wolf was sick, he wished that he were as a lamb; afterwards when he was well, he was the same as he was before.—*Gesta Romanorum, 15th Century. Tale* 63. *Theobaldus.*

The dog gnaws the bone because he cannot swallow it. (G. H.)

The dog that fetches will carry.

The dog that licks ashes, trust not with meal. (G. H.)

The dog that trots about finds a bone.—*Gipsy saying* (*Borrow: Bible in Spain, ch. 47*).

The dust goes before the broom.

Mischief in front.

The dust raised by the sheep does not choke the wolf. (*Gn.*)

The eagle does not catch flies.

Aquila non captat muscas.—(*Latin, Mediæval.*) (*This has become a proverb in several modern languages.*)

L'aquila non fa guerra ai ranocchi.—The eagle does not make war against frogs.—(*Ital.*)

The early bird catcheth the worm. (R.)

Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde.—The morning has gold in its mouth.—(*Germ.*)

Den förste Fugl fanger det förste Korn.—The first bird gets the first grain.—(*Dan.*)

The early sower ne'er borrows of the late. (*Gn.*)

All the speed is in the morning.—*Attrib. by Gabriel Harvey* (*Commonplace Book*, c. 1600) *to his mother, Alice Harvey* (*d.* c. 1613).

The earthen pot must keep clear of the brass kettle.—*Founded on Ecclesiasticus, 13, 2.* (*See p.* 420*a.*)

The end crowns the work.

Finis coronat opus.—(*Latin.*)

The end crowns all.
—*Shakespeare, Troil. and Cress.*, 4, 5 (*p.* 299*a*).

Konēts dyelu vyenēts.—The end to the work, a crown.—(*Russian.*)

Het einde kroont het werk.—(*Dutch.*)

La fin loue l'œuvre.—The end praises the work. —(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

La fin couronne les œuvres.—(*Fr.*) (*Shakespeare: Pt. 2, Henry VI.*, v. 2.)

Das Werk lobt den Meister.—The work praises the artist.—(*Germ.*)

Ende gut, alles gut.—End good, all good.—(*Germ.*)

The end justifies the means.

Cum finis est licitus, etiam media sunt licita.—When the end is lawful, the means are also lawful. —(*Lat.*) *H. Busenbaum, Jesuit: Medulla Theologiæ* (1650).

Qui veut la fin, veut les moyens.—Who desires the end, desires the means.—(*Fr.*)

The end makes all equal. (*Gn.*)

The end of fishing is not angling, but catching. (*Gn.*)

The Englishman greets (weeps),
The Irishman sleeps,
But the Scotsman gangs till he gets it. (Sc.)

The epicure puts his purse into his belly, and the miser his belly into his purse. (*Gn.*)

The escaped mouse ever feels the taste of the bait. (G. H.)

The eternal talker neither hears nor learns. (*Gn.*)

The evening crowns the day. (R.)

The evening praises the day, and the morning a frost. (G. H.)

The evening brings a' hame. (Sc.)

All comes out even at the end of the day.

La vita il fine, e'l dì loda la sera.—The end praises the life, and the evening the day.—(*Ital.*)

The evil wound is cured, but not the evil name. (R.) (*See* "Fair words," *p.* 760*a.*)

An ill wound is cured, not an ill name. (G. H.)

The exception proves the rule.

There is no rule without an exception.

Il n'est règle qui ne faille.—There is no rule which does not fail.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Exceptio probat regulam.—(*Latin.*)

The eye is bigger than the belly. (G. H.)

Die Augen sind weiter als der Bauch.—(*Germ.*)

The eye is harder to please than the stomach.—(*Japanese.*)

The eye is blind if the mind is troubled.—(*Ital.*)

Cieco è l'occhio se l'animo è distratto.

The eye is the mirror of the soul.

The eye lets in love.

Dove è l'amore, là è occhio.—Where love is, there is the eye.—(*Ital.*)

The eyes believe themselves, the ears believe other people.—*Derived from Greek* (*see p.* 481*b*) *and Latin* (*see* "Segnius," *p.* 652*a.*)

Die Augen glauben sich selbst, die Ohren andern Leuten.—(*Germ.*)

To hear a hundred times is not so good as to see once.—(*Japanese.*)

The eyes have one language everywhere (G. H.)

The eye that sees all things else, sees not itself.

The eye will have his part. (G. H.)

The face is the index of the mind.—(*From the Latin. See* "Frons homini," *p.* 536*a.*)

The failings of other men accuse us of frailty. (*Gn.*)

The fairer the hostess the fouler the reckoning. (R.)

Belle hostesse c'est un mal pour la bourse.—A fair hostess is a bad thing for the purse.—(*Fr.*)

Ventera hermosa mal para la bolsa.—(*Span.*)

Je schöner die Wirtin, je schwerer die Zeche.—The fairer the landlady the heavier the reckoning. —(*Germ.*) (*See* "A handsome hostess," *p.* 723*a.*)

The fairer the paper the fouler the blot. (*Gn.*)

The fairest silk is soonest stained. (*Gn.*)

The fairest apple hangs on the highest bough. (Sc.)

The fat man knoweth not what the lean thinketh. (G. H.)

Little knows the fat sow what the lean one means. (Sc.)

Den fede So veed ei hvad den sultne lider.—The fat sow knows not what the hungry sow suffers.—(*Dan.*)

The fated will happen.—(*Gaelic.*)

Che sarà, sarà.—What will be, will be.—(*Ital.*)

That which God writes on thy forehead thou wilt come to.—(*Koran.*)

The fat's in the fire. (H., 1546.)

All the fat's in the fire. (R.) (*Also in this form in Smollett's "Reprisal,"* i. 8; 1757):

Shente all the browet (broth),
And caste adoun the crokk, the colys amyd.
—*Richard the Redeles* (1399).

To cast oil into the fire is not the way to quench it. (R.)

The father to the bough, the son to the plough. (R.)—(*Given as a Law Maxim, "Jacob's Law Dictionary."*)

The fork is commonly the rake's heir. (*Gn.*)

The fault is as great as he that is faulty. (G. H.)

La faute est grande comme celui qui la commet.—The fault is as great as he that commits it.—(*Fr.*)

Tan grande es el yerro como el que yerra.—(*Span.*)

The greater the man the greater the crime (*Gn.*)

The fault of the horse is put on the saddle. (G. H.)

The fault of the ass must not be laid on the pack-saddle. (*Gn.*)

See "Stumbling is the excuse of a lame horse."

The faulty stands on his guard. (G. H.)

The fear of war is worse than war itself.

Peggio è la paura della guerra che la guerra stessa.—(*Ital.*)

The feet are slow when the head wears snow.

The file grates other things, but rubs itself out too. (*Gn.*)

The fire in the flint shows not till it is struck.

The fire that burneth taketh out the heat of a burn. (*Gn.*)

The fire which does not warm me shall never scorch me.

The first and last frosts are the worst. (G. H.)

The first article a young trader offers for sale is his honesty.

The first blow is as much as two. (G. H.)

Le premier coup en vaut deux.—(*Fr.*)

Il primier colpo per due colpi vale.—(*Ital.*)

The first breath
Is the beginning of death.
—(*See* "Nascentes morimur," *p.* 584*b.*)

The first dish pleaseth all. (G. H.)

La prima scodella piace ad ognuno.—(*Ital.*)

The first faults are theirs that commit them; The second faults are theirs that permit them. (*Gn.*)

The first men in the world were a Gardener, a Ploughman, and a Grazier. (*Gn.*)

The first pig, but the last whelp of a litter, is the best. (R.)

The first point of hawking is to hold fast. (R.)

The first service a child doeth his father is to make him foolish. (G. H.)

The first year let your house to your enemy; the second, to your friend; the third, live in it yourself.

The fish adores the bait. (G. H.)

The fish follow the bait. (R.)

The fish, by struggling in the net, hampers itself the more. (*Gn.*)

The fish that we did not catch is a very large one.

The fool asks much, but he is more fool that grants it. (G. H.)

The fool wanders far, the wise man travels. (*Gn.*)

The foolish sayings of the rich pass for wise saws in society.

Las necedades del rico por sentencias pasan en el mundo.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 43.)

Rich men's spots are covered with money.

The foremost dog catcheth the hare. (R.)

The hindmost dog may catch the hare. (R.)

The fortunate alone are the wise.—*Aphra Behn* (1678).

The fountain is clearest at its source.

Chi vuol dell' acqua chiara, vada alla fonte.—Who wants clear water, let him go to the fountain-head.—(*Ital.*)

The fowler's pipe sounds sweet till the bird is caught. (*Gn.*)

The fox changes his skin but not his habits.

Vulpem pilum mutare, non mores.—(*Suetonius: Vespasianus*, 16.)[*]

Der Fuchs ändert den Pelz und behält den Schalk.—The fox changes his skin but remains the rogue.—(*Germ.*)

Een vos verliest wel zijne haren, maar niet zijne streken.—The fox may lose his hair but not his tricks.—(*Dutch.*)

The fox fares best when he is most cursed. (*Gn.*)

The fox knows much, but more he that catcheth him. (G. H.)

Mucho sabe la zorra, pero mas el que la toma.—(*Span.*)

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[*] Suetonius says that this expression was used by an old ploughman in reference to Vespasian, who had promised him liberty, but refused to confer it without payment.

Multa novit vulpes, sed felis unum magnum.—The fox knew much, but the cat one great thing (*viz.* how to climb).—(*Latin proverb, founded on Æsop's Fable.*)

The fox's wiles will never enter into the lion's head. (*Gn.*)

The friar preached against stealing, and had a goose[*] in his sleeve. (G. H.)

The frog that has not seen the sea thinks the well a fine stretch of water.—(*Japanese.*)

The frog's own croak betrays him.

The frost hurts not weeds. (*Gn.*)

The full moon brings fair weather.

The further we go, the further behind. (R.)

The furthest way about's the nearest way home. (R.)

Ein guter Weg um, ist nicht krumm.—A good way round is not roundabout.—(*Germ.*)

The game is not worth the candle.—(*From the French.*)

The play won't pay the candles. (R.)

Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle (*or* les chandelles).—(*Fr.*)

Le jeu ne vault pas la chandelle.—(*Fr., Montaigne, Book* 2, *ch.* 17.)

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle. (G. H.)

The generous man pays for nothing so much as for what is given him. (*Gn.*)

The gentle hawk half mans herself. (G. H.)

Oiseau débonnaire de lui-même se fait.—(*Fr.*)

The German's wit is in his fingers. (G. H.)

Les Allemands ont l'esprit aux doigts.—(*Fr.*)

The gods sell things at a fair price.

(*See the Greek* (*Epicharmus*), *p.* 480*a* ; *also* "Dii laboribus," *p.* 516*a*.)

The good man's the last to know what's amiss at home. (R.)—*From the Latin* "Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus."—*Juvenal* (*p.* 512*a*).

Ille solus nescit omnia.—He alone is ignorant of everything.—(*Latin. Terence: Adelphi*, iv. 2.)

The good mother saith not, "Will you?" but gives. (G. H.)

The good seaman is known in bad weather.

Il buon marinajo si conosce al cattivo tempo.—(*Ital.*)

The good you do is not lost, though you forget it. (*Gn.*)

The goose-pan is above the roast. (R. Sc.)

The gown is his that wears it, and the world is his that enjoys it. (G. H.)[†]

The grace of God is gear enough. (R. Sc.)

The grandmother's correction makes no impression. (*Gn.*)

"The grapes are sour," as the fox said when he could not reach them.—(*Found in this form in all modern languages.*)

The fox, when he cannot reach the grapes, says they are not ripe. (G. H.)

Fie upon heps (quoth the fox, because he could not reach them).[*] (R.)

Ainsi dit le renard des meures quant il ne peut avoir.—As the fox says of the mulberries when he cannot get them.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498. *In modern French, the words are added,* "elles ne sont point bonnes"—they are not good at all.)

The gravest fish is an oyster;
The gravest bird is an owl;
The gravest beast's an ass;
An' the gravest man is a fule. (Sc.)

The great put the little on the book. (G. H.)

The great thieves punish the little ones. (*Gn.*)

The great would have none great, and the little all little. (G. H.)

The great and the little have need of one another. (*Gn.*)

There could be no great ones if there were no little. (R.)

The greater the truth the greater the libel.[†] (*See* "True jests," *p.* 863*a*.)

One may tell lies without danger of the law (*Gn.*)

The greatest calf is not the sweetest veal. (*Gn.*)

The greatest clerks be not the wisest men. (H., 1546.)

Les plus grands clercs ne sont pas les plus fins.—(*Rabelais: Gargantua*, 1, 39; *also quoted in Latin by Montaigne*, 1580.)

The greatest clerkes ben not the wisest men.—*Chaucer: Miller's Tale.*

The greatest cunning is to have none.

La plus grande finesse est de n'en avoir point.—(*Fr.*)

The greatest favourites are in the most danger of falling. (*Gn.*)

The greatest hate springs from the greatest love. (*Gn.*)

The greatest step is that out of doors. (G. H.)

Der grösste Schritt ist der aus der Thür.—(*Germ.*)

The grey mare is the better horse. (H., 1546.[‡])

The white mare is the better horse.—*Andrew Boorde: Breviary of Health* (c. 1547).

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[*] A "pudding" instead of a "goose," according to Ray.

[†] Ray gives this proverb: "The gown is hers that wears it; the world is his," etc.

[*] "Heps" = hips or berries, but the word has been assumed by some editors to be a misprint for "hens."

[†] Lord Ellenborough (about 1789) seems to have originated this saying. He amplified it by the explanation: "If the language used was true, the person would suffer more than if it was false." Burns, in some lines written at Stirling, attributes the saying to Lord Mansfield (*b.* 1704, *d.* 1793).

[‡] These dates discredit Lord Macaulay's conjecture: "This (saying) originated, I suspect, in the preference generally given to the grey mares of Flanders over the finest coach horses of England."—*History of England*, Vol. 1, ch. 8 (footnote).

The groat is ill-saved that shames the master. (R.)

The groundsel (*i.e.* the ground- or door-sill) speaks not save what it heard at the hinges. (G. H.)

The habit does not make the monk.

L'habit ne fait point le moine.—(*Fr., Rabelais : Gargantua, Preface.*)

El habito no hace al monge.—(*Span.*)

Cucullus (*or* Cuculla) non facit monachum.—(*Latin, quoted by Erasmus.*)

Non tonsura facit monachum, nec horrida vestis.—The tonsure does not make the monk, nor the rough clothing.—(*Lat. Alex. de Neckham.*)

Vor the clothinge ne maketh nagt the monk, ne the armes the knight.—*Dan Michel : Ayenbite of Inwyt* (1340); *tr. of Fr. Lorens' "Somme des Vices"* (1279).

Habit ne makyth monk ne frere.—*Romaunt of the Rose*, 6192 (c. 1380).

The handsomest flower is not the sweetest.

The hard gives no more than he that hath nothing. (G. H.)

The hare starts when a man least expects it. (*Gn.*)

The head and the feet keep warm;
The rest will take no harm. (R.)
(*English version of French proverb. Said to be from Plutarch.*)

Tenez chauds les pieds et la tête;
Au demeurant, vivez en bête.
—(*Fr. Quoted by Montaigne as a saying from time immemorial in the mouth of the people.*)

Asciutto il piede, calda la testa,
E dal resto vive da bestia.
—Keep the feet dry and the head warm, and for the rest live like a beast.—(*Ital.*)

Keep warm the feet and head, as to the rest
Live like a beast.
—(*Colton's translation of the foregoing lines.*)

Dry feet, warm head, bring safe to bed. (G. H.)

A cool mouth and warm feet live long. (G. H.)

Testa freda e piè caldi.—The head cool and the feet warm.—(*Ital., Venetian.*)

The heart of the wise, like a mirror, should reflect all objects without being sullied by any.—(*Chinese saying, Confucius.*) (*See* "Le cœur d'une femme," *p.* 699*a*.)

The heart sees further than the head.—(*Quoted by Carlyle.*) (*See* "Le cœur a ses raisons," *p.* 699*a*.)

The heart has ears.—(*Russian.*)

The heart's letter is read in the eyes. (G. H.)

The hermit thinks the sun shines nowhere but in his cell. (*Gn.*)

The higher the ape goes, the more he shows his tail. (G. H.)

Tu fai come la simia, chi più va in alto più mostra il culo.—(*Ital.*)

Plus le singe s'élève, plus il montre son cul pelé.—(*Fr.*)

Je höher der Affe steigt, je mehr er den Hintern zeigt.—(*Germ.*)

The higher a proud man is raised the giddier he is. (*Gn.*)

The higher the plum-tree the riper the plum;
The richer the cobbler the blacker his thumb.
—*Old Rhyme.* (R.)

The higher up, the greater fall. (R. Sc.)—*Derived from Horace.* (*See* "Sæpius ventis," *p.* 647*b*.)

The highest standing the lower fall. (R.)

The highest tree has the greatest fall. (R.)

A cader va chi troppo in alto sale.—He who climbs too high, falls.—(*Ital.*)

Hoe hooger berg, hoe dieper dal;
Hoe hooger boom, hoe zwaarder val.
—The higher the mountain, the deeper the vale; the higher the tree, the heavier the fall.—(*Dutch.*)

De grande montée grande chute.—A great rise, a great fall.—(*Fr.*)

A gran salita gran discesa.—(*Ital.*)

The highest price a man can pay for a thing is to ask for it.

The horse that draws his halter is not quite escaped. (R.)

Il n'est pas échappé qui traîne son lien.—He has not escaped who drags his chain.—(*Fr.; also in Ital.*)

The horse thinks one thing, and he that saddles him another. (G. H.)

The horse thinks one thing, and he that rides him another. (R.)

The donkey means one thing and the driver another.

Una cosa piensa el vayo, y otra el que lo ensilla.—The horse thinks one thing and he that saddles it another.—(*Span.*)

For thus men seyn, that oon (one) thenketh the bere (bear),
But al another thenketh his ledere.
—*Chaucer : Troilus*, 4, 1453.

The host is happy when his guest has gone.—(*Chinese.*)

The house is a fine house when good folks are within. (G. H.)

The house shows its owner. (G. H.)

The house that is a-building looks not as the house that is built.—(*Quoted by Carlyle.*)

The husband's mother is the wife's devil.—(*Dutch ?*)

Des Mannes Mutter ist der Frau Teufel.—(*Germ.*)

The gudeman's mither is aye in the gudewife's gait (way). (Sc.)

The mother-in-law remembers not that she was a daughter-in-law.

The ignorant hath an eagle's wings and an owl's eyes. (G. H.)

The informer is the worse rogue of the two. (*Gn.*)

The Isle of Wight hath no monks, lawyers, or foxes. (R.)

The Italians are wise before the deed; the Germans in the deed; the French after the deed. (G. H.)

Gl' Italiani saggi innanzi il fatto, i Tedeschi nel fatto, i Francesi dopo il fatto.—(*Ital.*)

The itch of disputing is the scab of the Church. (G. H.)—(*This sentence was claimed by Sir H. Wotton. See p.* 403*a, note.*)

The king can do no wrong.—(*Legal maxim. See Latin, "Rex non potest fallere."*)

The king can make a Serjeant, but not a Lawyer. (*Gn.*)

The king goes as far as he dares, not as far as he desires.

El Rey va hasta do puede, y no hasta do quiere.—(*Span.*)

The king never dies.—(*Legal maxim, Blackstone's Com. 4, 249.*)

Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi!—The king is dead. Long live the king!—(*Fr. Form of announcement and proclamation.*)

The king's cheese goes half away in parings. (*Gn.*)

The king's favour is no inheritance. (*Gn.*).

The lame goeth as far as the staggerer. (R.)

The lame goes as far as your staggerer. (G. H.)

The lame post brings the truest news (*Gn.*)

The last best, like to gude wives' daughters. (Sc.)

The last drop makes the cup run over.

The last garment is made without pockets.

L'ultimo vestito è fatto senza tasche.—(*Ital.*)

The last straw breaks the camel's back.

The last ounce breaks the camel's back.

El asno sufre la carga mas no la sobrecarga.—The ass endures the load but not the overload.—(*Span.*)

'Tis the last feather that breaks the horse's back. (*Gn.*)

The last suitor wins the maid. (R.)

Les derniers venus sont les mieux aimés.—The last to arrive are the best loved.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

The last taste of things gives them their name of sweet or sour. (*Gn.*)

The law is not the same at morning and night. (G. H.)

The least foolish is wise. (G. H.)

The less people think the more they talk.

Moins on pense, plus on parle.—(*Fr.*)

The less play the better. (R. Sc.)

The less the temptation the greater the sin. (*Gn.*)

The liar is sooner caught than the cripple. (*Gn.*)

The life of man is a winter's day, and a winter's way. (R.)

The life of man is a winter way. (G. H.)

The light is nought for sore eyes. (R.)

A l'œil malade la lumière nuit.—To a diseased eye the light is annoying.—(*Fr. Cotgrave.*)

Ad occhio infermo nuoce la luce.—(*Ital.*)

Light is not good for syke (sick) folkes yën (eyes).—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 3, 1137.

Troubled eyen han no cleer sighte.—*Chaucer: Melibeus, sec.* 57.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him. (G. H.)—(*Quoted by Pepys: Diary, Aug. 9, 1661.*)

No est tan bravo el leon como le pintan.—(*Span.*)

The lion (sure) is not so fierce or stout
As foolish men do paint or set him out.
—(*R. Watkyns*, 1662.)

The lion is not half so fierce as he is painted. (R.) (*See* "The devil is not so black," *p.* 842*b.*)

The lion's skin is never cheap. (R.)

Il n'y eut jamais bon marché de peaux de lions.—Lions' skins were never cheap.—(*Fr.*)

The little cannot be great unless he devour many. (G. H.)

The little which is good fills the trencher. (R.)

The lone sheep's in danger of the wolf. (R.)

The longest day must have an end. (R.)

Be the day never so long, at length cometh evensong. (R.)

Il n'est si grand jour qui ne vienne a vespre.—(*Fr.*)

Car il n'est si beau jour qui n'amène sa nuit.—(*Fr.*)

Be the day weary, be the day long
At length it ringeth to evensong.
—(*Quoted by Tankerfield at the stake*, 1555.—*Foxe's Martyrs, ch.* 7.)

Yet is he sure, be the day never so long,
Evermore at last they ring to evensong.
—*J. Heywood's Dialogue Concerning English Proverbs.*

Non vien dì, che non venga sera.—(*Ital.*) (*See* "Every day hath its night," *p.* 756*a.*)

The loser pays.

C'est la coutume de Lorris, où le battu paye l'amende.—It is the custom of Lorris (Loiret) where the one who is beaten pays the fine.—(*Fr.*)

The love of a woman and a bottle of wine
Are sweet for a season, but last for a time.
(R.)

The love of money and the love of learning seldom meet. (G. H.)

The low stakes stand long. (*Gn.*)

The lower millstone grinds as well as the upper. (R.)

Den Qværnsteen maler og, der under ligger.—(*Dan.*)

The mad dog bites his master. (*Gn.*)

The magician mutters, and knows not what he mutters.—(*Hebrew.*)

The malt is above the water. (R.)—(*Meaning that a man is drunk.*)

The mawt is aboon the meal wi' him. (R. Sc.)

The man in the moon drinks claret. (*Gn.*)

The man-at-arms is the only man.—*Proverb cited by Ibsen, in Lady Inger of Ostraat, Act i.* (1854).

The market is the best garden. (G. H.)

Cheapside is the best garden.—(*London proverb.*)

The married man must turn his staff into a stake. (R.)

The master absent, and the house dead. (G. H.)

The master's eye fattens the horse, and his foot the ground. (G. H.)[*]

The master's eye, as it is always found,
Doth fat the horse; his foot doth fat the ground.
—(*R. Watkyns*, 1662.) (*See Greek, p.* 476 *b; and the Latin*, "Quocunque domini," *p.* 640*a*.)

The master's eye makes the horse fat. (R.)

Oculos et vestigia domini res agro saluberrimas.—The eyes and footsteps of the master are very wholesome things for the field.—(*Latin. Columella*, 4, 18; *also in Pliny, Nat. Hist.*, 18, 6, 8, 43.)

L'occhio del padrone ingrassa il cavallo.—(*Ital.*)

L'œil du maître engraisse le cheval.—(*Fr.*)

El pie del dueño estierco para la heredad.—(*Span.*)

The master's foot manures the estate. (*See* "The mistress's eye.")

The mastiff is quiet while curs are yelping.

The ox lies still while the geese are hissing.

The meekness of Moses is better than the strength of Samson. (*Gn.*)

The mice do not play with the cat's son.

Con hijo de gato ne se burlan los ratones.—(*Span.*)

The mill cannot grind with water that's past. (G. H.)

Con agua pasada no muele molino.—(*Span.*)

Le moulin ne moult pas avec l'eau coulée en bas.—The mill does not grind with the water which has gone below it.—(*Fr.*)

The mill gets by going. (G. H.)

Andando gana la hazeña, que no estándose queda.—The mill gains by going, not by standing still.—(*Span.*)

The mind ennobles, not the blood.

Edel macht das Gemüth, nicht das Geblüt.—(*Germ.*)

The mind is the man.

The mind loves free space.—(*Russian.*)

The mistress's eye keeps all things clean.

The mob has many heads, but no brains.

The moon ripens the corn. (Sc.)

The more by law, the less by right.

Jo mere af Lov, jo mindre af Ret.—(*Dan.*)

Je mehr Gesetze, je weniger Recht.—The more law, the less right.—(*Germ.*)

The more cost, the more honour. (R. Sc.)

The more dirt, the less hurt.

The more knave, the better luck. (R.)

The honester (*or* properer) man, the worse luck. (R.)

Thieves and rogues have the best luck, if they do but escape hanging. (R.)

Aux bons mêche-t-il.—(*Fr.*)

Jo argere Skalk, jo bedre Lykke.—The more knave, the better luck.—(*Dan.*)

The more noble, the more humble. (R.)

The more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer. (R.)

The more the merrier. (*Heywood*, 1548.)

The more the well is used, the more water it gives.

Je mehr der Brunnen gebraucht wird, desto mehr giebt er Wasser.—(*Germ.*)

The more wit, the less courage. (*Gn.*)

The more women look in their glass, the less they look to their house. (G. H.)

The more you do, the more you may do.

The more we work, the more we shall be downtrodden.—(*From the French.*)

The more we work, the more we may;
It makes no difference to our pay.
—*War Song* (c. 1915): "*We are the Royal Sappers.*"

The more you have, the more you want.

Mickle hes, wald aye have mair. (R. Sc.)

The more you heap
The worse you cheap. (R.)

The morning hour has gold in its mouth.

Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde.—(*Germ.*)

De Morgenstond heeft goud in den mond.—(*Dutch.*)

The morning sun never lasts a day. (G. H.)

The most lasting monuments are the paper monuments. (*Gn.*)

The mother of mischief is na mair nor a gnat wing. (R. Sc.)

The mother o' mischief is nae bigger than a midget wing. (Sc.) (*Cheviot.*)

The mother of dissension is less than a gnat.—(*Gaelic.*)

The mother's heart is always with her children.

The mouth that lies slays the soul. (R. Sc.)

The multitude of offenders is their protection. (*Gn.*)

The number of malefactors authorizes not the crime. (*Gn.*)

The nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh. (R.)

Je näher dem Bein, je süsser das Fleisch.—(*Germ.; also in Dutch.*)

The nearer the church, the farther from God. (R.)

The ne'er to church, the further from God (H., 1546.)

Près de l'église, loin de Dieu.—(*Fr.*)

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[*] Aristotle (*Œconom.*, 2) relates that Perses declared that the master's eye was the best thing to make a horse fat, and that Libys affirmed "that the master's footsteps were the best manure for his land." (*See Herrick: Hesperides*, 663, p. 165*a*.)

Je naher der Kirche, je weiter von Gott.—(*Germ.*)

Près du monastère, à messe le dernier.—Near the monastery, last at mass.—(*Fr.*)

The nightingale and the cuckoo sing both in one month. (R.)

The nimblest footman is a false tale. (R.)

The noblest revenge is to forgive.

To forget a wrong is the best revenge.—(*From the Ital.*)

The noisy drum hath nothing in it but mere air. (*Gn.*)

The noisy fowler catcheth no birds. (*Gn.*)

The nurse's tongue is privileged to talk. (R.)

The offender never pardons. (G. H.)

Chi offende non perdona mai.—(*Ital.*)

Chi t'ha offeso non ti perdonera mai.—(*Ital.*)

Since you wronged me you never had a good thought of me. (*Gn.*)

He that does you a very ill turn will never forgive you. (*Gn.*)

The office makes the man.

Magistratus facit hominem.—(*Latin.*)

Magistratus indicat hominem.—(*Latin.*)

Magistratus indicat virum.—(*Latin. Family Motto.*)

Le magistrat et l'office descouvre l'homme.—The magistrate and the office discover the man.—(*Fr., Rabelais: Pantagruel*, 1533.)

Das Amt lehrt den Mann.—The office teaches the man.—(*Germ.*)

The offspring of those that are very young or very old last not. (G. H.)

The old coachman likes to hear the whip.—*Borrow: Lavengro, ch. 30.*

The old cow thinks she was never a calf.

Il est avis à vieille vache qu'elle ne fût oncques veau.—(*Fr.*)

The old man's staff is a knocker at death's door. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

The older the blood the less the pride.

Jo ædlere Blod, jo mindre Hoymod.—(*Dan.*)

The only way to be sure of not losing a child is never to have any. (*Gn.*)

The owl is not accounted wiser for living retiredly. (*Gn.*)

The path of duty is near at hand; men seek it in what is remote.—(*Japanese.*)

The pebble in the brook secretly thinks itself a precious stone.—*Oriental* (*? Japanese*).

The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful. (G. H.)

The physician owes all to the patient, but the patient owes nothing to him but a little money. (G. H.)

The patient hath more need of the physician than the physician of the patient. (*Gn.*)

The pick of the basket.

Ce n'est, dit Panurge, pas le pis du panier.—It is not, said Panurge, the worst of the basket.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel*, 4, 51.

The piper wants meikle that wants the nether chaps. (R. Sc.)

He can ill pipe that has lost his upper lip.

The pitcher goes so often to the water that it is broken at last.

But so long goys the pott to the water, men
says, at last
Comys it home broken.
—*Towneley Plays* (c. 1388), *No.* 13, *l.* 318.

Tant va le pot à l'eau qu'il demeure.—The jug goes so often to the water that it stays there.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Tant souvent va le pot à l'eau que l'anse y demeure.—The jug goes so often to the water that the handle stops there.—(*Fr.*)

Tant souvent va la cruche à l'eau qu'à la fin elle se brise.—The pitcher goes so often to the water that at length it breaks.—(*Fr.*)

Tantas veces va el cantarillo á la fuente.—The pitcher goes so often to the fountain (that it gets broken).—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 1, 30.)

Cantarillo que muchas veces va á la fuente, ó deja el asa ó la frente.—The pitcher which goes often to the fountain loses either its handle or its spout.—(*Span.*)

Vaso che va spesso al fonte, ci lascia il manico o la fronte.—(*Ital. Tr. as Span.*)

So long cometh the pot to the water that it cometh to broke home.—(*Dan Michal of Northgate's Tr. of French Proverbs*, 1340. *See N. & Q., 8th S.*, 5, 255.)

Tant va li poz au puis qu'il brise.—(*Quoted in this form by Gautier de Coinci, early 13th century.*)

Gaasen gaaer saa længe i Stegerset, til hun fæstner ved Spidet.—The goose goes so often to the kitchen that at last she is fastened to the spit.—(*Dan.*)

The pleasure of what we enjoy is lost by coveting more. (*Gn.*)

The pleasures of the mighty are the tears of the poor. (R.)

The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.

The labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

The pleasures of the rich are bought with the tears of the poor. (*Gn.*)

The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor. (G. H.)

De' peccati de' signori fanno penitenza i poveri. —The poor do penance for the sins of the rich.—(*Ital.*)

The poet, of all artificers, is fondest of his works. (*Gn.*)

The poor dance as the rich pipe.

Die Armen müssen tanzen wie die Reichen pfeifen.—(*Germ.*)

Was die Fürsten geigen, müssen die Unterthanen tanzen.—What the princes fiddle the subjects must dance.—(*Germ.*)

The poor man pays for all. (R.)

The poor man turns his cake and another comes and eats it. (*Gn.*)

The poor man's shilling is but a penny. (R.)

The pot calls the kettle black.

The frying pan says to the kettle "Avaunt black brows." (Gn.)

Dijó la sarten á la caldera, quitate allá ojinegra.—Said the pot to the kettle, "Get away, black-face."—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 67.)

Dijo la corneja al cuervo, quitate allá negro.—Said the jackdaw to the crow, "Get away, nigger."—(*Span.*)

La padella dice al paiuolo, Fatti in là, che tu mi tigni.—The pan says to the kettle, "Get away, lest you stain me."—(*Ital.*)

De pot verwijt den ketel, dat hij zwart is.—The pot reproaches the kettle because it is black.—(*Dutch.*)

The kettle calls the pot black,
The kiln calls the oven burnt-house. (R.)

La pelle se moque du fourgon.—The shovel scoffs at the poker.*—(*Fr.*)

Il laveggio fa beffe della pignatta.—The saucepan laughs at the pipkin.—(*Ital.*)

Le chaudron mâchure la poêle.—The kettle blackens the frying pan (*or* the stove).—(*Fr.*)

The colander said to the needle, "Get away; you have a hole in you."—(*Hindoo.*)

The raven said to the rook, "Stand away, black-coat." (*Gn.*)

The preparations of a woman are as long as the legs of a goose.—(*Russian.*)

The present fashion is always handsome. (*Gn.*)

The priest forgets he was a clerk. (R.)

The proof of a pudding is in the eating. (R.)

The proverb of the three S's: spend, spend profusely, and spare.

El proverbio dei tre S: spender, spander, e sparagnar.—(*Ital.*)

Sabio, Solo, Solicito, y Secreto (las cuatro SS. qué dicen que han de tener los buenos enamorados).—Sapient, Solitary, Solicitous, and Secret—the four S's which they say all good lovers must have.†—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

The purse-strings are the most common ties of friendship. (*Gn.*)

The public pays with ingratitude.

Undank ist der Welt Lohn.—Ingratitude is the world's reward.—(*Germ.*)

The rath (early) sower never borrows of the late.

The raven will seek the carrion.—*Bullein's Dialogue* (1578 *ed.*).

The receiver's as bad as the thief. (R.)

The receiver is worse than the thief.

He that is receiver
Is worse than the thiever. (*Gn.*)

They are both thieves alike, the receiver and the man who steals.—(*Greek. Phocilides.*)

Der Hehler ist so schlecht wie der Stehler.—(*Germ.*)

There is no thief without a receiver. (R. Sc.) (*See* "If there were no fools," *p.* 789*b*.)

The remedy is worse than the disease. (R.)—(*Found in Bacon's Essay on Seditions*, 1612. *See p.* 10*a*.)

The reverend are ever before. (G. H.)

The reward of love is jealousy. (*Gn.*)

The rich knows not who is his friend. (G. H.)

Riche homme ne sait
Qui ami lui est.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

The rich need not beg a welcome. (*Gn.*)

The rich never want kindred.

Ai ricchi non mancano parenti.—(*Ital.*)

Le riche a plus de parents qu'il ne connaît.—The rich has more relations than he knows.—(*Fr.*)

Money wants no followers. (G. H.)

Povertà non ha parenti.—Poverty has no relations.—(*Ital.*)

Every one is kin to the rich man.

All are kin to the fortunate.—(*Greek.*)

Infelicium nulli sunt affines.—The unfortunate have no relatives.—(*Latin.*)

The rich widow cries with one eye and laughs with the other. (*Gn.*)

The road to ruin is in good repair; the travellers pay the expense of it.

The robin and the lintie (linnet),
The laverock (lark) and the wren,
Them that herries their nest
Will never thrive again. (Sc.)

The rotten apple injures its neighbour. (*Gn.*) (*See Chaucer: Coke's Tale, 42.*)

The saint who works no miracles, has few pilgrims.

Saint qui ne guérit de rien, n'a guère de pélerins.—The saint who cures no diseases has few pilgrims.—(*Fr.*)

Non si crede al santo se non fa miracoli—There is no belief in the saint unless he works miracles.—(*Ital.*)

The sauce is better than the fish.

La sauce vaut mieux que le poisson.—(*Fr.*)

The Scot will not fight till he sees his own blood.—(*North England proverb.*)

The scythe feeds the meadow.

La faux paît le pré.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

The sea complains for want of water. (*Gn.*)

The sea refuses no river. (*Gn.*)

The second blow makes the fray. (R.)

The second blow makes the fray, the second word makes the bargain.—*Bacon: Colours of Good and Evil.*

He who returns the first blow begins the quarrel,

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* Montaigne (1580), 3, 5, has it: "Le fourgon se mocque de la paele."

† The Lovers' Alphabet, as given in *Don Quixote*, is as follows: Agradecido (grateful), Bueno (good), Cavallero (gallant), Dadivoso (bountiful), Enamorado (enamoured), Firme (firm), Gallardo (gay, or brave), Honrado (honourable, or punctual), Ilustre (illustrious), Leal (faithful), Mozo (young), Noble (noble), Oneste (honourable), Principal (distinguished), Quantioso (versatile), Rico (wealthy), S S S S (as mentioned above), Tacito (silent), Verdadero (sincere), X, Y (not lovers' letters), Zelado (zealous).

The servant of a king is a king.—(*Hebrew.*)

The shoe will hold with the sole. (R.)

La suola tiene con la scarpa.—(*Ital.*)

The sole holdeth with the upper leather. (*Gn.*)

The shortest answer is doing. (G. H.)

The sight of a man hath the strength of a lion. (G. H.)

The sin is not in the sinning, but in the being found out.

Scandal is the greatest part of the offence.—*Dryden: Limberham* (1678), i. 1.

Verily the sin lieth in the scandal.—*Aphra Behn: The Roundheads* (1682), iii. 2.

Le mal n'est jamais que dans l'éclat qu'on fait.—The harm is only in the noise which one makes.—*Molière: Le Tartuffe*, iv. 5.

Thou shalt not be found out.—*The "eleventh Commandment."*

D'être pincé te garderas,
Afin de fauter librement.
—Guard yourself from being found out, so that you may be at fault freely.—(*Fr.*). (*The Prince de Joinville in his "Memoirs" states that this "eleventh Commandment," "according to the late Lord Clarendon, sums up all the rest."*)

È mala cosa esser cattivo ma è peggiore esser conosciuto.—It is ill to be a villain, but it is worse to be found out.—(*Ital.*)

(*See p.* 153*a*: "'Tis the talk and not the intrigue.")

The singing man keeps his shop in his throat. (G. H.)

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

The slothful is the servant of the counters. (G. H.)

The slothful man is the beggar's brother. (*Gn.*)

The sluggard's convenient season never comes. (*Gn.*)

The smith and his penny are both black. (R.)

The smith hath always a spark in his throat. (R.)—(*Meaning that he is always thirsty.*)

The smoke follows the fair. (*Gn.*)

The smoke of man's own house is better than the fire of another's. (R.)—(*Given as from the Spanish.*)

Più vale il fumo di casa mia, che il fuoco dell' altrui.—The smoke of my own house is worth more than the fire in another's.—(*Ital.*)

The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine. (G. H.)

The soul is not where it lives, but where it loves.

The soul needs few things, the body many. (G. H.)

The sow loves bran better than roses.

Mieux aime truie filth que roses.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

The sparrow builds in the martin's nest. (*Gn.*)

The sparrow flying behind the hawk thinks the hawk is fleeing.—(*Japanese.*)

The still sow eats up all the draught. (R.)

Still swine eat all the draff.

De lumske Sviin æde Masken, de galne löbe uden om.—The cunning pig eats the mash, the mad one rushes by it.—(*Dan.*)

The sting is in the tail.*

En la queue gist le venin.—In the tail lies the poison.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Nella coda sta il veleno.—(*Ital.*)

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it. (*Gn.*)

The truest jests sound worst in guilty ears. (R.)

Soth pley quad pley, as the Fleming saith.—A true jest is an evil jest, as the Fleming says.—*Chaucer: Cook's Prol.*, 33.

The stomach carries the feet.

Tripas llevan piés.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 34.)

Tripas llevan corazon, que no corazon tripas.—The stomach carries the heart, and not the heart the stomach.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 47.)

La soupe fait le soldat.—The broth makes the soldier.—(*Fr.*)

The stone that lieth not in your way need not offend you.

The stream cannot rise above the spring.

The strength of a chain is its weakest link.

The thread breaks where it is weakest. (G. H.)

Where it is weakest there the thread breaketh. (R.)

El hilo por lo mas delgado quiebra.—The thread breaks where it is thinnest.—(*Span.*)

The worst spoke in a cart breaks first. (*Gn.*)

The sun can be seen by nothing but its own light. (*Gn.*)

The sun may do its duty though your grapes are not ripe. (*Gn.*)

The table robs more than the thief. (G. H.)

The table is a great robber. (*Gn.*)

The tale runs as it pleases the teller. (*Gn.*)

The taste of the kitchen is better than the smell. (R.)

The thief is sorry that he is to be hanged, but not that he is a thief. (*Gn.*)

The thin end of the wedge is to be feared.

The third day of April
Comes in the cuckoo and nightingale. (*Gn.*)
—(*April 3, Old Style = April 13, New Style.*)

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* In Topsell's *Serpents* (1653) is the passage: "Some learned writers . . . have compared a Scorpion to an Epigram . . . because as the sting of the Scorpion lyeth in the tayl, so the force and vertue of the Epigram is in the conclusion.—Lillius Gyraldus (Lillo Gregorio Giraldo, 1479–1562) in *De Poetarum Historia, Dial.* 10 (1545) has the passage: "Alii epigramma Scorpioni, perquam simile esse voluerint, qui licet omni ex parte minetur, in cauda tamen, in qua inest aculeus, venenum habet."

The thirteenth man brings death.—(*From the Dutch.*)

De dertiende man
Brengt den dood an.—(*Dutch.*)

The thorn comes forth with the point forwards. (G. H.)

La espina quando nace, la punta lleva delante.—(*Span.*)

The thought hath good legs and the quill a good tongue. (R.)—(*Given as an Italian proverb.*)

The thundercloud always moves against the wind.—*Quoted by Mrs. Thrale: Letter to F. Burney, July 19, 1780.*

The tide will fetch away what the ebb brings. (R.)

The time to come is no more ours than the time past. (*Gn.*)

The tired ox treads surest.

El buey quando se cansa, firme sienta la pata. The ox, when he is tired, plants his foot firmly.—(*Span.*)

Le bœuf soif marche.—The thirsty ox walks.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Bos lassus fortius figit pedem.—The weary ox is all the more sure on his feet.—(*Latin.*)

The tongue always grows older.—*Proverbial saying. Southern: Isabella*, iv. *1* (1692).

The tongue ever turns to the aching tooth.

La langue va où la dent fait mal.—(*Fr.*)

Dove il dente duole, la lingua v'inciampa.—(*Ital.*)

Allá va la lengua, do duele la muela.—(*Span.*)

Daar 't een mensch wee doet, daar heeft hij de hand.—Where a man feels the pain there he lays his hand.—(*Dutch.*)

The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts. (G. H.)

For ofte tunge breketh bon,
Theyh (though) heo seolf nabbe non.
—*Provs. of Alfred, Jesus Coll. MS.*, 425

The tongue breaketh bone,
Though itself have none. (R.)
—(*Version of foregoing.*)

Tel coup de langue est pire qu'un coup de lance.—A stroke from the tongue is worse than a stroke from a lance.—(*Fr.*)

La lengua del mal amigo mas corta que cuchillo.—The tongue of a bad friend cuts more than a knife.—(*Span.*)

The tongue walks where the teeth speed not. (G. H.)

Evil words cut worse than swords.

Sometimes words hurt more than swords. (*Gn.*)

The stroke of the tongue breaketh the bones. Many have fallen by the edge of the sword; but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.—(*Ecclesiasticus* 28, 17, 18.)

(*See* "Fair words," *p.* 760*a*; *also* "Thistles and thorns," *p.* 857*b*.)

The tongue of idle people is never idle. (*Gn.*)

The tongue talks at the head's cost. (G. H.)

He that strikes with his tongue must ward with his head. (G. H.)

The trap to the high-born is ambition. (R.)—(*Given as a British or Welsh proverb.*)

The tree falls not at the first straike. (R. Sc.)

Au premier coup ne chet pas l'arbre.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Al primo colpo non casca l'albero.—(*Ital.; also in Dutch.*)

The tree is no sooner down than everyone runs for his hatchet. (*Gn.*)

The tree that God plants, no winds hurt it. (G. H.)

The unexpected always happens.

That which one least anticipates soonest comes to pass.

Unverhofft kommt oft.—The unlooked-for often comes.—(*Germ.*)

Dove non si crede, l'acqua rompe.—Where is not expected, the water breaks out.—(*Ital.*)

That which one most forehets soonest comes to pass. (R.)

(*See the Latin:* "Insperata accidunt," *p.* 557*b*.)

The unfortunate are counted fools. (*Gn.*)

The vale best discovereth the hills.—(*A favourite proverb of Francis Bacon.*)

Next the valey is the hill aloft.—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 1, 950.

The vessel that will not obey her helm will have to obey the rocks.—(*Cornish.*)

Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.—(*Cornish.*)

The vicar of Bray will be vicar of Bray still. (R.) (*See p.* 455*a*.)

The virtue of a coward is suspicion. (G. H.)

The vulgar keep no account of your hits, but of your misses.

The war is not done, so long as my enemy lives. (G. H.)

The warmest clad sit nearest the fire.

Les mieux vêtus devers le feu.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.

The way is an ill neighbour. (G. H.)

The way to hell is more difficult than the way to heaven.

In die Hölle kommt man mit grösserer Mühe, als in den Himmel.—(*Germ.*)

The weakest must go to the wall. (*See Shakespeare, p.* 277*b*.)

The weakest gaes to the wa'. (R. Sc.)

Les mals vêtus devers le vent.—The ill-clad are put against the wind.—(*Fr.*)

(*See above*, "The warmest clad.")

Sempre ha torto il più debole.—The weakest always has wrong.—(*Ital.*)

The weeds o'ergaes the corn. (R. Sc.)

The weeping bride makes a laughing wife.—(*From the German.*)

Weinende Braut, lachende Frau.—(*Germ.*)

The wholesomest meat is at another man's cost. (R.)

The best wine is someone else's.

The wife is the key of the house. (G. H.)

The wind in one's face makes one wise. (G. H.)

The wind keeps not always in one quarter. (R.)

> Es weht nicht allezeit derselbe Wind.—(*Germ.*)
>
> The wind blows not always west. (*Gn.*)

The wind that blows out candles kindles the fire. (*Gn.*)

The wine in the bottle doth not quench thirst. (G. H.)—(*According to Ray, this is an Italian proverb.*)

The wise hand doth not all that the foolish mouth speaks.—(G. H.) (*From the Span.*)

The wise make jests, and fools repeat them. (R.)

The wisest make mistakes.

> Il n'est si saige que ne foloye aucune fois.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)
>
> The wisest of the wise may err.—(*Greek, Æschylus, Fragm.*)
>
> None is so wise but the fool o'ertakes him. (G. H.)
>
> Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.—Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.—(*Fr.*)
>
> Zu viel Weisheit ist Narrheit.—Too much wisdom is folly.—(*Germ.*)
>
> (*See* "No man is always wise," *p.* 816*b*.)

The wish is father to the thought.—*Shakespeare, 2 Henry IV.*, iv. 4.)

> What we wish we readily believe.—(*See Young, p.* 404*b*, 407*a*.)
>
> We are apt to believe what we wish for. (*Gn.*)
>
> (*See Greek, p.* 475*a*; *and Bacon,* "Man prefers to believe," *p.* 13*b*.)

The wished-for comes too late.

The wit of you and the wool of a blue dog will make a good medley. (R.)

The wolf finds a reason for taking the lamb.

> A petite occasion prend le loup le mouton.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)
>
> The wolf never wants a pretence against the lamb. (*Gn.*)

The wolf knows what the ill beast thinks. (G. H.)

The wolf must die in his own skin. (G. H.)

> En la peau où le loup est le convient il mourir.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

The world is a net; the more we stir in it the more we are entangled. (*Gn.*)

The world is a staircase, some are going up and some are coming down.

> Il mondo è fatto a scale,
> Chi le scende, e chi le sale.—(*Ital.*)
>
> The world is a ladder for some to go up and some down. (*Gn.*)

The world is made of good and bad men.

> Bons et máos mantem cidade.—(*Port.*)

The world is much the same everywhere.

> C'est partout comme chez nous.—It is the same everywhere as it is at home.—(*Fr.*)

The world is nowadays, God save the conqueror. (G. H.)

> Viva quien vence.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)
>
> Vive le vainqueur.—(*Fr.*)

The world is wiser than it was.

> Le monde n'est plus fat.—The world is no longer stupid.—(*Stated by Rabelais to be a common proverb in* 1533.)

The world was never so dull,
But if one won't another will. (R.)

The world would perish were all men learned. (*Gn.*)

The worse for the rider, the better for the bider. (R.)—(*Spoken of the condition of the land.*)

> Bon pays, mauvais chemin.—Good land, bad travelling.—(*Fr.*)

The worse things are, the better they are.—(*A proverb expressing "the transcendentalism of common life." Emerson: Circles.*)

The worst of law is that one suit breeds twenty. (G. H.)

The worst wheel always creaks most.

> La pire roue du chariot crie toujours.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)
>
> Das schlechteste Rad am Wagen knaart am meisten.—*Germ.; also in Dutch and Ital.*)

The worth of a thing is best known by the want. (R.)

> We never know the value of a thing till we have lost it.
>
> Bien perdu, bien connu.—We know a good thing when we have lost it.—(*Fr.*)
>
> No se conoce el bien hasta que se ha perdido.—We do not know what is good until we have lost it.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)
>
> (*See Latin,* "Animus quod perdidit optat," *p.* 490*b*; *also* "The cow knows not," *p.* 842*a*.)

The wound that bleedeth inwardly is most dangerous. (*Gn.*)

The wrath of brothers is fierce and devilish. (*Gn.*)

The wrong sow by th' ear. (H., 1546.)

The year does nothing else but open and shut. (G. H.)

The younger brother hath the more wit. (R.)

> The younger brother is the ancienter gentleman. (R.)
>
> The younger brother the better gentleman.—*Dykes: Moral Reflexions* (1708).

There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

> Be content, the sea hath fish enough. (*Gn.*)

There are but two families in the world, the Haves and the Have-nots.

> Dos linages solos hay en el mundo, el "Tener" y el "No tener."—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

There are many fair words in the marriage making, but few in the portion paying. (R. Sc.)

There are many ways to fame. (G. H.)

There are more acres in Yorkshire than letters in the Bible. (The number of letters in the Bible is stated to be 3,566,480; the number of acres in Yorkshire is variously stated as from 3,771,843 to 3,889,611.)

There are more foolish buyers than foolish sellers.

Il y a plus fous acheteurs que de fous vendeurs.—(*Fr.*)

There are more maids than Maukin, and more men than Michael. (R.)

There are more maids than Moggy and more men than Jockey. (*Gn.*)

Il y a plus d'un âne à la foire qui s'appelle Martin.—There is more than one ass at the fair called Martin.—(*Fr.*)

There be more maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk.—*Dekker: Shoemaker's Holiday*, iii. 1 (1599).

There are more mares in the wood than Grissell. (R.)

There are mair maidens than maukins (young hares). (Sc.)

There been mo sterres (more stars), god wot, than a paire.—*Chaucer: Parlement of Foules*, 595.

There are more physicians in health than drunkards. (G. H.)

Es giebt mehr alte Weintrinker als alte Aerzte.—There are more old wine-bibbers than old doctors.—(*Germ.*)

See "Il y a plus," p. 694*a*.—*Fr.*

There are more thieves to be found than gibbets.

Si trovano più ladri che forche.—(*Ital.*)

Es giebt mehr Diebe als Galgen.—(*Germ.*)

There are more ways to kill a dog than hanging. (R.)

There are more ways to the wood than one. (R.)

There are no birds this year in last year's nest. (*Gn.*)

En los nidos de antaño no hay pájaros hogaño.—There are no birds of this year in the nests of last year.—(*Cervantes, Don Quixote, Part* 2, *ch.* 74.)

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest.
—*Longfellow: It is not always May.*

There are no fans in hell. (*Oriental.*)

There are none poor but such as God hates. (R.)

There are people and people.

Il y a gens et gens.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

There's naught so queer as folk.—*N. Country Prov.*

There are three ways—the universities, the sea, the court. (G. H.)

There are two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.—(*American.*)

There belongs more than whistling to a ploughman. (*Gn.*)

There came never ill of good advisement. (R. Sc.)

There came nothing out of the sack but what was in it. (R.)

There comes nought out of the sack but what was there. (G. H.)

Daar niets goeds in is, gaat niets goeds uit.—Where there is no good in, no good comes out.—(*Dutch.*)

There can be no friendship where there can be no freedom. (*Gn.*)

There could be no great ones if there were no little. (R.)

There is a black sheep in every fold.

Of every ordre some shrewe is, parde.—In every company there is some evil person, par Dieu.—*Chaucer: Chanoun Yemannes Tale*, 422.

There is a "but" in everything.

Alles wäre gut, wäre kein aber dabei.—All would be well if it were not for the "buts."—(*Germ.*)

There is a fault in the house, but would you have it built without any? (*Gn.*)

There is a good time coming.

Le bon temps viendra.—The good time will come.—(*Fr. Motto.*)

Mieux sera.—Better [time] will be.—(*Fr. Motto.*)

There is a mystery in the meanest trade. (R.)

There is a remedy for everything, could men find it. (G. H.)

There is remedy for all things except stark dead. (R. Sc.)

Il y a remède à tout, fors à la mort.—There is a remedy for everything except death.—(*Fr.*)

Á todo hay maña, sino á la muerte.—(*Span.*)

Er is hulp voor alles, behalve voor den dood.—There is help for all, except for the dead.—(*Dutch; also in this form in Danish.*)

There is a scarcity of friendship, but not of friends. (*Gn.*)

There is a skeleton in every house.

There is a snake in the grass.

Anguis sub viridi herbâ.—(*Latin.*) (*Quoted thus by Bacon, Essay, Of a King.*)

Il y a anguille sous roche.—There is an eel under the stone.—(*Fr.*) (*See* Virgil, "Latet anguis in herbâ," *p.* 564*a*.)

I know under the grene the serpent how he lurkes.—*Earl of Surrey: Description of the Fickle Affections* (c. 1550).

There is a sort of pleasure in indulging of grief. (*Gn.*)

There is a time for all things.

To everything there is a season.—*Ecclesiastes* 3, 1.

Cada cousa a seu tempo.—(*Port.*)

It will happen in its time, it will go in its time.—(*Hindoo.*)

There is a time to wink as well as to see. (R.)

There is always less money, less wisdom, and less honesty than people imagine.—*Italian proverb as quoted by Bacon.*

> We all have more than each man knows
> Of sins, of debts, of years, of foes.
> —*Said to be from the Persian.*

There is always life for the living. (*See* "Where there is life there is hope," *p.* 873*a.*)

> There is ay life for a living man. (R. Sc.)

There is an hour wherein a man might be happy all his life, could he find it. (G. H.)

> Il tempo buono viene una volta sola.—The good time only comes once.—(*Ital.*)
>
> Einmal im Leben geht das Glück an Jedem vorbei.—Happiness passes everyone in life once.—(*Germ.*)

There is as much greatness in owning a good turn as in doing it. (*Gn.*)

There is craft in daubing. (*Gn.*)

There is God's poor and the devil's poor: the first from Providence, the other from Vice. (*Gn.*)

There is great force hidden in a sweet command. (G. H.)

> Remissius imperanti melius paretur.—Obedience is yielded more readily to one who commands gently.—(*Lat. Seneca: De Clementia*, 1, 24, 1.)
>
> He that most curteisly commandeth, to him men most obeyen.—*Chaucer: Melibeus, sec.* 77. (*Tr. of foregoing Latin.*)

There is honour amongst thieves.

There is life in a muscle. (*Gn.*)

> There is life in a mussel. (R.)
>
> There's life in a mussel as long as it cheeps (squeak). (Sc.)—*Hislop.*
>
> There's life in a mussel although it be little. (Sc.)

There is life in the old dog yet.

> There is life in the old mule yet.
>
> There's fight in the old dog yet.

There is little for the rake to get after the bissome. (R. Sc.)

> There's little for the rake after the shool (shovel). (Sc.)

There is many a fair thing full false. (R. Sc.)

There is mickle hid meat in a goose eye. (R. Sc.)

There is more art in saving than in gaining.

> Sparen ist grössere Kunst als erwerben.—(*Germ.*)

There is more pleasure in loving than in being loved. (*Gn.*)

There is much meat in God's storehouse.—(*Danish.*)

There is much more learning than knowledge in the world. (*Gn.*)

There is nae medicine for fear. (R. Sc.)

> There's nae remede for fear but cut aff the head. (Sc.) —*Hislop.*

There is never any cake
But there's one of the same make. (*Gn.*)

> There was never a cake but it had a make (mate). (R.Sc.)

There is no chance which does not return.

> Il n'est pas chance qui ne retourne.—(*Fr.* V. 1498.)
>
> Il n'est mois qui ne revienne.—There is no month which does not return.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

There is no deceit in a brimmer. (R.)

> In vino veritas.—In wine truth.—(*Lat.; also in Greek.*)

There is no dog so sad but he will wag his tail.

> Non è si tristo cane che non meni la coda.—(*Ital.*)

There is no going to heaven in a sedan. (*Gn.*)

There is no good horse of a bad colour.—*Quoted by Isaak Walton.*

There is no good mother-in-law but she that weareth a green gown (*i.e.* who is under the turf).

There is no great banquet but some fares ill. (G. H.)

There is no greater pride than that of a poor man grown rich.

> Il n'est orgueil que de pauvre enrichi.—(*Fr.*)
>
> There's nothing agrees worse
> Than a proud mind and a beggar's purse.

There is no jollity but hath a smack of folly. (G. H.)

There is no law for just men.

> Für Gerechte giebt es keine Gesetze.—(*Germ.*)

There is no mischief done, but a woman is one. (R.)

> Cherchez la femme.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Cherchons," *p.* 691*a.*)
>
> There's no mischief in the world that's done,
> But a woman is always one.

There is no mother like my mother.

There is no need for a sculptor to be made of marble.—(*French proverb.*)

There is no proverb which is not true.

> No hay refran que no sea verdadero.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

There is no redemption from hell. (R.)

> In inferno nulla est redemptio.—(*Latin. Used jestingly in this form by Paul III., when Michael Angelo refused to alter a portrait introduced among the condemned in his "Last Judgment."*)
>
> Quien ha infierno nulla es retencio.—In hell there is no retention.—(*Span., Don Quixote,* 1, 25. *Sancho's mistaken attempt to quote the Latin saying.*)

There is no revenge upon the rich.

> Del hombre arraigado no veras vengado.—(*Span.*)

There is no smoke without fire.

> There is no fire without some smoke. (H., 1346)
>
> Nunquam ubi diu fuit ignis defecit vapor.—

Never, where fire has been for any length of time, is some vapour (warmth) wanting.—(*Lat. Publilius Syrus. Attr. to Seneca in Chaucer, Melibeus, sec.* 23.)

There is no royal road to learning.

There is no royal road to geometry.—(*Euclid.*) (*See Latin,* " Non est ad astra," *p.* 597*b*.)

There is no time like the present.

Chi ha tempo non aspetti tempo.—Who has time let him not wait for time.—(*Ital.*)

There is no worse fruit than that which never ripens.—*From the Italian.*

Non c'è il peggior frutto di quello che non matura mai.

There is no worse pestilence than a familiar foe.—(*Chaucer: Merchant's Tale, l. 549–550.*)

There is no venom like that of the tongue.

There is no wool so white but a dyer can make it black. (*Gn.*)

There is nobody will go to hell for company. (G. H.)

There is not always good cheer where the chimney smokes. (*Gn.*)

There is nothing more precious nor time. (R. Sc.)

There is nothing so crouse (cheerful) as a new-washen house. (R. Sc.)

There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her. (R.)

There is something in it, quoth the fellow, when he drank it, dish-clout and all. (*Gn.*)

There is winter enough for the snipe and the woodcock too. (*Gn.*)

There may be blue, and better blue. (*Gn.*)

There needs a long time to know the world's pulse. (G. H.)

There were such black swans formerly as Truth and Honesty. (*Gn.*)

There will be sleeping enough in the grave.*—(*Given in this form by Benj. Franklin, 1758.*)

There would be no great ones if there were no little ones.

There's a salve for every sore. (R.) (*See* "God who sends," *p.* 767*b*.)

"There's baith meat and music here," quo' the dog, when he ate the piper's bag. (Sc.)

There's luck in odd numbers. (*See* "Number three," *p.* 819*a*.)

There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip. (R.)

Entre la bouche et le cuillier vient bien souvent grant destourbe.—Between the mouth and the spoon great trouble often arises.—(*Fr.*)

De la main à la bouche perd souvent la soupe.—The soup is often lost between the hand and the mouth.—(*Fr.*)

Many things happen betwixt the cup and the lip.—(*Greek. Attrib. to Aristotle, Fragm.* 530, *ed. Val. Rose, Bekker, Bk.* 5, 1566.) (Quoted by Aulus Gellius, Bk. 13, 17, 3, as a "proverbial Greek verse," equivalent to that ancient [*Latin*] proverb, "Inter os et offam multa invenire possunt"—Between the mouth and the morsel many things can happen.)

Multa intersunt calicem et labrum summum.—Many things happen between the cup and the upper lip.—(*Latin.*) (Aulus Gellius's translation of the foregoing Greek proverb.)

There's many a true word said in jest.

A man may say ful sooth in game and pley.—(*Chaucer: Cook's Prol.*, 31.)

Full ofte in game a sooth I have heard seye.—(*Chaucer: Monk's Prol.*, 76.)

En oy mocquant dit on bien vrai.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.) (*Also in Germ.*)

There are many sooth words spoken in bourding (mockery). (R. Sc.) (*See Latin,* "Ridentem dicere verum," *p.* 646*a*.)

Quel che pare burla, ben sovente è vero.—What seems a joke is very often the truth.—(*Ital.*)

There's never eneugh where nought leaves. (R.)

Non vi è abbastanza se niente avanza.—There is not enough if there is nothing over.—(*Ital.*)

There's no companion like the penny. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

There's nothing agrees worse
Than a prince's heart and a beggar's purse. (*Gn.*)

There's nothing like leather (said the cordwainer). (*See* "Every man praises his own wares," *p.* 757*b*.)

There's no seeing one's way through tears.

There's reason in roasting of eggs. (R.)

There's safety in numbers.

There's safety in solitude.—(*Saadi.*)

"There's sma' sorrow at our pairting," as the auld mear (mare) said to the broken cart. (Sc.)—(*Rob Roy, ch.* 27.)

They agree like London clocks. (R.)

They agree like bells; they want nothing but hanging. (R.)

They are like bells, every one in a several note. (*Gn.*)

They are as good cats who scare the mice away as those who devour them.—(*Germ.*)

They are as wise that speir (ask) not. (R. Sc.)

They are so like that both are the worse for it. (*Gn.*)

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* Apparently a parody of an old and very popular saying derived from a tale often found in the old theologians, and included in the *Gesta Romanorum*, of one who sorrowed greatly for his sins and was tempted to desist by devils, who whispered in his ear, "Thou shalt sorrow enough in Hell." But the man sorrowed and wept the more, till the devils were forced by the Holy Ghost to say to him in his ear, "Thou hast overcome us."

They are welcome that brings. (R. Sc.)

Bien venu celui qui apporte.—(*Fr.*)

They're a' gude that gies. (Sc.)

They buy good cheap that bring naething hame. (R. Sc.)

They buy gudes cheap that bring naething home. (Sc.)—*Cheviot Coll.*

They had never an ill day that had a good evening. (R. Sc.)

They have begun a dispute which the devil will not let them make an end of. (*Gn.*)

They love most who are least valued.

They who love most are least set by. (R.)

They love too much that die for love. (R.)

C'est trop aimer quand on en meurt.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

They may sit in the chair that have malt to sell. (*Gn.*)

"They say so" is half a lie. (*Gn.*)

They seldom live well who think they shall live long. (R.)

They that are booted are not always ready. (G. H.)

They that burn *you* for a witch lose all their coals. (*Gn.*) (*Also in* R.)

They that buy an office must sell something. (*Gn.*)

They that desire but a few things can be crossed but in few. (*Gn.*)

They that have good store of butter may lay it on thick. (*Gn.*)

They that have no other meat,
Bread and butter are glad to eat. (R.)

They that know one another, salute afar off. (G. H.)

They that live longest see most.

The longer we live the more strange sights we see. (R. Sc.)

Quien larga vida vive, mucho mal vide.—Who lives longest sees much evil.—(*Span.*)

They that live longest must go farthest for wood. (R.)

They that live longest must fetch fire furthest. (R.)

They that tease each other, love each other. —(*Germ.*)

They who only seek for faults find nothing else.

They were never fain that shrugged. (R. Sc.)

They were never fain that fidg'd [shrugged their shoulders], nor fu' that licket dishes. (Sc.) *Cheviot Coll.*

Things are not what they are, but as they seem.

Le cose non sono come sono, ma come si vedono. —(*Ital.*)

Things hardly attained are long retained. (R.)

Things not understood are admired. (*Gn.*)

Things well fitted abide. (G. H.)

Think and thank God.

Think much, speak little, write less. (R.)

Pense moult, parle peu, écris moins.—(*Fr.*)

Cuidar muitas cousas, fazer huma.—Think of many things, do one.—(*Port.*)

Falla pouco e bem;
Ter-te-hão por alguem.—Speak little and well; you will be accounted somebody.—(*Port.*)

Think of ease, but work on. (G. H.)

Thinking is not knowing.

Cuidar não he saber.—(*Port.*)

This buying of bread undoes us. (R.)

This rule in gardening ne'er forget,
To sow dry and set wet. (R.)

This world is nothing except it tend to another. (G. H.)

Thistles and thorns prick sore,
But evil tongues prick more.

Thorns whiten, yet do nothing. (G. H.)

Those who do nothing generally take to shouting.

Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

And forthy (therefore) who that hath an heed of verre (glass)
Fro cast of stones war him in the werre (let him beware in the strife).—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 2, 867.

Whose house is of glass must not throw stones at another. (G. H.)

Who hath glass windows of his own must take heed how he throws stones. (R.)

He that hath a body made of glass must not throw stones at another. (R.)

El que tiene texados de vidrio no tire piedras al de su vecino.—He that has a roof of glass should not throw stones at his neighbour's.—(*Span., Nunez Collection*, 1553.) (*A similar proverb occurs in Don Quixote.*)

Chi ha tegoli di vetro, non tiri sassi al vicino.—(*Ital.*)

Wer ein gläsern' Dach hat, muss andere nicht mit Steinen werfen.—(*Germ.; also in Dutch and Danish.*)

Those who make the best use of their time have none to spare.

Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers.

Thou wilt get nae mair of the cat but the skin. (R. Sc.)

Thou wouldst do little for God if the devil were dead.

Though God take the sun out of the heaven, yet we must have patience. (G. H.)

Though good be good, yet better is better (*or* "yet better carries it"). (R.)

Il buono è buono, ma il meglio vince.—(*Ital.*)

Il meglio è l'inimico del bene.—Better is the enemy of well.—(*Ital.*)

Though he says nothing, he pays it with thinking, like the Welshman's jackdaw. (R.)

Like the parrot, he says nothing, but thinks the more.—(*Modern.*)

Though I am black, I am not the devil.—*Quoted in Peele's Old Wives' Tale* (1595) *as "the old proverb."*

Though I say it that should not.

To say the truth, though I say 't that should not say 't.—(*Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at Several Weapons, Act* ii. ; *pub.* 1657.)

Though malice may darken truth, it cannot put it out. (*Gn.*)

Though men were made of one metal, yet they were not cast all in the same mould. (Sc.)

Though old and wise, yet still advise (take counsel). (G. H.)

Aunque seas prudente viejo, no desdeñes e consejo.—Though you are a prudent old man do not disdain counsel.—(*Span.*)

Though peace be made, yet it's interest that keeps peace.—(*Quoted by Oliver Cromwell, in Parliament, Sept. 4, 1654, as "a maxim not to be despised."*)

Though the cat winks a little, she is not blind. (R.)

Though the fox run, the chicken hath wings. (G. H.)

Though the heavens be glorious, yet they are not all stars. (*Gn.*)

Though the mastiff be gentle, yet bite him not by the lip. (G. H.)

Aunque manso tu sabueso, no le muerdas en el bezo.—Though your dog be tame do not bite him on the lip.—(*Span.* ; *also in Port.*)

Though the speaker be a fool, let the hearer be wise.

Though the sun shines, leave not your cloak at home. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb*)

Though we lose fortune we should not lose patience.

Though you are bound to love your enemy, you are not bound to put your sword in his hand. (*Gn.*)

Though you stroke the nettle ever so kindly it will sting you. (*Gn.*)

Thoughts are free. (R.)

I have heard said that thought is free.—*Gower : Conf. Amantis, Bk.* 5 (c. 1390).

Gedanken sind zollfrei, aber nicht Höllenfrei.—Thoughts are toll-free, but not hell-free.—(*Germ.*)

Thraw (twist) the wand while it is green. (R. Sc.)

Den Baum muss man biegen, wann er jung ist.—The tree must be bent while it is young.—(*Germ.*)

Was ein Haken werden will, krümmt sich bei Zeiten.—That which would become a hook, must bend itself betimes.—(*Germ.*)

Threatened men (or folks) live long. (R.)

Threatened men eat bread, says the Spaniard. (G. H.)

The fox thrives best when he is banned (or cursed). (R.)

There are more men threatened than stricken. (G. H.)

Menacés vivent, et décollés meurent.—Threatened men live, and men beheaded die.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Los amenzados comen pan.—Threatened men eat bread.—(*Span.* ; *also in Port.*)

Van dreigen sterft man niet.—A man does not die of threats.—(*Dutch.*)

Le minacce son arme del minacciato.—Threats are arms to the threatened.—(*Ital.*)

Excommunie mange bien pain.—The excommunicated person eats bread very well.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

It's lang or Like-to-dee fills the Kirkyard. (Sc.) (*Hislop.*)—*Used in respect of valetudinarians.*

Three helping one another bear the burden of six. (G. H.)

Three may keep counsel if two be away. (H., 1546.)

Three can hold their peace if two be away. (G. H.)

Three may keep a secret if one of them is dead.—(*Version quoted by Benjamin Franklin.*)

Secret de deux, secret de Dieu ;
Secret de trois, secret de tous.
—A secret between two is a secret of God ; a secret between three is a secret of everybody's.—(*Fr.* ; *also in Span.*)

If one knows, it is a secret ; if two, it is public.—(*Hindoo.*)

Two may keep counsel when one is away.

Two may keep counsel when the third's away.—(*Shakespeare* ; *see p.* 276*a*, *note.*)

What is known to three is known to everybody.

Tre lo sanno, tutti lo sanno.—Three know it ; all know it.—(*Ital.*)

Three removes are as bad as a fire.—(*As quoted by Benjamin Franklin.*)

Trois déménagements valent un incendie.—(*Fr.*)

Dreimal umgezogen einmal algebrannt.—(*Germ.*) (*See p.* 374*a*, "Who often removeth.")

Three things drive a man out of his house : smoke, rain, and a bad wife.—*Quoted by Chaucer : Melibeus, sec. 15 ; also Prol., Wife of Bath's Tale ; and Persones Tale.*

Sunt tria dampna domus, imber, mala femina, fumus.—There are three evils of a house, rain, a bad woman, smoke.—(*Lat. Mediæval verse.*)

(*A similar passage is in Pope Innocent's De Contemptu Mundi*, 1, 18. *See also Prov.* 10, 26 ; *Prov.* 19, 13 ; *and Prov.* 27, 15.)

Three women and a goose make a market. (R.)

Three women make a market. (G. H.)

Due donne e un' oca fanno un mercato.—Two women and a goose make a market.—(*Ital.*)

Tre donne e un papero fanno un mercato.—Three women and a young goose make a market.—(*Ital.*)

Drie vrouwen en eene gans maken eene markt.—Three women and one goose make a market.—(*Dutch* ; *also in this form in Dan.*)

Drei Frauen, drei Gänse, und drei Frösche, machen einen Jahrmarkt.—Three women, three geese, and three frogs make a fair.—(*Germ.*)

Through obedience learn to command.—(*Founded on a passage in Plato, Leges, 762 E.; also found in Pliny.*)

Qui ne sait obéir, ne sait commander.—Who knows not to obey knows not to command.—(*Fr. Found in all languages.*)

Throw not stones at thine own window. (*Gn.*)

Thursday come, and the week is gone. (G. H.)

Thy friend hath a friend, and thy friend's friend hath a friend.—(*Hebrew.*)

Tie it well, and let it go. (G. H.)

Till death all is life. (*Gn.*)

Till James's day be come and gone,
You may have hops, or you may have none. (R.)

Time and straw ripen medlars. (*Gn.*) (*Also* R.)

Time and thinking tame the strongest grief. (R.)

Time softens all griefs.

Time is the great consoler.

Time will soften.—(*Euripides: Alcestis*, 1085.)

Dies adimit ægritudinem.—Time cures affliction.—(*Latin.*)

Zeit heilt alles.—Time heals all.—(*Germ.*)

Le temps . . . souverain medecin de nos passions.—Time is the sovereign physician of our passions.—(*Fr., Montaigne*, 1580, "*Essais*," *Book* 3, *ch.* 4.)

Time and tide wait (or tarry) for no man.

Tide bides na man. (R. Sc.)

Time, train, and tide wait for no man.—(*Modern version.*)

Zeit, Ebbe und Fluth, warten auf Niemand.—Time, ebb, and flood wait for no man.—(*Germ.*)

Time brings roses.

Zeit bringt Rosen.—(*Germ.; also in Dutch.*)

Time cures more than the doctor.

El tiempo cura el enfermo, que no el unguento.—Time, and not medicine, cures the sick.—(*Span.*)

Time destroys all things.

Le temps matte toutes choses.—(*Fr., Rabelais: Pantagruel*, 1533.)

De tijd wischt alles uit.—(*Dutch.*)

Time is a noiseless file.—(*Ital. proverb.*)

Time is God's and ours.

De tijd is aan God en ons.—(*Dutch.*)

Time is money.

Zeit ist Geld.—(*Germ.*)

There is nothing more precious nor time. (R. Sc.)

If you lose your time you cannot get money nor gain. (G. H.)

Time is the best counsellor.—(*Greek proverb.*)

Zeit ist der beste Rathgeber.—(*Germ.*)

Time is the great discoverer.

Time brings all to light.

Tempus omnia revēlat.—(*Latin.*)

El tiempo es el descubridor de todas las cosàs.—Time is the discoverer of all things.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Zeit verdeckt und entdeckt.—Time covers and uncovers.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "Maximus novator," *p.* 574^b; *also Bacon*, "Time is the great innovator.")

Time is the great preacher.

Der beste Prediger ist die Zeit.—(*Germ.*)

Time is the great teacher.—(*From the Greek—Æschylus.*)

Time is the rider that breaks [in] youth. (G. H.)

Time passes, sayings endure.

Time trieth truth.—(*Title of lines in Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557.)

Time tries the truth. (R. Sc.)

Time undermines us. (G. H.)

Time wrongs antiquity. (*Gn.*)

'Tis a mad world, my masters.—(*Given in this form by John Taylor, The Water Poet, in his Western Voyage*, c. 1620.)

A play by Middleton (1608) is entitled "A Mad World, my Masters." "Mundus furiosus" (a mad world) is the inscription of a book by Jansenius Gallo-Belgicus (1596). (*See also Shakespeare's King John*, ii. 2, "Mad world! mad kings!")

'Tis the farmer's care
That makes the field bear. (*Gn.*)

'Tis the want of care
That make the field bare.

Tit for tat is fair play.

Wie Du mir, so ich Dir!—As thou to me, so I to thee.—(*Germ.*)

Tithe and be rich. (G. H.)

To a boiling pot flies fly not. (G. H.)

To a child all weather is cold. (G. H.)

To a crafty man a crafty and a half. (G. H.)

À menteur, menteur et demi.—To a liar, a liar and a half.—(*Fr.*)

À trompeur, trompeur et demi.—To a cheat, a cheat and a half.—(*Fr.*)

À fripon, fripon et demi.—To a rogue, a rogue and a half.—(*Fr.*)

Bien est larron qui larron dérobe.—He is a good thief who robs a thief.—(*Fr.*)

To a crazy ship all winds are contrary. (G. H.)

A nave rotta ogni vento è contrario.—(*Ital.*)

To a good spender God is the treasure. (G. H.)

To a grateful man give money when he asks. (G. H.)

To aim is not enough, we must hit.

Zielen ist nicht genug, es gilt Treffen.—(*Germ.*)

To answer like a Scot (*i.e.* ambiguously). (Sc.)

To beat about the bush.

[Il] battoit les buissons sans prendre les ozillons.—He beat the bushes without taking the birds.—(*Rabelais: Gargantua, ch.* 11.)

To beat the dog before the lion.

Battre le chien devant le lion.—A local French proverb, meaning, it is said, "to do a thing unseasonably" or at the wrong time.—(*Fr., Rabelais: Gargantua*, 1534.)

To be beloved is above all bargains. (G. H.)

To be born with a silver spoon in the mouth. (R.)

One man, says the auld proverb, is born wi' a silver spoon in his mouth, and another wi' a wudden ladle.—*Noctes Ambrosianæ, Nov.*, 1831 (*Ettrick Shepherd*).

To be good enough you must be too good.

Pour être assez bon il faut l'être trop.—(*Fr.*)

To be poor and seem poor is the very devil. —*Quoted as "a favourite proverb" in Sir A. Helps' "Friends in Council," 2nd Series, ch. 6.*

To be too busy gets contempt. (G. H.)

To believe a business impossible is the way to make it so. (*Gn.*)

To build castles in the air. (R.)

Fac castelli in aria.—(*Ital.*)

To build castles in Spain. (G. H.)

Châteaux en Espagne.—(*Fr.*)

Thou shalt make castles than (then) in Spayne,
And dream of joye al but in vayne.
Romaunt of the Rose, 2573.

To buy a pig in a poke.*

Die Katze im Sack kaufen.—To buy the cat in the bag.—(*Germ.*)

Folie est d'acheter chat en sac.†—It is folly to buy a cat in a sack.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Acheter chat en poche.—(*Fr.*)

(*See* "When the pig's proffered," *p.* 871*b*; *also Tusser, p.* 374*b*.)

To carry coals to Newcastle.‡

You cast water in the Thames. (R.)

You are importing pepper into Hindostan.—(*Hindoo; from the Bustan of Sadi.*)

To carry oil to the city of olives.—(*Hebrew.*)

Vendre coquilles a ceux qui viennent de Saint Michel.—To sell shells to those who come from St. Michel.—(*Fr.*)

Spaanderen naar Noorwegen brengen.—To carry fir trees to Norway.—(*Dutch.*)

Porter de l'eau à la rivière.—To carry water to the river.—(*Fr.*)

Wasser in's Meer tragen.—To carry water to the sea.—(*Germ.; also in this form in Span., Dutch, etc.*)

Porter les feuilles au bois.—To carry leaves to the wood.—(*Fr.*)

In silvam ligna ferre.—To carry timber into the wood.—(*Latin, Horace, Sat.*, 1, 10, 34.)

To change a custom is as bad as death.

Mudar costumbre a par de muerte.—(*Span.*)

To cry out before you are hurt.

Vous semblez les anguilles de Melun; vous criez devant qu'on vous escorche.—You are like the eels of Melun; you cry out before you are skinned.—(*Rabelais: Gargantua*, 1534.)

To-day a man, to-morrow a mouse. (R.)

Aujourdhui roi, demain rien.—To-day a king, to-morrow nothing.—(*Fr.*)

To-day is yesterday's pupil. (*Gn.*)

To deceive one's self is very easy. (G. H.)

To do good to the ungrateful is to throw rose water into the sea.

To eat your white bread first.

Mangeoit son pain blanc le premier.—(*Fr., Rabelais: Gargantua*, 1534.)

To every saint his own candle.

À chaque saint son cierge.—(*Fr.*)

Il n'y a si petit saint qui ne veuille aussi sa chandelle.—There is no saint so small but requires his candle.—(*Fr.*)

To fence in the cuckoo.—(*Referring to the attempt of the wise men of Gotham to preserve the summer.*)

Garder la lune des loups.—To keep the moon safe from the wolves.—(*Fr., Rabelais.*)

To find a mare's nest. (R.)

What mare's nest have you found?—(*Fletcher: Bonduca, v.* 2).

You have found a colt's nest, and laugh at the eggs. (*Gn.*)

To forget a wrong is the best revenge. (R.)

To gain teacheth how to spend. (G. H.)

To give and keep there is need of wit. (R.)

To give and have
Doth a wise brain crave.

To go like a bear to a stake. (*Gn.*)

To hain (save) is to hae. (Sc.)

To have the key of the street.

Prendre la clef des champs.*—To take the key of the fields; to run away.—(*Fr.*)

To have tow on one's distaff (To have work on hand).

He hadde more tow on his distaf
Than Gerveys knew.
—(*Chaucer: Milleres Tale*, 588.)

Il aura en bref temps autres estoupes en sa quenoille.—He would in a short time have other tow on his distaff.—(*Froissart*, 5, 4.)

To him that hath lost his taste, sweet is sour. (R.)

To keep a custom you hammer the anvil still, though you have no iron. (*Gn.*)

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* "Pigges in a poke": an expression found in *Chaucer: Reves Tale*, 358; also used by *Sir T. More: A Merrie Jest* (1510).

† Montaigne (Book 3, 5) says that women, when they marry, "achetent chat en sac."

‡ There are Latin proverbs to the same effect: To take light to the sun; stars to heaven; water to frogs; saffron to Cicia; owls to Athens.

* Montaigne, "Essais" (1580), Book 2, ch. 3, uses this expression, remarking that Nature having left us "la clef des champs" (*i.e.* left us our freedom), has taken away from us all excuse for complaining of our condition. It will be seen that the French phrase has a different meaning from the English "key of the street," which is generally used in the sense of being turned out or locked out of a house.

To keep the wolf from the door.

To kill two birds with one stone (*or* shaft). (R.)

To catch two pigeons with one pea. (*Gn.*)

To make two friends with one gift. (*Gn.*)

To stop two gaps with one bush. (*Gn.*)

To kill two flies with one slap. (R.)

Una mercede duas res adsequi.—For one reward to follow up two matters.—(*Latin. Cicero: Pro Rosc. Am.*, 29, 80.)

Zwei Fliegen mit einer Klappe schlagen.—To kill two flies with one clapper.—(*Germ.*)

Faire d'une pierre deux coups.—To make two hits with one stone.—(*Fr.*)

Pigliar due colombi a una fava.—To catch two pigeons with one bean.—(*Ital.*)

Twee appelen met eenen stok afwerpen.—To bring down two apples with one stick.—(*Dutch.*)

To know the disease is half the cure.

El principio de la salud está en conocer la enfermedad.—The beginning of health is to know the disease.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 60.)

To lather an ass's head is but spoiling of soap. (*Gn.*)

To look for a needle in a haystack.

Acum in metâ fœni quærere.—(*Mediæval Latin.*)

Chercher une aiguille dans une botte de foin.—To look for a needle in a bottle of hay.—(*Fr.*)

Eine Nadel im Heu suchen.—To search for a needle in hay.—(*Germ.*)

To make a man valiant abuse him lustily. (*Gn.*)

To make a virtue of necessity.

Faisoit de necessité vertu.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel* (1533), 5, 22; *also Gargantua*, 1, 11.

To make vertue of necessitie.—(*Chaucer: see p.* 77*a*, *note.*)

There is no virtue like necessity.—(*Shakespeare: see p.* 312*a.*)

To make one hole to stop up another.

Faire un trou pour en boucher un autre.—(*Fr.*)

To offer much is one way of denying.

Offerir molto è spezie di negare.—(*Ital.*)

To make two bites at a cherry.

"Il ne rend que monosyllabes. Je croy qu'il feroit d'une cerise trois morceaux."—He replies nothing but monosyllables. I believe he would make three bites of a cherry.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel*, 5, 28.)

To-morrow comes never. (R.)

Manaña sera otro dia.—To-morrow will be another day.—(*Span.*)

Morgen ist ein langer Tag.—To-morrow is a long day.—(*Germ.*)

To-morrow morning I found a horseshoe. (R.)

To overcome pleasure is the greatest pleasure. (*Gn.*)

To plough the sands and sow the waves.

For he that believeth, bearing in hand,*
Plougheth in the water, and soweth in the sand.
—(*Sir T. Wyatt*, c. 1525.)

To promise and give nothing is a comfort to a fool. (R.)

Prometter não he dar, mas a nescios contentar.—Promising is not giving, but it contents fools.—(*Port.*)

To put the cart before the horse. (R.)

To make the plough go before the horse.—(*Letter by James I. to the Lord Keeper, July*, 1617.)

Currus bovem trahit.—The chariot drags the ox.—(*Latin.*)

Folie est mettre la charrue devant les bœufs.—It is folly to put the plough in front of the oxen.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498; *and Rabelais: Gargantua, ch.* 11.)

Vous bridez le cheval par la queue.—You bridle the horse by its tail.—(*Fr.*)

To review one's store is to mow twice. (G. H.)

To row one way and look another. (R.)

To scare a bird is not the way to catch it.

To fright a bird is not the way to catch her (R.)

He that will take the bird must not scare it. (G. H.)

Fleying (scaring) a bird is no the way to catch it. (Sc.)

Qui veut prendre un oiseau, qu'il ne l'effarouche.—(*Fr.*)

To see a storm is better than to feel it. (*Gn.*)

To see it rain is better than to be in it. (R.)

To see and listen to the wicked is already the beginning of wickedness.—(*Chinese saying, Confucius.*)

To see may be easy, but to foresee—that is the fine thing. (*Gn.*)

To seem and not to be is throwing the shuttle without weaving. (*Gn.*)

To serve the people is worse than to serve two masters. (*Gn.*)

To set the heather on fire. (To make a noise in the world; also to stir up strife or commotion.) (Sc.)

To send round the fiery peat (*i.e.* to summon a rising). (Sc.)

To sing Magnificat at matins.

Faisoit chanter Magnificat à matines, et le trouvoit bien àpropos.—(*Fr.*, *Rabelais: Gargantua*, 1534.)

To correct (*or* mend) the Magnificat. (R.) (i.e to alter what is already perfect.)

To spare at the spigot and let run out at the bunghole. (*Gn.*)

To speak like a mouse in a cheese. (R.)

To split straws; *or* to split hairs.

Disputer sur la pointe d'une aiguille.—To argue upon the point of a needle.—(*Fr.*)

Favellar in punta di forchetta.—To talk on the point of a fork.—(*Ital. Quoted by Montaigne, Book* 3, *ch.* 3, 1580.)

Um des Kaisers Bart streiten.—To quarrel over the emperor's beard.—(*Germ.*)

To look at the needle point o' things. (Sc.)

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* "Bearing in hand." This means "after having proofs to the contrary."

To steal the pig and give the feet to God.

Rubar il porco, e darne i piedi per l'amor di Dio.—To steal the pig and give away the feet for the love of God.—(*Ital.*)

Hurtar el puerco, y dar los pies por Dios.—(*Span.*)

To stir up the hornets' nest. (*See Lat., p.* 560*a*.)

Irriter les freslons.—To irritate the hornets.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel*, 1533.)

In ein Wespennest stechen.—To put one's hand into a wasps' nest.—(*Germ.*)

To put one's head in a bees' byke. (Sc.)

To take from a soldier ambition is to take off his spurs. (*Gn.*)

To take the chestnuts out of the fire with the cat's paw.

To make a cat's paw of another.

To take the nuts from the fire with the dog's foot. (G. H.)

Tirer les marrons du feu avec la patte du chat.—(*Fr.; found in all modern languages.*)

Sacar el ascua con mano agena.—To take out a burning coal with another's hand.—(*Span.*)

To talk without thinking is to shoot without aiming. (*Gn.*)

To tame the wolf you must marry him.

Pour ranger le loup il faut le marier.—(*Fr.*)

To tell what wood the ship was made of.—*Old proverbial expression for seasickness. Found in "Hist. of Thos. Lord Cromwell"* (c. 1600), *ii. 2; "Euphues and his England"* (1580), *p. 248, ed. Arber; Armin's "Nest of Ninnies"* (1608).

To the counsel of fools a wooden bell. (G. H.)

To the timorous the air is filled with demons.—(*Hindoo.*)

To throw good money after bad.

O quam bonum tempus in re mala perdis!—O, what an amount of good time you lose over a bad matter.—(*Seneca: De Ira*, 3, 28.)

To throw the house out of the windows. (R.)

To turn the pigs into the clover.

Tournoit les truies au foin.—Turned the pigs into the grass (*i.e.* caused a diversion; changed the subject).—(*Fr., Rabelais: Gargantua*, 1534; *proverbial expression.*)

To weep excessively for the dead is to affront the living. (*Gn.*)

To weep for joy is a kind of manna. (G. H.)

To whisper proclamations is ridiculous. (*Gn.*)

Toasted cheese hath no master. (R.)

Tone makes music.

C'est le ton qui fait la musique.—(*Fr.*)

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

The more cooks the worse broth. (*Gn.*)

Zu viele Köche verderben den Brei.—(*Germ.*)

Veel koks verzouten de brij.—Too many cooks make the porridge too salt.—(*Dutch.*)

A pot that belongs to many is ill-stirred and worse boiled. (*Gn.*)

Many captains and the ship goes to the rocks.—(*Japanese.*)

Too much good fortune is bad fortune.

Zu viel Glück ist Unglück.—(*Germ.*)

Too much breaks the bag. (*Gn.*)

Too much consulting confounds. (*Gn.*)

Too much cordial will destroy. (*Gn.*)

Too much courtesy is discourtesy.—(*Japanese.*)

Too much curiosity lost Paradise.—*Aphra Behn: The Lucky Chance, iii. 3* (1687).

Too much humility is pride.

Zu viel Demuth ist Hochmuth.—(*Germ.*)

Too much inquiry is bad.

Trop enquerre n'est pas bon.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Wer viel fragt, kriegt viel Antwort.—Who asks many questions gets many answers.—(*Germ.*)

Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Assez y a si trop n'y a.—(*Fr.*)

Spesso chi troppo fa, poco fa.—Often he who does too much, does little.—(*Ital.*)

Allzuviel ist nicht gesund.—Too much is not healthy.—(*Germ.*)

Die te veel onderneemt slaagt zelden.—Who undertakes too much seldom succeeds.—(*Dutch.*)

Too much praise is a burden. (*Gn.*)

Too much taking heed is loss. (G. H.)

Too much zeal spoils all.

Trop de zèle gâte tout.—(*Fr.*)

Blinder Eifer schadet nur.—Blind zeal only does harm.—(*Germ.*)

Too much spoileth; too little is nothing. (*Gn.*)

Too too will in two. (R.)—(*Given as a Cheshire proverb, meaning that a thing strained too much will break in two.*)

Touch a galled horse on the back and he'll kick (or wince). (R.)

Raakt een bezeerd paard aan, en hij zal slaan.—Touch a galled horse and he will fling.—(*Dutch.*)

(*See* "A galled horse," *p.* 721*a*.)

Touch pot, touch penny. (*Gn.*)

Touch wood, it's sure to come good.[*]

Towers are measured by their shadows.—(*Chinese.*)

Trade is the mother of money. (R.)

Handwerk hat goldenen Boden.—Trade has a golden foundation.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "A useful trade," *p.* 729*a*.)

Train a tree when it is young.

Branches may be made straight, but not an old trunk.—(*Arabic.*)

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[*] Touching wood is a charm founded on the notion underlying the proverb, "He that talks much of happiness summons grief" (p. 782*a*). Wood is touched to prevent such ill results. In Scotland touching cold iron is imagined to ward off ill luck or magic.

Vieil arbre est mal à redresser.—An old tree is hard to straighten.—(*Fr.*) (*See* "Thraw," *p.* 858*a.*)

Translators, traitors.—(*From the Italian: "Traduttori, traditori."*)

Travellers have leave to lie.

Old men and far travellers may lie by authority. (R.)

Il a beau mentir qui vient de loin.—(*Fr.*)

Travellers on horseback know nothing of the toil of those who travel on foot.—(*Japanese.*)

Tread on a worm and it will turn. (R.)[*]

Habet et musca splenem.—Even the fly has spleen.—(*Latin.*) (*There are other Latin and also Greek proverbs to the same effect.*)

Tread on a worm and she will steir her tail. (R. Sc.)

Tramp on a worm and she'll turn her head. (Sc.)

Tramp on a snail and she'll shoot oot her horns. (Sc.)

Un ver se recoquille quand on marche dessus.—A worm recoils when you tread upon it.—(*Fr.*)

Trees eat but once. (G. H.)

Tripe-broth is better than no porridge. (*Gn.*)

Tripe's good meat if it be well wiped. (R.)

Trot mother, trot father, how can the foal amble? (R. Sc.)

Trouble runs off him like water from a duck's back.

True blue will never stain,
But dirty red will dye again. (Sc.)

True coral needs no painter.

True jests breed bad blood. (*Gn.*)

True love never grows old.

Jamais pour longue demeure n'est bon amour oublié.—True love is never forgotten through long absence.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Amor vero non diventa mai canuto.—True love never becomes grey.—(*Ital.*)

Alte Liebe rostet nicht.—Old love does not rust.—(*Germ.*)

True praise roots and spreads. (G. H.)

True valour is fire; bullying is smoke. (*Gn.*)

Trust, but not too much.

Traue, aber nicht zu viel.—(*Germ.*)

Trau', schau', aber wem?—Trust, observe, but [be careful] whom.—(*Germ.*)

Non vien ingannato se non che si fida.—None is deceived but he who trusts.—(*Ital.*)

Remember to distrust.—(*Ancient Greek maxim.*)

Trust dies because bad pay poisons him.

Trust him no further than you can throw him. (*Gn.*)

Trust is a good dog, but Holdfast is better.

Fidati era un buon uomo, Nontifidare era meglio.—Trust was a good man, Trust-not was a better—(*Ital.*)

Fidarsi è bene, non fidarsi è meglio.—To trust yourself is good; not to trust yourself is better.—(*Ital.*)

Holdfast is the only dog.—(*Shakespeare; see p.* 316*a.*)

Trust makes way for treachery. (*Gn.*)

Trust me, but look to thyself. (*Gn.*)

Trust not a great weight to a slender thread. (*Gn.*)

Trust not a horse's heel, nor a dog's tooth. (R.)

Trust not one night's ice. (G. H.)

Trust thyself only and another shall not betray thee. (*Gn.*)

Truth and oil are ever above. (G. H.)

La verdad siempre anda sobre la mentira, como el aceite sobre el agua.—Truth ever gets above falsehood as oil above water.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote*, 2, 9.)

Truth will be uppermost, one time or other. (*Gn.*)

Truth and honesty keep the crown o' the causey. (Sc.)

Truth does not always seem true.

Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.—(*Fr.*)

Truth fears no colours. (*Gn.*)

Truth finds foes where it makes none. (R.)

Truth finds foes where it should find none. (*Gn.*)

Truth hath a good face, but bad clothes. (R.)

Truth hath always a fast bottom. (R.)

Truth is God's daughter. (R.)

La verdad es hija de Dios.—(*Span.*)

De waarheid is eene dochter van den tijd.—Truth is a daughter of Time.—(*Dutch.*)

Veritas temporis filia.[*]—(*Latin, Motto on coins of Mary I. of England; found in almost every language.*)

Truth is green. (R.)

La verdad es siempre verde.—(*Span.*)

Truth lies at the bottom of a well.[†]—*Heraclitus.*

La vérité est cachée au fond du puits.—(*Fr.*)

The truth of nature lies hid in deep mines.

Truth lieth deep and must be fetched up at leisure. (*Gn.*)

(*See the saying of Democritus, as quoted by Bacon,* "The truth of nature," *p.* 7*b.*)

Truth loves to go naked. (*Gn.*)

Truth's best ornament is nakedness. (*Gn.*)

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[*] "Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worm and it will turn."—*Robt. Greene: Address to Quondam Acquaintances. Groat's worth of Wit*; 1592. (*See also* Shakespeare: "The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.")

[*] The Latin version is cited by Aulus Gellius as "from one of the old poets whose name I cannot now recollect." (Book 12, ch. 11, 6.)

[†] "Let us seek the solution of these doubts at the bottom of the inexhaustible (inexpuisable) well, where Heraclitus says that truth is hidden."—*Rabelais: Pantagruel, ch.* 18.

Truth may be blamed, but it shall never be-shamed. (R.)* (*See* "Blamed," *p.* 745*a*.)

Wahrheit wird wohl gedrückt, aber nicht erstickt.—Truth may be smothered but not extinguished.—(*Germ.*)

Truth may sometimes come out of the devil's mouth. (*Gn.*)

Truth never grows old. (*Gn.*)

Truth seeks no corners.

Wahrheit kriecht in kein Mäuselöcher.—(*Germ.*

Veritas non querit angulos.—(*Lat.*) *Quoted as a prov. by Sir D. Lyndesay: Supplication anent Syde Tails, l.* 168 (c. 1538).

Truthe seketh no corners.—*Bullein's Dialogue* (1564).

Truth stings, falsehood salves over.

Il vero punge, e la bugia unge.—(*Ital.*)

Il n'y a que la vérité qui blesse.—Truth is the only thing which wounds.—(*Fr.*)

Truth stretches but does not break.

La verdad adelgaza, y no quiebra.—(*Span., Don Quixote*, 2, 9.)

Truth will conquer; falsehood will kill.—(*Hindoo.*) (*See Latin;* Magna est veritas"; *also,* "Veritas vincit" *and* "Vincit omnia veritas.")

Benchè la bugia sia veloce, la verità l'arriva.—Though a lie be swift, the truth overtakes it.—(*Ital.*)

Try and Trust will move mountains.

Turn over a new leaf.

Turn your coat according to the wind. (*Germ.*)—(*First found, according to Büchmann, in Gottfried of Strassburg* (c. 1215); *Tristan und Isolt.*)

Turn your money when you hear the cuckoo.

Turn your money when you see the new moon.

Turn your tongue seven times before talking.

Il faut tourner sept fois dans sa bouche avant de parler.—(*Fr.*)

Turning the cat in the pan. (R.)

Ther was a prouerbe I knew wan,
Callyd "turnyng the cate in the pan."
—*The Pilgryms Tale, l.* 691 (c. 1546).

"There is a cunning which we in England call the turning of the cat in the pan."†—(*Bacon: Essay—Of Cunning.*)

Tweed said to Till, "What gars ye rin sae still?"
Till said to Tweed, "Though ye rin wi' speed,
And I run slaw,
Yet where ye drown one man,
I drown twa."
(Sc. *Cheviot.*) (The Till is a sluggish deep river which is tributary to the Tweed.)

Two anons and a by-and-by is an hour-and-a-half. (R.)

Two blacks do not make a white.

Two wrongs do not make a right.

Two cunning knaves need no broker. (*Gn.*)

Two dogs over one bone seldom agree.

Two cats and a mouse,
Two wives in a house,
Two dogs and a bone,
Never agree in one. (R.)

Deux chiens ne s'accordent point à un os.—(*Fr.; also in Dutch, Germ., etc.*)

Two dogs strive for a bone, and a third runs away with it. (R.)

Two dry sticks will kindle a green one. (R.)

Two eyes see more than one. (R.)

Many eyes see better than one.

Deux yeux voyent plus clair qu'un.—(*Fr.; also in Germ.*)

Two faces under one hood. (*Gn.*)

Two fools in one house is over many. (R. Sc.)

Two goods seldom meet,
What's good for the plant is ill for the peat. (Sc.)

Two great talkers will not travel far together.—*Cited as a Spanish proverb by Borrow: Lavengro, ch. 35.*

Two hands in a dish, and one in a purse. (R.)

Two heads are better than one. (R.)

Two heads are better than one, or why do folks marry?

Two have more wit than one.—*Gower: Conf. Amantis, l.* 1020 (c. 1390).

Two heads are better than one, as the wife said when she and her dog went to market. (Sc.) (*Cheviot.*)

Two heads are better than one though they're but sheeps' heads. (Sc.)

Twa wits is better nor ane. (R. Sc.)

Due teste son migliori che una.—(*Ital.*)

Ils mirent quatre têtes en un chaperon.—They put four heads in one hood (*i.e.* unite the intelligence of four persons).—(*Fr., quoted by Rabelais.*)

Two is company, three is none. (H., 1546.)

Two's company and three's trumpery.

One's too few, three too many. (R.)

Two kitchen fires burn not on one hearth.—(*Quoted by Carlyle.*)

Two of a trade seldom agree. (R.)

The potter is at enmity with the potter.—(*Hesiod: Works and Days.*) (*See Gay, p.* 143*b*.)

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* The troúthe, how so it ever come,
May for no thing ben overcome,
It may well suffre for a throwe,
But atte last it shall be knowe,
The proverbe is, who that is trewe
Him shall his while [time] never rewe.
Gower: Confessio Amantis (c. 1390), *Book* 7.

† Bacon explains the saying as applying to the habit of attributing a report to someone else and so making its origin undiscoverable—perhaps akin to "blaming the cat for it." But the phrase afterwards came to mean "turning traitor," as in "The Vicar of Bray": "I turned a cat-in-pan once more, and so became a Whig, sir."

Two of one trade ne'er love.—*Dekker: Honest Whore, Part 2, iv. 1* (1630.)

Two proud men cannot ride on one ass.

Deux orgueilleux ne peuvent sur ung âne.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Two Sir Positives can hardly meet without a skirmish. (*Gn.*)

Two sparrows on one ear of corn make an ill agreement. (G. H.)

Deux moineaux sur même épi ne sont pas longtemps unis.—(*Fr.*)

A dos pardales en una espiga nunca hay liga.—(*Span.*)

Two to one is odds at football. (*Gn.*) (*Also* R.)

Two things a man should never be angry at—what he can help and what he can't. (*Gn.*)

Two wolves may worry one sheep. (R. Sc.)

Ugly women, finely dressed, are the uglier. (*Gn.*)

Ulcers cannot be cured that are concealed. (*Gn.*)

Unbidden guests know not where to sit. (*Gn.*)

Under the sign of the cat's foot.—(*Said of a henpecked man.*) (R.)

Unter dem Pantoffel sein.—To be under the slipper.—(*Germ.*)

Under water, famine; under snow, bread. (G. H.) (*Referring to the comparative effects of snow and rain on crops.*)

Understanding is the wealth of wealth.—(*Arabic.*)

Undertake no more than you can perform.

Unequal marriages are seldom happy.

Like blude, like gude, like age,
Make the happy marriage. (Sc.)

Union is strength.

L'union fait la force.—Union makes power.—(*Fr.*)

Einigkeit macht stark.—Union makes strong.—(*Germ.*)

Endragt maakt magt.—(*Dutch.*)

Unkindness destroys love.

Unkindness has no remedy at law. (R.)

Unknown, unkissed.—(*Quoted as a saying in Geo. Peele's Arraignment of Paris, i. 2* (1584).

Unminded, unmoaned. (R.)

Unpaid office makes thieves.

Amt ohne Geld macht Diebe.—(*Germ.*)

Unsound minds, like unsound bodies, if you feed you poison. (G. H.)

Up to the nines. (Sc. ?)—(*Used by Burns.*)

Upon St. David's day
Put oats and barley in the clay. (R.)

Use is second nature. (*See* "Habit," *p.* 770*b.*)

Use legs and have legs. (R.)

Use pastime so as not to lose past time.

Use the means and God will give the blessing. (R.)

Vainglory blossoms, but never bears. (*Gn.*)

Gloria vana florece, y no grana.—(*Span.*)

La gloire vaine ne porte graine.—Vainglory bears no grain.—(*Fr.*)

Vanity is the pride of Nature.

Vanity is the sixth sense.—(*Saying quoted by Carlyle and others.*)

Variety is pleasing.*—(*From the Greek. See Euripides, Orestes, 234, p.* 474*a.*)

Omnis mutatio loci jucunda fiet.—Every change of place becomes a delight.—(*Latin, Seneca, Ep.* 28.)

Variety is the soul of pleasure.—*Aphra Behn: The Rover, Pt.* 2, i. 1 (1681).

Variety is charming
And not at all alarming.
—*Quoted as* "*an old song,*" "*Essex Herald,*" *Oct.* 12, 1830.

Varnishing hides a crack. (*Gn.*)

Vengeance is wild justice.—(*Bacon, p.* 9*b.*)

Venture a small fish and catch a great one. (R.) (*See* "You must not lose a fly.")

You must lose a fly to catch a trout. (G. H.)

A hook's well lost to catch a salmon. (*Gn.*)

Il faut hazarder un petit poisson pour prendre un grand.—You must risk a small fish to catch a big one.—(*Fr.*)

Butta una fardola per pigliar un luccio.—(*Ital.*) (R.)

Il faut perdre un véron pour pêcher un saumon.—You must lose a minnow to catch a salmon.—(*Fr.*)

Il donne un pois pour avoir une fève.—He gives a pea to get a bean.—(*Fr.*)

A mackerel to catch a whale. A sprat to catch a mackerel.

Lose a sprat to catch a herring.

Die Wurst nach der Speckseite werfen.—To throw the sausage to catch a flitch of bacon.—(*Germ.*)

Vice is its own punishment and sometimes its own cure. (*Gn.*)

Where vice is, vengeance follows. (Sc.)

Wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished.—(*Wisdom of Solomon,* 11, 16.)

Vice lives always displeased. (*Gn.*)

Vice often rides triumphant in virtue's chariot. (*Gn.*)

Vice ruleth where Gold reigneth. (R.)

Vice would be frightful if it did not wear a mask. (*Gn.*)

Vices are learned without a master. (*Gn.*)

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* "There is a certain relief in change, even though it be from bad to worse; as I have found in travelling in a stage-coach, that it is often a comfort to shift one's position and be bruised in a new place."—*Washington Irving: Tales of a Traveller, Pref.*

Vinegar given is better than honey sought (*or* bought).—(*Arabic.*)

Virtue and a trade are the best inheritance for children. (G. H.)

A tu hijo, buen nombre y oficio.—To your son, a good name and a trade.—(*Span.*)

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. (*Gn.*)

Virtue and vice divide the world; but vice has got the greater share. (*Gn.*)

Virtue brings honour and honour vanity. (*Gn.*)

Virtue dwells not in the tongue but in the heart. (*Gn.*)

Virtue has few Platonic lovers. (*Gn.*)

Virtue is seldom followed gratis. (*Gn.*)

Virtue is its own reward.

De deugd beloont zich zelve.—(*Dutch.*)

Probitas sibi præmium.—(*Latin.*)

Virtue is built upon itself. (*Gn.*)

Virtue carries a reward with it; so does Vice with a vengeance. (*Gn.*)

Who does well shall not be without his reward.—(*Arabic.*) (*See Latin, Plautus:* "Virtus præmium est." *But also see the later versions by Claudian, Seneca, and Silius Italicus, under* "Ipsa quidem" *and* "Recte.")

Virtue never grows old. (G. H.)

Virtue now is in herbs, and stones, and words only. (G. H.)

Virtue seldom walks forth without Vanity at her side.

Virtues all agree; vices fight one another. (*Gn.*)

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms (*See* "Danger past," *p.* 750*b.*)

Waes unite faes. (Sc.)

Waly, waly! bairns are bonny;
One's enough, and twa's too mony. (Sc.)

Walls have ears. (*See* "Fields," *p.* 761*a.*).

Si les murailles vous entendront.—If the walls should hear you.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel.*)

Die Wände haben Ohren.—(*Germ.*)

As paredes tem ouvidos.—(*Port.*)

De muuren hebben ooren.—(*Dutch.*)

Want of care does us more harm than want of knowledge. (*Gn.*)

Want o' wit is waur (worse) than want o' siller (money). (Sc.)

War and physic are governed by the eye. (G. H.)

War, hunting, and law, are as full of trouble as of pleasure. (R.)

In war, hunting, and love, men for one pleasure a thousand griefs prove. (G. H.)

Hunting, hawking, paramours, for ane joy a hundred displeasures. (R. Sc.)

De chiens, d'oiseaux, d'armes, d'amours,
Pour un plaisir mille douleurs.
—Dogs, birds, arms, and loves, for one pleasure a thousand pains.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

War is death's feast. (G. H.)

War makes thieves, and peace hangs them. (G. H.)

La guerre fait les larrons, la paix les pend.—(*Fr.; also in Ital.*)

Wars bring scars. (R.)

Wary is the word. (*Gn.*)

Wash your dirty linen at home.

Il faut laver son linge sale en famille.—(*Fr.*)

Seine schmutzige Wäsche muss man zu Hause waschen.—(*Germ.*)

Wash your hands often, your feet seldom, and your head never. (R.)

Wasps haunt the honey-pot. (*Gn.*)

Waste not, want not.

Watched pot never boils. (*See* "Grumbling," *p.* 770*b.*)

Water afar off quencheth not fire. (G. H.)

Acqua lontana non spegne fuoco vicino.—Water far off will not quench a fire near at hand.—(*Ital.*)

Water, fire, and soldiers quickly make room. (G. H.)

Water trotted is as good as oats. (G. H.)

We are bound to be honest, but not to be rich. (R.)

We bachelors laugh and show our teeth, but you married men laugh till your hearts ache. (G. H.)

We begin not to live till we are fit to die. (*Gn.*)

We can live without our friends, but not without our neighbours. (*Gn.*)

We cannot come to honour under coverlet. (G. H.)

We give to the rich and take from the poor.

Reichen giebt man, Armen nimmt man.—(*Germ.*)

We hate delay, yet it makes us wise. (*Gn.*)

We have all forgot more than we remember. (*Gn.*)

We hounds killed the hare, quoth the lap-dog. (R.)

We leave more to do when we die than we have done. (G. H.)

We must love as looking one day to hate. (G. H.) (*See* "Ama tanquam," *p.* 488*b.*)

We must not look for a golden life in an iron age. (R.)

We must recoil a little, to the end we may leap the better. (G. H.)

Always wise men go aback for to lepe the further. —*Melusine, ch.* 20 (*tr. of* 14*th cent. Fr. Romance*).

Well fight that well flight.—*Owl and Nightingale, l.* 174.

For it is an olde sawe, he fightith wele that fleith faste.—*Gesta Romanorum: Wolf and the Hare* (*15th Century MS.*).

Il fait bon reculer pour mieux saillir.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Il faut reculer pour mieux sauter.—(*Fr.*, *Montaigne*, *Book* 1, *ch.* 38.)

We never know the worth of water till the well is dry. (*Gn.*)

We shall see, as the blind man said.

Nous verrons, dit l'aveugle.—We shall see, said the blind man.—(*Fr.*)

We should play to live, not live to play. (*Gn.*)

We should publish our joys and conceal our griefs. (*Gn.*)

Weak men had need be witty. (R.)

Wealth is like rheum, it falls on the weakest parts. (G. H.)

Wealth makes wit waver.—*Scott: St. Ronan's Well, ch. 15.*

Wealth gars wit waver. (R. Sc.)

Wealth makes worship. (R.)

Weathercocks turn more easily when placed very high.

Les girouettes qui sont placées le plus haut tournent le mieux.—(*Fr.*)

Weavers' beef of Colchester (sprats). (R.)

Wedlock is a padlock. (R.)

Ehestand, Wehestand.—A state of wedlock, a state of woe.—(*Germ.*)

Wedlock is like a place besieged; those within wish to get out, those without wish to get in.—(*Arabic.*) (*A similar idea is in Montaigne; see* "Il en advient," *p.* 692*b*.)

Weeds want no sowing. (*Gn.*)

Weening (imagining) is not measure. (G. H.)

Weight and measure take away strife. (G. H.)

Peso y medida quitan al hombre fatiga.—Weight and measure save a man trouble.—(*Span.*)

Weigh justly and sell dearly. (G. H.)

Welcome is the best cheer. (R.)

He that is welcome fares weel. (R. Sc.)

Well beaten cries as much as badly beaten.

Aussi bien pleure bien battu comme mal battu.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Well begun is half done.—(*This phrase is traced to Hesiod, who said that the beginning of anything attempted was half the whole thing.*) (*See Latin,* "Dimidium facti," *p.* 516*a*; "A good beginning," *p.* 721*b*; *and* "Good beginnings," *p.* 768*a*.)

El comenzar las cosas es tenerlas medio acabadas.—To begin a matter is to have it half finished.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

C'est peu de courir; il faut partir à point.—It is a small thing to run; we must start at the right moment.—(*Fr.*)

Frisch gewagt ist halb gewonnen.—Boldly attempted is half won.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "He has not done," *p.* 773*a*.)

Heureux commencement est la moitié de l'œuvre.—A happy beginning is half the work.—(*Fr.*)

Well bides, well betides. (R. Sc.)

Well-done outlives death.

Wohlgethan überlebt den Tod.—(*Germ.*)

Well done, soon done. (R. Sc.) (*See* "Soon enough," *p.* 836*a*.)

Weel done, soon done. (Sc.)

Well done, twice done.

Cosa ben fatta è fatta due volte.—(*Ital.*)

Well has that well is. (R. Sc.)

Well lathered is half shaved.—*From Italian.* (*Of flattery.*)

Weel saipet is hauf shaven. (Sc.)

Well may he smell of fire whose gown burns. (G. H.)

Well to work and make a fire,
It doth care and skill require. (R.)

Well, well, is a word of malice.—(*Cheshire.*)

Well worth aw that gars the plough draw. (R. Sc.) (Good luck to all that keeps business going.)

Well's him and wooes (woe's) him that has a bishop in his kin. (R. Sc.)

Were it not for the bone in the leg all would turn carpenters. (G. H.) (*See* "I have a bone," *p.* 787*a*.)

What a dust have I raised! quoth the fly on the coach. (*Gn.*)

What belongs to everybody belongs to no body.

What can't be cured must be endured.

Glücklich ist, wer vergisst, was nicht zu ändern ist.—Happy is he who forgets what cannot be altered.—(*Germ., from the Fledermaus.*)

What cannot be altered must be borne, not blamed. (*Gn.*)

What cannot be eschewed must be embraced.—(*Shakespeare; see p.* 288*a*. *See also* "What's past help should be past grief," *p.* 310*a*; *and* "What cannot be repaired," *p.* 180*b*.)

What comes too late is as nothing. (*Gn.*)

What costs nothing is worth nothing.

Quello che costa poco, si stima meno.—What costs little is valued little.—(*Ital.*)

What everyone says must be true.

That is true which all men say. (R.)

Truth is in the mouth of the people.—*Ibsen. Lady Inger, Act* i. (1854).

(*See* "Common fame," *p.* 748*b*.)

What God doth He doth anon.—*Melusine* (*14th Century*).

What good can it do an ass to be called a lion? (*Gn.*)

What have I to do with Bradshaw's windmill? (R.) *Said to be a Leicestershire saying, meaning* "*What have I to do with other men's affairs?*"

What is a workman without his tools ? (R.)

What is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh.

It will not out of the flesh that is bred in the bone.—(H. 1546.)

What is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh.—(*Quoted in this form by Defoe : Further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, 1719.)

Wat in 't gebeente gegroeid is, wil uit het vleesch niet.—(*Dutch.*)

What is done by night appears by day. (*Gn.*)

What soberness conceals
Drunkenness reveals. (*Gn.*)

What's done can't be undone.—(*Shakespeare, Macbeth, v. 1.*)

Ce qui est faict ne se peult desfaire.—(*Fr. Montaigne : Essais*, 3, 8.)

Il fatto non si può disfare.—(*Ital.*)

Giort Gierning staaer ikke til at vende.—A deed that is done cannot be altered.—(*Dan.*)

Lo que hecho es, hecho ha de ser por esta vez.—What is done is done for this time.—(*Span.*)

What is gotten over the devil's back is spent under his belly. (R.)

What's gairly gathered is roundly spent. (Sc.)

What is learnt in the cradle lasts to the tomb.

Ce qu'on apprend au berceau dure jusqu'au tombeau.—(*Fr.*)

Jung gelernt, alt gethan.—Learnt young, done old.—(*Germ.*)

Whoso yong lerneth, olt (old) he ne leseth (loseth not).—*Hending.*

Quod puer adsuescit, leviter dimittere nescit.—What the boy is used to he does not lightly lose.—*Mediæval.*

What we first learn we best ken. (Sc.)

What is new is always fine.

Au nouveau tout est beau.—(*Fr.*)

What is new is seldom true ; what is true is seldom new.

Immer etwas Neues, selten etwas Gutes.—Ever something new, seldom something good.—(*Germ.*)

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.—(*Quoted by Swift, Jan. 24, 1710–11.*) (*See* " As deep drinketh the goose," *p.* 738*a*.)

What is the use of patience, if we cannot find it when we want it. (*Gn.*)

What is the use of running, when you are on the wrong road ?

Was hilft laufen, wenn man nicht auf dem rechten Weg ist ?—(*Germ.*)

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—(*Said to have been the rule of conduct of Nicholas Poussin, 1594–1665.*)

Ne tentes aut perfice.—Either do not attempt or go though with it.—(*Latin.*)

What man has done, man can do.

What the eye has seen, the hand may do.—(*Hindoo.*)

Whatever is made by the hand of man, by the hand of man may be overturned. (G. H.)

Was Menschenhände machen, können Menschenhände verderben.—What man's hand has made, man's hand can destroy.—(*Germ.*)

What may be dune at ony time will be dune at nae time. (Sc.)

What one day gives us another takes away from us. (G. H.)

What one will not, another will.

What should a cow do with a nutmeg ? (*Gn.*)

What the church leaves the exchequer takes. —(*From the Spanish.*)

What the eye does not admire,
The heart does not desire.

What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve for.

Herte soon forgets what the eye sees not.—*Cursor Mundi* (c. 1250).

What the eye seeth not, the heart rueth not. (H. 1546.)

What the eye sees not, the heart rues not. (R.)

What the eye views not, the heart craves not, as well as rues not.—(*Penn's No Cross No Crown, Part* 1, *ch.* 5, *sec.* 11.)

What the eye does not see the heart does not care about.—(*Arabic.*)

Le cœur ne veut douloir ce que l'œil ne peut voir.—(*Fr.*)

Que œil ne voit à cœur ne deut.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Was das Auge nicht sieht, bekummert das Herz nicht.—(*Germ. ; also in Dutch and Ital.*)

Unminded, unmoaned. (R.)

Ojos que non ven, corazon que no quiebra.—What the eyes see not, does not break the heart.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Was ich nicht weiss,
Macht mich nicht heiss.
—What I do not know does not make me hot.—(*Germ.*)

What the goodwife spares the cat eats. (R.)

What the heart thinketh the tongue speaketh. (R.)

What the king wishes the law wills.

Que veult le roy ce veult la loy.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

What they lose in the Hundred they gain in the County. (*Gn.*)

What things we see when we don't have a gun !—*American. Pub. in this form in " Troy Times," Dec.* 26, 1883.

What tutor for a child sixty years old ? (*Gn.*)

What's a gentleman but his pleasure ? (R.)

What's good for the bee is good for the hive.

What's nane o' my profit will be nane o' my peril. (Sc.)

What's the good of a sundial in the shade ?

What's yours is mine, and what's mine's my ain. (Sc.)

What's mine is my own ; what's my brother's is his and mine. (*Gn.*)

What will you have, quoth God, pay for it and take it.—(*Quoted as a proverb by Emerson: Essay on Compensation.*)

What your glass tells you will not be told by counsel. (G. H.)

> Es steckt nicht im Spiegel, was man im Spiegel sieht.—What you see in the mirror is not in the mirror.—(*Germ.*)

Whatever you are, be a man.

Whatsoever time does, it undoes. (*Gn.*)

Wheels within wheels.* (*See* "As if a wheel," *etc., Ezekiel 10, 10, p.* 418*b*.)

When a blind man flourisheth the Antient (*i.e.* the banner), woe be to those that follow him. (*Gn.*)

When a dog is drowning everyone offers him drink. (G. H.) (Ray substitutes "water" for "drink.")

When a fool hath bethought himself, the market's over. (*Gn.*)

When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow. (G. H.)

When a lackey comes to hell's door, the devils lock the gates. (G. H.)

When a man is going down hill, everyone will give him a push.

> If a man's gaun doun the brae, ilka ane gies him a jundie (push). (Sc.)

When a man is not liked, whatever he doth is amiss. (*Gn.*)

When a man sleeps, his head is in his stomach. (G. H.)

When a man's single he lives at his ease.

> When a man's single he carries all his troubles under one hat.

When Adam dolve and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?
—(*Saying employed by John Ball, a priest, in the Wat Tyler insurrection, 1381.*)

> When Adam dalfe and Eve spane,
> Go spire if thou may spede,
> Whare was than the pride of man
> That now merres his mede?
> —(*Poem by Richd. Rolle de Hamptone, as in R. Thornton's MS., abt.* 1440. *E.E.T.S., Orig. Series, No.* 26.)
>
> (*Found in German, Dutch, etc.*)

When age is jocund it makes sport for death. (G. H.)

When all fruit fails, welcome haws! (*Gn.*)

When all men have what belongs to them it cannot be much. (G. H.)

When all men speak, na man hears. (R. Sc.)

When all praised the peacock's tail, the birds cried "Look at his legs, and what a voice!"—(*Japanese.*)

When all sins grow old, covetousness is young. (G. H.)

> Quand tous péchés sont vieux, l'avarice est encore jeune.—(*Fr.*)

When an ass climbs a ladder, we may find wisdom in women.—(*Hebrew.*)

When April blows his horn,*
It's good both for hay and corn. (R.)

When at Rome do as Rome does (*or* as the Romans do).

> Si fueris Romæ, Romano vivito more;
> Si fueris alibi, vivito sicut ibi.
>
> —If you are at Rome live in the Roman style; if you are elsewhere live as they live elsewhere.—(*Latin, St. Ambrose.*)
>
> Cum fueris alibi, vivito more loci.—When you are abroad, live in the manner of the place.—(*Lat. Quoted by Don Diego as his warrant for following King Henry VIII.'s religion, whilst in England.*)
>
> Cuando á Roma fueres, haz como vieres.—When you are at Rome, do as you see.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)
>
> When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done.—(*Burton: Anatomy of Melancholy*, 3, 4, 2.)
>
> Ye may not sit in Rome and strive with the Pope. (R. Sc.)
>
> À Rome comme à Rome.—(*Fr.*)

When bees are old they yield no honey. (R.)

When black snails cross your path,
Black clouds much moisture hath.

When Candlemas day [Feb. 2] is come and gone,
The snow lies on a hot stone. (R.)

> You should upon Candlemas day
> Throw candle and candlestick away. (*Gn.*)

(*See* "If Candlemas day," *p.* 788*a*.)

When children are married, cares are increased.

> Filhos casados, cuidados dobrados.—(*Port.*)

When children stand quiet, they have done some ill. (G. H.)

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.
—(*Halliwell's Nature-songs.*)

When Dover and Calais meet. (*Gn.*)

When folk's ready to buy, ye can want to sell. (Sc.)

When fortune smiles on thee, take the advantage. (R.)

> Wenn das Glück anpocht, soll man ihm aufthun. —When fortune knocks, open the door.—(*Germ.*)
>
> When Fortune smiles, embrace her. (*Gn.*)

When friends meet, hearts warm. (Sc.)

When God says "To-day," the devil says "To-morrow."

> Wenn Gott sagt: "Heute," sagt der Teufel: "Morgen."—(*Germ.*)

When God will, no wind but brings rain. (G. H.)

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* "And a bird-cage, sir," said Sam. "Veels vithin veels, a prison in a prison."—*Dickens: Pickwick Papers, ch.* 40

* "Horn" alludes to thunderstorms.

When God wills, all winds bring rain. (R.)

En hiver partout pleut, en été où Dieu veut.—In winter, it rains everywhere; in summer, where God wills.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Là où Dieu veut il pleut.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Quando Dios quiere, con todos vientos llueve (*or* en sereno llueve).—When God wills, it rains with all winds (*or* it rains in fair weather).—(*Span.*)

Als het God belieft, zoo regent het met alle winden.—If God so wills, it rains with all winds.—(*Dutch.*)

When Gold speaks you may e'en hold your tongue. (*Gn.*)

When good cheer is lacking,
Our friends will be packing. (R.)

When I am dead, make me a caudle. (R. Sc.)

When I did well, I heard it never;
When I did ill, I heard it ever.

When it cracks, it bears; when it bends, it breaks. (Of ice.)

All cracks, all bears. (R. Sc.)

When it rains it rains on all alike.—(*Hindoo.*) (*See St. Matt. 5, 45; also* "Heaven is above all," *p.* 784*b*.)

When it thunders the thief becomes honest. (G. H.)—(*From the Ital.*)

When it's dark at Dover,
It is dark all the world over.

When love cools, our faults are seen. (Sc.)

Where there is no love, all are faults.

When love fails, we espy all faults. (R.)

When many strike on an anvil, they must observe order. (*Gn.*)

When money's taken,
Freedom's forsaken.

What is bought is cheaper than a gift.

Dannoso è il dono che toglie la libertà.—Evil is the gift which takes away our liberty.—(*Ital.*)

Liberty is of more value than any gifts; and to receive gifts is to lose it.—(*Saadi.*)

Caro costa che con preghi si compra.—What is got by begging costs dear.—(*Ital.*) (Found in this form in most languages.)

Spesso i doni sono danni.—Gifts are often losses.—(*Ital.*) (*See Exod.*, 23, 8: "Thou shalt take no gift; for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous"; *also Ecclesiastes* 7, 7.)

When my house burns, it is not good playing at chess. (G. H.)

When a man's house burns, it's not good playing at chess. (R.)

When my purse is heavier, I shall find the journey to you lighter.—"*Asiatic proverb*" *as quoted by Sir Wm. Jones.*

When one door closes another opens.

When ae door steeks (closes) anither opens. (Sc.)

Donde una puerta se cierra, otra se abre.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Quando una puerta se cierra, ciento se abren.—When one door shuts a hundred open.—(*Span.*)

When one door is shut a thousand are opened.—(*Hindoo.*)

When one is on horseback, he knoweth all things. (G. H.) (*See* "When pride.")

When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.

Love comes in at the windows and goes out at the doors. (R.)

Tritt der Kummer in 's Haus, fliegt die Liebe zum Fenster hinaus.—When misfortune enters the house, love flies out.—(*Germ.*)

When prayers are done my lady is ready. (G. H.)

When pride is on the saddle, shame is on the crupper. (*Gn.*)

When pride rides, shame lacqueys. (*Gn.*)

When quality meets compliments pass.

What compliments fly when beggars meet!—(*Yorkshire?*)

When riches increase, the body decreaseth. (R.)

When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own.—(*Ascribed in this form to Sir M. Hale (1609–1676).*

When thieves fall out, true men come to their good. (H. 1546.)

When knaves fall out, true men come by their goods. (R.)

Pelean las ladrones y descubrense los hurtos.—Thieves quarrel, and the thefts are discovered.—(*Span.*)

Les larrons s'entrebattent, les larcins se découvrent.—Robbers quarrel and robberies are discovered.—(*Fr.*)

When thieves reckon, leal men come to their gear. (R. Sc.)

Riñen las comadres y dicense las verdades.—Gossips quarrel and tell the truth.—(*Span.*)

When sheep are counted, the wolf eats them. —(*From the French.*)

When sorrow is asleep wake it not. (R.)

Wenn die Sorge schläft, wecke sie nicht.—(*Germ.; also quoted by Chambaud as a French proverb.*)

Quando la mala ventura se duerme, nadie la despierte.—When misfortune is asleep let none wake her.—(*Span.*) (*See* "Let sleeping dogs lie.")

When the age is in, the wit is out.—(*Shakespeare; see p.* 284*b*.)

When the ash is before the oak,
We are sure to have a soak.

When the oak's before the ash
We shall only have a splash. *Old Rhyme.*

When the belly is full, the bones would have rest. (R. Sc.)

When the cat is away,
The mice will play. (R.)

Well wots the mouse
The cat's out of the house. (R. Sc.)

When the cat's gone, the mice grow saucy. (*Gn.*)

La où chat n'est, souris se reveillent.—Where the cat is not, the mice are awake.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Quando la gatta non è in casa, i sorici (*or* i topi) ballano.—When the cat is not in the house, the mice (*or* rats) dance.—(*Ital., and in most modern languages.*)

When the cat mourns for the mouse, you need not take her too seriously.—(*Japanese.*)

When the cat winketh, little wots the mouse what the cat thinketh. (*Gn.*)

When the clouds are upon the hills,
They'll come down by the mills. (R.)

When the craw flees, her tail follows. (R. Sc.)

When the cup is fullest, bear it evenest. (R. Sc.)

When the demand is a jest, the answer is a scoff. (*Gn.*)

When the devil dies he never lacks a chief mourner.

When the devil of contradiction possesses a man, he is hard to be cast out. (*Gn.*)

When the dog comes, a stone cannot be found; when the stone is found, the dog does not come.—(*Proverb among the Telegus.*)

When the eye sees what it never saw, the heart will think what it never thought. (*Gn.*)

When the flatterer pipes then the devil dances. (*Gn.*)

When the fox preaches, take care of the geese.

When the fox preacheth, beware geese. (G. H.)

When the tod (fox) preaches, take tent o' the lambs. (Sc.)

Wenn der Fuchs predigt, so nimm die Gänse in Acht.—(*Germ.*)

Quando la volpe predica, guardatevi, galline.—When the fox preaches, look out, poultry.—(*Ital.; similar proverbs in most languages.*)

Renard est devenu hermite.—The fox has turned hermit.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

When the goodman's from home, the goodwife's table is soon spread. (R.)

When the good man is frae hame, the tablecloth's tint (lost.) (R. Sc.)

When the gudeman's awa' the board cloth's tint;
When the gudewife's awa' the keys are tint. (Sc.)

When the head aches, all the body is the worse. (R.)

Dum caput infestat labor omnia membra molestat.—When work troubles the head it troubles all the limbs.—(*Latin, Mediæval.*) (*See, however,* "Si caput dolet," *p.* 654*a*; *and* "Utque in corporibus," *p.* 678*a.*)

Quando la testa duole, ogni membro se console.—When the head suffers every limb sympathises with it.—(*Ital.; also in Span.*)

When the heart is afire some sparks will fly out at the mouth. (R.)

When the hop grows high it must have a pole. (*Gn.*)

When the horse is starved you bring him oats. (*Gn.*)

When the house is burnt down you bring water. (*Gn.*)

When the hungry curate licks the knife, there is not much for the clerk.

When the mare hath a bald face, the filly will have a blaze. (R.)

When the moon is on her back,
Gae mend yer shoon and sort yer thack (thatch);
When round the moon there is a brugh (halo),
The weather will be cold and rough. (Sc.)

When the peacock loudly bawls,
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls.

When the pig's proffered, hold up the poke (bag). (*Heywood, 1548.*)

Cuando te dieren la vaquilla,
Acudas con la soguilla.
—When they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter.—(*Span., 14th century.*)

When the pirate prays, there is great danger. (*Gn.*)

When the play is best, it is best to leave. (R. Sc.)

Il fait bon laisser le jeu tant qu'il est beau.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

(*See* "Leave a jest," *p.* 800*a.*)

When the pot boils over it cools itself. (*Gn.*)

When the pat's fu' it will boil over. (Sc.)

When the sand doth feed the clay,*
England woe and well-a-day!
But when the clay doth feed the sand,†
Then it is well with England. (R.)

When the sloe-tree's as white as a sheet,
Sow your barley, whether it be dry or wet. (R.)

When the sun shines nobody minds it; but when it is eclipsed all consider him. (*Gn.*)

When the sun's highest, he casts the least shadow. (*Gn.*)

When the tale of bricks is doubled, then comes Moses.—(*Hebrew.*)

Cum duplicantur lateres, venit Moses.—(*Latin.*)

Wenn man dem Volk die Ziegel doppelt, so kommt Moses.—(*Germ.*)

When the weasel and the cat marry, it bodes evil.—(*Hebrew.*)

When the well is full it will run over. (R. Sc.)

When the wind is in the east,
It's neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the south,
It's in the rain's mouth. (R.)

When the wind's in the south,
It blows the bait into the fishes' mouth. (R.)

When the wind's in the west,
The weather is at the best. (*Gn.*)

(*See under Waifs and Strays,* "When the wind is in the east," *p.* 462*b.*)

(*See also Bacon: Historia Ventorum:* "To us in Britain the east wind is held for evil, as in the proverb, 'Eurum neque homini neque bestiæ propitium esse.'")

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* In a wet summer. † In a dry summer.

When the wine is in, the wit is out.

(Pliny, Book 23, ch. 1, *quotes as a proverb that* "Wine clouds wisdom"; *see* "In proverbium," *p.* 553*a*.)

Vino dentro, senno fuora.—(*Ital.*)

Voll, toll.—Full, mad.—(*Germ.*)

Als de wijn ingaat, gaat de wijsheid uit.—When the wine goes in the wisdom goes out.—(*Dutch.*)

Naar Öllet gaaer ind, da gaaer Viddet ud.—When the beer goes in the wit goes out.—(*Dan.*)

Dove entra il bere, se n'esce il sapere.—(*Ital.*)

Dove entra il vino, esce la vergogna.—Where wine enters, modesty goes out.—(*Ital.*)

When wine sinks, words swim. (*Gn.*)

When things are at their worst they will mend.

In the end things will mend.

When bale (evil) is hext (highest), boot (good fortune) is next.—*John Russell: Boke of Nature, l.* 32 (c. 1450).

A force de mal aller tout ira bien.—By dint of going wrong all will go well.—(*Fr.*)

Wenn die Noth am grössten, ist die Hilf' am nächsten.—When need is highest, help is nighest.—(*Germ.*)

(*See* "The darkest hour," *p.* 842*a*; "After a storm," *p.* 731*b*.)

When thy neighbour's house doth burn, be careful of thine own. (R.)—(*From the Latin. See* "Proximus ardet," *p.* 626*b*.)

When two friends have a common purse, one sings and the other weeps.

When two quarrel both are in the wrong.

Daar twee kijven hebben ze beiden schuld.—Where two quarrel both are to blame.—(*Dutch.*)

Fifty years and three
Together in love lived we:
Angry both at once none ever did us see.
This was the fashion
God taught us, and not fear:
When one was in a passion
The other could forbear.
—*Ascribed to Mr. Shelly, a Cambridge parson* (*16th century*).

When wages are paid, work is over.

A dineros pagados, brazos quebrados.—When wages are paid, the arms are broken.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*) (*See* "Pay beforehand, *p.* 824*b*.)

When war begins, then hell openeth. (G. H.)

Guerra cominciata, inferno scatenato.—War begun, hell let loose.—(*Ital.*)

When war comes, the devil makes hell bigger.—(*From Germ.*)

When ware is liked it is half sold. (*Gn.*)

When we are pleased ourselves we begin to please others. (*Gn.*)

When we commend good actions we make them in some measure our own. (*Gn.*)

When what you wish does not happen, wish for what does happen.—(*Arabic.*)

Chi non può fare come voglia, faccia come può.—He who cannot do what he would must do what he can.—(*Ital.*)

When wine sinks, words swim. (*Gn.*)

When wits meet, sparks fly out.

Du choc des esprits jaillissent les étincelles.—(*Fr.*)

"When you are all agreed upon a time," quoth the vicar, "I'll make it rain."

When you are an anvil, hold you still; when you are a hammer, strike your fill. (G. H.)

Bist du Amboss, sei geduldig; bist du Hammer, schlage part.—(*Germ.*)

Quando ayunque, sufre; quando mazo tunde.—(*Span.*)

Dura più l'incudine che il martello.—The anvil lasts longer than the hammer.—(*Ital.*)

Il vaut mieux être marteau qu'enclume.—It is better to be the hammer than the anvil.—(*Fr.*)[*]

When you buy a vase cheap, look for the flaw; when a man offers favours, look for the motive.—(*Japanese.*)

When you grind your corn, give not the flour to the devil and the bran to God.—(*From the Italian.*)

When you ride a lion beware of his claw.—(*Arabic.*)

When you see a snake never mind where he came from.

When you see a woman paint, your heart need na' faint.

When you see gossamer flying,
Be ye sure the air is drying.

Where are the snows of last winter?[†] (*Villon, 1431–1490.*) (*See* "Où sont les neiges," *p.* 704*b*.)

Mais où sont les neiges d'antan? C'estoit le plus grand soucy qu'eust Villon, le poëte parisien.—But where are the snows of last year? That was the greatest concern of Villon, the Parisian poet.—*Rabelais: Pantagruel* (1533), *ch.* 14.

Where bad's the best, naught must be the choice. (R.).

Where bad's the best, bad must be the choice. (*Gn.*)

Where drums speak laws are dumb.—*From Latin* (*Cicero*).

Whar drums beat, laws are dumb. (R. Sc.)

Le bruit des armes l'empeschoit d'entendre la voix des loix.—(*Fr.*)[‡]

Where God hath a temple the devil hath a chapel. (*Quoted in Burton's Anat. Melan., 1621.*)

No sooner is a temple built to God but the devil builds a chapel hard by. (G. H., 1640.)

Where God hath his church, the devil will have his chapel. (R.)

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[*] "Besser Ritter als Knecht."—Better knight than servant. (German formula used when dubbing knights.)

[†] The expression was proverbial before Villon. (*See* Chaucer: "Ye, fare-wel al the snow of ferne yere!" *Also Boccaccio: Filostrato*, Bk. 7.)

[‡] Montaigne quotes this in his *Essais* (1580), Bk. 3, ch. 1. The saying is a remark attributed to Marius. *See* note under Cicero's "Silent enim leges inter arma," *p.* 658*a*

Non si tosto si fa un templo à Dio come il diavolo si fabbrica una capella appresso.—(*Ital.*)

Wo der liebe Gott eine Kirche baut, da baut der Teufel eine Kapelle daneben.—(*Germ.*)

(*See* Defoe, "Wherever God erects a house of prayer," *p.* 107*b*; *also* "The nearer," *p.* 848*b*.)

Where hunger reigns it drives out force.

Où faim regne, force exule.—(*Fr.*, *Rabelais: Gargantua*, 1, 32.)

Where I look I like, and where I like I love.—(*Quoted as a common saying by R, Burton, Anat. Melan., 1621.*)

Ubi amor, ibi oculus.—Where love is, there is the eye.—(*Latin.*)

Dov' é l'amore, là è l'occhio.—(*Ital.*)

Where no fault is, there needs no pardon (*or* no punishment).

Where no oxen are the crib is clean.

Where none else will, the devil himself must bear the cross. (*Gn.*)

Where nothing is to be had, the king must lose his right. (R.)

Where there is nothing to be had, even the King of France must lose his right. (*Gn.*)

La où il n'y a que prendre, le roi perd son droit.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

La roi perd sa rente où il n'y a rien à prendre.—The king loses his rent where there is nothing to take.—(*Fr.*)

(*Also in Germ. and Dutch.*)

Where old age is evil, youth can learn no good. (R.)

Where one is wise, two are happy.

Where shall the ox go, but he must labour? (R.)

Aonde hirá o boi, que naõ lavre, pois que sabe?—Where shall the ox go, where he shall not labour, since he knows how.—(*Port.*)

Where the dam leaps over, the kid follows.

Por do salta la cabra, salta la que la mama.—Where the goat leaps, there leaps the kid which sucks her.—(*Span.*)

When Yule comes, dule comes,
Cauld feet and legs;
When Pasch (Easter) comes, grace comes,
Butter, milk, and eggs. (Sc.)

Where the eye sees it saw not, the heart will think it thought not. (R. Sc.)

Where the hedge is lowest men leap over. (*Gn.*)

Where the Pope is, Rome is.

Dove è il Papa, ivi è Roma.—(*Ital.*)

Where (*or* While) there is life there is hope.

Finche vi è fiato vi è speranza.—(*Ital.*)

Em quanto ha vida, ha esperança.—While there is life there is hope.—(*Port.*)

So lange Leben da ist, ist auch Hoffnung.—(*Germ.*)

Vita dum superest, bene est.—While life remains it is well.—(*Latin*, *Mæcenas: quoted by Seneca Epist.*, 101.)

Dum spiro, spero.—While I breathe I hope.—(*Latin.*)

Hasta la muerte todo es vida.—Until death all is life.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

Ægroto, dum anima est, spes esse dicitur.—It is said that whilst there is life to a sick man there is hope.—(*Latin*, *Cicero: Epist. ad Atticum*, *Book* 9, 10.)

Toutes choses, disoit un mot ancien, sont esperables à un homme, pendant qu'il vit.—All things, said an ancient saw, may be hoped by a man as long as he lives.—(*Fr.*, *Montaigne: Essais* (1580), *Book* 2, *ch.* 3.)

Omnia homini, dum vivit, speranda sunt.—All things are to be hoped by a man as long as he is alive.—(*Seneca: Epist.*, 70. *Characterised by him as "a very effeminate saying."*)

As long as there is breath there is hope.—(*Hindoo.*)

Con la vida muchas cosas se remedian.—With life many things are remedied.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*) (*See* "There is always life for the living," *p.* 853*a*.)

Where there is much love there is much mistake. (*Gn.*)

Where there is muck there is luck.—(*Quoted by Dr. Sheridan as a Scottish saying; letter, 1735.*)

Where there is music there can be nothing bad.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

Where there is no honour there is no grief. (G. H.)

Where there is no shame there is no honour. (*See* "He that has no shame," *p.* 778*a*.)

Onde não ha honra, não la deshonra.—Where there is no honour there is no dishonour.—(*Port.*)

Die de schande niet onziet, komt niet tot eer.—He that does fear no shame, comes to no honour.—(*Dutch.*)

Where there is no hook, to be sure there will hang no bacon.

Where there is no knowledge there is no sin.

Ohne Wissen, ohne Sünde.—(*Germ.*)

Quitada la causa, se quita el pecado.—Take away the motive and the sin is taken away.—(*Span.*, *Don Quixote.*)

Where there is peace, God is. (G. H.) (*See* "When war begins.")

Where there is smoke there is fire.

Non ci è fumo senza fuoco.—(*Ital.*)

Kein Rauch ohne Feuer.—(*Germ.*)

Will there be smoke where there is no fire?—(*Hindoo.*)

There is no fire without some smoke. (R.)

Nul feu sans fumée.—(*Fr.*) (*See Latin*, "Flamma fumo est proxima," *p.* 533*b*.)

Where there's a will there's a way.

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart. (H., 1546.)

To him that wills ways are not wanting. (G. H.)

A chi vuole, non mancano modi.—(*Ital.*)

Celui qui veut, celui-là peut.—He who wills is the man who can.—(*Fr.*)

Dove la voglia è pronta, le gambe son leggiere.—Where the will is prompt the legs are nimble.—(*Ital.*)

Donde hay gana, hay maña.—Where there is inclination, there is a way.—(*Span.*)

Vouloir c'est pouvoir.—To be willing is to be able. (*Fr.*)

Wer will, der vermag.—He who is willing is able.—(*Germ.*)

Where your will is ready your feet are light. (G. H.)

Where the will is ready the feet are light. (R.)

Where there's a war there's a way.—*Soldiers' prov.* (c. 1916).

(*See* "Nothing is difficile," *p.* 818*b*.)

Where we least think, there goeth the hare away. (R.)

Donde menos se piensa, se levanta la liebre.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Where you see a jester, a fool is not far off. (*Gn.*)

Where you think there is bacon, there is no chimney. (G. H.)

Wherever a man dwells, there will be a thorn-bush near his door. (R.)

Wherever nature does least, man does most.—(*American.*)

Wherries must not put out to sea. (*Gn.*)

Whether the pitcher strikes the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher.

Si da el cántaro en la piedra, ó la piedra en el cántaro, mal para el cántaro. (*Span.*)

There is a Hindoo proverb : "Whether the knife fall on the melon, or the melon on the knife, the melon suffers."

Whether you boil snow or pound it, you can have but water of it. (G. H.)

While a man gets he never can lose.

While the discreet advise (take counsel), the fool doth his business. (G. H.)

While the doctors consult, the patient dies.

Finch' el medico pensa, l'amalà more.—(*Ital., Venetian.*)

Pendant que les chiens s'entre-grondent, le loup dévore la brebis.—While the dogs are snarling at each other, the wolf devours the sheep.—(*Fr.*)

While the dust is on your feet, sell what you have bought.—(*Hebrew.*)

While the grass grows, the steed starves.*

Mentre l'erba cresce, il cavallo muore di fame.—(*Ital.*)

While the shoe is on thy foot, tread upon the thorns.—(*Hebrew.*)

While the sun shines it is day.

Whiles the hawk has, and whiles he hunger has. (R. Sc.)

Whiskey is a bad thing—especially bad whiskey.—*Quoted by C. H. Spurgeon as a Highland saying.*

If you get the best of whiskey, it will get the best of you.—*American.*

Whistle, and he (*or* she) will come to you.

White walls are fools' writing paper. (*See* "Stultorum calami.")

Who buys hath need of a hundred eyes; who sells hath enough of one. (R.)

The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller not one. (G. H.)

Chi compra ha bisogno di cent' occhi, chi vende n'ha assai di uno.—(*Ital.*)

Kauf bedarf hundert Augen ; Verkauf hat an einem genug.—(*Germ. ; also in Dutch.*)

Who can speak well can lie well.—(*Japanese.*)

Who chatters to you will chatter of you.

Who deals with honey will sometimes be licking his fingers.

Who does not mix with the crowd knows nothing.

Quien no va á carava, no sabe nada.—(*Span.*)

Who doth his own business fouls not his hands. (G. H.)

Who doth sing so merry a note
As he that cannot change a groat? (R.)

Quando el Español canta, ó rabia, ó no tiene blanca.—When the Spaniard sings, he is either mad or he has nothing.—(*Span.*)

Who draws his sword against his prince must throw away the scabbard. (R.)

Who fears to suffer, suffers from fear.

Qui craint de souffrir, souffre de craint.—(*Fr.*)

Who finds fault means to buy. (*Gn.*)

Who finds himself without friends is like a body without a soul.—(*Italian proverb.*)

Who flatters me to my face will speak ill of me behind my back.

Chi dinanzi mi pinge, di dietro mi tinge.—Who paints me before, blackens me behind.—(*Ital.*)

Who gives away his goods before he is dead,
Take a beetle and knock him on the head. (R.)

Quien da la suyo ántes de su muerte, que le den con un mazo en la frente.—Who gives what he has before he is dead, hit him on the forehead with a mallet.—(*Span.*)

He that gives all before he dies provides to suffer. (G. H.)

Chi dona il suo innanzi morire, s' apparecchia assai patire.—Who gives his goods before his death prepares himself for much suffering.—(*Ital.*)

Quien da la suyo ántes de morir
Aparejese a bien sufrir.—(*Span.*)

Wer seinen Kindern gibt das Brot,
Und leidet selbst im Alter Noth,
Den schlage mit der Keule tot.
—Who gives his children bread, and suffers want in old age, should be knocked dead with a club.—(*Germ.*)

Who gives to all denies all. (G. H.)

Who goes to bed supperless, all night tumbles and tosses. (R.)

Chi va à letto senza cena,
Tutta la notte si dimena ;
E quando che di
No l'à nè mangia, nè dormi.—(*Ital., Venetian.*)
(*See* "Light supper," *p.* 801*b*.)

Who greases his wheels helps his oxen. (*Gn.*)

Who has but one lamb makes it fat.—(*French proverb.*)

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* "The proverb is something musty." *See Shakespeare : Hamlet*, iii. 2 (p. 295*a*)

Who has but one eye is always wiping it. (*Gn.*)

Who has love in his heart has spurs in his sides.

He that hath love in his breast hath spurs in his sides. (G. H.)

Chi ha l'amor nel petto, ha lo sprone a' fianchi. —(*Ital.*)

Who has never tasted what is bitter does not know what is sweet.—(*German proverb.*)

Who has not courage should have legs.

Chi non ha cuore abbia gambe.—Who has not courage should have legs.—(*Ital.*)

Chi non ha testa abbia gambe.—Who has not a head should have legs.—(*Ital.*)

Qui n'a cœur a jambes.—Who has no heart (*or* courage) has legs.—(*Fr.*)

Who hastens a glutton, chokes him. (G. H.)

Who hath a wolf for his mate needs a dog for his man. (G. H.) (*See* " He that hath a fox," *p.* 778*b.*)

Who hath aching teeth hath ill tenants. (R.)

Who hath bitter in his mouth spits not all sweet. (G. H.)

Who hath no head, needs no heart.* (G. H.)

Who hath skirts of straw needs fear the fire. (R.)—(*Given as a Spanish proverb.*)

Who heeds not a penny shall never have any.

Who in Janiveer sows oats,
Gets gold and groats ;
Who sows in May,
Gets little that way. (R.)

Who is first silent in a quarrel comes of a good family.—*From the Talmud.*

Who judges others condemns himself.

Chi altri giudica, sè condanna.—(*Ital.*)

Who knows most says least.

Qui plus sait, plus se tait.—(*Fr.*)
Chi più sa, meno parla.—(*Ital.*)
Quien mas sabe, mas calla.—(*Span.*)

Who lets his wife go to every feast, and his horse drink at every water, shall neither have good wife nor good horse. (G. H.)

Who likes not the drink, God deprives him of bread. (G. H.)

God deprives him of bread who likes not his drink. (R.)

Who loses, sins.

Qui perd, pèche.—(*Fr.*)

Who loseth his due getteth no thanks. (R.)

Who marries a widow with two daughters marries three thieves.

Den der tager en Enke med tre Börn, tager fire Tyve.—Who marries a widow with three children marries four thieves.—(*Dan.*)

Who marries between the sickle and scythe will never thrive. (R.)

Who marries for love lives with sorrow.

Quien se casa por amores,
Ha de vivir con dolores.—(*Span.*)

Who may woo without cost ? (R. Sc.)

Who more busy than they that have least to do ? (R.)

The busy man finds the most time.—*Modern.*

Who more than he is worth doth spend,
He maketh a rope his life to end. (R.)

Who never climbed never fell. (R.) (*See* " Never rode, never fell," *p.* 815*a.*)

Who never climbs will never fa'. (Sc.)

Who pays the physician does the cure. (G. H.)

Who perisheth in needless danger is the devil's martyr. (R.)

Who plants a walnut tree expects not to eat the fruit. (*Gn.*)

Who remove stones bruise their own fingers. (G. H.)

Who removeth landmark stones bruiseth his fingers. (R.)

Who retires does not fly.

No huye el que se retira.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)
El retirarse no es huir.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Who robs a scholar robs twenty men. (R.) (*This is explained on the assumption that the scholar's property is always borrowed from various friends.*)

Who robs a scholar robs the public. (R.)

Who seeks adventures finds blows.

En adventure gisent beau coups.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Who shares honey with a bear has the least part of it. (*Gn.*)

Who shuffles the cards does not cut them.

Quien destaja no baraja.—(*Span., Don Quixote.*)

Who so bold as blind Bayard ? (R.)

The blind horse is hardiest. (R. Sc.)
Naething sae bauld as a blind mear (mare). (Sc.)
Blinder Gaul geht geradezu.—The blind horse goes straight on.—(*Germ.*)

Who spends more than he should,
Shall not have to spend when he would. (R.)

Who weds a sot to get his cot,
Will lose the cot and keep the sot.
—(*Translation of Dutch proverb.*)

Who weds ere he be wise, shall die ere he thrive. (R.)

Who will not hear must be made to feel.

Wer nicht hören will, der muss fühlen.—(*Germ.*)

Who will bell the cat ?—*From the fable of the mice who desired to hang a bell round the cat's neck that they might know of her approach.*

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* So given by Geo. Herbert. " Heart " is probably a misprint for " hat," *See* " He that hath no head," p. 778*b*.

It is weel said, but wha will bell the cat? (R. Sc.)

Appiccare chi vuol' il sonaglio a la gatta?—(*Ital.*)

Wha' daur bell the cat? (Sc.)

Who will sell the cow must say the word. (G. H.)

Who would be a gentleman let him storm a town. (R.)

He that would be a gentleman, let him go to an assault. (G. H.)

Who would keep a cow when he can have a quart of milk for a penny? (*Gn.*)

Who would please all, and himself too,
Attempts what none could ever do.
—*Old Rhyme.*

Whom God teaches not, man cannot.—(*Gaelic.*)

Whom God will destroy he first of all drives mad.—(*From Greek, p.* 476*a.*)

Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.—(*Latin.*) *See Gordon, A. L.* 151*a.*

Whom God will punish he will first take away the understanding. (G. H.)

The devil when he purports any evil against man, first perverts his mind.—(*Tr. of Euripides, as quoted by Athenagoras.*)

Whom God will help nae man can hinder. (R. Sc.)

Whom the Gods love die young.

Those that God loves do not live long. (G. H.) (*See the Greek* [*Menander*], *p.* 476*a.*)

Whom we love best to them we can say least. (R.)

Why walk into the sea when it rages?—*Hebrew. Hai Gaon* (*d.* A.D.1038).

Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked.—*As saith the proverb of the ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked, 1 Samuel 24, 13.* (*Sometimes referred to as the oldest proverb on record.*)

Wide will wear, but tight (*or* narrow) will tear. (R.)

Widows are always rich. (R.)

Wife and children are bills of charges. (R.) (*See Bacon, p.* 9*b.*)

Wiles help weak folk. (R. Sc.)

Wilful waste makes woeful want.

Haste makes waste, and waste makes want, and want makes strife between the good man and his wife. (R.)

Will is the cause of woe. (R.)

Will will have wilt though will woe win. (R.)

Will will have its will, though will woe win (*Gn.*)

Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood. (G. H.)—(*Ray gives this as an Italian proverb.*)

Wine and wenches empty men's purses. (R.)

Femme, argent, et vin,
Ont leur bien et leur venin.
—Women, money and wine have their pleasure and their poison.—(*Fr.*)

(*See* "Gaming, women, and wine.")

Wine ever pays for his lodging. (G. H.)

Wine hath drowned more men than the sea. (*Gn.*)

Wine is a turncoat (first a friend, then an enemy). (G. H.)

Wine makes all sorts of creatures at table. (G. H.)

Wine neither keeps secrets nor fulfils promises. (*Gn.*)

Wine that costs nothing is digested before it be drunk. (G. H.)

Wine turns a man inside outwards. (*Gn.*)

Wine washes off the daub.

Wink at small faults. (R.)

Winter is summer's heir. (R.)

Winter finds out what Summer lays up. (R.)

Winter draws out what Summer laid in. (*Gn.*)

Winter never rots in the sky. (R.)

Nè caldo nè gelo
Resta mai in cielo.
—Neither heat nor cold remains always in the sky.—(*Ital.*)

Winter's thunder and summer's flood
Never boded Englishman good. (R.)

(*See* "A winter's thunder," *p.* 729*b.*)

Wisdom don't always speak in Greek and Latin. (*Gn.*)

Wisdom is neither inheritance nor legacy. (*Gn.*)

Wisdom is the wealth of the wise.

Wisdom hath one foot on land and another on sea. (G. H.)

Wisdom sometimes walks in clouted shoes. (*Gn.*)

Wisdom without innocence is knavery; innocence without wisdom is folly. (*Gn.*)

Wise after the event.

"Afin que ne semblons es Atheniens, qui ne consultoient jamais sinon aprés le cas faict."—So that we may not be like the Athenians, who never consulted except after the event done.—(*Rabelais: Pantagruel, ch.* 24.)

Avysement is good before the nede.—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 2, 343.

Lat this proverbe a lore unto you be,
"Too late y-war, quod Beautee, whan it paste."
—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 2, 398.

Wise men learn by other men's mistakes; fools, by their own. (*See Cato's saying, as quoted by Bacon, p.* 12*a.*)

Wyse ben by folès harm chastysed.—*Chaucer: Troilus*, 3, 329.

Wishers and woulders be small householders. —*Vulgaria Stambrigi (published by Wynkyn de Worde early in the 16th century.)*

But the olde proverbe is exceeding true,
That these great wishers and these common woulders
Are never (for the moste part) good householders.
—*The Times Whistle*, l. 3278 (c. 1614).

Wishers and woulders are never good householders. (R.)

Wishers and walders are poor househalders. (R. Sc.)

Wishes never filled the bag.

Oncques souhait n'emplit le sac.—(*Fr.*)

Wit and wisdom are like the seven stars, seldom to be seen together. (*Gn.*)

Wit is to be met with everywhere, but wisdom is a rarity. (*Gn.*)

Wit may be bought too dear. (*Gn.*)

Bought wit is best, if not bought too dear. (Sc. or Manx.)

Wit once bought is worth twice taught.

With customs we live well, but laws undo us. (G. H.)

La légalité nous tue.—Legality kills us.—(*Fr., Viennet* (1777–1868) *: Épitres.*)

With empty hand na man should hawks allure. (R. Sc.)

With empty hand men may none haukes lure. —*Chaucer: Wife of Bath's Prologue*, 415; *also Reve's Tale*, 214.

Vacuæ manus temeraria petitio est.—The petition of an empty hand is hazardous.—(*Lat. John of Salisbury: Policraticus* (A.D. 1156), 5, 10; *described as "vetus proverbium."*)

With great lords it is not good to eat cherries.—*Germ. proverb. Quoted by Goethe, Autob., Book 15.*

With the King and the Inquisition, "Hush!"

Con el Rey y la Inquisicion, chiton!—(*Span.*)

With wishing comes grieving.

Con la voglia cresce la doglia.—(*Ital.*)

Without business debauchery. (G. H.)

Without danger the game grows cold.—*Latin maxim. Quoted by Chapman: All Fools* (1605).

Without danger we cannot get beyond danger. (G. H.)

Danger itself is the best remedy for danger. (G. H.; *added to 2nd edition.*)

Woe be to him that reads but one book. (G. H.) (*See* "Homo unius libri," *p.* 546*a*.)

Woe to the house where there is no chiding. (G. H.)

Wolves lose their teeth but not their memory. (R.)

Wolves may lose their teeth but not their nature. (*Gn.*)

Woman's tongue is three inches long, but it can kill a man six feet high.—(*Japanese.*)

Women and bairns keep counsel of that they ken not. (R. Sc.)

Women conceal all that they know not. (*Gn.*)

For it is writen that the janglerie of wommen can hyden thinges that they witen not.—*Chaucer: Melibeus, sec.* 14.

Garrulitas mulierum id solum novit celare, quod nescit.—(*Lat. Seneca the Elder: Controv., Book* 2, 13, 12.)

Women and girls must be praised whether it be the truth or not.

Frauen und Jungfrauen soll man loben, es sei wahr oder erlogen.—(*Germ.*)

Women and workmen are difficult to handle. —(*Japanese.*)

Women and wine make men out of their wits. (*Gn.*)

Women commend a modest man, but like him not. (*Gn.*)

Women grown bad are worse than men, because the corruption of the best turns worst. (*Gn.*) (*See* "Corruptio optimi pessima," *p.* 506*b*.)

Women know a point more than the devil.

Le donne sanno un punto più del diavolo.—(*Ital.*)

Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will. (G. H.)

Femme rit quand elle peut,
Et pleure quand elle veut.—(*Fr.*)

Femme se plaint, femme se deult,
Femme est malade quant elle veult.
—Woman complains, woman mourns, woman is ill when she chooses.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Women, like the moon, shine with borrowed light.

Frau und Mond leuchten mit fremdem Licht.—(*Germ.*)

Women, priests, and poultry never have enough. (R.)

Donne, preti, e polli non son mai satolli.—Women, priests, and poultry are never satisfied. —(*Ital.*)

Qui veut tener nette sa maison,
N'y mette ni femme, ni prêtre, ni pigeon.
—Who would keep his house clean, let him not admit woman, priest, or pigeon.—(*Fr.*)

Priests and doves make foul houses. (R. Sc.)

Clercs et femmes sont tout ung.—Clergy and women are all one.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

Women's chief weapon is the tongue, and they will not let it rust.

La langue des femmes est leur epée, et elles ne la laissent pas rouiller.—(*Fr.*)

Women's jars breed men's wars. (*Fuller; see p.* 141*b*.)

Women and dogs set men together by the ears. (R.)

Women's thoughts are afterthoughts.—(*Japanese.*)

Wonder is the daughter of ignorance. (*See* "Ignorance," *p.* 791*b*.)

Wood half burnt is easily kindled. (G. H.)

Word by word the book is made.

Mot à mot on fait les gros livres.—(*Fr.*)

Word is but wind.—*Lydgate* (c. 1403); *Temple of Glas* (1183); *also in Falls of Princes by Lydgate* (c. 1430–38); *also in Lydgate's Secreta Secretorum* (c. 1446).

Words and feathers the wind carries away. (G. H.)

Words and feathers are tossed by the wind. (R.)

Words are but sands, it's money buys lands. (R.)

Talk is but talk, but 'tis money buys lands. (R.)

Words are but wind, but blows unkind. (R.)

Words are but wind, but dunts (blows) are the devil. (R. Sc.)

Words gang wi' the wind but dunts are out of season. (Sc.)—*Hislop.*

Words may pass, but blows fall heavy. (R.)—(*Given as a Somersetshire proverb.*)

Words are but wind, but seein's believin'. (Sc.)

Words are fools' pence. (*See Bacon,* "Words are the tokens," *p.* 8*a*.)

Words are for women; actions for men. (*Gn.*)

Work bears witness who well does. (R. Sc.)

Wark bears witness wha does weel. (Sc.)—*Hislop.*

Work breaks an idle fellow's legs, arms, and back. (*Gn.*)

Working and making a fire doth discretion require. (G. H.)

Worth hath been underrated ever since wealth hath been over-valued. (*Gn.*)

Worth without wealth is a good servant out of place. (*Gn.*)

Would you have potatoes grow by the pot side? (*Gn.*)

Would you thatch your house with pancakes? (*Gn.*)

Would you treat your horse with a peck of oysters? (*Gn.*)

Wranglers never want words. (R.)

Wranglers are never in the wrong. (*Gn.*)

Wranglers never want words, though they may want matter. (*Gn.*)

Write down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not at present.

Write with the learned but speak with the vulgar. (R.)

Wrong count is no payment. (R.)

Wrong has no warrant.

Wrang has nae warrant. (R. Sc.)

Wrong hears wrong answer given. (R. Sc.)

Ye hae a streak o' carl-hemp* in ye. (Sc.) (*Burns uses the expression* "a stalk of carl-hemp.")

Ye hae little need o' the Campsie wife's prayer, "That she might aye be able to think enough o' hersel'." (Sc.) (*Hislop.*)

Ye have a ready mouth for a ripe cherry. (R. Sc.)

Ye should be a king of your word. (R. Sc.)

Yes and No are the cause of all disputes.

De oui et non vient toute question.—(*Fr.*)

Yes and No are quickly said, but think long before saying them.—(*From the Fr.*)

Yielding is sometimes the best way of succeeding.

Nachgeben stillt allen Krieg.—Yielding stops all war.—(*Germ.*)

Der Klügste giebt nach.—The wiser one yields.—(*Germ.*)

You are a sweet nut, if you were well cracked. (R.)

You are an honest man and I am your uncle, and that's two lies. (*Gn.*)

You are in the highway to Needham. (R.)

You are in the wrong box. (H., 1546.)

You are like a cuckoo, you have but one song. (*Gn.*)

You are none of the Hastings or Hotspurs. (*Gn.*)

You are very free of another man's pottage. (*Gn.*)

You can stand still in a flowing stream, but not in the world of mankind.—(*Japanese.*)

You cannot be lost on a straight road.

You cannot catch a hare with a tabret.

Drumming is not the way to catch a hare. (*Gn.*)

It is a mad hare that will be caught with a tabret. (*Gn.*)

On ne prend pas le lièvre au tabourin.—You catch no hares with drums.—(*Fr.*)

Men vangt geen hazen met trommels.—(*Dutch.*)

You cannot catch trout with dry breeches.

No se toman truchas á bragas enjutas.—(*Span.*)

Quien peces quiere, mojarse tiene.—Who wants fish must put up with a wetting.—(*Span.*)

You cannot climb a ladder by pushing others down.

You cannot do anything by doing nothing.

On ne peut faire qu'en faisant.—One can only do by doing.—(*Fr.*)

You cannot eat your cake and have it.*

Would ye both eat your cake and have your cake? (H., 1546.)

Vorebbe mangiar la focaccia e trovar la in tasca?—(*Ital.*)

You cannot sell the cow and have the milk too. (*Gn.*)

You cannot hide an eel in a sack. (G. H.)

Qui tient anguille par la queue il peut bien dire qu'elle n'est pas sienne.—Who holds an eel by the tail may well say that it is not his.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

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* = Male-hemp (*i.e.* strength of mind).

* "You can't 'have' your pudding unless you can 'eat' it."—*Ruskin*

You cannot get blood out of a stone.

You cannot slay a stone. (G. H.)

On ne saurait tirer de l'huile d'un mur.—You cannot draw oil from a wall.—(*Fr.*)

Non si puo cavar sangue dalla rapa.—You cannot get blood from a turnip.—(*Ital.*)

You cannot judge of the horse by the harness. (*Gn.*)

You cannot know wine by the barrel. (G. H.)

You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

You cannot make velvet of a sow's ear. (R.)

You cannot make a good shaft of a pig's tail. (*Gn.*)

You cannot make a hunting horn of a fox's tail. (*Gn.*)

On ne saurait faire d'une buse une épervier.—You cannot make a sparrow-hawk out of a buzzard. —(*Fr.*) (*Found in the Roman de la Rose* (c. 1225).

Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth.—(*Chinese.*) (*See* "Of a pig's tail," *p.* 819*a*.)

You cannot make a windmill go with a pair of bellows. (G. H.)

You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs.

No se hacen tortillas sin romper huevos.—You cannot make omelettes (or little cakes) without breaking eggs.—(*Span.*)

You cannot ring the bells and go in the procession.

On ne peut sonner les cloches et aller à la procession.—(*Fr.*)

You cannot say mass but at your own altar. (*Gn.*)

You cannot see the wood for the trees.

Man kann den Wald nicht vor Bäumen sehen.—(*Germ.*) (*See* "Some men go through a forest," *p.* 836*a*.)

You cannot shoe a running horse.

Men kan geen loopend paard beslaan.—(*Dutch.*)

You cannot strip a naked man.

On ne peut homme nu dépouiller.—(*Fr.*, V. 1498.)

You cannot teach old dogs new tricks.—(*Quoted as a prov. by Mr. Jos. Chamberlain, at Greenock, Oct., 1903.*)

An old dog will learn no tricks. (R.)

Dem alten Hunden ist schwer bellen lehren.—It is difficult to teach an old dog to bark.—(*Germ.*)

Det er ondt at lære gammel Hund at kure.—It is ill teaching an old dog to keep still.—(*Dan.*)

You cannot wash a blackamoor white.

The bath of a blackamoor hath sworn not to whiten. (G. H.)

You dance in a net and think that nobody sees you. (R.)

You dig your grave with your teeth (*of a glutton*).

Les gourmands font leur fosse avec leurs dents. —Gourmands make their grave with their teeth.—(*Fr.*)

Faire l'alchymie avec les dents.—To achieve alchemy with the teeth (*i.e.* to save money by spare feeding).—(*Fr.*)

You do but water a dead stake. (*Gn.*)

You drink vinegar when you have wine at your elbow. (*Gn.*)

You eat up that grass which I meant to make hay of. (*Gn.*)

You gazed at the moon and fell into the gutter.

You have found what was never lost. (*Gn.*)

You have good manners, but never carry them about with you. (*Gn.*)

You know good manners but you use but few. (R.)

You have made a hand of it like a foot. (*Gn.*)

You have no need to borrow confidence. (*Gn.*)

You look like a runner, said the devil to the crab. (*Gn.*)

You may be a wise man though you can't make a watch. (R.)

You may beat the devil into your wife, but you'll never bang him out again. (*Gn.*)

You may dance on the ropes without reading Euclid. (*Gn.*)

You may drive a coach and four through an Act of Parliament.

Fatta la legge, trovata la malizia.—When a law is made, the way of craftiness is discovered.—(*Ital.*)

You may gape long enough ere a bird fall into your mouth. (R.)

You may give him good advice, but who can give him the wit to take it? (*Gn.*)

You may have too much of a good thing.

You cannot have too much of a good thing.

He who hath no ill fortune is cloyed with good. (R.)

Man kann des Guten zu viel haben.—One can have too much of a good thing.—(*Germ.*)

You may know a carpenter by his chips. (*Suffolk saying. Applied to great eaters.*)

You may light another's candle at your own without loss.

Man kan tænde et andet Lys af sin uden Skade. —*Dan.*; *similar sayings are found in other languages.*

You may love your neighbour and yet not hold his stirrup. (*Gn.*)

You may prove anything by figures.—*Quoted by Carlyle as the saying of "a witty statesman."*

You may see heaven through a needle's eye. —(*Japanese.*)

You measure everyone's corn by your own bushel. (R.)

Egli misura gli altri con la sua canna.—He measures others by his own yard.—(*Ital.*)

Hij beoordelt een ieder naar zich zelven.—He measures another by himself.—(*Dutch.*)

You must ask your neighbours if you shall live in peace. (R.)

You must be content sometimes with rough roads. (*Gn.*)

You must look for grass on the top of the oak-tree (*i.e.* when the oak is in leaf). (R.)

You must look where it is not, as well as where it is. (*Gn.*)

You must not expect old heads upon young shoulders.

So young a body with so old a head.—(*Shakespeare; see p.* 283*a*.)

You must not let your mousetrap smell of cheese. (R.)

You must scratch your own head with your own nails.—(*Arabic.*)

You must sell as markets go. (*Gn.*)

You must spoil before you spin well. (*Gn.*)

You never do it without overdoing it. (*Gn.*)

You never know till you have tried.

You never know your luck.

His owne chaunce no man knoweth
But as Fortune it on him throweth.
—*Gower: Conf. Amantis, Book* 6 (c. 1390)

You owed me a sheep but paid me a lamb. (*Gn.*)

You pay more for your schooling than your learning is worth. (R.)

You saddle to-day and ride out to-morrow. (*Gn.*)

You shall have the whetstone (to sharpen you). (R.)

You should never touch your eye but with your elbow. (R.)

Diseases of the eye are to be cured with the elbow. (G. H.)

Religion, credit, and the eye are not to be touched. (G. H.)

El ojo limpiale con el codo.—Cleanse the eye with the elbow.—(*Span.*)

O mal do olho cura-se com o cotovelo.—Soreness of the eye is cured with the elbow.—(*Port.*)

You take every bush for a bug-bear. (*Gn.*)

You take more care of your shoe than your foot. (*Gn.*)

You will find that the "outs" and the "ins,"
Notwithstanding their tricks and grimaces,
Are as like as a couple of pins,
And their ends are to stick in good places.
—*Rhyme, 1922. Founded on older saying.*

You will ride a horse that was foaled of an acorn (*i.e.* the whipping-horse). (*Gn.*)

You will neither dance nor hold the candle. (R.)

You would do little for God if the devil were dead. (*Gn.*)

Young flesh and old fish are best. (R.)

Jeune chair et vieil poisson.—(*Fr.*)
Old fish and yong flesh wolde I have ful fayn.
—*Chaucer: Marchauntes Tale,* 174.

Young folk, silly folk; old folk, cold folk.

Jonge lui, domme lui; oude lui, koude lui.—(*Dutch.*)

Young men may die, old men must. (R.)

Of young men die many;
Of old men escape not any. (R.)

De giovanni ne muojono dei molti; di vecchi ne scampa nessuno.—(*Ital.*)

Young men think old men fools; old men know young men to be so. (R.)—(*Quoted by Camden as a saying* "*of one Dr. Metcalf.*")

De jonge dwazen meenen dat d'oude razen, maar d'oude hebben meer vergeeten als de jonge dwazen weten.—Young fools fancy that old men rave, but old men have forgotten more than the young fools know.—(*Dutch.*)

Young men's knocks old men feel. (R.)

Old men feel young men's knocks. (*Gn.*)

Your body is an almanac (*i.e.* you have always some ailment according to the time of year).—*French saying.*

Your bread is buttered on both sides. (*Gn.*)

Your main fault is that you are good for nothing. (*Gn.*)

Your nut is ready cracked for you. (*Gn.*)

Your surety wants a surety.—(*Hebrew.*)

Your thoughts close, and your countenance loose. (G. H.)

Il volto sciolto, i pensieri stretti.—The countenance free, the thoughts close.—(*Ital.*)

Youth and age will never agree. (R. Sc.)

Youth and white paper take any impression. (R.)

Le papier souffre tout.—Paper endures anything.—(*Fr.*)

Papier ist geduldig.—Paper is patient.—(*Germ.*)

Youth lives on hope, old age on remembrance.

La jeunesse vit d'espérance, la vieillesse de souvenir.—(*Fr.*)

Youth will have its swing. (R.)

Jugend kennt keine Tugend.—Youth knows no virtue.—(*Germ.*)

Yule is good on Yule even. (R.)

Yule is young on Yule even, and auld on Saint Stephen (Dec. 26). (Sc.) (*Kelly,* 1715.)

Yule's come and Yule's gane,
And we hae feasted weel;
So Jock maun to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel.
—*Fifeshire Rhyme.* (*See* "Christmas," *p.* 748*a*.)

Zeal is fit only for wise men, but is found mostly in fools. (*Gn.*)

Zeal is like fire; it wants both feeding and watching.

Zeal, when it is a virtue, is a dangerous one. (*Gn.*)

Zeal without knowledge is a runaway horse.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light. (R.)

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  - were drifting from the dead, 68a
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  - common shipwreck, a consolation to all, 504a
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  - never shirk the hardest work, 815a
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  a friend that will never betray, 834b
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  but it was pain and grief to me, 433b
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  close mouth catcheth no flies, 719a
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  fool when silent is accounted wise, 720b
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- froze into silence, 308b
- gives consent, 834b
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- great is their passion for silence, 643a
- harmful to none to have been silent, 584a
- harms no one, 647a
- has been the loss of many friendships, 581b
- has its prayers and language, 715a
- have a care of natures that are mute, 213a
- he is nearest God who knows how to be silent, 685a
- he that is silent gathers stones, 779b
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- homage (silent) of thoughts unspoken, 200a
- how dead (night), 404b
- how silently, and with how wan a face, 394b
- if you had been silent, you would have remained a philosopher, 607b
- impossible to be silent, 43a
- in love bewrays more woe, 262b
- in woman like speech in man, 182b
- is golden, 837a
- is most noble till the end, 353a
- is of eternity, 72b
- is wisdom, but few practise it, 834b
- kindly silence when they bawl, 363a
- let it be tenable in your silence, 290b
- like a poultice comes, 167b
- majestic silence, 160a
- may be eloquent in love, 91b
- may violate truth, 681a
- merit of silence is slight, 528a
- mother of Truth, 117a
- never hurts; speech is the hurtful thing, 505b
- no gods love idle speech, 353a
- no speech comparable to silence, 70b
- no wisdom to silence, 817b
- not the greatest vice of woman, 834b
- occasional flashes of silence, 333b
- psychological moment for, 388a
- rose dedicated to, 524a
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- say nothing, but think the more, 831a
- seldom doth harm, 834b
- silence all and pleasing expectation, 369a
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- silence his mother-tongue, 150a
- silence of pure innocence persuades, 310a
- silence stands for wisdom in a fool, 667a
- silence that spoke, 257a
- silence uttering love, 354b
- silence was pleased, 219a
- silent and aware, 36b
- silent are the good, 193a
- silent men are deep and dangerous, 827b
- silent men get the character of being disagreeable, 621a
- silently steal away, 198a
- silently we seemed to speak, 171b
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- the after-silence on the shore, 60b
- the art of, one of the arts of pleasing, 710b
- the silence that is in the starry sky, 393b
- the less he spoke the more he heard, 442b
- the perfected herald of joy, 284a
- the rest is silence, 297b
- the reward of silence is sure, 673b
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- the very stillness is terrifying, 546b
- the wit of fools and a virtue of the wise, 700b
- there is nothing else to be told, 567a
- they wonder in silence, 578a
- thirsty drink in silence, 475b
- throughout the city, 676a
- to break the deep silence, 636b
- to make another silent, be silent, 488a
- to-night and silence, 66b
- tree of silence bears fruit of peace, 834b
- valuable in conversation, 700b
- virtue of fools, 13b
- was never written down, 834b
- well-timed silence more eloquent than speech, 373b
- when they are silent they call out, 509a
- which was almost pain, 387a
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- who knows most says least, 875a
- wise head makes close mouth, 729b
- without danger of offence, 160b
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- fairest, is soonest stained, 843b
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Siller, God send us, 766a

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- an untold quantity of silver and gold, 548b
- and gold have I none, 426a
- bonnie silver is soon spent, 745b
- born with a silver spoon, 860a
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- fight thou with shafts of silver, 164a
- for a handful of, 36a
- music with the silver sound, 280a
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- as like as milk to milk, 590a
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- every sheep with its fellow, 744b
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- if you have known one you have known all, 675b
- like as chalk to cheese, 738b
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- like cures like, 802a
- like draws to like, 802a
- like will to like, 803a
- nothing similar is the same, 592b
- of manners more important in friendship than relationship, 621b
- of studies and disposition, 650b
- one egg not more like another, 601a
- there is never cake but there is another of same make, 855b
- they are so like that both are the worse for it, 856b
- worst husbands and worst wives should agree, 678b

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- I sit and play with similes, 393a
- most unsavoury similes, 313a
- none runs on all fours, 604b
- one simile that solitary shines, 253a
- they much describe, they nothing prove, 259a

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- blessed is simplicity, 495b
- congenial to man's nature, 641b
- *credula simplicitas*, 507a
- felicity comes of simplicity, 380a
- holy simplicity, 607b
- how blessed are we that are not simple men, 310b
- in his simplicity sublime, 361a
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- *prudens simplicitas*, 567a
- no hindrance to subtlety of intellect, 235a
- of the Three per Cents, 118a, 274b
- prudently simple, 444b
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- seal of truth is simple, 658a
- simple in her elegance, 658a
- simple, plain Clarence, 318a
- simple song for thinking hearts, 393b
- simple truth, miscalled simplicity, 322a
- simpleness and merit, 284b
- simplest things put on a sombre cast, 185b
- simplicity of mind sacred in the eye of Heaven, 402a
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- the seal of truth, 711a
- the simple life that Nature yields, 103a
- these simple-hearted men are moved, 395a
- those simple souls might teach, 104b
- too simple and too sweet for words, 241b
- truth victim of its own simplicity, 839b
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- very rare in our age, 487a
- when simpleness and duty tender it, 281a
- whose hearts are fresh and simple, 199a
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- a habit or some darling sin, 239b
- an old sin, a new shame, 736b, 820a
- and folly into sin, 273a

- **Sin, Sinfulness, Sinners**—*contd.*
  - be all my sins remembered, 294a
  - being by nature born in sin, 433a
  - better beware of sin than flee from death, 575b
  - commit oldest sins the newest kind of ways, 315b
  - difference between being unwilling to sin and not knowing how, 582b
  - draw sin as it were with a cart-rope, 417a
  - each man shall bear his own sin, 236a
  - ere sin could blight, 85b
  - every man carries the bundle of his sins, 137b
  - everyone has more than he knows, 763b
  - every sin brings its punishment, 757b
  - fear nothing but sin, 760b
  - few love to hear sins they love to act, 308b
  - fools make a mock at sin, 414a
  - forsake sin ere it forsake you, 78b
  - fresh sin, fresh penance, 757b
  - God be merciful to me, a sinner, 514a
  - greater in proportion to high rank, 630b
  - greatest punishment the fact of having sinned, 624a
  - greatest virtues only splendid sins, 453b
  - had I not sinned what had there been for you to pardon, 651a
  - he does not purge who denies sins, 600a
  - he does not win who plays with sin, 389b
  - he that boasteth of sin is a devil, 141b
  - he that is without sin, 425b
  - hence, whoso is sinful, 471a
  - her sins to her Saviour, 169a
  - I find so much of sin and blot, 443a
  - if committed by many is unpunished, 635a
  - imaginary and scarecrow sins, 228a
  - in the blossoms of my sin, 292a
  - incitement to sin is the hope of not being punished, 574b
  - inclination to sin entails penalties, 616b
  - it is sin not to be angry with sin, 796b
  - Jupiter would be soon armless if he discharged thunderbolts for every sin, 656a
  - keep from opportunities, 823b
  - knowledge of sin the beginning of salvation, 556b
  - lay not this sin to their charge, 426a
  - let me sin once with impunity, 514a
  - like shadows, sins seem monstrous towards our evening, 346a
  - little sins make room for great, 130a
  - lose the sin, yet keep the sense, 255a
  - men do not confess because they are yet in them, 630b
  - mercy emboldens sin, 308b
  - miserable sinners, 432a
  - more sinned against than sinning, 306a
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  - no sin without motive, 873b
  - none without sin, 808a
  - of sin, we can but kiss it, 351b
  - one sin will destroy a sinner, 39a
  - one slough and crust of sin, 358a
  - our compelled sins, 299b
  - plate sin with gold, 307a
  - poor do penance for sins of the rich, 849b
  - put not another sin upon my head, 280a
  - quantum o' the sin, 47a
  - she who does not sin because it is not safe, 655b
  - sin, but in secret, 81b
  - sin excusable; to be taken is a crime, 138a
  - sin grows up by degrees, 137a
  - sin is sin, whether seen or no, 834b
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  - sin makes ugly, 834b
  - Sin-no-more's a task too hard for mortals, 375b
  - sin not in the sinning, but being found out, 851a
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  - sinful heart makes feeble hand, 270a
  - sinless child of sin, 63b
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  - wages of sin is death, 427a
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  - we have more sins than each man knows, 855a
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  - do him wrong to sing so wildly, 362b
  - each bird loves to hear himself sing, 754a
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- bathe in May, you'll lig in clay, 747a
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